

## CONTENTS.

|   | PAGE     |
|---|----------|
| <b>TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE</b>                                 | v        |
| <b>INTRODUCTIONS</b>  | viii—xvi |
| Faust, (the Intermezzo), Iphigenia, Torquato Tasso, Egmont. |          |
| <b>FAUST</b>  | 1        |
| <b>IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS</b>                                  | 155      |
| <b>TORQUATO TASSO</b>                                       | 219      |
| <b>EGMONT</b>   | 317      |
| <b>GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN</b> Sir Walter Scott's Intro      |          |
| duction   | 401      |
| The Drama   | 405      |





DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

GOETHE

COMPRISING

FAUST, IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS, TORQUATO TASSO,  
EGMONT,

TRANSLATED BY ANNA SWANWICK

AND

GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN,

TRANSLATED BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, CAREFULLY REVISED

LONDON

HENRY G BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN

1850

2066'28

## TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

NOTWITHSTANDING the numerous versions of Faust which are already before the public \* and the ability with which fragments of this great poem have been rendered into English verse, it is, I believe, admitted, that no translator has yet succeeded in embodying its entire spirit in a metrical form. How far I have been successful in accomplishing this difficult task, I must leave others to determine. I can only say that, impelled by admiration of the splendid poetry scattered through its pages, I have laboured diligently to render my translation a faithful reflection of the original, and if I have sometimes failed, it must not be attributed to any want of earnest endeavour.

To the merit of Mr Hayward's prose version, I gladly record my humble testimony yet, notwithstanding the occasional freedom unavoidable in metrical translations I cannot agree with those who regard prose as an appropriate medium for the reproduction of poetry. In original composition, a natural relation is recognized as existing between thought and verse, inasmuch as the latter is the spontaneous utterance of the poetic mind, when, in moments of inspiration, it teems with

Thoughts which voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers

But the inspiring influence of such thoughts is also felt, when, instead of springing from the depths of the creative spirit, they are derived from a foreign source and as the seed, if it take root, and spring forth anew, must produce a flower

Like to the mother plant in semblance

so the poetic thought can only find adequate expression in tones which harmonize with the music of the original verse

A poet, in describing the pleasure attending the exercise of the creative faculty, exclaims—

Oh! to create within the soul is bliss!

A faint echo of this emotion accompanies the endeavour to body forth the conceptions of the inspired master, and hence it is that passages of the highest beauty are those which least tax the energies of the translator. Far more laborious is the attempt to

\* I am credibly informed that there are upwards of twenty complete versions in print, and even a greater number of fragments

render into verse ideas not essentially poetical, and the reader,  
perchance,

Aware of nothing arduous in a task  
He never undertook

thinks little of

The shifts and turns  
The expedients and inventions multiform  
To which the mind resorts in chase of terms  
Though apt yet coy and difficult to win

The endeavour to render into English verse the finer passages of Faust, has been to me a source of the highest enjoyment and if others derive any pleasure from the perusal of my translation, I shall feel amply rewarded for the labour attending the less inviting portions of my task

I shall not attempt any analysis of the poem, but merely allude to what appears to me to be the fundamental idea underlying its varied and complicated elements, and which we find expressed in the prologue, in the words—

A good man in the direful grasp of ill  
His consciousness of right retaineth still

We have here a recognition of conscience as belonging to the deepest roots of man's inner life The soul, whose inborn tendency it is

To rush aloft to struggle still towards heaven

can never derive permanent satisfaction from low and sensual gratifications and when from the misdirection of its energies, or the ascendancy of the passions, the harmony of the spiritual nature is destroyed, the voice of the inward monitor is still heard in the recesses of the heart, and the agonies of remorse attest that its dictates can never be violated with impunity This deep moral instinct has been characterized as "the hand writing of the creator on the soul, and is the ground of that reverent faith in humanity which ever distinguishes the noblest minds But while thus recognizing the moral truth embodied in the poem I deeply regret the blemishes which, in my opinion, disfigure its pages it contains passages which I would fain have omitted or modified, had I not held it to be the imperative duty of a translator to render faithfully even the defects of the original

To those who are curious in contemplating the growth of a work of art, and tracing it through its successive stages of development, Faust offers a study of peculiar interest As early as the year 1774, we find Goethe reading the first scenes of the poem to Klopstock, during the visit of the latter to Frankfort from that period, it was resumed at intervals till the year 1790, when it

first appeared before the public in the form of "A Fragment This fragment Schiller likened to the Torso of Hercules, " manifesting a vigour and exuberance which betrayed unmistakably the hand of the great master it commences with the first monologue and ends with the scene in the cathedral the scene with Valentine, together with some other passages, were introduced at a subsequent period After the lapse of several years, Goethe's thoughts again reverted to Faust, and in 1797 he produced the Dedication, the Prologue for the Theatre, and the Prologue in Heaven The Intermezzo must be referred to the same year Goethe was continually urged by Schiller to the completion of the work, and the correspondence of the two poets at this period contains several interesting passages relative to its continuation and further development It was not, however till the year 1808, after it had been brooded over in the poet's mind for upwards of thirty years, that the first part of Faust was published in its present form In compiling the foregoing brief sketch of the progress of the poem I have followed Duntzer's recent work upon Faust

My translations of Iphigenia and of the first act of Tasso have already appeared in a volume, entitled 'Selections from the Dramas of Goethe and Schiller' The remainder of the Tasso together with my versions of Faust and of Egmont, are published now for the first time

\* In Goethe's 'Dichtung und Wahrheit' known in England as his Autobiography we have an account of the origin of Goetz von Berlichingen to which an interest attaches from its having been the first great dramatic work of the author, and also from its translation being among the earliest literary efforts of Sir Walter Scott When he undertook the task his knowledge of German must have been very imperfect, as his version abounds with errors these have been corrected in the present edition, and omissions of some length supplied My publisher has assisted in the alterations, and is responsible for the greater number of them

A S

LONDON,  
November, 1850



## FAUST —THE INTERMEZZO

As without some key this scene is utterly incomprehensible to the English reader a brief notice of some of the allusions it contains is here subjoined they are dwelt upon at greater length in Düntzer's work

It may be regarded as a kind of satirical *jeu d'esprit*, and consists of a series of epigrams, directed against a variety of false tendencies in art literature, religion, philosophy, and political life.

The introductory stanzas are founded upon the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Wieland's *Oberon*. To celebrate the reconciliation of the fairy king and queen a grotesque assemblage of figures appear upon the stage Common place musicians, and poetasters, having no conception that every poem must be an organic whole, are satirized as the bagpipe, the embryo spirit, and the little pair Then follows a series of epigrams, having reference to the plastic arts, and directed against that false pietism and affected purity which would take a narrow and one-sided view of artistical creations Nicolai, the sworn enemy of ghosts and Jesuits, is introduced as the inquisitive traveller, and Stolberg, who severely criticised Schiller's poem, "The Gods of Greece," is alluded to in the couplet headed "Orthodox"

Hennings, the editor of two literary journals entitled the *Musaget*, and the *Genius of the Age*, had attacked the *Xenien*, a series of epigrams, published jointly by Goethe and Schiller Goethe, in retaliation makes him confess his own unfitness to be a leader of the Muses, and his readiness to assign a place on the German Parnassus to any one who was willing to bow to his authority Nicolai again appears as the inquisitive traveller, and Lavater is said to be alluded to as the crane The metaphysical philosophers are next the objects of the poet's satire allusion is made to the bitter hostility manifested by the contending schools, the characteristics of which are so well known that it is needless to dwell upon them here The philosophers are succeeded by the politicians "the knowing ones" who, in the midst of political revolutions manage to keep in with the ruling party, are contrasted with those unfortunate individuals who are unable to accommodate themselves to the new order of things In revolutionary times also parvenus are raised to positions of eminence, while worthless notabilities deprived of their hereditary splendour, are unable to maintain their former dignified position "The massive ones" typify the men of the revolution, the leaders of the people who, heedless of intervening obstacles, march straight on to their destined goal Puck and Ariel, who had introduced the shadowy procession, again make their appearance, and the fairy pageant vanishes into air

What relation this fantastic assemblage bears to Faust is not immediately obvious, unless, indeed as Düntzer suggests, the poet meant to shadow forth the various distractions with which Mephistophiles endeavours to dissipate the mind of Faust, who had turned with disgust from the witch society of the Brocken

## INTRODUCTION —IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS

THE drama of 'IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS' has been considered Goethe's masterpiece. It is conceived in the spirit of Greek idealism and is characterized throughout by moral beauty and dignified repose. Schlegel\* styles it an echo of Greek song an epithet as appropriate as it is elegant for without any servile imitation of classic models this beautiful drama through the medium of its polished verse reproduces in softened characters the graceful and colossal forms of the antique.

The destiny of Agamemnon and his race was a favourite theme of the ancients. It has been dramatized in a variety of forms by the three great masters of antiquity and from these various sources Goethe has gathered the materials for his drama enriching it with touches of sublimity and beauty selected indiscriminately from the works of each. The description of the Furies in the third act is worthy of Aeschylus and in the spirit of the same great writer is the exclusion of these terrific powers from the consecrated grove symbolical of the peace which religion can alone afford to the anguish of a wounded conscience. The prominence given to the idea of destiny together with the finished beauty of the whole remind us of Sophocles while the passages conveying general moral truths scattered throughout the poem not infrequently recall to our recollection those of a similar character in the dramas of Euripides.

Two dramas of Euripides are founded upon the well known story of Iphigenia. In the *Iphigenia in Aulis* we are introduced to the assembled hosts of Greece detained by contrary winds in consequence of Diana's anger against Agamemnon. An oracle had declared that the Goddess could only be propitiated by the sacrifice of Iphigenia, who is accordingly allured with her mother to the camp. On discovering the fearful doom which awaits her she is at first overwhelmed with grief. She implores her father to spare her life endeavours to touch his heart by recalling the fond memories of bygone times and holds up her infant brother Orestes that he may plead for her with his tears. Learning however that the glory of her country depends upon her death she rises superior to her fears subdues her womanly weakness and devotes herself a willing sacrifice for Greece. She is conducted to the altar, the sacred garlands are bound around her

head, Calchas lifts the knife to deal the fatal stroke when Iphigenia suddenly vanishes, and a hind of uncommon beauty lies bleeding at his feet

In the *IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS* our heroine re-appears, in the temple of Diana, situated in the Tauric Chersonese a savage region washed by the Euxine Sea where according to the ancients, all strangers were sacrificed at the altar of Diana To this wild shore Iphigenia had been conveyed by the pitying goddess and there in her character of priestess she presided over the bloody rites of the barbarians The incidents in this drama have been adopted by Goethe as the groundwork of his poem, the chief interest in which as in the drama of Euripides, turns upon the departure of Iphigenia and Orestes from the Taurian shore A brief outline of the Grecian drama will show in what particulars the modern poet has adhered to his classic model and where he has deviated from it

The scene of both is in the vicinity of the temple of Diana In the opening soliloquy of the Grecian drama Iphigenia after lamenting her unhappy destiny relates her dream of the previous night from which she infers the death of Orestes She determines to offer a libation to his memory and while engaged in performing this pious rite she is informed that two strangers have been captured on the shore for whose sacrifice she is commanded to prepare Orestes and Pylades are shortly after introduced and learning from the former that he is a native of Argos she offers to spare his life provided he will carry a letter for her to Mycenæ He refuses to abandon his friend Pylades is equally disinterested a generous contest ensues, and the latter yielding at length to the entreaties of Orestes consents to accept life on the proposed conditions The letter addressed to Orestes is produced and Iphigenia discovers her brother in the intended victim They anxiously consider how they may escape and Iphigenia suggests that in her character of priestess she shall lead them together with the image of Diana to the sea there to be purified in the ocean waves where they may find safety in the attendant bark With all the wily subtlety of a Greek she imposes upon the credulity of the barbarian monarch and induces him not only to sanction her project but to assist in its execution which she at length successfully achieves In this drama, Iphigenia though exhibiting some noble traits offends us by her unscrupulous violation of the truth and by the cunning artifice which Goethe, with admirable art has attributed to Pylades We are the more displeased with this portrait because we are unwilling to recognize in the crafty priestess the innocent victim, who so strongly awakens our sympathy in the beautiful drama of 'Iphigenia in Aulis' In the Iphigenia of Goethe, on the contrary, we discover

with pleasure the same filial tenderness, and the same touching mixture of timidity and courage which characterized that interesting heroine

In the drama of Euripides we are chiefly interested in the generous friendship of Orestes and Pylades in that of Goethe the character of Iphigenia constitutes the chief charm and awakens our warmest sympathy. While contemplating her we feel as if some exquisite statue of Grecian art had become animated by a living soul and moved and breathed before us though exhibiting the severe simplicity which characterizes the creations of antiquity she is far removed from all coldness and austerity and her character, though cast in a classic mould is free from that harsh and vindictive spirit which darkened the heroism of those barbarous times when religion lent her sanction to hatred and revenge

The docility with which, in opposition to her own feelings, she at first consents to the stratagem of Pylades though apparently inconsistent with her reverence for truth is in reality a beautiful and touching truth. The conflict in her mind between intense anxiety for her brother's safety, and detestation of the artifice by which alone she thinks it can be secured amounts almost to agony in her extremity she calls upon the Gods and implores them to save their image in her soul. The struggle finally subsides she remains faithful to her high convictions reveals the project of escape, and thus saves her soul from treachery. From the commencement of the fifth act she assumes a calm and lofty tone, as if feeling the inspiration of a noble purpose. The dignity and determination with which she opposes the cruel project of the barbarian king remind us of the similar qualities displayed by the Antigone of Sophocles who is perhaps the noblest heroine of antiquity. Thus when called upon by the king to reverence the law Iphigenia appeals to that law written in the heart more ancient and more sacred than the ordinances of man and Antigone, when by the interment of her brother Polynices she has incurred the anger of the tyrant Creon and become subjected to a cruel death justifies herself by an appeal to the same sacred authority

The remaining characters of the drama though subordinate to the central figure, are in admirable keeping with it the poet having softened down the harsh features of the barbarians so as not to form too abrupt a contrast with the more polished Greeks and thereby interfere with the harmony of the piece. The colossal figures of the Titans appearing in the background, and the dread power of Destiny overarching all, impart a character of solemn grandeur to the whole

## INTRODUCTION—TORQUATO TASSO

THE annals of biography offer no page the perusal of which awakens a greater variety of emotions than that which records the fate of Torquato Tasso. This great poet, distinguished alike by his genius and his misfortunes concentrates in his own person the deepest interests of humanity while the mystery which broods over his derangement and his love imparts to his story the air rather of poetic fiction than of sober truth. Goethe's poem founded upon the residence of Tasso at the court of Ferrara is justly celebrated for its fine delineations of character and its profound insight into the depths of the human heart. It exhibits a striking picture of the great bard at the most momentous period of his existence which was signalized by the completion of his immortal work and though the action of the drama embraces only a few hours by skilfully availing himself of retrospect and anticipation Goethe has presented us with a beautiful epitome of the poet's life.

Thus in the third scene of the drama Tasso alludes to his early childhood the sorrows of which he has so pathetically sung we accompany the youthful bard in his twenty second year, to the brilliant court of Ferrara where he arrived at a period when the nuptials of the Duke with the Emperor's sister were celebrated with unrivalled splendour. At the conclusion of these festivities he was presented by the Princess Lucretia to her sister Leonora, who was destined to exert such a powerful influence over his future life we behold him the honoured and cherished inmate of Belriguardo a magnificent palace surrounded by beautiful gardens where the Dukes of Ferrara were accustomed to retire with their most favoured courtiers and where under the inspiring influences of love beauty and court favour he completed his 'Jerusalemme Liberata' one of the proudest monuments of human genius.

Goethe has with great skill made us acquainted with some of the circumstances which acting upon the peculiar temperament of the poet at length induced the mental disorder which cast so dark a shadow over his later years. His hopeless love for Leonora no doubt conspired with other causes to unsettle his fine intellect—a calamity which in him appears like the bewilderment of a mind suddenly awakened from the visions of poetry and love passionately cherished for so many years into the cold realities of actual life where his too sensitive ear was stunned by the harsh and discordant voices of envy and superstition. We are

thus prepared for his distracted flight from Ferrara and Goethe has introduced prospectively the touching incident related by Manso—how in the disguise of a shepherd he presented himself to his sister Cornelia to whom he related his story in language so pathetic, that she fainted from the violence of her grief

His return to Ferrara, his imprisonment in the Hospital of Santa Anna and his subsequent miserable wanderings from city to city are not mentioned in the drama but the allusion of Alphonso to the crown which should adorn him on the Capitol brings to our remembrance the affecting circumstances of his death

It appears from his letters that at one period of his life, he earnestly desired a triumph similar to that which Petrarca had enjoyed but when at length this honour was accorded him when a period was assigned for this splendid pageant a change had come over his spirit His long sufferings had weaned his thoughts from earth he felt that the hand of death was upon him, and hoped—to use his own words—to go crowned not as a poet to the Capitol but with glory as a saint to Heaven On the eve of the day appointed for the ceremony he expired at the monastery of Saint Onofrio and his remains, habited in a magnificent toga and adorned with a laurel crown, were carried in procession through the streets of Rome

Goethe has faithfully portrayed the times in which Tasso lived, and circumstances apparently trivial have an historical significance and impart an air of reality to the drama Thus the fanciful occupation and picturesque attire of the Princess and Countess at the opening of the piece transport us at once to that graceful court where the pastoral drama was invented and refined and where not long before Tasso's *Aminta* which is considered one of the most beautiful specimens of this species of composition had been performed for the first time with enthusiastic applause

The crown adorning the bust of Ariosto, together with the enthusiastic admiration expressed for that poet by Antonio is likewise characteristic of the age The *Orlando Furioso* had been composed at the same court about fifty years before and had become so universally popular that according to Bernardo Tasso the father of Torquato neither learned man nor artisan no youth no maid, no old man could be satisfied with a single perusal — passengers in the streets sailors in their boats and virgins in their chambers, sang for their disport the stanzas of Ariosto\*

The project of dethroning this monarch of Parnassus, or, at least, of placing upon his own brow a crown as glorious, appears

from his own letters early to have awakened the ambition of Tasso

The subordinate characters of the drama are also historical portraits. Alphonso II is represented by his biographers as the liberal patron of the arts, and as treating Tasso at this period with marked consideration: nor had he yet manifested that implacable and revengeful spirit which has rendered his memory justly hateful to posterity. In the relation which subsisted between this prince and Tasso, Goethe has exhibited the evils resulting from the false spirit of patronage prevalent at that period throughout Italy when talent was regarded as the necessary appendage of rank and works of genius were considered as belonging rather to the patron than to the individual by whom they had been produced.

Antonio Montecatino the Duke's secretary, is also drawn from life. He is an admirable personification of that spirit of worldly wisdom which looks principally to material results and contemplates promotion and court favour as the highest objects of ambition. This earth-born prudence having little sympathy with poetic genius affects to treat it with contempt, resents as presumptuous its violation of ordinary rules, holds up its foibles and eccentricities to ridicule and at the same time envies the homage paid to it by mankind.

At the period of the drama the court of Ferrara was graced by the presence of Leonora Countess of Scandiano in whom Goethe has portrayed a woman eminently graceful and accomplished, but who fails to win our sympathy because her ruling sentiment is vanity. Tasso paid to this young beauty the tribute of public homage, and addressed to her some of his most beautiful sonnets according to Ginguené; however his sentiment for her was merely poetical, and could easily ally itself with the more genuine, deep and constant affection which he entertained for Leonora of Este.

Lucietta and Leonora of Este were the daughters of Renee of France, celebrated for her insatiable thirst for knowledge, and for the variety and depth of her studies. She became zealously attached to the tenets of the Reformers in consequence of which she was deprived of her children and closely imprisoned for twelve years.

To the intellectual power, the knowledge, heresy and consequent misfortunes of her unhappy mother, the Princess Leonora twice alludes in the course of the drama. The daughters of this heroic woman inherited her mental superiority, and Leonora, the younger, is celebrated by various writers for her genius, learning, beauty, and early indifference to the pleasures of the world.

## INTRODUCTION — EGMONT

IN Schiller's critique upon the tragedy of Egmont Goethe is censured for departing from the truth of history in the delineation of his hero's character and also for misrepresenting the circumstances of his domestic life. The Egmont of history left behind him a numerous family anxious for whose welfare detained him in Brussels when most of his friends sought safety in flight. His withdrawal would have entailed the confiscation of his property and he shrank from exposing to privation those whose happiness was dearer to him than life—a consideration which he repeatedly urged in his conferences with the Prince of Orange when the latter insisted upon the necessity of escape. We see here, not the victim of a blind and fool-hardy confidence as portrayed in Goethe's drama but the husband and father, regardless of his personal safety in anxiety for the interests of his family.

I shall not inquire which conception is best suited for the purposes of art but merely subjoin a few extracts from the same critique in which Schiller does ample justice to Goethe's admirable delineation of the age and country in which the drama is cast, and which are peculiarly valuable from the pen of so competent an authority as the historian of the Fall of the Netherlands.

“Egmont's tragical death resulted from the relation in which he stood to the nation and the government hence the action of the drama is intimately connected with the political life of the period—an exhibition of which forms its indispensable ground-work. But if we consider what an infinite number of minute circumstances must concur in order to exhibit the spirit of an age, and the political condition of a people, and the art required to combine so many isolated features into an intelligible and organic whole and if we contemplate, moreover the peculiar character of the Netherlands consisting not of one nation, but of an aggregate of many smaller states, separated from each other by the sharpest contrasts, we shall not cease to wonder at the creative genius, which, triumphing over all these difficulties, conjures up before us as with an enchanter's wand, the Netherlands of the sixteenth century.



“Not only do we behold these men living and working before us, we dwell among them as their familiar associates we see on the one hand the joyous sociability the hospitality the loquacity, the somewhat boastful temper of the people, their republican spirits ready to boil up at the slightest innovation, and often subsiding again as rapidly on the most trivial grounds and on the other hand we are made acquainted with the burthens under which they groined from the new mitres of the bishops to the French psalms which they were forbidden to sing —nothing is omitted no feature introduced which does not bear the stamp of nature and of truth Such delineation is not the result of premeditated effort nor can it be commanded by art it can only be achieved by the poet whose mind is thoroughly imbued with his subject from him such traits escape unconsciously and without design as they do from the individuals whose characters they serve to portray

‘The few scenes in which the citizens of Brussels are introduced appear to us to be the result of profound study and it would be difficult to find in so few words a more admirable historical monument of the Netherlands of that period

‘Equally graphic is that portion of the picture which portrays the spirit of the government though it must be confessed that the artist has here somewhat softened down the harsher features of the original This is especially true in reference to the character of the Duchess of Parma Before his Duke of Alva we tremble, without however turning from him with aversion he is a firm rigid inaccessible character a brazen tower without gates the garrison of which must be furnished with wings The prudent forecast with which he makes his arrangements for Egmont’s arrest excites our admiration while it removes him from our sympathy The remaining characters of the drama are delineated with a few masterly strokes The subtle taciturn Orange, with his timid yet comprehensive and all combining mind, is depicted in a single scene Both Alva and Egmont are mirrored in the men by whom they are surrounded This mode of delineation is admirable The poet in order to concentrate the interest upon Egmont has isolated his hero and omitted all mention of Count Horn, who shared the same melancholy fate

The appendix to Schiller’s History of the Fall of the Netherlands contains an interesting account of the trial and execution of the Counts Egmont and Horn, which is, however, too long for insertion here

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

### *Characters in the Prologue for the Theatre*

THE MANAGER  
THE DRAMATIC POET  
MERRIMAN

### *Characters in the Prologue in Heaven*

THE LORD  
RAPHAEL }  
GABRIEL } The Heavenly Hosts  
MICHAEL }  
MEPHISTOPHELUS

### *Characters in the Tragedy*

FAUST  
MEPHISTOPHELUS  
WAGNER a Student  
MARGARET  
MARTHA Margaret's Neighbour  
VALENTINE Margaret's Brother  
OLD PEASANT  
A STUDENT  
ELIZABETH an acquaintance of Margaret's  
FROSCH }  
" } Guests in Auerbach's Wine Cellar  
ALTMAYER }

Witches old and young Wizards Will o the Wisp Witch Pedlar  
Protophantasmist Servibus Monkeys Spirits Journeymen Coun-  
try Folk Citizens Beggar Old Fortune Teller, Shepherd Soldier,  
Students, &c

### *In the Intermezzo*

OBERON | ARIEL  
TITANIA | PUCK, &c , &c

## DEDICATION

DIM forms ye hover near a shadowy train,  
As erst upon my troubl d sight ye stole  
Shall I yet strive to hold you once again?  
Still for the fond illusion yearns my soul?  
Ye press around! Come then resume your reign,  
As upwards from the vapoury mist ye roll  
Within my breast youth s throbbing pulses bound,  
Fann d by the magic air that breathes around

Shades fondly loved appear your train attending,  
And visions fair of many a blissful day  
First love and friendship their fond accents blending,  
Like to some dim traditionary lay  
Sorrow revives her wail of anguish sending  
Back o er life s chequer d labyrinthine way  
Recalling cherish d friends in life s fair morn,  
From my embrace, by cruel fortune torn

Alas! my closing song they hear no more  
The friends for whom my earlier strains I sang,  
Dispers d the throng who greeted me of yore,  
And mute the voices that responsive rang  
My tuneful grief mong strangers now I pour,  
F en then applauding tones inflict a pang  
And those to whom my music once seem d sweet,  
If yet on earth are scatter d ne er to meet

A strange unwonted longing doth upraise  
To yon calm spirit-realm my yearning soul!  
In soften d cadence as when Zephyr plays  
With Æol s harp my tuneful numbers roll,  
My pulses thrill the tear unbidden strays,  
My stedfast heart resigns its self control  
As from afar the present meets my view  
While what hath pass d away alone seems true

## PROLOGUE FOR THE THEATRE

MANAGER, DRAMATIC POET MERRYMAN

MANAGER

Ye twain whom I so oft have found  
True friends in trouble and distress  
Say in our scheme on German ground,  
What prospect have we of success?  
Fain would I please the public win their thanks  
They live and let live that I call fair play  
The posts are ready fixed and laid the plans,  
And all anticipate a treat to-day  
They've taken their places and with eyebrows raised  
Sit patiently and fain would be amazed  
I know the art to hit the public taste  
Yet so perplex'd I never have been before  
Tis true they're not accustomed to the best  
But then they read immensely that's the bore  
How make our entertainment striking, new  
And yet significant and pleasing, too?  
For to be plain I love to see the throng  
As to our booth the living tide progresses  
As wave on wave successive rolls along  
And through the narrow gate in tumult presses  
Still in broad day ere yet the clock strikes four  
Their way to the receiver's box they take  
And as in famine at the baker's door  
For tickets are content their necks to break  
Such various minds the bard alone can sway  
My friend, oh work this miracle to-day!

POET

Oh speak not of the motley multitude  
Whose aspect puts each gentler thought to flight  
Shut out the noisy crowd whose vortex rude  
Draws down the spirit with restless might  
Lead me to some still nook where none intrude  
Where only for the bard blooms pure delight

FAUSA

Where love and friendship fair angelic powers  
Crown with the heart's best joys the circling hours

What in the spirit's depths was there conceiv'd  
What there the timid lip shap'd forth in sound,  
Imperfect now now adequately believ'd  
In the wild tumult of the hour is drown'd  
The perfect world through years of toil achiev'd  
Appears at length with finish'd beauty crown'd  
What dazzles satisfies the present hour  
The genuine lives of coming years the dower

MERRYMAN

This cant about posterity I hate  
About posterity were I to prate  
Who then the living would amuse for they  
Require diversion ay and tis their due  
A sprightly fellow's presence at your play  
Methinks should always go for something too  
Whose ready wit a genial vein inspires  
He'll ne'er be wounded by the captious throng  
A wider circle doubtless he desires  
Where sympathy exalts the power of song  
To work then! Prove a master in your art!  
Fancy invoke with all her choral train—  
Let reason passion feeling bear their part  
But mark! let folly mingle in the strain

MANAGER

And chief let incidents enough arise!  
A show they want they come to feast their eyes  
When stirring scenes before them are display'd  
At which the wondrous multitude may gaze,  
Your reputation is already made  
And popular applause your toil repays  
A mass alone will with the mass succeed  
Then each at length selects what he requires  
Who bringeth much of many suits the need,  
And each contented from the house retires  
What though your drama should like patchwork show,  
No matter—the ragout will take, I know,  
As easy 'tis to serve us to invent

## PROLOGUE.

A finish d whole what boots it to present,  
'Twill be in pieces by the public rent

POET

How mean such handicraft you cannot feel'  
How it degrades the genuine artist s mind'  
The bungling work in which these coxcombs deal  
Is an establish d maxim here I find

MANAGER

Such a reproof disturbs me not a whit'  
Who on efficient working is intent  
Must choose the most appropriate instrument  
Consider! tis soft wood you have to split  
Remember too for whom you write I pray'  
One comes perchance to while an hour away  
One from the festive board a sated guest  
Others whom more I dread than all the rest  
From journal reading hurry to the play  
With absent minds as to a masque they press  
By curiosity alone drawn here  
Ladies display their persons and their dress  
And without pry in character appear  
What dreams beguile you on your poet s height?  
What puts a full house in a merry mood?  
More closely view your patrons of the night  
Half are unfeeling half uncultiv d rude  
One hopes the night in winton joy to spend  
Another s thinking of a game of cards  
Why ye poor fools for such a paltry end  
Pligue the coy muse and court her fan regards?  
Only give more and more tis all I ask  
Thus you will ne'er stray widely from the goal,  
Your audience seek to mystify cyrole —  
To satisfy them—that s a harder task  
Ah! what comes o'er you? rapture or vexation?

POET

Depart! elsewhere another servant choose'  
What! shall the bard his godlike power abuse?  
Man s loftiest right kind nature s high bequest  
For your mean purpose basely sport away?  
Whence comes his mastery o'er the human breast?  
What bends the elements beneath his sway?

## FAUST

Oh is it not his own poetic soul  
 Whose gushing harmony with strong control  
 Draws back into his heart the wondrous whole ?  
 When round her spindle with unceasing drone,  
 Nature still whirls th' unending thread of life  
 When Being's jarring crowds together thrown  
 Mingle in harsh inextricable strife  
 Whose spirit quickens the unvarying round  
 And bids it flow to music's measur'd tone ?  
 Who calls the individual to resound  
 With nature's chords in noble unison ?  
 Who hears the voice of passion in the storm ?  
 Who sees the flush of thought in evening's glow ?  
 Who lingers fondly round the lov'd one's form  
 Springs fairest blossoms in her path to strow ?  
 Who from unmeaning leaves a wreath doth twine  
 For glory gather'd in whatever field ? \*  
 Who raises mortals to the realms divine ?—  
 Man's lofty spirit in the bard reveal'd

### MERRYMAN

Come then employ your lofty inspiration  
 And carry on the poet's avocation  
 Just as we carry on a love affair  
 Fortune together brings a youthful pair  
 They're touch'd their spirits rise with fond elation  
 Insensibly they're link'd they scarce know how,  
 Fortune seems now propitious adverse now  
 Then come alternate rapture and despair,  
 And 'tis a true romance ere one's aware  
 Just such a drama let us now compose !  
 Plunge boldly into life—its depths disclose !  
 Each lives it not to many is it known  
 'Twill interest wheresoever seiz'd and shown,  
 Bright pictures but obscure their meaning  
 A ray of truth through error gleaming  
 This is the best elixir you can brew  
 To charm mankind and edify them too  
 Then youth's fair blossoms crowd to view your play  
 And wait as on an oracle while they  
 The tender souls who love the melting mood  
 Suck from your work their melancholy food,

## PROLOGUE

With wonder and delight they witness there,  
The secret working of their hearts laid bare  
Their tears their laughter you command with ease,  
The dazzling the illusive still they love  
Still doth each lofty thought their reverence move,  
Your finish'd gentlemen you ne'er can please,  
A growing mind alone will grateful prove

### POET

Then give me back youth's golden prime  
When my own spirit too was growing  
When from my heart th' unbidden rhyme  
Gush'd forth a fount for ever flowing  
Then shadowy mist the world conceal'd  
Through vales with odorous blooms inlaid,  
Culling a thousand flowers I stray'd  
And every bud sweet promise made  
Of wonders still to be reveal'd  
Nought had I yet a rich profusion  
The thirst for truth joy in each fond illusion  
Give me unquell'd those impulses to prove —  
Rapture so deep its ecstacy was pain  
The power of hate the energy of love  
Give me oh give me back my youth again!

### MERRYMAN

Youth my good friend you certainly require  
When foes in battle round you press  
When a fair maid her heart on fire  
Hangs on your neck with fond caress,  
When from afar the victor's crown,  
Allures you in the race to run,  
Or when in revelry you drown  
Your sense the whirling dance being done  
But the familiar chords among  
Boldly to sweep with graceful cunning  
While to its goal the verse along  
Its winding path is sweetly running  
With you old gentlemen this duty lies,  
Nor are you thence less rev'rend in our eyes  
That age doth make us childish some maintain—  
No, it but finds us children once again



## FAUST

### MANAGER

A truce to words mere empty sound  
Let deeds at length appear my friends,  
While idle compliments you round  
You might achieve some useful ends  
Why talk of the poetic vein?  
Who hesitates will never know it  
If bards ye are as ye maintain  
Now let your inspiration show it  
To you our present need is known  
Strong draughts will suit our taste alone,  
Come brew me such without delay!  
That which to day is not begun,  
Is on the morrow still undone!  
In dallying never lose a day!  
Resolve should grasp as if inspir'd  
The Possible with courage bold  
Then she will ne'er resign her hold  
But labour on with zeal untir'd

On German boards you're well aware,  
The taste of each may have full sway  
Therefore in bringing out your play  
Nor scenes nor mechanism spare  
The lights of heaven both great and small produce,  
Squander away the stars expend  
Fire rocks and water without end  
And birds and beasts of all kinds introduce  
Thus the whole circle of creation bring  
Within the girdle of our wooden shell  
And with considerate speed on fancy's wing  
Journey from heaven, thence through the earth, to hell

## PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN

THE LORD    THE HEAVENLY HOSTS    *Afterwards*  
MEPHISTOPHELES

*The three Archangels come forward*

RAPHAEL

Still quiring as in ancient time  
With brother spheres in rival song  
The sun with thunder march sublime  
Moves his predestin'd course along  
Angels are strengthen'd by his sight  
I though fathom him no angel may  
Resplendent are the orbs of light  
As on creation's primal day

GABRIEL

And lightly spins earth's gorgeous sphere  
Swifter than thought its rapid flight,  
Alternates Eden brightness clear  
With solemn dread inspiring night  
The foaming waves with murmurs hoarse  
Against the rocks deep base are hurl'd  
And in the sphere's eternal course  
Are rocks and ocean swiftly whirl'd

MICHAEL

And rival tempests rush amain  
From sea to land from land to sea  
And raging form a wondrous chain  
Of deep mysterious agency  
Full in the thunder's fierce career  
Flaming the swift destructions play  
But Lord thy messengers revere  
The mild procession of thy day

THE THREE

Angels are strengthen'd by the sight,  
Though fathom thee no angel may,  
Thy works still shine with splendour bright,  
As on creation's primal day

## MEPHISTOPHELES

Since Lord thy levee thou again dost hold  
 To learn how all things are progressing here  
 Since thou hast kindly welcom d me of old  
 Thou see st me now among thy suite appear  
 Excuse me fine harangues I cannot make  
 Though all the circle look on me with scorn  
 My pathos soon thy laughter would awake  
 Had st thou the laughing mood not long forsworn  
 Concerning suns and worlds I ve nought to say  
 I but consider man s self torturing lot  
 As wondrous now as on creation s day  
 His stamp the little world god changeth not  
 A somewhat better life he d lead poor wight  
 But for thy gift a gleam of heavenly light,  
 Reason he calls it and doth use it so  
 That e en than brutes more brutish he doth grow  
 With all due deference he appears to me  
 Much like your long legged grasshopper to be  
 Which flits about and flying bounds along  
 Then in the grass sings his familiar song  
 Would he but always in the grass repose!  
 In every dirty place he thrusts his nose

## THE LORD

Hast thou nought else to sav? Is thy sole aim  
 In coming here as ever but to blame?  
 Does nothing on the carth to thee seem right?

## MEPHISTOPHELES

No Lord! Things there are in a wretched plight.  
 Men s sorrow from my heart I so deplore  
 E en I would not torment the poor things more

## THE LORD

Say is to thee my servant Faustus known?

## MEPHISTOPHELES

The doctor?

## THE LORD

Him I mean

## MEPHISTOPHELES

Well we must own

His service in a curious way is shown

Poor fool! He liveth not on earthly food  
 An inward impulse hurries him afar  
 Himself half conscious of his frenzied mood,  
 From heaven he claims its brightest star,  
 From earth demands its highest good  
 Nor can their gather'd treasures soothe to rest  
 The cravings of his agitated breast

THE LORD

Though now he serve me with imperfect sight  
 I will ere long conduct him to the light  
 The gard'ner knoweth when the green appears  
 That flowers and fruit will crown the coming years

MEPHISTOPHELES

What wilt thou wager? Mine he yet shall be  
 Let me with thy permission be but free  
 Him my own way with quiet lure to guide!

THE LORD

So long as on the earth he doth abide  
 So long it shall not be forbidden thee!  
 Man while he striveth still is prone to err

MEPHISTOPHELES

I'm much oblig'd the dead delight not me!  
 The plump fresh cheek of youth I much prefer  
 I'm not at home to corpses 'tis my way  
 Like cats with captive mice to toy and play

THE LORD

Enough! it is permitted thee! Divert  
 This mortal spirit from his source divine  
 And canst thou seize on him thy power exert  
 To draw him downward and to make him thine  
 Then stand abash'd when baffl'd thou shalt own,  
 A good man in the direful grasp of ill  
 His consciousness of right retaineth still

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well well—the wager will be quickly won  
 For my success no fears I entertain  
 And if my end I finally should gain  
 Excuse my triumphing with all my soul  
 Dust he shall eat ay and with relish take  
 As did of yore, my cousin the old snake

## THE LORD

Here too thou art free to act without control  
 Towards such as thou I entertain no hate  
 Among the spirits of denial thee  
 The scoffer I esteem least reprobate  
 Prone to relax is man's activity  
 In indolent repose he fain would live,  
 Hence this companion purposely I give  
 Who stirs excites and must as devil work  
 But ye the genuine sons of heaven rejoice!  
 In the full living beauty still rejoice!  
 Let the creative power your spirits bound  
 With love's eternal and benign control  
 And Being's changeful forms that hover round  
 Arrest in thoughts, enduring as the soul  
 (*Heaven closes the Archangels disperse*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*alone*)

The ancient one I like sometimes to see  
 And not to break with him am always civil,  
 'Tis courteous in a lord so great as he  
 To speak so kindly even to the devil

*Night*

*A high vaulted narrow Gothic chamber*

FAUST *restless seated at his desk*

FAUST

I've now alas! Philosophy  
Medicine and Jurisprudence too,  
And to my cost Theology  
With ardent labour studied through  
And here I stand with all my lore,  
Poor fool, no wiser than before  
Master and doctor styled indeed  
Already these ten years I lead  
Up down across and to and fro  
My pupils by the nose and learn  
That we in truth can nothing know!  
Thus in my heart like fire doth burn  
True, I've more wit than all your solemn fools  
Priests doctors scribes magisters of the schools,  
Nor doubts nor scruples torture now my breast,  
No dread of hell or devil mars my rest  
Hence is my heart of every joy bereft  
No faith in knowledge to my soul is left  
No longer doth the hope delude my mind  
By truth to better and convert mankind  
Then I have neither goods nor treasure  
No worldly honour rank or pleasure,  
No dog would longer such a life desire!  
Hence I've applied to magic to inquire  
Whether the spirit's voice and power to me  
May not unveil full many a mystery  
That I no more the sweat upon my brow  
Need speak of things of which I nothing know,  
That I may recognise the hidden ties  
That bind creation's inmost energies,

Her vital powers her embryo seeds survey,  
And fling the trade in empty words away

Thou full orb'd moon! Would thou wert gazing now,  
For the last time upon my troubl'd brow!  
Beside this desk at midnight seated here,  
Oft have I watch'd to hail thy soothing beam  
Then pensive friend thou cam'st my soul to cheer,  
Shedding o'er books and scrolls thy silv'ry gleam  
Oh that I could in thy beloved light  
Now wander freely on some Alpine height  
Could I round mountain caves with spirits ride,  
In thy mild radiance o'er the meadows glide  
And purg'd from knowledge fumes my strength renew,  
Bathing my spirit in thy healing dew

Woe's me! still prison'd in the gloom  
Of this abhorr'd and musty room  
Where heaven's dear light itself doth pass  
But dimly through the painted glass!  
Girt round with volumes thick with dust,  
A prey to worms and mould ring rust  
And to the high vault's topmost bound,  
With smoky paper compass'd round,  
Boxes in strange confusion hurl'd  
Glasses and antique lumber blent  
With many a curious instrument—  
This is thy world! a precious world!

And dost thou ask why heaves thy heart,  
With tighten'd pressure in thy breast?  
Why the dull ache will not depart  
By which thy life pulse is oppress'd?  
Instead of nature's living sphere  
Created for mankind of old  
Brute skeletons surround thee here  
And dead men's bones in smoke and mould

Up! Forth into the distant land!  
Is not this book of mystery  
By Nostradamus prophetic hand  
An all sufficient guide? Thou'lt see

The planetary orbs unroll'd  
 When nature doth her thoughts unfold  
 To thee thy soul shall rise and seek  
 Communion high with her to hold,  
 As spirit doth with spirit speak'  
 Vain by dull poring to divine  
 The meaning of each hallow'd sign  
 Spirits! I feel you hovering near  
 Make answer, if my voice ye hear'

*(He opens the book and perceives the sign of Macro-cosmos)*

Ah! at this spectacle through every sense,  
 What sudden ecstasy of joy is flowing!  
 I feel new rapture hallow'd and intense  
 Through every nerve and vein with ardour glowing  
 Was it a god who character'd this scroll  
 Which stills my inward tumult to my heart  
 Wither'd and sick new rapture doth impart  
 And by a mystic impulse to my soul  
 Unveils the working of the wondrous whole  
 Am I a God? What light intense!  
 In these pure symbols I distinctly see,  
 Nature exert her vital energy  
 Now of the wise man's words I learn the sense  
     Unlock'd the realm of spirits lies —  
     Thy sense is shut thy heart is dead!  
 Scholar with quenchless ardour rise  
 And bathe thy breast in the morning red!

*(He contemplates the sign)*

How all things live and work and ever blending  
 Weave one vast whole from Being's ample range!  
 How powers celestial rising and descending  
 Their golden buckets ceaseless interchange!  
 Their flight on rapture breathing pinions winging  
 From heaven to earth their genial influence bringing  
 Through the wide whole their chimes melodious ringing

A wondrous show! but ah! a show alone!  
 Where shall I grasp thee infinite nature where?  
 Ye breasts, ye fountains of all life, whereon



Hang heaven and earth from which the blighted soul  
 Yearneth to draw sweet solace still ye roll  
 Your sweet and fust ring tides—where are ye—where?  
 Ye gush and must I languish in despair?

*(He turns over the leaves of the book impatiently, and  
 perceives the sign of the Earth spirit)*

How differently this sign affects me! Thou,  
 Spirit of earth to me art nigher  
 My energies are rising higher  
 As from new wine I feel a quickening glow,  
 Courage I feel to stem the tide of life  
 To suffer weal and woe man's earthly lot  
 When warring tempests rage to share their strife  
 And midst the crashing wreck to tremble not  
 Clouds gather over me—  
 The moon conceals her light—  
 The lamp is quenched!  
 Vapours are rising! Quivering round my head  
 Flash the red beams Down from the vaulted roof  
 A shuddering horror floats  
 And seizes me!

I feel it spirit prayer compelled 'tis thou  
 Art hovering near  
 Unveil thyself!

Ha! How my heart is riven now!  
 Each sense with eager palpitation  
 Is strained to catch some new sensation!  
 I feel my heart surrendered unto thee!  
 Thou must! Thou must! Though life should be the fee!

*(He sees the book and pronounces mysteriously the sign of  
 the spirit. A ruddy flame flashes up the spirit appears  
 in the flame.)*

SPIRIT

Who calls on me?

FAUST

*(Turning aside)*

Appalling shape!

SPIRIT

With might,

Thou hast compelled me from my sphere,  
 Long hast thou striven to draw me here,  
 And now—

FAUST

Torture! I cannot bear thy sight

SPIRIT

To know me thou didst breathe a fervent prayer,  
 To hear my voice to gaze upon my brow  
 Me doth thine earnest adjuration bow —  
 Lo! I am here! — What pitiful despair  
 Grasps thee the demigod? Where's now the soul's deep cry?  
 Where is the breast which in its depths a world conceiv'd,  
 And bore and cherish'd which with ecstasy  
 To rank itself with us the spirits heav'd?  
 Where art thou Faust? whose voice I heard resound  
 Who towards me press'd with energy profound?  
 Art thou he? Thou — whom thus my breath can blight,  
 Whose inmost being trembles with affright  
 A crush'd and writhing worm!

FAUST

Shall I yield thing of flame to thee  
 Faust, and thine equal I am he!

SPIRIT

In the currents of life in action's storm,  
 I float and I wave  
 With billowy motion!  
 Birth and the grave  
 A limitless ocean  
 A constant weaving  
 With change still rife,  
 A restless heaving  
 A glowing life

Thus time's whizzing loom unceasing I ply  
 And weave the life garment of deity

FAUST

Spirit whose restless energy doth sweep  
 The ample world how near I feel to thee!

SPIRIT

Thou art like the spirit whom thou canst conceive  
 Not me! (*Vanishes*)

FAUST (*deeply moved*)

Not thee?  
 Whom then?  
 I, God's own image!

And not rank with thee! (a knock)

Oh death! I know it— tis my famulus—

My fairest fortune now escapes!

That all these visionary shapes

A soulless groveller should banish thus!

(WAGNER in his dressing gown and night cap a lamp  
in his hand FAUST turns round reluctantly)

WAGNER

Your pardon Sir! I heard you here declaim,

A Grecian tragedy you doubtless read

Improvement in this art is now my aim

For now a days it much avails Indeed

An actor oft I've heard it said at least

May give instruction even to a priest

FAUST

As if your priest should be an actor too,

As not improbably may come to pass

WAGNER

When in his study pent the whole year through

Man views the world as through an optic glass

On a chance holiday and scarcely then

How by persuasion can he govern men?

FAUST

If feeling prompt not if it doth not flow

Fresh from the spirit's depths with strong control

Swaying to rapture every listener's soul

Idle your toil, the chase you may forego!

Brood o'er your task! Stray thoughts together glue,

Cook from another's feast your own ragout,

Still prosecute your miserable game

And fan your paltry ash heaps into flame!

Thus children's wonder you'll perchance excite

And ape's applause if such your appetite

But that which issues from the heart alone

Will bend the hearts of others to your own

WAGNER

But in delivery will the speaker find

Success alone, I still am far behind

FAUST

A worthy object still pursue!

Be not a hollow tinkling fool!

Good sense, sound reason judgment true  
 Find utterance without art or rule,  
 And when with genuine earnestness you speak  
 Then is it needful cunning words to seek?  
 Your fine harangues so polish'd in their kind  
 Wherein the shreds of human thought ye twist  
 Are unrefreshing as the empty wind  
 Whistling through wither'd leaves and autumn mist'

WAGNER

Oh Heavens' art is long and life is short!  
 Still as I prosecute with earnest zeal  
 The critic's toil I'm haunted by this thought  
 And vague misgivings o'er my spirit steal  
 The very means how hardly are they won  
 By which we students to the fountains rise!  
 And then perchance ere half his labour's done  
 Check'd in his progress the poor devil dies

FAUST

Is parchment then the consecrated spring  
 From which he thirsteth not who once hath quaffed?  
 Oh if it gush not from the depths within  
 Thou hast not won the soul reviving draught

WAGNER

Yet surely 'tis delightful to transport  
 Ourselves into the spirit of the past  
 To see before us how a wise man thought  
 And what a glorious height we've reach'd at last

FAUST

Ay truly! even to the loftiest star!  
 A seal'd up volume seven fold seal'd are  
 To us my friend the ages that are pass'd  
 And what the spirit of the times men call  
 Is merely their own spirit after all  
 Wherein distorted oft the times are glass'd  
 Then truly 'tis a sight to grieve the soul!  
 At the first glance we fly it in dismay,  
 A very lumber room a rubbish hole!  
 At best a sort of mock heroic play  
 With saws pragmatistical and maxims sage  
 To suit the puppets and their mimic stage

WAGNER

But then the world and man his heart and brain!  
Touching these things all men would something know

FAUST

Ay! what mong men as knowledge doth obtain!  
Who on the child its true name dares bestow?  
The few who somewhat of these things have known  
Who their full hearts unguardedly reveal  
Nor thoughts nor feelings from the mob conceal,  
Have died on crosses or in flames been thrown  
Excuse me 'tis the deep of night my friend  
We must break off and for the present end

WAGNER

I fain would keep awake the whole night through,  
Thus to converse so learnedly with you  
To-morrow being Easter-day I hope  
A few more questions you will let me bring  
With zeal I've aimed at learning's amplest scope  
True, I know much but would know everything

*(Exit)*FAUST *(alone)*

How he alone is never bereft of hope  
Who clings to tasteless trash with zeal untiring  
Who doth with greedy hand for treasure grope,  
And finding earthworms is with joy inspired!  
And dare a voice of mercy human birth  
Even here where shapes immortal throng'd intrude?  
Yet ah! thou poorest of the sons of earth,  
For once I even to thee feel gratitude  
Despair the power of sense did well nigh blast  
And thou didst save me ere I sank dismay'd,  
So giant-like the vision seem'd so vast  
I felt myself shrink dwarf'd as I survey'd  
I God's own image who already hail'd  
The mirror of eternal truth unveil'd  
Who freed already from this toil of clay,  
In splendour revel'd and celestial day —  
I more than cherub whose unfetter'd soul  
With penetrative glance aspir'd to flow  
Through nature's veins and still creating know  
The life of gods — how am I punish'd now!  
One thunder-word hath hurl'd me from the goal!

Spirit! I dare not lift me to thy sphere  
 What though my power compell'd thee to appear,  
 My art was powerless to detain thee here  
 In that great moment rapture fraught  
 I felt myself so small so great  
 You thrust me fiercely from the realm of thought  
 Back on humanity's uncertain fate  
 Who'll teach me now? What ought I to forego?  
 Shall I that impulse of the soul obey?  
 Alas! our very actions as our woe  
 Alike impede the tenor of our way!

Even to the noblest by the soul conceiv'd,  
 Some feelings cling of baser quality  
 And when the goods of this world are achiev'd  
 Each nobler aim is term'd a cheat a lie  
 Our aspirations our soul's genuine life  
 Grow torpid in the din of worldly strife

Though youthful phantasy while hope inspires,  
 Stretch o'er the infinite her wing sublime  
 A narrow compass limits her desires  
 When wreck'd our fortunes in the gulph of time  
 In the deep heart of man care builds her nest  
 O'er sorrows undecid'd she broodeth there  
 And rocking ceaseless, searcheth joy and rest,  
 Still is she wont some new disguise to wear  
 As house land wife or child or kindred blood,  
 As sword or poison'd cup as fire or flood  
 We tremble before ills that ne'er assual  
 And what we ne'er shall lose we still bewail

I rank not with the gods! I feel with dread,  
 That the mean earth worm I resemble more  
 Which still is crush'd beneath the wanderer's tread,  
 As in its native dust it loves to bore

And may not all as worthless dust be priz'd  
 That in these hundred shelves confines me round?  
 Rubbish in many a precious form disguis'd  
 That in this moth world doth my being bound?  
 Here shall I satisfy my craving soul?  
 Here must I read in many a ponderous scroll,

That here and there one mortal hath been blest,  
 Self torture still the portion of the rest?—  
 Thou hollow skull, what means that grin of thine? <sup>2</sup>  
 But that thy brain bewilder'd once like mine  
 Sought yearning for the truth the light of day,  
 And in the twilight wander'd far astray? <sup>2</sup>  
 Ye instruments forsooth ye mock at me —  
 With wheel and cog and ring and cylinder  
 To nature's portals ye should be the key,  
 Your wards are intricate yet fail to stir  
 Her bolts Inscrutable in broadest light,  
 To be unveil'd by force she doth refuse  
 What she reveals not to thy mental sight  
 Thou wilt not wrest from her with bars and screws  
 Old useless furnitures! Ye still are here  
 Because my sires ye serv'd in times long past!  
 Old scroll! The smoke of years thou yet dost wear,  
 As when yon lamp its sickly ray first cast  
 Better have squander'd it an earlier day  
 My paltry means than neath its weight to groan!  
 Wouldst thou possess thy heritage essay  
 By active use to render it thine own  
 What we employ not but impedes our way  
 What it brings forth the hour can use alone  
 But why doth yonder spot attract my sight? <sup>2</sup>  
 Is yonder flask a magnet to my gaze? <sup>2</sup>  
 Whence this mild radiance as when Cynthia's light,  
 Amid the forest gloom around us plays? <sup>2</sup>  
 Hail precious phial! Thee with reverent awe  
 Down from thine old receptacle I draw,  
 Science in thee I hail and human art,  
 Essence of deadliest powers refin'd and sure  
 Of soothing anodynes abstraction pure  
 Now in thy master's need thy grace impart!  
 I gaze on thee my pain is lull'd to rest  
 I grasp thee calm'd the tumult in my breast,  
 The flood tide of my spirit ebbs away  
 Onward I'm summon'd o'er a boundless main,  
 Calm at my feet expands the glassy plain  
 To shores unknown allures a brighter day

Lo where a car of fire on airy pinion  
 Comes floating towards me! I'm prepar'd to fly  
 By a new track through ether's wide dominion  
 To distant spheres of pure activity  
 This life intense! This godlike ecstasy?  
 Worm that thou art such rapture canst thou earn?  
 Only resolve with courage stern and high  
 Thy visage from the radiant sun to turn!  
 Dare with determin'd will to burst the portals  
 Past which in terror others fain would steal,  
 Now is the time to testify that mortals  
 The calm sublimity of gods can feel  
 To shudder not at yonder dark abyss  
 Throng'd with self-torturing fancy's grisly brood,  
 Right onward to the yawning gulph to press  
 Round whose dark entrance rolls hell's fiery flood,  
 With glad resolve to take the fatal leap  
 E'en though thy soul should sink to endless sleep!

Pure crystal goblet forth I draw thee now  
 From out thine antiquated case where thou  
 Forgotten hast repos'd for many a year  
 Oft at my father's revels thou didst shine  
 Gladd'ning the earnest guests with generous wine  
 As each the other pledg'd with sober cheer

The gorgeous brede of figures quaintly wrought  
 Which he who quaff'd must first in rhyme expound,  
 Then drain the goblet at one draught profound  
 Hath nights of boyhood to fond memory brought  
 I to my neighbour shall not reach thee now  
 Nor on thy rich device my cunning show  
 Here is a juice makes drunk without delay  
 Its dark brown flood thy crystal round doth fill,  
 Let this last draught the product of my skill  
 My own free choice be quaff'd with resolute will  
 A solemn greeting to the coming day!

*(He places the goblet to his mouth )  
 (The ringing of bells and choral voices )*



## BEFORE THE GATE

*Promenaders of all sorts pass out.*

MECHANICS

Why choose ye that direction pray?

OTHERS

To the Jager house we re on our way

THE FIRST

We towards the mill are strolling on

A MECHANIC

A walk to Wasserhof were best

A SECOND

The road is not a pleasant one

THE OTHERS

What will you do?

A THIRD

I ll join the rest

A FOURTH

Let s up to Burghof there you ll find good cheer,  
The prettiest maidens and the stoutest beer  
And brawls of a prime sort

A FIFTH

You scapegrace! How,  
Your skin still itching for a row?  
I will not go I loathe the place

SERVANT GIRL

No no! To town I will my steps retrace

ANOTHER

Near yonder poplars he is sure to be

THE FIRST

And if he is what matters it to me!  
With you he ll walk he ll dance with none but you,  
And with your pleasures what have I to do?

THE SECOND

To day he will not be alone he said  
His friend would be with him the curly head.

STUDENT

Why how those buxom girls step on!  
Brother we'll follow them anon  
Strong beer a damsel smartly dress'd  
Stinging tobacco —these I love the best

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER

Look at those handsome fellows there!  
Tis really shameful I declare  
The best society they shun  
After those servant girls forsooth to run  
SECOND STUDENT (*to the first*)

Not quite so fast! for in our rear  
Two girls well dress'd are drawing near  
Not far from us the one doth dwell  
And sooth to say I like her well  
They walk demurely yet you'll see  
They'll let us join them presently

THE FIRST

Not I! restraints of all kinds I detest  
Quick! let us catch the game before it flies  
The hand on Saturday the mop that plies  
Will on the Sunday fondle you the best

CITIZEN

This Burgomaster likes me not each hour  
He grows more insolent now he's in power  
And for the town what doth he do for it?  
Is it not growing worse from day to day?  
To more restrictions we must still submit,  
Ay and more taxes now than ever pay

BEGGAR *sings*

Kind gentlemen and ladies fair  
So rosy cheek'd and trimly dress'd  
Be pleas'd to listen to my prayer  
Relieve and pity the distress'd  
Let me not vainly sing my lay!  
His heart's most glad whose hand is free  
Now when all men keep holiday  
Should be a harvest-day to me

## ANOTHER CITIZEN

I know nought better of a holiday  
 Than chatting about war and war's alarms  
 When folk in Turkey are all up in arms  
 Fighting their deadly battles far away  
 Within the window we our glasses drain  
 Watch down the stream the painted vessels glide  
 Then blessing peace and peaceful times again  
 Homeward we turn our steps at eventide

## THIRD CITIZEN

Ay neighbour! So let matters stand for me!  
 There they may scatter one another's brains  
 And hurly burly innovations see—  
 So here at home all undisturbed remains

OLD WOMAN (*to the CITIZENS DAUGHTERS*)

Heyday! How smart! The fresh young blood!  
 Who would not fall in love with you?  
 Not quite so proud! His well and good!  
 And what you wish that I could help you to

## CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER

Come Agatha! I care not to be seen  
 Walking in public with these witches True  
 My future lover last St Andrew's I en  
 In flesh and blood she brought before my view

## ANOTHER

And mine she show'd me also in the glass  
 A soldier's figure with companions bold  
 I look around I seek him as I pass  
 In vain his form I nowhere can behold

## SOLDIERS

Towns with walls  
 Encompass'd round  
 Maids with lofty  
 Beauty crown'd  
 On! regardless  
 Of the toil!  
 Bold the venture  
 Rich the spoil!

And the trumpet's  
 Martial breath  
 Calls to pleasure  
 Calls to death  
 Mid the tumult  
 There is rapture  
 Maids and fortress  
 Both we capture  
 Bold the venture  
 Rich the prize!  
 Onward then  
 The soldier hies

FAUST and WAGNER

FAUST

Loosed from their icy fetters streams and rills  
 In spring's effusive quickening mildness flow  
 Hope's budding promise every valley fills  
 And winter spent with age and powerless now  
 Draws off his forces to the savage hills  
 Thence he discharges nought in his retreat  
 Save ever and anon a drizzling shower  
 Stripping the verdant fields with snow and sleet  
 But while the sun endures not —vital power  
 Productive energy abroad are rife  
 Investing all things with the hues of life  
 And joyous crowds in suits of varied dye  
 The absent charm of blooming flowers supply  
 Now hither turn and from this height  
 Back to the town direct your sight  
 Forth from the arched and gloomy gate  
 The multitudes in bright array  
 Stream forth and seek the sun's warm ray!  
 Their risen Lord they celebrate  
 For they themselves have also risen to day!  
 From the mean tenement the sordid room  
 From manual craft from toil's imperious sway  
 From roofs and gables overhanging gloom  
 From the close pressure of the narrow street  
 And from the churches venerable night  
 They've issued now from darkness into light,  
 Look only look, how borne on nimble feet

Through fields and gardens roam the scatter'd throng,  
 How o'er yon peaceful waters ample sheet,  
 Gay wherries pleasure laden glide along,  
 And see deep sinking in the yielding tide  
 The last now leaves the shore even from yon height,  
 The winding paths along which mark its side,  
 Gay colour'd dresses flash upon the sight  
 And hark! the sounds of village mirth arise,  
 This is the people's genuine paradise  
 Both great and small send up a joyous cheer,  
 Yes! I am still a man—I feel it here

WAGNER

Sir doctor in a walk with you  
 There's honour and instruction too,  
 Alone I would not here resort  
 Coarseness I hate of every sort  
 This fiddling shouting bawling I detest  
 I hate the tumult of the vulgar throng  
 They roar as by the evil one possess'd  
 And call the discord pleasure call it song

PEASANTS (*under the linden tree*)

*Dance and song*

The shepherd for the dance was dress'd,  
 With ribbon wreath and coloured vest  
 He made a gallant show  
 And round about the linden tree  
 They footed it right merrily  
 Juchhe! Juchhe!  
 Juchheisa! Heisa! He!

So went the fiddle bow

Our swain amidst the circle press'd  
 He push'd a maiden trimly dress'd  
 And jogg'd her with his elbow  
 The buxom damsel turn'd her head  
 Now that's a stupid trick! she said

Juchhe! Juchhe!

Juchheisa! Heisa! He!

Don't be so rude good fellow!

Swiftly they foot it in the ring  
 Abroad the ample kirtles swing

Now right now left they go  
 And they grow red and they grow warm  
 And now rest panting arm in arm  
     Juchhe! Juchhe!  
     Juchheisa! Heisa! He!  
 Upon their hip their elbow!  
 Stand off! Don't plague me! many a maid  
 Has been betroth'd and then betray'd  
 No man shall me befool so!  
 Yet still he flatter'd her aside  
 And from the linden far and wide  
     Juchhe! Juchhe!  
     Juchheisa! Heisa! He!  
 Ring shout and fiddle bow

## OLD PFASANT

Doctor 'tis really kind of you  
 To condescend to come this way  
 And deeply learned as you are  
 To join our mirthful throng to day  
 Our fairest cup I offer you  
 Which we with sparkling drink have crown'd  
 And pledging you I pray aloud  
 That every drop within its round  
 While it your present thirst allays  
 May swell the number of your days

## FAUST

I take the cup you kindly reach  
 Health and prosperity to each!  
 (*The crowd gather round in a circle*)

## OLD PFASANT

Ay truly 'tis well done that you  
 Our festive meetings thus attend  
 You who in evil days of yore  
 So often shew'd yourself our friend  
 Full many a one stands living here  
 Who from the fever's deadly blast  
 Your father rescu'd when his skill  
 The fatal sickness stay'd at last  
 A young man then each house you sought

Where reign'd the mortal pestilence  
 Corpse after corpse was carried forth  
 But still unscathed you issued thence  
 Sore then your trials and severe  
 The Helper yonder aids the helper here

ALL

Heaven bless the trusty friend and long  
 To help the poor his life prolong !

FAUST

To him above in grateful homage bend  
 Who prompts the helper and the help doth send  
 (*He proceeds with WAGNER*)

WAGNER

With what emotions must your heart overflow  
 Receiving thus the reverence of the crowd !  
 Great man ! How happy who like you doth know  
 Rightly to use the gifts by heaven bestow'd !  
 You to the son the father shows  
 They press around in quiet advance  
 Hush'd is the music check'd the dance  
 Still where you pass they stand in rows  
 The caps fly upwards and almost  
 To you they bow as to the host

FAUST

A few steps further up to yonder stone  
 Here rest we from our walk In times long past  
 Absorb'd in thought here oft I sat alone  
 And disciplin'd myself with prayer and fast  
 Then rich in hope possess'd with faith sincere  
 With sighs and groans and hands in anguish press'd,  
 The end of that sore plague with many a tear  
 From the dread Lord of heaven I sought to wrest  
 These praises have to me a scornful tone  
 Oh couldst thou in my inner being read  
 And learn how little either sire or son  
 Of thanks deserve the honourable meed !  
 My sire of good repute and sombre mood  
 Of nature's powers and every mystic zone  
 With honest zeal but methods of his own  
 Still lov'd with toil fantastical, to brood

Secluded in his dark alchemic cell  
 His time with brother adepts he would spend  
 And after numberless receipts compel  
 Opposing elements to fuse and blend  
 A ruddy lion there a suitor bold  
 In tepid bath was with the lily wed  
 Thence both while open flames around them roll'd  
 Were tortur'd to another bridal bed  
 Did then the youthful queen at length arise  
 In our alembic bright with varied dyes  
 Our medic thine who took it soon expired  
 Who were by it recover'd? none inquire  
 With our infernal mixture thus ere long  
 These hills and peaceful vales among  
 We rag'd more fiercely than the pest  
 Myself to thousands did the poisonous give  
 They pin'd away I yet must live  
 To hear the reckless murderers blest

WACNER

Why let this thought your spirit overcast?  
 Can man do more than with nice skill  
 With firm and conscientious will  
 Practise the art transmitted from the past?  
 If duly you revive your sense in youth  
 His lore with docile mind you will receive  
 In manhood if you spread the bounds of truth  
 Then may your son a heroic goal achieve

FAUST

How blest is he whom still the hope inspires  
 To lift himself from errors turbid flood!  
 The knowledge which he hath not man requires  
 With what he hath he nought achieves of good  
 But let not moody thoughts their shadow throw  
 O'er the calm beauty of this hour serene!  
 In the rich sunset see how brightly glow  
 Yon cottage homes girt round with verdant green  
 Slow sinks the orb the day is now no more,  
 Yonder he hastens to diffuse new life  
 Oh for a pinion from the earth to soar  
 And after ever after him to strive!  
 Then should I see the world outspread below,



Illumin'd by the deathless evening beams,  
 The vales reposing every height a-glow  
 The silver brooklets meeting golden streams  
 The savage mountain with its cavern'd side  
 Bars not my godlike progress Lo the ocean  
 Its warm bays heaving with a tranquil motion  
 To my rapt vision opes its ample tide!  
 But now at length the god appears to sink  
 A gushing impulse wings anew my flight  
 Onward I press his quenchless light to drink  
 The day before me and behind the night  
 The waves below above the vaulted skies  
 Fair dream it vanish'd with the parting day  
 Alas! that when on spirit wing we rise,  
 No wing material lifts our mortal clay  
 But 'tis our inborn impulse deep and strong  
 To rush aloft to struggle still towards heaven,  
 When far above us pours its thrilling song  
 The sky lark lost amid the purple even,  
 When on extended pinion sweeps amain  
 The lordly eagle o'er the pine crown'd height  
 And when still striving towards its home the crane  
 O'er moor and ocean wings its onward flight

WACNL

To strange conceits myself at times must own  
 But impulse such as this I ne'er have known  
 Nor woods nor fields can long our thoughts engage  
 Their wings I envy not the feather'd kind  
 Far otherwise the pleasures of the mind  
 Bear us from book to book from page to page!  
 Then winter nights grow cheerful keen delight  
 Warms every limb and ah! when we unroll  
 Some old and precious parchment at the sight  
 All heaven itself descends upon the soul

FAUST

Your heart by one sole impulse is possess'd  
 Unconscious of the other still remain!  
 Two souls alas! are lodg'd within my breast  
 Which struggle there for undivided reign  
 One to the world with obstinate desire  
 And closely cleaving organs still adheres

Above the mist the other doth aspire  
 With sacred vehemence to purer spheres  
 Spirits if ye indeed are hovering near  
 Wielding twixt heaven and earth potential sway,  
 Stoop hither from your golden atmosphere  
 And bear me to more varied life away!  
 A magic mantle did I but possess  
 Abroad to waft me as on viewless wings  
 I'd prize it far beyond the costliest dress  
 Nor would I change it for the robe of kings

## WAGNER

Call not the spirits who on mischief wait!  
 Their troop familiar streaming through the air  
 From every quarter threaten man's estate,  
 And danger in a thousand forms prepare  
 They drive impetuous from the frozen north  
 With fangs sharp piercing and keen arrowy tongues,  
 From the ungenial east they issue forth  
 And prey with parching breath upon your lungs,  
 If wafted on the desert's flaming wing  
 They from the south heap fire upon the brain  
 Refreshing moisture from the west they bring  
 Then with huge torrents deluge field and plain  
 In wait for mischief they are prompt to hear,  
 With guileful purpose our behests obey  
 Like ministers of grace they oft appear  
 And with an angel's voice our trust betray  
 But let us hence! Grey eve doth all things blend  
 The air grows chilly and the mists descend!  
 'Tis in the evening first our home we prize—  
 Why stand you thus and gaze with wondering eyes?  
 What in the gloom thus moves you?

## FAUST

Yon black hound  
 See'st thou through corn and stubble scamp ring round?

## WAGNER

I've mark'd him long but nothing strange I see!

## FAUST

Note him! What should you take the brute to be?

WAGNER

Merely a poodle whom his instinct serves  
His master's missing track to find once more

FAUST

Dost mark how round us with wide spiral curves  
He wheels each circle closer than before?  
And if I err not he appears to me  
A fiery whirlpool in his track to leave

WAGNER

Nought but a poodle doth he seem to be  
'Tis some delusion doth your sight deceive

FAUST

Methinks a magic coil our feet around  
He for a future snare doth lightly spread

WAGNER

Round us in doubt I see him shyly bound  
Two strangers seeing in his master's stead

FAUST

The circle narrows he's already near!

WAGNER

A dog you see no specter have we here  
He growls he hesitates he crouches too—  
And wags his tail—as dogs are wont to do

FAUST

Come hither Sirrah! join our company!

WAGNER

A very poodle he appears to be!  
But speak to him and on you he will spring  
To sit on his hind legs he knows the trick  
Aught you may chance to lose again he'll bring  
And plunge into the water for your stick

FAUST

You're right indeed no traces now I see  
Whatever of a spirit's agency  
'Tis training—nothing more

WAGNER

A dog well taught

Even by the wisest of us may be sought  
Ay to your favour he's entitled too  
Apt scholar of the students, 'tis his due!

(*They enter the gate of the town*)

*Study*

FAUST *entering with the poodle*

Behind me now lie field and plain  
 As night her veil doth o'er them draw  
 Our better soul resumes her reign  
 With feelings of foreboding awe  
 Lull'd is each stormy deed to rest  
 And tranquilliz'd each wild desire  
 Pure charity doth warm the breast  
 And love to God the soul inspire

Poodle be still! Cease up and down to rove!  
 What on the threshold art thou snuffing there?  
 Here's my best cushion lie behind the stove  
 As you amus'd me in the mountain air  
 With freak and gambol like a quiet guest  
 Receive my kindness now and take your rest

Ah! when within our narrow room  
 The friendly lamp again doth glow  
 An inward light dispels the gloom  
 In hearts that strive themselves to know  
 Reason begins again to speak  
 Again the bloom of hope returns  
 The streams of life we fain would seek  
 Yea for life's source our spirit yearns

Cease poodle cease to growl! This brutish sound  
 Accords not with the pure and hallow'd tone  
 Whose influence o'er my soul now reigns alone  
 Among mankind indeed they oft are found  
 Who what they do not understand despise  
 And what is good and beautiful contemn  
 Because beyond their sympathies it lies —  
 And will the poodle snarl 't it like them?

But ah! I feel howe'er I yearn for rest  
 Content flows now no longer from my breast  
 Yet wherefore must the stream so soon be dry  
 And we again all parch'd and thirsting lie?  
 This sad experience I've so oft approv'd  
 But still the want admits of compensation  
 We learn to treasure what's from sense remov'd  
 With yearning hearts we long for revelation

And nowhere is the heavenly radiance sent  
 So pure and bright as in the Testament  
 Towards the ancient text an impulse strong  
 Moves me the volume to explore  
 And render faithfully its sacred lore  
 In the loved accents of the German tongue  
*(He opens a volume, and applies himself to it)*

'Tis writ In the beginning was the Word!  
 I pause perplex'd! Who now will help afford?  
 I cannot the mere word so highly prize,  
 If by the spirit guided as I read  
 I must translate the passage otherwise  
 In the beginning was the Sense! Take heed  
 The import of this primal sentence weigh,  
 Lest your too hasty pen be led astray!  
 Doth sense work all things and control the hour?  
 'Tis writ In the beginning was the Power!  
 Thus should it stand yet while the words I trace,  
 I'm warn'd upon the passage to efface  
 The spirit aids from anxious scruples freed  
 I write In the beginning was the Deed!

If I'm with you my room to share  
 Cease barking, poodle and forbear  
 My quiet thus to start!  
 I cannot suffer in my cell  
 Inmate so troublesome to dwell  
 Or you or I depart  
 I'm loath the guest rite to withhold,  
 The doors your passage clear  
 But what must now mine eyes behold!  
 Are nature's laws suspend'd here?  
 Is't real or a phantom show?  
 In length and breadth how doth my poodle grow!  
 Aloft he lifts himself with threatening mien,  
 In likeness of a dog no longer seen!  
 What spectre have I harbour'd thus!  
 Huge as a hippopotamus  
 With fiery eye terrific jaw!  
 Ah! thou art subject to my law!  
 For such a base half-hellish brood  
 The key of Solomon is good

SPIRITS (*without*)

Captur'd there within is one!  
 Stay without and follow none!  
 Like a fox in iron snare  
 Hell's old lynx is quaking there,  
 But take heed!  
 Hover round above below,  
 To and fro  
 Then from durance is he freed  
 Can ye aid him spirits all  
 Leave him not in mortal thrall!  
 Many a time and oft hath he  
 Serv'd us when at liberty

FAUST

The monster to confront at first  
 The spell of four must be rehears'd  
 Salamander shall kindle  
 Writhe nymph of the wave  
 In air sylph shall dwindle  
 And kobold shall slave  
 The elements who doth not know  
 Nor can their powers and uses show,  
 He were no master to compel  
 Spirits with charm and magic spell  
 Vanish in the fiery glow  
 Salamander!  
 Rushingly together flow  
 Undine!  
 Shimmer in the meteor's gleam  
 Sylphide!  
 Hither bring thine homely aid,  
 Incubus! Incubus!  
 Step forth! I do adjure thee thus!  
 None of the elemental four  
 Doth within the creature dwell  
 He lies untroubled as before  
 He grins at me and mocks my spell  
 By more potent magic still  
 I must compel him to my will  
 A fugitive from hell's confine  
 Art hither come? Then see this sign,

At whose dread power the grisly troop  
Of hellish fiends in terror stoop !

With bristling hair now doth the creature swell

Canst thou read him reprobate ?  
The infinite the incrate  
Bright essence unpronounceable  
Diffus'd through the celestial sphere  
Vilcly transpire'd who suffer'd here ?

O'er master'd by the potent spell  
Behind the stove the fiend of hell  
Huge as an elephant doth swell  
Wide as the room expands the shape  
In mist he'll vanish and escape  
Rise not the vaulted roof to meet !  
Now lay thee at the master's feet !  
Thou see'st that mine's no idle threat  
With holy fire I'll scorch thee yet !  
Come forth thou progeny of night  
Nor wait the torture of thine glowing light !  
Await not of mine at the utmost measure !

MEPHISTOPHILES

*(As the mist sinks comes forward from behind the  
store in the dress of a travelling scholar)*

Why all this uproar ? What's the master's pleasure ?

FAUST

So this is then the lernal of the brute !  
A travelling scholar ? Why I needs must smile

MEPHISTOPHILES

Your learned reverence humbly I salute !  
You've made me swelter in a pretty style

FAUST

Your name ?

MEPHISTOPHILES

The question tiffing seems from one  
Who it appears the World doth rate so low  
Who undeluded by mere outward show  
To Being's depths would penetrate alone

FAUST

With gentlemen like you were wont indeed  
The inward essence from the name to read

As it doth all too obviously appear  
 When we Destroyer Liar Fly god hear  
 Who then are you?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Part of that power which still  
 Produceth good while it deviseth ill

FAUST

What hidden mystery in this riddle lies?

MEPHISTOPHELES

The spirit I which evermore denies!  
 And justly too for whatsoever hath birth  
 Deserves again to be reduced to nought,  
 Better were nothing into being brought  
 Thus every essence which you sons of earth  
 Destruction sin or briefly, Evil name  
 As my peculiar element I claim

FAUST

You call yourself a part yet as it seems  
 Stand there a whole?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I speak the modest truth  
 Though folly's microcosm man forsooth  
 Himself to be a perfect whole esteems  
 Part of the part am I that once was all  
 A part of darkness which gave birth to light  
 Proud light who now his mother would enthral  
 Contesting rank and space with ancient night  
 Yet he succeeds not struggle as he will  
 To forms material he adhereth still  
 From them he streameth them he malleth far  
 And still the progress of his beams they check  
 And so I trust when comes the final wreck  
 Light will, ere long the doom of matter share

FAUST

Your worthy avocation now I guess!  
 Wholesale annihilation won't prevail  
 So you're beginning on a smaller scale

MEPHISTOPHELES

And to say truth as yet with small success  
 Opposed to nothingness the world  
 This clumsy mass subsisteth still,  
 Not yet is it to ruin hurled,



Despite the efforts of my will  
 Tempests and earthquakes fire and flood, I've tried,  
 Yet land and ocean still unchanged abide!  
 And then of beasts and men the accursed brood —  
 Neither o'er them can I extend my sway  
 What countless myriads have I swept away!  
 Yet ever circulates the fresh young blood  
 It is enough to drive me to despair!  
 As in the earth in water and in air,  
 In moisture and in drought in heat and cold,  
 Thousands of germs their energies unfold!  
 If fire I had not for myself retained  
 No sphere whatever had for me remained

FAUST

So then with your cold devil's fist  
 Still clenched in malice impotent  
 You the creative power resist  
 The active the beneficent!  
 Chaos strange son! elsewhere I pray  
 Your mischief working power essay!

MEPHISTOPHELES

It should in truth be thought upon  
 We'll talk about it more anon!  
 But have I now permission to retire?

FAUST

I see not why you should inquire  
 Since we're acquainted now you're free  
 As often as you list to call on me  
 There is the door the window here  
 Or there's the chimney

MEPHISTOPHELES

Sooth to say  
 There to my exit doth appear  
 A trifling hindrance in the way  
 The Druid foot upon your threshold—

FAUST

How!

You're by the pentagram embarrassed now?  
 If that have power to hold you, son of hell  
 Say how you came to enter in my cell?  
 What could a spirit such as you deceive?

MEPHISTOPHELES

The drawing is not perfect by your leave,  
The outward angle is not fairly clos'd

FAUST

Chance hath the matter happily dispos'd!  
So you're my prisoner then? You're nicely caught!

MEPHISTOPHELES

In sprang the dog indeed observing nought,  
The matter now assumes another shape  
The devils in the house and can't escape

FAUST

But why not through the window?

MEPHISTOPHELES

'Tis a law

Binding on ghosts and devils to withdraw  
The way they first stole in We enter free,  
But, as regards our exit slaves are we

FAUST

Even hell hath its peculiar laws I see!  
I'm glad of that a binding compact then,  
May be establish'd with you gentlemen?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ay! And the promis'd good therein express'd  
Shall to a tittle be by you possess'd  
But such arrangements time require  
We'll speak of them when next we meet,  
Most earnestly I now entreat  
Thus once permission to retire

FAUST

Another moment prithee linger here,  
And give some fair prediction to mine ear

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now let me go! ere long I'll come again  
And you may question at your leisure then

FAUST

To capture you I laid no snare  
The net you enter'd of your own free will  
Let him who holds the devil hold him still!  
A second time he will not catch him there

MEPHISTOPHELES

If it so please you I'm at your command,  
Only on this condition understand,

That worthily your leisure to beguile  
I here may exercise my arts awhile

FAUST

You're free to do so! Gladly I'll attend,  
But be your art a pleasant one!

MEPHISTOPHILES

My friend,

This hour enjoyment more intense  
Shall captivate each ravish'd sense  
Than thou couldst compass in the bound  
Of the whole year's unvarying round,  
And what the dainty spirits sing  
The lovely images they bring  
Are no fantastic sorcery  
Rich odours shall regild your smell  
On choicest sweets your palate dwell  
Your feelings thrill with ecstasy  
No preparation we require  
Now waile on my viewless quire!

SPIRITS

Hence overshadowing gloom  
Vanish from sight!  
O'er us thine azure dome  
Bend beautiful light!  
Dark clouds that o'er us spread  
Melt in thin air!  
Stars your soft radiance shed  
Tender and fair  
Girt with celestial might  
Winging their airy flight  
Spirits are thronging  
Follows their forms of light  
Infinite longing!  
Flutter their vestures bright  
O'er field and grove!  
Where in their leafy bowers  
Lovers the livelong hour  
Vow deathless love  
Soft bloometh bud and bower!  
Bloometh the grove!

Grapes from the spreading vine  
 Crown the full measure  
 Fountains of foaming wine  
 Gush from the pressur'd  
 Still where the currents wind  
 Gems brightly gleam  
 Leaving the hills behind  
 On rolls the stream  
 Now into ample seas  
 Spreadeth the flood  
 Laving the sunny leas  
 Mantled with wood  
 Rapture the feather'd throng  
 Gaily careering  
 Sip as they float along  
 Sunward they're steering  
 On towards the isles of light  
 Winging their way  
 That on the waters bright  
 Dancingly play  
 Hark to the choral strain  
 Joyfully ringing !  
 While on the grassy plain  
 Dancers are springing  
 Climbing the steep hill's side  
 Skimming the glassy tide  
 Wander they there  
 Others on pinions wide  
 Wing the blue air  
 On towards the living stream  
 Towards yonder stars that gleam  
 Far far away  
 Seeking their tender beam  
 Wing they their way

## MEPHISTOPHELES

Well done my dainty spirits ! now he slumbers !  
 Ye have entranc'd him fairly with your numbers !  
 This minstrelsy of yours I must repay  
 Thou'rt not the man to hold the devil it seems !  
 Now play around him with illusive dreams  
 Until with ravishment his sense you take,  
 But tooth of rat I now require, to break

This wizard spell brief conjuring will suffice,  
One rustles towards me and will soon appear

The master of the rats and mice  
Of flies and frogs of bugs and lice  
Commands thy presence without fear  
Come forth and gnaw the threshold here  
Where he with oil has smear'd it — Thou  
Com'st hopping forth already! Now  
To work! The point that holds me bound  
Is in the outer angle found  
Another bite—so—now 'tis done—  
Faust till we meet again dream on

FAUST (*awaking*)

Am I once more deluded? must I deem  
This troop of thronging spirits all ideal?  
The devil's presence was it nothing real?  
The puddle's disappearance but a dream?

*Study*

FAUST MEPHISTOPHELES

FAUST

A knock? Come in! Who now would break my rest?

MEPHISTOPHELLES

'Tis I!

FAUST

Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELLES

Thrice be the words express'd,

FAUST

Then I repeat Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES

'Tis well

I hope that we shall soon agree!  
For now your fancies to expel  
Here as a youth of high degree  
I'm come in gold lac'd scarlet vest  
And stiff silk mantle richly dress'd  
A cock's gay feather for a plume,  
A long and pointed rapier, too,

And briefly I would counsel you  
 To don at once the same costume  
 And free from trammels speed away,  
 That what life is you may essay

## FAUST

In every garb I needs must feel oppress'd  
 My heart to earth's low torturing cares a prey  
 Too old I am the trifler's part to play  
 Too young to live by no desire possess'd  
 What can the world afford to ease my pain?  
 Renounce! renounce! This the eternal song  
 Which in our ears still rings our whole life long,  
 Each hour in murmurs hoarse repeats the strain  
 But to new horror I awake each morn  
 And I could weep hot tears to see the sun  
 Dawn on another day whose round forlorn  
 Accomplishes no wish of mine—not one  
 Which still with froward captiousness impairs  
 Even the presentiment of every joy  
 While low realities and palt'ry cares  
 The spirit's fond imaginations destroy  
 And then when falls again the veil of night  
 Stretch'd on my couch I languish in despair  
 Appalling dreams my troubled soul afflict  
 No soothing rest vouchsaf'd me even there  
 The god who thron'd within my breast resides,  
 Deep in my inmost soul can stir the springs  
 With sovereign sway my energies he guides  
 But hath no power to move external things  
 And thus my very being I deplore  
 Death ardently desire and life abhor

## MEPHISTOPHELUS

And yet methinks by most twill be confess'd  
 That death is never quite a welcome guest

## FAUST

Happy the man around whose brow he binds  
 The bloodstain'd wreath in conquest's daz'ling hour,  
 Or whom exc'ed by the dance he finds  
 Dissolv'd in bliss in love's delicious bower,  
 Oh that before that lofty spirit's might  
 My soul, entranc'd had sunk to endless night!

## MEPHISTOPHELES

Yet did a certain man one night refrain  
Of its brown juice the crystal bowl to drain

FAUST

To play the spy diverts you then?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I own

Though not omniscient much to me is known

FAUST

If o'er my soul the tone familiar stealing  
Drew me from harrowing thoughts bewild'ring maze,  
Touching the lily ring chords of childlike feeling  
With the sweet harmonies of happier days  
So now I breathe my curse on all that windeth  
Its coil of magic influence round the soul  
And with delusive flattery fondly bindeth  
The wretched spirit to this dismal hole!  
And before all curs'd be the high opinion  
Wherewith the spirit gilds itself around!  
Of shows delusive curs'd be the dominion  
Within whose mocking sphere our sense is bound!  
Accurs'd of lying dreams the treacherous wiles  
The cheat of glory fumes exalted rage!  
Accurs'd as property what each beguiles  
As wife and child as slave and heritage!  
Accurs'd be mammon when with treasure  
He doth to daring deeds incite  
Or when to steep the soul in pleasure  
He spreads the couch of soft delight  
Curs'd be the grape's balsamic juice!  
Accurs'd love's dream of joys the first!  
Accurs'd be hope! accurs'd be faith!  
And more than all be patience curs'd!

CHORUS OF SPIRITS (*invisible*)

Woe! woe!

Thou hast destroy'd

The beautiful world

With violent blow

'Tis shiver'd! 'tis shatter'd!

The fragments abroad by a demigod scatter'd!

Now we sweep

The wrecks into nothingness !  
 Fondly we weep  
 The beauty that s gone !  
 Thou mongst the sons of earth  
 Lofly and mighty one  
 Build it once more !  
 In thine own bosom the lost world restore !  
 Now with unclouded sense  
 Enter a new career  
 Songs shall salute thine ear  
 Ne'er heard before !

MEPHISTOPHELES

My little ones these spirits be  
 Hark ! with shrewd intelligence  
 How they recommend to thee  
 Action and the joys of sense !  
 In the busy world to dwell  
 I am they would allure thee hence  
 Stagnate in this lonely cell  
 Sap of life and powers of sense

Forbear to trifle longer with your grief  
 Which vulture like consumes you in this den  
 The worst society is some relief  
 You'll feel yourself a man with fellow men  
 Not that I'd thrust you mid the vulgar throng  
 Nor do I to the upper ranks belong  
 But if through life I may your steps attend  
 I will at once engage to be your friend  
 I'm your comrade should it suit your need  
 Your servant I your very slave indeed !

FAUST

And how must I requite your service pray ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

There's time enough to think of that !

FAUST

Nay ! Nay !

The devil is an egotist I know  
 And never for God's sake doth kindness show  
 Let the condition plainly be expressed  
 Such a domestic is a dangerous guest



## MEPHISTOPHELES

I'll pledge myself to be your servant *here*,  
 Ne'er at your call to slumber or be still,  
 But when together *yonder* we appear  
 You shall submissively obey my will

## FAUST

But small concern I feel for yonder world  
 Hast thou this system into ruin hurl'd  
 Another may arise the void to fill  
 This earth the fountain whence my pleasures flow  
 This sun doth duly shine upon my woe  
 And can I but from these divorce my lot  
 Then come what may — to me it matters not  
 Henceforward to this theme I close mine ears  
 Whether hereafter we shall hate and love  
 And whether also in those distant spheres,  
 There is a depth below or height above

## MEPHISTOPHELES

In this mood you may venture it — But make  
 The compact and at once I'll undertake  
 To charm you with mine arts — I'll give you more  
 Than mortal eye hath e'er beheld before

## FAUST

And what poor devil hast thou to bestow?  
 Was mortal spirit in its high endeavour  
 E'er fathom'd by a being such as thou?  
 Yet food thou hast which satisfieth never  
 Red gold indeed thou hast that swiftly flies,  
 Gliding like restless quicksilver away  
 A game at which none ever win who play  
 A damsel who while on my breast she lies  
 To lure a neighbour fondly doth essay  
 Thine too ambition's bright and godlike dream  
 Baseless and transient as the meteor's gleam  
 Show me the fruits that ere they're pluck'd decay  
 And trees whose verdure buddeth every day

## MEPHISTOPHELES

Such a demand affrights me not — with ease  
 I can provide you treasures such as these  
 But in due course a season will come round  
 When on what's good we may regale in peace

FAUST

If e'er in indolent repose I'm found,  
 Then let my life upon the instant cease!  
 Canst thou thy flatterings cast around me,  
 And cheat me into self-complacent pride  
 Or sweet enjoyment—Be that hour my last!  
 Be this our wager!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Done!

FAUST

'Tis ratified!

If ever to the passing hour I say  
 So beautiful thou art! thy flight delay!  
 Then round my soul thy fetters throw  
 Then to perdition let me go!  
 Then may the solemn death-bell sound  
 Then from thy service thou art free  
 The index-hand may cease its round  
 And time be never more for me!

MEPHISTOPHELES

We shall remember pause ere 'tis too late

FAUST

You're authorized to do so if you choose  
 My strength I do not rashly overrate  
 Since here to be a slave I'm doomed by fate  
 It matters little whether thine or whose

MEPHISTOPHELES

At your inaugural feast this very day  
 I will attend my duties to commence  
 But one thing!—Accidents may happen hence  
 A line or two in writing grant I pray

FAUST

A writing-pedant dost demand from me?  
 Is man and is man's word to thee unknown?  
 Is't not enough that by my word alone  
 I pledge my interest in eternity?  
 Raves not the world in all its streams along  
 And must a promise my career impede?  
 Yet in our hearts the prejudice is strong  
 And who from the delusion would be freed?  
 How blest within whose bosom truth reigns pure

No sacrifice will he repent when made !  
 A formal deed with seal and signature  
 A spectre this from which all shrink afraid  
 The word resigns its essence in the pen  
 Leather and wax usurp the mastery then —  
 Spirit of evil ! what dost thou require ?  
 Brass marble parchment paper ? Shall I use  
 Style pen or graver Name which you desire  
 To me it matters not you've but to choose !

MEPHISTOPHELLES

With passion why so hotly burn  
 And thus your eloquence inflame ?  
 The merest scrip will serve our turn  
 And with a drop of blood you'll sign your name

FAUST

If this will satisfy you well and good !  
 I'll gratify your whim, howe'er absurd !

MEPHISTOPHELES

A quite peculiar sort of juice is blood !

FAUST

Be not afraid that I shall break my word  
 The present scope of all my energy  
 Is in exact accordance with my vow  
 With vain presumption I've aspired too high  
 I'm on a level but with such as thou  
 I am rejected by the great First Cause  
 Nature herself doth veil from me her laws,  
 Rent is the web of thought my mind  
 Doth knowledge loathe of every kind  
 In depths of sensual pleasure drown'd  
 Let us our fiery passions still !  
 Enwrap'd in magic's veil profound  
 Let wondrous charms our senses thrill !  
 Plunge we in time's tempestuous flow  
 Stem we the rolling surge of chance !  
 There may alternate weal and woe  
 Success and failure as they can  
 Mingle and shift in changeful dance  
 Excitement is the sphere for man

MEPHISTOPHELES

Nor goal, nor measure is prescribed to you.

If you desire to taste of every thing  
To snatch at pleasure while upon the wing  
May your career amuse and profit too  
Only fall to and don't be over coy!

FAUST

Hearken! The end I aim at is not joy  
I crave excitement agonizing bliss  
Enamour'd hatred quickening vexation  
Purg'd from the love of knowledge my vocation,  
The scope of all my powers henceforth be this  
To bare my breast to every pang — to know  
In my heart's core all human woe and woe  
To grasp in thought the lofty and the deep  
Men's various fortunes on my breast to heap  
To their's dilate my individual mind  
And share at length the shipwreck of mankind

MEPHISTOPHELES

Oh credit me who still as a *serp* roll  
Have chew'd this bitter fare from year to year  
No mortal from the cradle to the bier  
Digests the ancient leaven Know this Whole  
Doth for the Deity alone subsist!  
He in eternal brightness doth exist  
Us unto darkness he hath brought and here  
Where day and night alternate is your sphere

FAUST

But 'tis my will!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well spoken I admit!  
There is but one thing puzzles me my friend  
Time's short art long methinks 't were only fit,  
That you to friendly counsel should attend  
A poet choose as your ally  
Let him thought's wide dominion sweep  
Each good and noble quality  
Upon your honour'd brow to heap  
The lion's magnanimity  
The fleetness of the hind  
The fiery blood of Italy  
The Northern's firm enduring mind

Let him for you the mystery solve and show  
 How to combine high aims with cunning low  
 And how while young desires the heart inflame  
 To fall in love according to a plan  
 Myself would gladly meet with such a man  
 And him I would Sir Microcosm name

FAUST

What then am I if I may never hope  
 The crown of our humanity to gain,  
 Of all our energies the final scope ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Your own poor self you are and must remain  
 Put on your head a wig with countless locks  
 Raise to a cubit's height your learned socks  
 To more than now you are you'll never attain.

FAUST

I feel it I have heap'd upon my brain  
 The gather'd treasure of man's thought in vain,  
 And when at length from studious toil I rest  
 No power new born springs up within my breast,  
 A hair's breadth is not added to my height  
 I am no nearer to the infinite

MEPHISTOPHELES

These matters sir you view indeed  
 Just as by other men they're view'd  
 We must more cleverly proceed  
 Before life's joys our grasp elude  
 The devil! thou hast hands and feet,  
 And head and heart are also thine,  
 What I enjoy with relish sweet  
 Is it on that account less mine ?  
 If for six horses I can pay  
 Do I not own their strength and speed ?  
 A proper man I dash away  
 As their two dozen legs were mine indeed  
 Up then from idle pond ring free  
 And forth into the world with me !  
 I tell you what — a speculating wretch  
 Is like a brute on bare uncultur'd ground  
 Driven by an evil spirit round and round,  
 While all beyond rich pastures smiling stretch

FAUST

But how commence ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Why we with speed  
Must leave this place of torture you  
A precious life of it must lead  
Tiring yourself and pupils too !  
Leave it to neighbour Faunch —withdraw  
Why plague yourself with thrashing straw ?  
The very best of what you know  
You dare not to the youngsters show  
One in the passage waits to day

FAUST

I m in no mood to see him now

MEPHISTOPHELES

Poor lad ! He must be tired I trow  
Hopeless he must not go away  
Hand me your cap and gown I pray  
Now leave it to my wit —the mask  
Will suit me famously —

(*He changes his dress*)

I ask

But quarter of an hour meanwhile equip  
And make all ready for our pleasant trip !

(*Exit FAUST*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in FAUST'S long gown*)

Reason and knowledge only thus condemn  
Despise the loftiest attributes of men  
Still let the Prince of lies without control  
With shows and mocking charms delude thy soul  
I have thee unconditionally thine—  
Fate hath endowed him with an ardent mind  
Which unrestrained still presses on for ever  
And whose precipitate and mad endeavour  
O'erleaps itself and leaves earth's joys behind  
Him will I drag along through life's wild waste  
Through scenes of rapid dulness where at last  
Bewildered he shall falter and stick fast  
And as in mockery of his greedy haste  
Viands shall hang his craving lips beyond —  
Vainly he'll seek refreshment anguish tost

And were he not the devil s by his bond  
Yet must his soul infallibly be lost !

*A STUDENT enters*

STUDENT

But recently I ve quitted home  
Full of devotion um I come  
Attracted hither by the fame  
Of one whom all with reverence name

MEPHISTOPHELES

Your courtesy much flatters me !  
A man like other men you see  
Pray have you yet applied elsewhere ?

STUDENT

I would entreat your friendly care !  
I ve youthful blood and courage high  
Of gold I bring a fair supply  
My mother scarce would let me go  
But wisdom here I longed to know

MEPHISTOPHELES

You ve hit upon the very place

STUDENT

And yet my steps I d fain retrace  
These walls this melancholy room  
O erpower me with a sense of gloom  
The space is narrow nothing green  
No friendly tree is to be seen  
And in these halls the powers of sense  
I orsake me and intelligence

MEPHISTOPHELES

It all depends on habit Thus at first  
The infant takes not kindly to the breast  
But soon delighted slakes its eager thirst  
To the maternal bosom fondly prest  
Thus at the breasts of wisdom day by day  
With keener relish you ll your thirst allay

STUDENT

Enraptur d I upon her neck will fall  
How to attain it Sir be pleas d to show

MEPHISTOPHELES

Fre further you proceed just let me know  
What faculty you choose and what your call ?

## STUDENT

Profoundly learned I should wish to grow  
 What heaven contains I'd comprehend  
 O'er earth's wide realm my gaze extend  
 Nature and science I desire to know

## MEPHISTOPHELES

You are upon the proper track I find  
 Take heed that nothing dissipates your mind

## STUDENT

My heart and soul are in the chase  
 I thought to be sure I fain would seize  
 On pleasant summer holidays  
 A little liberty and careless ease

## MEPHISTOPHELES

Waste not your time so fast it flies  
 Method will teach you time to win  
 Hence my young friend I would advise  
 With college logic to begin  
 Then will your mind be so well braced  
 In Spanish boots so tightly laced  
 That on't will circumspectly creep  
 Thought's beaten track securely keep  
 Nor will it ignis fatuus lead  
 Into the path of error strayed  
 Then many a day they'll teach you how  
 The mind's spontaneous acts till now  
 As eating and as drinking free  
 Require a process —one two three!  
 In truth the subtle web of thought  
 Is like the weaver's fabric wrought  
 One treadle moves a thousand lines  
 Swift dart the shuttles to and fro  
 Unseen the threads unnumber'd flow  
 A thousand knots one stroke combines  
 Then forward steps your sage to show  
 And prove to you it must be so  
 The first being so and so the second,  
 The third and fourth deduced we see,  
 And if there were no first and second,  
 Nor third nor fourth would ever be



This scholars of all countries prize  
 Yet mong themselves no weavers rise  
 Who would describe and study aught alive  
 Seeks first the living spirit thence to drive  
 Then are the lifeless fragments in his hand  
 There only fails alas! the spirit band  
 This process chemists name in learned thesis,  
 Mocking themselves *Natura encheiresis*

STUDENT

Your words I cannot fully comprehend

MEPHISTOPHELES

In a short time you will improve my friend,  
 If of scholastic forms you learn the use  
 And how by method all things to reduce

STUDENT

I feel so doth all this my brain confound  
 As if a mill wheel there were turning round.

MEPHISTOPHELES

And next to this before aught else you learn  
 You must with zeal to metaphysics turn!  
 There see that you profoundly comprehend  
 What doth the limit of man's brain transcend  
 For that which is or is not in the head  
 A sounding phrase will serve you in good stead.  
 But before all strive this half year  
 From one fixed order never to swerve  
 Five lectures daily you must hear  
 The hour still punctually observe!  
 Yourself with studious zeal prepare  
 And every paragraph overlook  
 That you may then be quite aware  
 He never deviates from the book  
 Yet write away without cessation  
 As at the Holy Ghost's dictation!

STUDENT

This Sir a second time you need not say!  
 Your prudent counsel I appreciate quite  
 For what we've written down in black and white,  
 We can in peace and comfort bear away

MEPHISTOPHELES

But a profession I entreat you name

STUDENT

For jurisprudence I've no taste I own

MEPHISTOPHELES

To me this branch of science is well known  
 And hence I cannot your repugnance blame  
 Laws are a fatal heritage —  
 Like a disease an heir loom dread  
 Their curse they trail from age to age,  
 And furtively abroad they spread  
 Reason doth nonsense good doth evil grow  
 That thou art a grandson is thy woe!  
 But of the law on man impress'd  
 By nature's hand there's ne'er a thought

STUDENT

You deepen my dislike how blest  
 The pupil who by you is taught!  
 To try theology I'm half inclin'd

MEPHISTOPHELES

I would not lead you willingly astray  
 But as regards this science you will find  
 'Tis difficult to shun the erring way  
 It offers so much poison in disguise  
 Which scarce from medicine you can recognize  
 Here too 'tis best to listen but to one  
 And by the master's words to swear alone  
 To sum up all—To words hold fast!  
 Then the safe gate securely pass'd  
 You'll reach the fane of certainty at last

STUDENT

But then some meaning must the words convey

MEPHISTOPHELES

Right! But o'er anxious thoughts of no avail,  
 For there precisely where ideas fail  
 A word comes opportunely into play  
 Most admirable weapons words are found  
 On words a system we securely ground  
 In words we can conveniently believe  
 Nor can we of one jot a word bereave

## STUDENT

Your pardon for my importunity  
 With but one more request I'll trouble you  
 Ere I retire I'll thank you to supply  
 A pregnant utterance touching medicine too!  
 Three years' how brief the appointed tide!  
 The field heaven knows is all too wide!  
 If but a friendly hint be thrown  
 'Tis easier then to feel one's way

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*)

I'm weary of this dry pedantic tone  
 And must again the genuine devil play  
 (*Aloud*)

Of medicine you the spirit catch with ease,  
 The great and little world you study thro'  
 Then in conclusion just as heaven may please  
 You let things quietly their course pursue,  
 In vain you range through science ample space  
 Each man learns only that which learn he can,  
 Who knows the passing moment to embrace  
 He is your proper man  
 In person you are tolerably made  
 Nor in assurance will you be deficient  
 Self confidence acquire be not afraid  
 The world will then esteem you a proficient  
 Learn how to treat the sex of that be sure,  
 Their thousand ahs and ohs  
 The sapient doctor knows  
 He from a single point alone can cure  
 Assume a decent tone of courteous ease  
 You have them then to humour as you please  
 First a diploma must belief infuse  
 That you in your profession take the lead  
 You then at once those easy freedoms use  
 For which another many a year must plead  
 Learn how to feel with nice address  
 The dainty wrist,—and how to press  
 With furtive glance the slender waist  
 To feel how tightly it is laced

## STUDENT

There's sense in that! one sees the how and why

MEPHISTOPHELES

Grey is young friend all theory  
And green of life the golden tree

STUDENT

I swear it seemeth like a dream to me  
May I some future time repeat my visit  
To hear on what your reverence grounds your views?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Command my humble service when you choose

STUDENT

Ere I retire one boon I must solicit  
Here is my album do not Sir deny  
This token of your favour

MEPHISTOPHELES

Willingly

*(He writes and returns the book)*

STUDENT *(reads)*

ERITIS SICUT DEUS SCIENTES BONUM ET MALUM

*(He reverently closes the book and retires)*

MEPHISTOPHELES

Let but this ancient proverb be your rule  
My cousin follow still the wily snail  
And with your likeness to the gods poor fool  
Ere long be sure your poor sick heart will qual e'

FAUST *(enters)*

Whither away?

MEPHISTOPHELES

'Tis your s our course to steer  
The world both great and small well view  
With what delight and profit too  
You'll revel through your gay career!

FAUST

But with my length of beard I also need  
The easy manners that insure success  
Th attempt I'm certain never can succeed,  
To mingle in the world I want address  
I still have an embarrassed air and then  
I feel myself so small with other men

## MEPHISTOPHELES

Time my good friend will all that's needful give,  
Gain self reliance and you've learn'd to live

## FAUST

But how do you propose to start I pray?  
Your horses servants carriage where are they?

## MEPHISTOPHELES

We've but to spread our mantles wide  
They'll serve whereon through air to ride  
No heavy baggage need you take  
When we our bold excursion make  
A little gas which I'll prepare  
Lifts us from earth aloft through air  
Light laden we shall swiftly steer —  
I wish you joy of your new life career

*his Cellar in Leipzig*

## (A DRINKING PARTY)

## FROSCH

No drinking? Nought aught to raise?  
None of your gloomy looks I pray!  
You who so bright were wont to blaze,  
Are dull as wetted straw to day

## BRANDER

'Tis all your fault no part you bear  
No beastliness no folly

## FROSCH

*(pours a glass of wine over his head)*  
There

You have them both!

## BRANDER

You double beast!

## FROSCH

'Tis what you ask'd me for at least!

## SIEBEL

Whoever quarrels turn him out!  
With open throat drink roar and shout  
Hollo! Hollo! Ho!

ALTMAYER

Zounds fellow cease your deaf ning cheers !  
Bring cotton here ! He splits my ears

SIRBFL

'Tis when the roof rings back the tone  
The full power of the bass is known

FROSCH

Ri ht ! out with him who takes offence !  
A tara lara la !

ALTMAYER

A tara lara la !

FROSCH

Our throats are tun d Come let s commence

(Sings)

The holy Roman Empire now  
How holds it still together ?

BRANDER

An ugly song ! Psha ! a political song !  
A song offensive ! I thank God every morn  
That you to rule the empire were not born !  
I always bless my stars that mine is not  
I tter a kaiser s or a chancellor s lot  
Yet mon<sub>g</sub> ourselves one still should rule the rest,  
That we elect a pope I now suggest  
What qualifies a man for consecration  
Ye know and what ensures his elevation

FROSCH (*sings*)

Bear lady nightingale above  
Ten thousand greetings to my love

SIEBEL

No amorous trash ! No greetings shall there be !

FROSCH

Greetings and kisses too ! Who ll hinder me ?

(Sings)

Undo the bolt in stilly night  
Undo the bolt thy love s awake !  
Shut to the bolt with morning light !

SIEBEL

Ay sing away her praises celebrate !  
My turn for laughing will come round some day

She jilted me you the same trick she'll play  
 To have a goblin lover be her fate  
 To toy with her upon some lone cross way!  
 Or fresh from Blocksberg may an old he goot  
 Send her a greeting from his hairy throat!  
 A proper lad of genuine flesh and blood  
 Is for the saucy damsel far too good  
 I'll in her honour hear of no love strains  
 Unless it be to smash her window panes!

BRANDER (*striking on the table*)

Silence! Attend! to me give ear!  
 That I know life you must admit  
 Some love sick folk are sitting here,  
 Hence ere we part it is but fit  
 To sing them a good night their hearts to cheer  
 Hark! of the newest fashion is my song!  
 Strike boldly in the chorus clear and strong!

(*He sings*)

Once in a cellar lived a rat  
 He feasted there on butter  
 Until his punch became as fat  
 As that of Dr. Luther  
 The cook had poison for the guest  
 Then was his heart with pangs oppress'd  
 As if his frame love wasted

CHORUS (*shouting*)

As if his frame love wasted

BRANDER

He ran around he ran abroad  
 Of every puddle drinking  
 The house with rage he scratch'd and gnaw'd  
 In vain—he fast was sinking  
 Full many an anguish'd bound he gave,  
 Nothing the hapless brute could save  
 As if his frame love wasted

CHORUS

As if his frame love wasted

BRANDER

By torture driven in open day  
 The kitchen he invaded  
 Convuls'd upon the hearth he lay,

With anguish sorely jaded  
 The poisoner laugh'd Ha! ha! quoth she,  
 His life is ebbing fast I see  
 As if his frame love wasted

CHORUS

As if his frame love wasted

SIEBEL

How the dull boors exulting shout!  
 A fine exploit it is no doubt  
 Poison for the poor rats to strew!

BRANDER

They as it seems stand well with you!

ALTMAYER

Old bald pate! with the paunch profound!  
 The rat's mishap hath tam'd his nature  
 For he his counterpart hath found  
 Depicted in the swollen creature

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES

MEPHISTOPHELES

I now must introduce to you  
 Before aught else this jovial crew  
 To show how lightly life may glide away  
 With them each day's a holiday  
 With little wit and much content  
 Each on his own small round intent  
 Like sportive kitten with its tail  
 While no sick headache they bewail  
 And while their host will credit give  
 Joyous and free from care they live

BRANDER

They're off a journey that is clear —  
 They look so strange they've scarce been here  
 An hour

FROSCH

You're right! Leipzig's the place for me!  
 'Tis quite a little Paris people there  
 Acquire a certain easy finish'd air

SIEBEL

What take you now these travellers to be?



FROSCH

Let me alone ! O'er a full glass you'll see  
 As easily I'll worm their secret out  
 As draw an infant's tooth I've not a doubt  
 That my two gentlemen are nobly born  
 They look dissatisfied and full of scorn

BRANDFR

They are but mountebanks I'll lay a bet !

ALTMAYER

Most like

FROSCH

Mark me I'll screw it from them yet !

MEPHISTOPHELES (to LAUSI)

These fellows would not scent the devil out  
 Len though he had them by the very throat

FAUST

Your humble servant gentlemen !

SIEBEL

Thanks, we return your fair salute

( *Aside glancing at MEPHISTOPHELES* )

How ! goes the fellow on a halting foot ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Are we allow'd to sit among you ? Then  
 Though no good liquor is forthcoming here  
 Good company at least our hearts will cheer

ALTMAYER

You're a fastidious gentleman 'tis clear

FROSCH

You're doubtless recently from Rippach ? Pray  
 Did you with Mr Hans there chance to sup ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

To-day we pass'd him but we did not stop !  
 When last we spoke with him he'd much to say  
 Touching his cousins and to each he sent  
 Full many a greeting and kind compliment

( *With an inclination towards FROSCH* )ALTMAYER ( *aside to FROSCH* )

You have it there !

SIEBEL

Faith ! he's a knowing one !

FROSCH

Have patience ! I will show him up anon !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Unless I err as we drew near  
We heard some practis'd voices pealing  
A song must admirably here  
Re echo from this vaulted ceiling !

FROSCH

That you're an amateur one plainly sees !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Oh no though strong, the love I lack the skill

AITMAYER

Give us a song !

MEPHISTOPHELES

As many as you will

SILBEI

But let it be a new one if you please !

MEPHISTOPHELES

But just return'd from beautiful Spain are we  
The pleasant land of wine and minstrelsy

(Sings)

Once on a time a monarch  
Possess'd a splendid flea

FROSCH

Hark ! did you catch the words ? a flea —  
An odd sort of a guest he needs must be

MEPHISTOPHELES (sings)

Once on a time a monarch  
Possess'd a splendid flea  
The which he fondly cherish'd  
As his own son were he !  
His tailor then he summon'd  
The tailor to him goes  
Now measure me the youngster  
For breeches and for hose !

BRANDER

Let him the tailor strictly charge  
The nicest measurement to take  
And as he loves his head to make  
The breeches smooth and not too large !

## MEPHISTOPHELES

In satin and in velvet  
 Behold the younker dress'd,  
 Bedizen'd o'er with ribbons  
 A cross upon his breast  
 Prime minister they made him  
 He wore a star of state,  
 And all his poor relations  
 Were courtiers rich and great  
 The gentlemen and ladies  
 At court were sore distress'd  
 The queen and all her maidens  
 Were bitten by the pest  
 And yet they dar'd not scratch them  
 Or chase the fleas away  
 If we are bit we catch them  
 And crush without delay

CHORUS

*(shouting)*

If we are bit &amp;c

FROSCH

Bravo! That's the song for me!

SIEBEL

Such be the fate of every flea!

LRANDFR

With clever finger catch and kill!

ALFMAYFR

Hurrah for wine and freedom still!

MEPHISTOPHELLES

Were but your wine a trifle better friend  
 A glass to liberty I'd gladly drain

SIEBEL

You'd better not repeat those words again!

MEPHISTOPHELLES

I am afraid the landlord to offend  
 Else freely would I treat each worthy guest  
 From our own cellar to the very best

SIEBEL

Out with it then! Lay all the blame on me

FROSCH

Give a good glass and loud our praise shall be  
 But hark ye, to the brim our glasses crown,

For if a judgment is requir d from me  
An ample mouthful I must swallow down

ALTMAYFR *(aside)*

I guess they re from the Rhenish land

MEPHISTOPHELES

Fetch me a gimlet'

BRANDER

What therewith to bore?

You cannot have the wine casks at the door?

ALIMAYER

A tool chest of our host doth yonder stand

MEPHISTOPHELES *(takes the gimlet)*

*(To FROSCH)*

Now say! what liquor will you take

FROSCH

How mean you? have you every sort?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Fach may his own selection make

ALTMAYER

*(to FROSCH)*

You lick your lips already at the thought

FROSCH

If I ve my choice the Rhenish I propose,  
The fairest gifts the fatherland bestows

MEPHISTOPHELES

*(boring a hole in the edge of the table opposite to where  
FROSCH is sitting)*

Now get some wax—and make some stoppers—quick!

ALTMAYER

Why this is nothing but a juggler's trick

\* MEPHISTOPHELES *(to BRANDER)*

And you?

BRANDER

Champagne's the wine for me  
Right brisk and sparkling let it be!

*(MEPHISTOPHELES bores one of the party has in the  
meantime prepared the wax stoppers and stopped  
the holes)*

BRANDER

Your foreign things one always can't decline

What's good is often scatter'd far apart  
 A German hates the French with all his heart  
 Yet still he has a relish for their wine

SIEBEL

*(as MEPHISTOPHELES approaches him)*

I like not acid wine I must allow  
 Give me a glass of genuine sweet!

MEPHISTOPHELES

*(bores)*

I okay

Shall if you wish it flow without delay

ALTMAYER

Come! look me in the face! no fooling now!  
 You are but makin' fun of us I trow

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ah! ah! that would indeed be making free  
 With such distinguished guests (Come no delay,  
 What liquor can I serve you with I pray?)

ALTMAYER

Only be quick it matters not to me  
*(After the holes are all bored and stopped)*

MEPHISTOPHELES

*(with strange gestures)*

Grapes the vine stock bears!  
 Horns the buck goat wears  
 Wine is sap the vine is wood  
 The table yieldeth wine is good  
 With a deeper glance and true  
 The my tenes of nature view!  
 Have faith and here's a miracle!  
 Your stoppers draw and drink your fill!

ALL

*(as they draw the stoppers and the wine chosen by each runs into his glass)*

Oh beauteous spring which flows so fair!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Spill not a single drop beware! *(They drink repeatedly)*

ALL *(sing)*

Happy as cannibals are we  
 Or as five hundred swine

MEPHISTOPHELES

They re in their glory mark their elevation!

FAUST

Let s hence, nor here our stay prolong

MEPHISTOPHELES

Attend of brutishness ere long

You ll see a glorious revelation

SIEBEL

*(drinks carelessly the wine is spilt upon the ground, and  
turns to flame)*

Help! fire! help! Hell is burning here!

MEPHISTOPHELES

*(addressing the flames)*

Peace friendly element! Be still I say!

*(To the Company)*

A drop of purgatory! never fear!

SIEBEL

What means the knave! For this you ll dearly pay,

With whom you re dealing Sir you do not know

FROSCH

Such tricks a second time he d better show!

ALTMAYER

'Twere well we pack d him quietly away

SIEBEL

What sir! with us your hocus pocus play!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Silence old wine cask!

SIEBEL

How! add insult too!

Vile broomstick!

BRANDER

Hold! or blows shall rain on you!

ALTMAYER

*(Draus a stopper out of the table fire springs out  
against him)*

I burn! I burn!

SIEBEL

\* Tis sorcery I vow!

Strike home! The fellow is fair game I trow!

*(They draw their knives and attack MEPHISTOPHELES)*  
 MEPHISTOPHELES *(with solemn gestures)*

Visionary scenes appear!  
 Words delusive cheat the ear!  
 Be ye there and be ye here!

*(They stand amazed and gaze on each other)*

ALTMAYER

Where am I? What a beautiful land?

FROSCH

Vineyards! unless my sight deceives?

SIEBEL

And clust'ring grapes too close at hand!

BRANDER

And underneath the spreading leaves

What stems there be!

What grapes I see!

*(He seizes SIEBEL by the nose. The others reciprocally do the same and raise their knives)*

MEPHISTOPHELES *(as above)*

Delusion from their eyes the bandage take!

Note how the devil loves a jest to break!

*(He disappears with FAUST the fellows draw back from one another)*

SIEBEL

What was it?

ALTMAYER

How?

FROSCH

Was that your nose?

BRANDER *(to SIEBEL)*

And look my hand doth thine enclose!

ALTMAYER

I felt the shock through every limb!

A chair! I'm fainting! All things swim!

FROSCH

Say what has happened! what's it all about?

SIEBEL

Where is the fellow? Could I scent him out  
 His body from his soul I'd soon divide!

ALTMAYER

With my own eyes upon a cask astride  
 Forth through the cellar door I saw him ride——  
 Like lumps of lead my feet are growing

(Turning to the table)

I wonder is the wine still flowing?

SIEBEL

Twas all a cheat our senses to deceive

FROSCH

Yet I made sure that I was drinking wine

BRANDER

How was it with the grapes and with the vine?

ALTMAYER

Who miracles henceforth will disbelieve?

WITCHES KITCHLN

*A large caldron hangs over the fire on a low hearth  
 various figures appear in the flames rising from it  
 A FEMALE MONKEY sits beside the caldron to  
 skim it and watch that it does not boil over The  
 MALE MONKLY with the young ones is seated  
 near warming himself The walls and ceiling  
 are adorned with the strangest articles of witch  
 furniture*

FAUST MEPHISTOPHELLES

FAUST

This senseless juggling witchcraft I detest  
 Dost promise me forsooth thit in this nest  
 Of loathsome madness I shall be restor d?  
 Must I seek counsel from an ancient dame?  
 And can she cancel by these rites abhorr d  
 Full thirty winters and renew my frame?  
 Woe s me if thou nought better can st suggest!  
 Hope has already vanish d from my breast  
 Has neither nature nor a noble mind  
 A balsam yet devis d of any kind?

MEPHISTOPHELES

My friend you now speak sensibly In truth,



There is one method of renewing youth  
 But in another book the lesson s writ,—  
 It forms a curious chapter I admit

FAUST

I d know it

MEPHISTOPHELES

Good ! A natural means to try  
 Without physician gold, or sorcery  
 Away forthwith and to the fields repair  
 Begin to delve to cultivate the ground  
 Confine your senses to one narrow round  
 Support yourself upon the simplest fare  
 Live like a very brute the brutes among  
 Abstain it neither robbery nor wrong  
 The harvest which you reap yourself to dung  
 This method friend believe me will avail  
 At eighty to continue young and hale !

FAUST

I am not used to it nor can degrade  
 So far my nature as to ply the spade  
 For this mean life my spirit soars too high

MEPHISTOPHELES

Then to the witch we must perforce apply

FAUST

Will none but just this ancient beldame do ?  
 Can st not thyself the magic beverage brew ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

A pretty play our leisure to beguile !  
 A thousand bridges I could build meanwhile,  
 Not science only and consummate art  
 Patience must in the process bear her part  
 A quiet spirit worketh whole years long  
 Time only makes the subtle ferment strong  
 And all things that belong thereto  
 Are wondrous and exceeding rare !  
 The devil taught her it is true  
 But yet the draught the devil can t prepare

(*Perceiving the beasts*)

Look yonder what a pretty race !  
 Both lass and lad, in both what grace !  
 (*To the beasts*)

It seems your dame is not at home ?

THE MONKEYS

Gone to carouse  
Out of the house  
Thro' the chimney and away !

MEPHISTOPHELES

How long is it her wont to 10am ?

THE MONKEYS

While we can warm our paws she'll stay  
MEPHISTOPHELES (To FAUST)  
What think you of the charming creatures ?

FAUST

I loathe alike their form and features !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Nay a discourse so exquisite  
Is that in which I most delight !

(To THE MONKEYS)

Tell me ye whelps accursed crew !  
What stir ye in the broth about ?

MONKEYS

Coarse beggars' gruel here we tow

MEPHISTOPHELES

Of customers you'll have a rout

THE MONKEY

(*approaching and fawning on MEPHISTOPHELES*)

Quick ! quick ! throw the dice  
Make me rich in a trice  
Oh give me the prize !  
Alas for myself !  
Had I plenty of pelf  
I then should be wise

MEPHISTOPHELES

How happy would the monkey be  
Could he put in the lottery !

(*In the meantime the young MONKEYS have been playing  
with a large globe which they roll forwards*)

THE MONKEY

The world here behold,  
Unceasingly roll'd  
It riseth and falleth ever,

It ringeth like glass !  
 How brittle alas !  
 'Tis hollow and resteth never  
 How bright the sphere  
 Still brighter here !  
 Alive am I ?  
 Dear son beware !  
 Ne'er venture there !  
 Thou too must die !  
 It is of clay  
 'Twill crumble away  
 There fragments lie

MEPHISTOPHELES

Of what use is the sieve ?

THE HE MONKEY (*taking it down*)

The sieve would show

If thou wert a thief or no ?

(*He runs to the SHE MONKEY and makes her look through it*)

Look through the sieve !

Dost know him the thief

And dar'st thou not call him so ?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*approaching the fire*)

And then this pot ?

THE MONKEYS

The half-witted sot !

He knows not the pot !

He knows not the kettle !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Unmannerly beast !

Be civil at least !

THE HE MONKEY

Take the whisk and sit down in the settle !

(*He makes MEPHISTOPHELES sit down*)

FAUST

(*Who all this time has been standing before a looking glass now approaching and now retiring from it*)

What do I see ? what form whose charms transcend

The loveliness of earth is mirrored here !

O Love to waft me to her blissful sphere

The swiftest of thy downy pinions lend !

If I remain not rooted to this place  
 If to approach more near I m fondly lur d  
 Her image fades in veiling mist obscur d  
 Model of beauty both in form and face !  
 Is t possible ? Hath woman charms so rare ?  
 Is that recumbent form supremely fair  
 The very essence of all heavenly grace ?  
 Can aught so exquisite on earth be found ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

The six days labour of a god my friend  
 Who doth himself cry bravo at the end  
 By something clever doubtless should be crown d  
 I or this time gaze you fill and when you please  
 Just such a prize for you I can provide  
 How blest to whom propitious fate decrees  
 To carry to his home the lovely bride !

(FAUST continues to gaze into the mirror MEPHISTOPHELES  
 stretching himself on the settle and playing with the whisk  
 continues to speak )

Here I sit like a monarch on his throne  
 My sceptre this,—the crown I want alone

THE MONKEYS

(Who have hitherto been making all sorts of strange gestures  
 bring MEPHISTOPHELES a crown with loud cries)

Oh be so good  
 With sweat and with blood  
 The crown to lime !

(They handle the crown awkwardly and break it in two pieces  
 with which they skip about )

It was fate's decree !  
 We speak and see !  
 We hear and rhyme

FAUST (before the mirror)

Woe's me ! well nigh distraught I feel !

MEPHISTOPHELES

(pointing to the beasts)

And even my head begins to reel

THE MONKEYS

If good luck attend  
 If fitly things blend

Our jargon with thought  
And with reason is fraught!

FAUST (as above)

Fire is kindl d in my breast!  
Let us begone! nor linger here!

MELPHISTOPHELES

(in the same position)

It now at least must be confess d  
That poets sometimes are sincere

(The caldron which the SHE MONKEY has neglected  
begins to boil over a great flame arises which  
streams up the chimney The WITCH comes down  
the chimney with horrible cries)

THE WITCH

Ough! ough! ou<sub>g</sub>h! ough  
Accursed brute! accur ed sow!  
Thou dost neglect the pot for shame!  
Accursed brute to scorch the dum!

(Perceiving FAUST and MELPHISTOPHELES)

Whom have we here?  
Who's sneakin' here?  
Whence are ye come?  
With what device?  
The plague of fire  
Your bones consume!

(She dips the slimming ladle into the caldron and  
throws flames at FAUST MELPHISTOPHELES and  
the MONKEYS The MONKEYS whine)

MELPHISTOPHELES

(twirling the whisl which he holds in his hand and  
striking among the glasses and pots)

Dash! Smash!  
Glasses crash!  
There lies the slime!  
Tis but a jest  
I but keep time  
Thou hellish pest  
To thine own chime.

(While the WITCH steps back in rage and astonishment)

You skeleton! you scarecrow! How!  
 Know you your lord and master now?  
 What should prevent my dashing you  
 To atoms with your monkey crew!  
 Have you for my red vest no more respect?  
 Does my cock's feather no allegiance claim?  
 Have I conceal'd my visage? recollect!  
 My rank must I be forc'd myself to name?

THE WITCH

Master forgive this rude salute!  
 But I perceive no cloven foot  
 And your two ravens where are they?

MEPHISTOPHELES

This once I must admit your plea —  
 For truly I must own that we  
 Have liv'd apart for many a day  
 The culture too that shapes the world at last  
 Hath e'en the devil in its sphere embrac'd  
 The northern phantom from the scene pass'd  
 Tail talons horns are nowhere to be trac'd!  
 As for the foot with which I can't dispense  
 'Twould injure me in company and hence  
 Like some young gallants through the world who steer  
 False calves I now have worn for many a year

THE WITCH (*dancing*)

I am beside myself with joy  
 To see the gallant Satan here!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Woman no more that name employ!

THE WITCH

But why? what mischief hath it done?

MEPHISTOPHELES

To fable it too long hath appertain'd  
 But people from the change have nothing won  
 Rid of the evil one the evil has remain'd  
 Call me Lord Baron so the matter's good,  
 Of other cavaliers the mien I wear  
 You make no question of my gentle blood  
 Mark well, this is the scutcheon that I bear!

(*He makes an unseemly gesture*)

## THE WITCH

*(laughing immoderately)*

Just like yourself! You're still I see  
The same mad wag you used to be!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to FAUST)*

My friend learn this to understand I pray!  
To deal with witches this is still the way

## THE WITCH

Now tell me gentlemen what you desire?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Of your known juice a goblet we require  
But for the very oldest let me ask!  
With years its virtue doubles as you know

## THE WITCH

Most willingly! And here I have a flask  
From which I've sipp'd a drop myself ere now,  
What's more it doth no longer sting  
To you a glass I joyfully will give

If unprepared however this man drink  
He hath not as you know in hour to live

MEPHISTOPHELES

He's my good friend with whom 'twill prosper well  
I grudge him not the choicest of your store  
Now draw your circle speak your spell  
And straight a bumper for him pour!

*(The WITCH with extraordinary gestures describes a circle and places strange things within it. The glasses meanwhile begin to ring the caldron to sound and to make music. Lastly she brings a great book places the MONKEYS in the circle to serve her as a desk and to hold the torches. She beckons FAUST to approach.)*

FAUST *(to MEPHISTOPHELES)*

Tell me to what doth all this tend?  
Where will these frantic gestures end?  
This loathsome cheat this senseless stuff  
I've known and hated long enough

## MEPHISTOPHELES

Mere mummary a laugh to raise!  
 Pray don't be so fastidious! She  
 But as a leech her hocus pocus plays  
 That well with you her potion may agree

*(He compels FAUST to enter the circle)*

*(The WITCH with a strange emphasis begins to de-  
 claim from the book)*

Be't known to men!  
 From one make ten  
 And pass two o'er  
 And lose the four  
 Given make three—  
 So art thou rich  
 Thus saith the witch  
 To five affix  
 The number six  
 Then you have straight  
 Made seven and eight  
 And nine is one  
 And ten is none  
 This is the witch's one time one!

## FAUST

Like feverish raving sounds the witch's spell

## MEPHISTOPHELES

There's yet much more to come! I know it well  
 So the whole volume rings both time and pains  
 I've thrown away in puzzling o'er its pages  
 For downright contradiction still remains  
 Alike mysterious both to fools and sages  
 Ancient the art and modern too my friend  
 'Tis still the fashion as it used to be  
 Error instead of truth abroad to send  
 By means of three and one and one and three  
 'Tis ever taught and bibbl'd in the schools  
 Who'd take the trouble to dispute with fools?  
 When words men hear they usually believe  
 That there must needs be something to conceive

THE WITCH *(continues)*

The lofty power  
 Of wisdom's dower  
 From all the world conceal'd!



Who thinketh not  
To him I wot  
Unsought it is reveal'd

FAUST

What nonsense doth the hag propound?  
My brain it doth well nigh confound  
A hundred thousand fools or more  
Her words in chorus seem to roar

MEPHISTOPHELES

Incomparable Silybese I pray!  
Hand us your liquor without more delay  
And hark ye to the brim the goblet crown  
My friend he is and need not be afraid  
Besides he is a man of many a guide  
Who hath drunk deep the while

*(The WITCH with many ceremonies pours the liquor into  
a cup as FAUST lifts it to his mouth a light  
flame arises)*

MEPHISTOPHELES

Culp it down!

No hesitation! It will prove  
A cordial and vehement in pipe!  
Whit' with the devil hand and love  
And yet shrink but afraid of fire?

*(The WITCH dissolves the circle FAUST steps out)*

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now forth at once! you must not tarry

WITCH

And much sir may the liquor profit you!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to the WITCH)*

And if to pleasure you I aught can do  
Pray on Walpurgis mention your request

WITCH

Here is a song sung o'er sometimes you'll see  
That twill a singular effect produce

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to FAUST)*

Come quick and let yourself be led by me  
You must perspire in order that the juice  
May penetrate your frame through every part  
Your noble indolence you'll learn to prize  
And soon with ecstasy you'll recognize  
How Cupid stirs and gambols in your heart.

FAUST

Let me but gaze one moment in the glass !  
Too lovely was that female form !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Nay ! nay !

A model which all women shall surpass  
In flesh and blood ere long you will survey

(*Aside*)

As works the draught you presently shall greet  
A Helen in each female form you meet

*A Street*

FAUST (*MARGARET passing by*)

FAUST

Without offence fair lady may I dare  
To offer you my arm and escort pray ?

MARGARET

I am no lady and I am not fair  
Without an escort I can find my way

(*She disengages herself and exits*)

FAUST

By heaven ! This girl is fair indeed !  
No form like hers can I recall  
Virtue she hath, and modest heed  
Is piquant too and sharp withal  
Her cheeks soft light her rosy lips  
No length of time will ever eclipse !  
Her downward glance in passing by  
Deep in my heart is stamped for aye  
Her very anger charmed me too —  
My ravished heart to rapture grew !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*enters*)

FAUST

This girl you must procure for me

MEPHISTOPHELES

Which ?

FAUST

She who but now passed

MEPHISTOPHELES

What ! She ?

Straight from her priest she cometh here,  
 From every sin absolv'd and clear,  
 I crept near the confessor's chair  
 All innocence her virgin soul  
 For next to nothing went she there,  
 O'er such as she I've no control!

FAUST

She's just fourteen

MEPHISTOPHEIUS

You really talk

Like any gay Iothario  
 Who'd pluck each floweret from its stalk  
 And deems nor honour, grace, or truth  
 Secure against his arts forsooth  
 But this you'll find wont always do

FAUST

Sir Moralizer prithee pause  
 Nor plague me with your tiresome laws  
 To cut the matter short, my friend  
 She must this very night be mine —  
 And if to help me you decline  
 Midnight shall see our compact end

MEPHISTOPHEIUS

What may occur just bear in mind!  
 A fortnight's space at least I need  
 A fit occasion but to find

FAUST

With but seven hours I could succeed,  
 Nor should I want the devil's wife  
 So young a creature to beguile

MEPHISTOPHEIUS

Like any Frenchman now you speak  
 But do not fret, I pray, why seek  
 To hurry to enjoyment straight?  
 The pleasure is not half so great  
 As when the interest to prolong  
 You trifle with your love until  
 You mould the puppet to your will  
 As pictured in Italian song

FAUST

No such incentives do I need

MEPHISTOPHELES

But now without offence or jest  
 You cannot quickly I protest  
 In winning this sweet child succeed  
 By storm we cannot take the fort,  
 To stratagem we must resort

FAUST

Conduct me to her place of rest!  
 Some token of the angel bring!  
 A kerchief from her snowy breast  
 A garter bring me —any thing!

MEPHISTOPHELES

That I my anxious zeal may prove  
 Your pangs to soothe and aid your love  
 I will proceed without delay  
 And bear you to her room away

FAUST

And shall I see her? —call her mine?

MEPHISTOPHELES

No! at a friend's she'll be to-day  
 But in her absence I opine  
 You in her atmosphere alone  
 The tedious hours may well employ  
 In blissful dreams of future joy

FAUST

Can we go now?

MEPHISTOPHELES

'Tis yet too soon

FAUST

Some present for my love procure (*Exit*)

MEPHISTOPHELES

Presents so soon 'tis well! success is sure!  
 I know full many a secret store  
 Of treasure buried long before  
 I must a little look them over (*Exit*)

*Evening A neat little Room*

MARGARET

*(braiding and binding up her hair)*

I would give something now to know,  
 Who yonder gentleman could be !  
 He had a gallant air I trow  
 And doubtless was of high degree !  
 That from his noble brow I told  
 Nor would he else have been so bold *(Exit)*

MEPHISTOPHELES

Come in ! tread softly ! be discreet !

FAUST *(after a pause)*

Begone and leave me I entreat !

MEPHISTOPHELES *(looking round)*Not every maiden is so neat *(Exit)*FAUST *(going round)*

Welcome sweet twilight gloom which reigns  
 Through this dim place of hallow'd rest !  
 Fond yearning love inspire my breast  
 Feeding on hope's sweet dew thy blissful pains  
 What stillness here environs me !  
 Content and order brood around  
 What fulness in this poverty !  
 In this small cell what bliss profound !

*(He throws himself on the leather arm chair beside the bed)*

Receive me ! thou who hast in thine embrace  
 Welcomed in joy and grief the ages flown !  
 How oft the children of a by-gone race  
 Have clustered round this patriarchal throne !  
 Haply she too as closed each circling year  
 For Christmas gift with grateful joy possessed  
 Hath with the full round cheek of childhood here  
 Her grandsire's withered hand devoutly pressed  
 Maiden ! I feel thy spirit haunt the place  
 Breathing of order and abounding grace  
 As with a mother's voice it prompteth thee  
 Daily the cover o'er the board to spread  
 To strew the crisper sand beneath thy tread  
 Dear hand ! so godlike in its ministry !  
 The hut becomes a paradise through thee !

And here ! (He raises the bed curtain)  
 How thrills my pulse with strange delight !  
 Here I could linger hours untold  
 Thou Nature ! didst in vision bright  
 The embryo an<sub>g</sub>el here unfold  
 Here lay the child her bosom warm  
 With life while steep d in slumber s dew  
 To perfect grace her godlike form  
 With pure and hallow d weavings crew !  
 And thou ! ah here what seekest thou ?  
 How is thine inmost being troubl d now !  
 What would st thou here ? what makes thy heart so sore ?  
 Unhappy Faust ! I know thee now no more  
 Do I a magic atmosphere inhale ?  
 Erewhile my passion would not brook delay !  
 Now in a pure love dream I melt away  
 Are we the sport of every passing gale ?  
 Should she return and enter now  
 How would st thou rue thy guilty flame !  
 Proud vaunter ! thou would st hide thy brow  
 And at her feet sink down with shame

MEPHISTOPHELES

Quick ! quick ! below I see her there !

FAUST

Away ! I will return no more !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Here is a casket with a store  
 Of jewels which I got elsewhere  
 Quick ! place it here her press within  
 I swear to you twill turn her brain  
 Another I had thought to win  
 With the rich gems it doth contain  
 But child is child and play is play

FAUST

I know not—shall I ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Do you ask ?

Perchance you would retain the treasure ?  
 If such your wish why then I say  
 Henceforth absolve me from my task  
 Nor longer waste your hours of leisure

I trust you're not by avarice led!  
I rub my hands I scratch my head—

*(he places the casket in the press and closes the lock)*

But now away without delay!—  
The sweet young creature to your will to bend,  
Yet here you are as cold my friend  
As to the class room you would wend  
And metaphysics form were there  
And physic too with holy hair!  
Away!—

*(Exeunt)*

MARGARET *(with a lamp)*

Here 'tis so close, so sultry now

*(she opens the window)*

Yet out of doors 'tis not so warm  
I feel so strange I know not how—  
I wish my mother would come home  
Through me there runs a shuddering—  
I'm but a foolish timid thing!

*(While undressing herself she begins to sing)*

There was a king in Thule  
True even to the grave  
To whom his dying mistress  
A golden beaker gave  
Beyond aught else he prized it  
And drain'd its purple draught  
His tears came gushing freely  
As often as he quaff'd  
When death he felt approaching  
His critics once he told  
And grudg'd his heir no treasure  
Except his cup of gold  
Girt round with knightly vassals  
At a royal feast sat he  
In yon proud hall ancestral  
In his castle o'er the sea  
Up stood the jovial monarch  
And quaff'd his last life's glow  
Then hurl'd the hallow'd goblet  
In the ocean depths below

He saw it splashing drinking  
 And plunging in the sea  
 His eyes meanwhile were sinking  
 And never more drank he

*(She opens the press to put away her clothes and  
 perceives the casket)*

How came this casket here? I cannot guess!  
 'Tis very strange! I'm sure I lock'd the press  
 What can be in it? perhaps some pledge or other  
 Left here for money borrow'd from my mother  
 Here by a ribbon hangs a little key,  
 I have a mind to open it and see!  
 Heavens! only look! what have we here  
 Never saw I such a splendid sight!  
 Jewels a noble dame might wear  
 For some high peerage richly dight  
 I wonder how the chain would look on me  
 And whose the brilliant ornaments may be?

*(She puts them on and steps before the glass)*

Were but the ear-rings only mine!  
 Thus one has quite another air  
 What boots it to be young and fair?  
 It doubtless may be very fine  
 But then alas none come to woo  
 And praise sounds half like pity too  
     Gold all doth lure  
     Gold doth secure  
 All things! Alas the poor!

*Promenade*

*(FAUST walking thoughtfully up and down To him  
 MEPHISTOPHELES)*

MEPHISTOPHELES

By love despis'd! By Hell's fierce fires I curse  
 Would I could make my imprecation worse!

FAUST

What ails you pray? what chafes you now so sore?  
 A face like that I never saw before!

MEPHISTOPHELES

I'd yield me to the devil instantly  
 Did it not happen that myself am he!



FAUST

There must be some disorder in your wit !  
To rave thus like a madman, is it fit ?

MEPHISTOPHELLES

Just think ! The gems for Margaret brought  
A burly priest hath made his own !—  
A glimpse of them the mother caught  
And gan with secret fear to groan  
The woman s scent is keen enough  
Still in the prayer book she doth snuff  
Smells every thing to ascertain  
Whether tis holy or profane  
And scented in the jewels rare  
That there was not much blessing there  
My child she cries ill gotten good  
Ensnares the soul consumes the blood  
With them we ll deck our Lady s shine  
She ll cheer our soul with bread divine !  
At this poor Gretchen gan to pout  
'Tis a gift-horse at least she thought  
And sure he godless cannot be  
Who placed them there so cleverly  
A priest the mother then address d  
Who when he understood the jest  
Survey d the treasure with a smile  
Quoth he This shows a pious mind  
Who conquers wins The Church we find  
Hath a good stomach she erewhile  
Hath lands and kingdoms swallow d down  
And never yet a surfeit known  
Daughters the Church alone with zest  
Can such ill gotten wealth digest

FAUST

It is a general custom too  
Practis d alike by King and Jew

MEPHISTOPHELES

With that clasp chain and ring he swept  
As they were mushrooms and the casket  
Without one word of thanks he kept  
As if of nuts it were a basket  
Reward in heaven he promis d fair —  
And greatly edified they were

And Gretchen ?

FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES

In unquiet mood  
Knows neither what she would nor should  
The trinkets night and day thinks o'er  
On him who brought them dwells still more

FAUST

Her sorrow grieves me I must say  
Another set of jewels bring !  
The first methinks was no great thing

MEPHISTOPHELES

All is to my gentleman child's play !

FAUST

Plan all things to relieve my end  
Engage the attention of her friend  
To work ! A thorough devil be  
And bring fresh jewels instantly !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ay, sir ! Most gladly I'll obey

(FAUST *exit*)

MEPHISTOPHELES

Your dotting love sick fool with ease  
Merely his lady love to please  
Sun, moon and stars would puff away

(*Exit*)

*The Neighbour's House*

MARTHA (*alone*)

God pardon my dear husband he  
Doth not in truth act well towards me !  
Forth in the world abroad to roam  
And leave me widow'd here at home  
And yet his will I never did thwart,  
God knows I loved him from my heart

(*She weeps*)

Perchance he's dead !—oh wretched state !—  
Had I but a certificate !

MARGARET (*comes*)

MARGARET

Dame Martha !

MARTHA

Gretchen ?

MARGARET

Only think !

My knees beneath me well nigh sink !

Within my press I've found to day

Another case of ebony

And splendid jewels too there are

More costly than the former fur

MARTHA

You must not name it to your mother

It would to shrift just like the other

MARGARET

Nay look at them ! now only see !

MARTHA

*(dresses her up)*

You happy creature !

MARGARET

Woe is me !

I can't in them at church appear

Nor in the street, nor any where

MARTHA

Come often over here to me

And put them on quite privately

Walk past the glass an hour or so

Thus we shall have our pleasure too

Then suitable occasions we must seize

As at a feast to show them by degrees

A chain at first then ear drops — and your mother

Won't see them or we'll coin some tale or other

MARGARET

But who I wonder could the caskets bring ?

I fear there's something wrong about the thing ! *(a knock)*

Good heavens ! can that my mother be ?

MARTHA *(peering through the blind)*

No ! 'Tis a stranger gentleman I see

Come in

MEPHISTOPHELES *(enters)*

MEPHISTOPHELES

I've ventured to intrude to day

Ladies excuse the liberty I pray

*(He steps back respectfully before MARGARET)*

For Mrs Martha Schwerdtlein I inquire !

MARTHA

I in she, pray what have you to say to me ?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside to her*)

I know you now —and therefore will retire ,  
At present you ve distinguished company  
Pardon the freedom Madam with your leave  
I will make free to call again at eve

MARTHA (*aloud*)

Why child of all strange things I ever knew !  
The stranger for a lady taketh you

MARGARET

I am in truth of humble blood  
The gentleman is far too good  
Nor gems nor trinkets are my own

MEPHISTOPHELLS

Oh tis not the mere ornaments alone  
Her glance and mien far more betray  
I am rejoic d that I may stay

MARTHA

Your business Sir ? I long to know—

MEPHISTOPHELES

Would I could happier tidings show !  
But let me not my errand rue  
Your husband s dead and greeteth you

MARTHA

Is dead ? True heart ! Oh misery !  
My husband dead ! Oh I shall die !

MARGARET

Alas ! good Martha ! don t despair !

MEPHISTOPHELLS

Now listen to the sad affair !

MARGARET

I for this cause should fear to love  
The loss my certain death would prove

MEPHISTOPHELLS

Joy still must sorrow sorrow joy attend

MARTHA

Proceed, and tell the story of his end !

## MEPHISTOPHELES

At Padua, in St Anthony s  
 In holy ground his body lies  
 Quiet and cool his place of rest,  
 With pious ceremonials blest

And had you nought besides to bring?

## MEPHISTOPHELES

Oh yes! one grave and solemn prayer  
 Let them for him three hundred masses sing!  
 But in my pockets ma'am I've nothing there

## MARTHA

What! not a coin! no token from the dead!  
 Such as the meanest artisan will hoard  
 Safe in his pouch as a remembrance stor'd  
 And not to part with starves or begs his bread!

## MEPHISTOPHELES

Madam in truth it grieves me much but he  
 His money hath not squander'd lavishly  
 Besides his failings he repented sore  
 Ay! and his evil plight bewail'd still more

## MARGARET

That men should be so luckless! I very day  
 I for his soul will many a requiem pray

## MEPHISTOPHELES

Forthwith to find a husband you deserve!  
 A child so lovely and in youth's fair prime

## MARGARET

Oh no! to think of that there's ample time

## MEPHISTOPHELES

A lover then meanwhile at least might serve  
 Of heaven's best gifts there's none more dear,  
 Than one so lovely to embrace

## MARGARET

But that is not the custom here

## MEPHISTOPHELES

Custom or not such things take place

## MARTHA

Proceed!

## MEPHISTOPHELES

I stood by his bedside

'Twas rotten straw something less foul than dung  
 But at the last a Christian man he died  
 And sorely hath remorse his conscience wrung  
 Wretch that I was quoth he with parting breath  
 So to forsake my business and my wife!  
 Ah! the remembrance of it is my death  
 Could I but have her pardon in this life! —

MARTHA (*weeping*)

Dear soul! I've long forgiven him indeed!

MEPHISTOPHELES

' Though she God knows was more to blame than I

MARTHA

What on the brink of death assert a lie!

MEPHISTOPHELES

If I am skill'd the countenance to read  
 He doubtless fabled as he parted hence  
 ' To gape for pleasure I'd no time he said  
 First to get children and then get them bread,  
 And bread too in the very widest sense  
 In peace I could not even eat my share

MARTHA

What all my truth and love forgotten quite?  
 My weary drudgery by day and night!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Not so! He thought of you with tender care  
 Quoth he Heaven knows how fervently I prayed  
 For wife and children when from Malta bound —  
 The prayer propitious heaven with favour crown'd,  
 We took a Turkish vessel which conveyed  
 Rich store of treasure for the Sultan's court  
 Its own reward our gallant action brought  
 The captur'd prize was shar'd among the crew  
 And of the treasure I receiv'd my due

MARTHA

How? Where? The treasure hath he buried pray?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Where the four winds have blown it who can say?  
 In Naples as he stroll'd a stranger there,—  
 A comely maid took pity on my friend  
 And gave such tokens of her love and care,  
 That he retain'd them to his blessed end.

MARTHA

Scoundrel! to rob his children of their bread!  
 And all this misery this bitter need  
 Could not his course of recklessness impede!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well he hath paid the forfeit and is dead  
 Now were I in your place my counsel hear  
 My widow's weeds I'd wear for one chaste year,  
 And for another lover seek meantime

MARTHA

Alas I might in vain search every clime  
 Nor find another husband like my first!  
 There could not be a fonder fool at home  
 Only he liked too well abroad to roam,  
 Liked women too and had for wine a thirst  
 Besides his passion for those dice accursed

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well! well! all doubtless had gone swimmingly  
 Had he but given you as wide a range  
 And upon such condition I declare  
 Myself with you would gladly rings exchange!

MARTHA

The gentleman is surely pleased to jest!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*)

Now to be off in time methinks were best!  
 She'd make the very devil marry her

(*To MARGARET*)

How fares it with your heart?

MARGARET

How mean you Sir?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*)

The sweet young innocent!

(*aloud*)

Ladies farewell!

MARGARET

Farewell!

MARTHA

But ere you leave us quickly tell!  
 I much should like to have it certified  
 Where how and when my buried husband died  
 To forms I've always been attached indeed  
 His death I fain would in the journals read

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ay madam, when two witnesses appear  
The truth is everywhere made manifest  
A gallant friend I have not far from here  
Who will before the judge his death attest  
I'll bring him hither

MARTHA

Oh I pray you do!

MEPHISTOPHELES

And this young lady we shall find her too?  
A noble youth!—has travelled far and wide  
And is most courteous to the sex beside

MARGARET

I in his presence needs must blush for shame

MEPHISTOPHELES

Not in the presence of a crowned king!

MARTHA

The garden then behind my house we'll name  
There we'll await you both this evening

*A Street*

FAUST    MEPHISTOPHELES

FAUST

How is it now? How speeds it? Is't in train?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Bravo! I find you all on fire again?

Gretchen will soon be your — I promise you —

This very eve to meet her I've agreed

At neighbour Murtha's who seems framed indeed

The gipsy's trade expressly to pursue

FAUST

Good!

MEPHISTOPHELES

But from us she something would request

FAUST

A favour claims return as this world goes

MEPHISTOPHELES

We have an oath but duly to attest

That her dead husband's limbs outstretch'd repose

In holy ground at Padua



FAUST

Sage indeed !

So I suppose we straight must journey there !

MELPHISTOPHELLS

*Sancta simplicitas* ! For that no need !

Without much knowledge we have but to swear

FAUST

If you have nothing better to suggest

Against your plan I must at once protest

MELPHISTOPHELLS

Oh holy man ! methinks I have you there !

Is this the first time you false witness bear ?

Have you not often definitions vain

Of God the world and all it doth contain

Man and the working of his heart and brain

In pompous language forcibly express'd

With front unblushing and undaunted breast ?

Yet if into the depth of things you go

Touching these matters it must be confess'd

As much as of Herr Schwertlein's death you know !

FAUST

Liar and sophist still thou wert and art

MELPHISTOPHELLS

Perchance my view is somewhat more profound !

Now you yourself to-morrow I'll be bound

Will in all honour fool poor Margaret's heart

And plead your soul's deep love in lover's fashion

FAUST

And truly from my heart

MELPHISTOPHELLS

All good and fair !

Then deathless constancy you'll doubtless swear

Speak of one mastering all absorbing passion —

Will that too issue from your heart ?

FAUST

I orbear !

When passion sways me and I seek to frame

Fit utterance for my feeling deep intense

And for my frenzied finding no fit name

Sweep round the ample world with every sense

Grasp at the loftiest words to speak my flame

And call the fiery glow wherewith I burn  
 Quenchless undying — yea eterne eterne —  
 Is that of sophistry a devil's play?

MEPHISTOPHELLS

Yet am I right!

FAUST

Friend spare my lunas I pray —  
 Mark this who his opinion will maintain  
 If he have but a tongue his point will gain  
 But come of gossip I am weary quite  
 Because I've no resource you're in the right

*Garden*

MARGARET on FAUST *seem* MARTHA *with* MEPHISTOPHELES  
*walking up and down*

MARGARET

I feel it you but spare my ignorance  
 To put me to the blush you stoop thus low  
 Travellers are ever wont from complaisance  
 To make the best of things where'er they go  
 My humble pittle surely never can  
 Have power to entertain so wise a man

FAUST

One glance one word of thine doth charm me more  
 Than the world's wisdom or the sage's lore

*(He kisses her hand)*

MARGARET

Nay! trouble not your elf! how can you kiss  
 A hand so very coarse and hard as this!  
 What would am I not still oblig'd to do!  
 And then my mother's so exacting too

*(They pass on)*

MARTHA

Thus are you ever wont to travel pray?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Duty and business urge us on our way!  
 Full many a place indeed we leave with pain  
 At which we're not permitted to remain!

MARTHA

In youth's wild years with lusty vigour crown'd  
 'Tis not amiss thus through the world to sweep  
 But ah! the evil days at length come round  
 And to the grave a bachelor to creep  
 No one as yet hath good or pleasant found

MELIHIISTOPHELES

The distant prospect fills me with dismay

MARTHA

Therefore in time dear sir reflect I pray

*(They pass on)*

MARGARET

Still are the absent out of mind 'tis true!  
 Politeness is familiar still to you  
 But many friends you have who doubtless are  
 More sensible than I and wiser far

FAUST

My angel often what doth pass for sense  
 Is self conceit and narrowness

MARGARET

How so

FAUST

Simplicity and holy innocence —  
 When will ye learn your hallow'd worth to know?  
 Ah when will meekness and humility  
 Kind and all bounteous nature's loftiest dower —

MARGARET

Only one little moment think of me  
 To think of you I shall have many an hour

FAUST

You're doubtless much alone?

MARGARET

Why yes for though

Our household's small yet I must see to it  
 We keep no maid and I must sew and knit  
 And cook and sweep and hurry to and fro  
 And then my mother is so accurate!  
 Not that for thrift there is such pressing need  
 Than others we might make more show indeed  
 My father left behind a small estate  
 A house and garden just outside the town

Quiet enough my life has been of late  
 My only brother for a soldier's gone  
 My little sister's dead—the babe to rear  
 Occasion'd me some care and fond annoy  
 But I would go through all again with joy  
 The little darling was to me so dear

FAUST

An angel sweet if it resembled you!

MARGARET

I reared it up and soon my face it knew  
 Dearly the little creature lov'd me too  
 After my father's death it saw the day  
 We gave my mother up for lost—she lay  
 In such a wretched plight and then at length  
 So very slowly she regain'd her strength  
 Weak as she was 'twas vain for her to try  
 Herself to suckle the poor babe—so I  
 Reared it on bread and water all alone  
 And thus the child became as twere my own  
 Within my arms it stretch'd itself and grew  
 And smiling nestl'd in my bosom too

FAUST

Doubtless the purest happiness was yours

MARGARET

Oh yes—but also many weary hours  
 Beside my bed at night its cradle stood  
 If it but stirr'd I was at once awar'  
 One while I was oblig'd to give it food  
 Or with me into bed the darling take  
 Then if it would not hush I had to rise  
 And strive with fond caress to still its cries  
 Pacing the little chamber to and fro  
 And then at dawn to washing I must go  
 See to the house affairs and market too  
 And so from day to day the whole year through  
 Ah sir thus living it must be confess'd  
 One's spirits are not always of the best  
 But toil gives food and sleep a double zest *(They pass on)*

MARTHA

Poor women! we are badly off I own  
 A bachelor's conversion's hard indeed!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Madam with one like you it rests alone  
To tutor me a better course to lead

MARTHA

But tell me! no one have you ever met?  
Has your heart ne'er attach'd itself as yet?

MEPHISTOPHELES

One's own fire side and a good wife were told  
By the old proverb are worth pearls and gold

MARTHA

I mean has passion never fir'd your breast?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I've everywhere been well receiv'd I own

MARTHA

Yet hath your heart no earnest preference known?

MEPHISTOPHELES

With ladies one should ne'er presume to jest

MARTHA

Ah! you mistake!

MEPHISTOPHELES

I'm sorry I'm so blind!

But this I know—that you are very kind

*(They pass on)*

FAUST

So little angel in the garden when  
I enter'd first you knew me once again?

MARGARET

Did you not see it? I cast down my eyes

FAUST

And you forgive my boldness and the guise  
Of freedom towards you as you left the dome  
The day I offer'd to escort you home?

MARGARET

I was confus'd never until that day  
Could any one of me aught evil say  
Alas thought I he doubtless in your mien  
Something unmaidenly or bold hath seen?  
It seem'd as if it struck him suddenly  
"Here's just a girl with whom one may make free  
Yet I must own that then I scarcely knew  
What in your favour here began to plead,

Yet I was angry with myself indeed  
That I more angry could not feel with you

FAUST

Sweet love!

MARGARET

Just wait!

*(She gathers a star flower and plucks off the leaves one after another)*

FAUST

A nosegay may that be?

MARGARET

No! 'Tis a game

FAUST

How

MARGARET

Go! you'll laugh at me

*(She plucks off the leaves and murmurs to herself)*

FAUST

What murmur you?

MARGARET

*(half aloud)*

He loves me,—loves me not

FAUST

Sweet angel with thy face of heavenly bliss!

MARGARET

*(continues)*

He loves me —loves me not—

*(plucking off the last leaf with fond joy)*

He loves me!

FAUST

Yes!

And this flower language daling let it be

Even as a heavenly oracle to thee!

Knowst thou the meaning of He loveth me?

*(He seizes both her hands)*

MARGARET

I tremble so!

FAUST

Nay! do not tremble love!

Oh let this pressure let this glance reveal

Feelings all power of utterance far above

To give oneself up wholly and to feel

A rapturous joy that must eternal prove!

Eternal!—Yes its end would be despair  
 No end!—It cannot end!

(MARGARET presses his hand extricates herself and runs away He stands a moment in thought, and then follows her)

MARSHA (approaching)

Nights closing

MELPHISTOPHELES

Yes well presently away

MARTHA

I would entreat you longer yet to stay  
 But tis a wicked place just here about  
 Tis as the folks had nou<sup>g</sup>ht to do  
 And nothing else to think of too  
 But watch their neighbours who goes in and out,  
 And scandal s busy still do what one may  
 And our young couple<sup>d</sup>

MELPHISTOPHELES

They have flown up there

Gay butterflies!

MARTHA

He seems to take to her

MELPHISTOPHELES

And she to him Tis of the world the way

### A Summer House

(MARGARET runs in hides behind the door holds the tip of her finger to her lip and peeps through the crevice)

MARGARET

He comes!

FAUST

Ah little rogue so thou  
 Think st to provoke me! I have caught thee now!  
 (He kisses her)

MARGARET

(embracing him and returning the kiss)

Dearest of men! I love thee from my heart!  
 MELPHISTOPHELES (knocks)

FAUST (stamping)

Who s there?

MEPHISTOPHELES

A friend!

FAUST

A brute!

MEPHISTOPHELES

'Tis time to part

MARTHA (comes)

Yes, sir, 'tis late

FAUST

Mayn't I attend you sweet?

MARGARET

Oh no—my mother would—adieu adieu!

FAUST

And must I really then take leave of you?  
Farewell!

MARTHA

Good bye!

MARGARET

Ere long again to meet!

(*Exeunt* FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES)

MARGARET

Good heavens! how all things far and near

Must fill his mind—a man like this!

Abash'd before him I appear

And say to all things only yes

Poor simple child I cannot see

What 'tis that he can find in me (Exit)

*Forest and Cavern*

FAUST (alone)

Spirit sublime! Thou gav'st me gav'st me all  
For which I prayed Not vainly hast thou turn'd  
To me thy countenance in flaming fire  
Thou gav'st me glorious nature for my realm  
And also power to feel her and enjoy  
Not merely with a cold and wondrous glance,  
Thou dost permit me in her depths profound,  
As in the bosom of a friend to gaze



Before me thou dost lead her living tribes  
 And dost in silent grove in air and stream  
 Teach me to know my kindred And when roars  
 The howling storm blast through the groaning wood,  
 Wrenching the giant pine which in its fall  
 Sweeps crushing down its neighbour trunks and boughs  
 While with the hollow noise the hill resounds  
 Then thou dost lead me to some shelter'd cave  
 Dost there reveal me to myself and show  
 Of my own bosom the mysterious depths  
 And when with soothing beam the moon's pale orb  
 Full in my view climbs up the pathless sky  
 From crag and vaporous grove the silvery forms  
 Of bygone ages hover and assuage  
 The too severe delight of earnest thought  
 Oh, that nought perfect is assign'd to man  
 I feel alas! With this exalted joy  
 Which lifts me near and nearer to the gods  
 Thou gav'st me this companion unto whom  
 I needs must cling though cold and insolent  
 He still degrades me to myself and turns  
 Thy glorious gifts to nothing with a breath  
 He in my bosom with malicious zeal  
 For that fair image furs a raging fire  
 From craving to enjoyment thus I reel  
 And in enjoyment languish for desire

(MEPHISTOPHELES enters)

MEPHISTOPHELES

Of this lone life have you not had your fill?  
 How for so long can it have charms for you?  
 'Tis well enough to try it if you will  
 But then away again to something new!

FAUST

Would you could better occupy your leisure  
 Than in disturbing thus my hours of joy

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well! Well! I'll leave you to yourself with pleasure  
 A serious tone you hardly dare employ  
 To part from one so crazy harsh and cross,  
 I should not find methinks a grievous loss  
 The live long day for you I toil and fret

Ne'er from your worship's face a hint I get  
 What pleases you or what to let alone

FAUST

Ay truly! that is just the proper tone!  
 Tires me forsooth and would with thanks be paid!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Poor child of clay without my aid  
 How would thy weary days have flown?  
 Thee of thy foolish whims I've cur'd  
 Thy vain imaginations banish'd  
 And but for me be well assur'd  
 Thou from this sphere must soon have vanish'd  
 In rocky cleft and cavern drear  
 Why like an owl sit moping here?  
 And wherefore suck like any toad  
 From dripping rocks and moss thy food?  
 A pleasant pastime! Verily  
 The doctor cleaveth still to thee

FAUST

Couldst thou divine what bliss without alloy  
 From this wild wandering in the desert springs —  
 Couldst thou but guess the new life power it brings  
 Thou still wert fiend enough to grudge my joy

MEPHISTOPHELES

What super-earthly ecstasy! at night  
 To lie in darkness on the dewy height  
 Embracing heaven and earth in rapture high  
 The soul dilating to a deity  
 With prescient yearnings pierce the core of earth  
 Feel in your labouring breast the six days' birth  
 Enjoy in proud delight what no one knows  
 While your love rapture o'er creation flows —  
 The earthly lost in beatific vision  
 And then the lofty intuition—

(with a gesture)

I need not tell you how—to close

FAUST

Fie on you!

MEPHISTOPHELES

This displeases you? For shame!"  
 You are forsooth entitled to exclaim

We to chaste ears it seems must not impart  
 Thoughts that may dwell unquestion'd in the heart  
 Well to be brief as fit occasions rise  
 I grudge you not the joy of specious lies  
 But soon 'tis past the self-deluding vein  
 Back to your former course you're driven again  
 And should it longer hold your anguish'd breast  
 By frenzied horror soon would be possess'd  
 Enough of this! Your true love dwells apart  
 And every thing to her seems flat and tame  
 Alone your cherish'd image fills her heart  
 She loves you with an all-devouring flame  
 First came your passion with overpowering rush  
 Like mountain torrent fed by melted snow  
 Full in her heart you pour'd the sudden gush  
 And now again your stream has ceas'd to flow  
 Instead of sitting thick amidst forests wild  
 Methinks it would become so great a lord  
 Fondly to comfort the enamour'd child  
 And the young monkey for her love reward  
 To her the hours seem miserably long  
 She from the window sees the clouds float by  
 As o'er the ancient city walls they fly  
 Were I a bird so runs her song  
 Half through the night and all the day  
 One while indeed she seemeth gay  
 And then with grief her heart is sore  
 Fairly outwept seem now her tears  
 Anon she tranquil is or so appears  
 And love sick evermore

FAUST

Snake! Serpent vile!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*)

Good! If I catch thee with my guile!

FAUST

Vile reprobate! go get thee hence  
 Forbear the lovely girl to name!  
 Nor in my half-distracted sense  
 Kindle anew the smould'ring flame!

## MEPHISTOPHELES

How now ! She thinks you've taken flight,  
It seems, she's partly in the right

## FAUST

I'm near her still—and should I distant rove  
I'd never forget her, never resign her love  
And all things touch'd by those sweet lips of hers  
Even the very host my envy stirs

## MEPHISTOPHELES

'Tis well ! I oft have envied you indeed  
The twin pair that among the roses feed

## FAUST

Pander avaunt !

## MEPHISTOPHELES

My friend, the while

You rail, excuse me if I smile  
The power which fashion'd youth and maid  
Well understood the noble trade  
Of making also time and place  
But hence !—In truth a doubtful case !  
Your mistress' chamber doth invite  
Not the cold grave's overshadowing night

## FAUST

What in her arms the joys of heaven to me ?  
Oh let me kindle on her gentle breast !  
Do I not ever feel her misery ?  
Wretch that I am, whose spirit knows no rest  
Inhuman monster, homeless and unblest  
Who like the greedy surge from rock to rock  
Sweeps down the dread abyss with desperate shoel  
While she within her lowly cot, which grac'd  
The Alpine slope beside the waters wild  
Her homely cares in that small world embraced  
Secluded lived a simple artless child  
Was't not enough in thy delirious whirl  
To blast the steadfast rocks—her quiet cell  
Her too her peace to ruin must I hurl !  
Dost claim this holocaust remorseless Hell !  
Fiend, help me to cut short the hours of arc'd !  
Let what must happen happen speedily !

Her direful doom fall crushing on my head  
And into ruin let her plunge with me

MEPHISTOPHELES

Why how again it seethes and glows !  
Away thou fool ! Her torment ease !  
When such a head no issue sees  
It pictures straight the final close  
Long life to him who boldly dares !  
A devil's pluck you're wont to show  
As for a devil who despairs  
There's nought so mawkish here below

MARGARET'S *Room*

MARGARET (*alone at her spinning wheel*)

My heart's oppress'd

My peace is o'er

I know no rest

No nevermore

The world's a grave

Where he is not

And grief is now

My bitter lot

My wilder'd brain

Is overwrought

My feeble senses

Are distraught

My heart's oppress'd

My peace is o'er

I know no rest

No nevermore

For him I watch

The live long day

For him alone

Abroad I stray

His lofty step

His bearing high

The smile of his lip

The power of his eye

His witching words  
 Their tones of bliss  
 His hand's fond pressure,  
 And then his kiss!  
 My heart's oppress'd  
 My peace is o'er  
 I know no rest  
 No nevermore  
 My bosom aches  
 To feel him near  
 Ah could I clasp  
 And fold him here!  
 In love's fond blisses  
 Entrinc'd I'd lie  
 And die on his kisses  
 In ecstacy!

MARTHA'S *Garden*

MARGARET *and* FAUST

MARGARET

Promise me Henry!

FAUST

What I can!

MARGARET

How is it with religion in your mind?  
 You are 'tis true a good kind hearted man  
 But I'm afraid not piously inclin'd

FAUST

Forbear! I love you darling you alone!  
 For those I love my life I would lay down  
 And none would of their faith or church bereave

MARGARET

That's not enough we must ourselves believe

FAUST

Must we?

MARGARET

Ah could I but your soul inspire!  
 You honour not the sacraments, alas!

FAUST

I honour them

MARGARET

But yet without desire

'Tis long since you have been to shrift or mass  
Do you believe in God?

FAUST

My love forbear!

Who dares acknowledge I in God believe?  
Ask priest or sage the answer you receive  
Seems but a mockery of the questioner

MARGARET

Then you do not believe

FAUST

Sweet one! my meaning do not misconceive!  
Him who dare name  
And yet proclaim  
Yes I believe?  
Who that can feel  
His heart can steel  
To say I disbelieve?  
The All embracer  
All sustainer  
Doth He not embrace sustain  
Thee me himself?  
Lifts not the Heaven its dome above?  
Doth not the firm set earth beneath us lie?  
And beaming tenderly with looks of love  
Climb not the everlasting stars on high?  
Are we not gazing in each other's eyes?  
Nature's impenetrable agencies  
Are they not thronging on thy heart and brain  
Viewless or visible to mortal ken  
Around thee weaving their mysterious reign?  
Fill thence thy heart how large soe'er it be  
And in the feeling when thou'rt wholly blest  
Then call it what thou wilt—Bliss! Heart! Love! God!  
I have no name for it—'tis feeling all  
Name is but sound and smoke  
Shrouding the glow of heaven

MARGARET

All this is doubtless beautiful and true  
The priest doth also much the same declare  
Only in somewhat different language too

FAUST

Beneath Heaven's general sunshine everywhere,  
This is the utterance of the human heart  
Each in his language doth the like impart  
Then why not I in mine?

MARGARET

What thus I hear  
Sounds plausible yet I'm not reconcil'd  
There's something wrong about it much I fear  
That thou art not a Christian

FAUST

My sweet child!

MARGARET

Alas! it long hath sorely troubled me  
To see thee in such odious company

FAUST

How so?

MARGARET

The man who comes with thee I hate  
Yea in my spirit's inmost depths abhor  
As his loath'd visage in my life before  
Nought to my heart e'er gave a pain so great

FAUST

Fear not sweet love!

MARGARET

His presence chills my blood  
Towards all beside I have a kindly mood  
Yet though I yearn to gaze on thee I feel  
At sight of him strange horror o'er me steal  
That he's a villain my convictions strong,  
May Heaven forgive me if I do him wrong!

FAUST

Yet such strange fellows in the world must be!

MARGARET

I would not live with such an one as he!  
If for a moment he but enter here  
He looks around him with a mocking sneer  
And malice ill conceal'd



That he can feel no sympathy is clear  
 Upon his brow tis legibly reveal'd  
 That to his heart no living soul is dear  
 So blest I feel abandon'd in thine arms  
 So warm and happy — free from all alarms  
 And still my heart doth close when he comes near

FAUST

Foreboding angel! prithee check thy fear!

MARGARET

The feeling so o'erpowers my mind that when  
 Or wheresoe'er I chance his step to hear  
 Methinks almost I cease to love thee then  
 Besides when he is near I ne'er could pray  
 And this it is that eats my heart away,  
 Thou also Henry surely feel'st it so

FAUST

This is antipathy!

MARGARET

I now must go

FAUST

And may I never then in quiet rest  
 For one brief hour upon thy gentle breast

MARGARET

Ah if I slept alone! The door to night  
 I'd leave unbarr'd but mother's sleep is light,  
 And if she should by any chance awake  
 Upon the floor I should at once fall dead

FAUST

Sweet angel! there's no cause for dread  
 Here is a little phial — if she take  
 But three drops mingl'd in her drink 'twill steep  
 Her nature in a deep and soothing sleep

MARGARET

What is there I'd not do for thy dear sake  
 To her 'twill surely do no injury?

FAUST

Else, my own love should I thus counsel thee?

MARGARET

Gazing on thee belov'd I cannot tell  
 What doth my spirit to thy will compel,

So much I have already done for thee  
That more to do there scarce remains for me

(Exit)

MEPHISTOPHELES (enters)

MEPHISTOPHELES

The monkey! Has she left you then?

FAUST

Have you been spying here again?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Of all that pass'd I'm well apprized

I heard the doctor catechized

And trust he'll profit by the rede

The girls show always much concern

Touching their lovers' faith to learn

Whether it tallies with the creed

If men are pliant there think they

Us too they'll follow and obey

FAUST

Thou monster! thou canst not perceive

How a true loving soul like this

Full of the faith she doth believe

To be the pledge of endless bliss

Must mourn her soul with anguish tost

Thinking the man she loves for ever lost

MEPHISTOPHELES

Most sensual supersensualist! a flirt

A gipsy leads thee by the nose!

FAUST

Abortion vile of fire and dirt!

MEPHISTOPHELES

In physiognomy strange skill she shows

She in my presence feels she knows not how!

My mask it seems some hidden sense reveals

That I'm a genius she must needs allow

That I'm the very devil perhaps she feels

So then to night?—

FAUST

What's that to you?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I've my amusement in it too!

*At the Well*

MARGARET *and* BESSY, *with* pitchers

BESSY

And have you then of Barbara nothing heard ?

MARGARET

I rarely go from home —no not a word

BESSY

'Tis true Sybill<sup>a</sup> told me so to day !  
She's play'd the fool at last I promise you,  
That comes of pride

MARGARET

How so ?

BESSY

Why people say  
That when she eats and drinks she feedeth two

MARGARET

Alas !

BESSY

She's rightly served in sooth  
How long she hung upon the youth !  
What promenades what jaunts there were  
To dancing booth and village fair  
The first she everywhere must shine  
He treating her to calces and wine  
Of her good looks she was so vain  
And even his presents would retain  
Sweet words and kisses came anon  
And then the virgin flower was gone !

MARGARET

Poor thing !

BESSY

And do you pity her ?  
Why of a night when at our wheels we sat  
Abroad our mothers ne'er would let us staid  
Then with her lover she forsooth must chat,

Or near the bench or in the dusky walk,  
Thinking the hours too brief for their sweet talk,  
Beshrew me ! her proud head she'll have to bow  
And in white sheet do penance now !

MARGARET

But he will surely marry her ?

BLSSY

Not he !

He won't be such a fool ! a gallant lad  
Like him can roam o'er land and sea  
Besides, he's off

MARGARET

That is not fair !

BLSSY

If she should get him 'twere almost as bad  
Her myrtle wreath the boys would tear  
And then we girls would plague her too  
Chopped straw before her door we'd strew !

(Exit)

MARGARET (*walking towards home*)

How stoutly once I could inveigh  
If a poor maiden went astray !  
Not words enough my tongue could find  
Gains't others sin to speak my mind !  
How black so'er their fault before  
I strove to blacken it still more  
And did myself securely bless  
Now are the sin the scandal mine !  
Yet ah !—what urg'd me to transgress  
Heaven knows was good ! ah so divine !

ZWINGER

(*In the niche of the wall a devotional image of the  
Mater dolorosa, with flower-pots before it*)

MARGARET (*putting fresh flowers in the pots*)

Ah rich in sorrow thou  
Stoop thy maternal brow  
And mark with pitying eye my misery !

The sword in thy pierc'd heart,  
 Thou dost with bitter smart  
 Gaze upwards on thy Son's death agony  
 To the dear God on high  
 Ascends thy piteous sigh  
 Pleading for his and thy mute misery  
 Ah who can know  
 The torturing woe  
 That harrows me and racks me to the bone?  
 How my poor heart without relief  
 Trembles and throbs its yearning grief  
 Thou knowest thou alone!  
 Ah wheresoe'er I go  
 With woe with woe with woe  
 My anguish'd breast is aching!  
 Wretched alone I keep  
 I weep I weep I weep  
 Alas! my heart is breaking!  
 The flower pots at my window  
 Were wet with tears of mine  
 The while I pluck'd these blossoms  
 At dawn to deck thy shrine!  
 When early in my chamber  
 Shone bright the rising morn  
 I sat there on my pallet  
 My heart with anguish torn  
 Help! death and shame are near!  
 Mother of sorrows now  
 Stoop thy maternal brow  
 And to thy suppliant turn a gracious ear

*Night Street before Margaret's door*

VALENTINE (*soldier MARGARET'S brother*)

When seated mong the jovial crowd  
 Where merry comrades boasting loud  
 Each nam'd with pride his favourite lass  
 And in her honour drain'd his glass,

Upon my elbows I would lean  
 With easy quiet view the scene  
 Nor give my tongue the rein until  
 Each swagg'ring blade had talk'd his fill  
 Then with a smile my beard I'd stroke  
 The while with brimming glass I spoke,  
 Each to his taste!—but to my mind  
 Where in the country will you find  
 A maiden be she never so fair  
 Who with my Gretchen can compare?  
 Clang! Clang! so rang the jovial sound!  
 Shouts of assent went circling round  
 Pride of her sex is she!—could some  
 Then were the noisy boasters dumb  
 And now!—I could uproot my hair  
 Or dash my brains out in despair!  
 Me every scurvy knave may twit  
 With stinging jest and taunting sneer!  
 Like skulking debtor I must sit  
 And sweat each casual word to hear!  
 And though I smash'd them one and all  
 Yet them I could not hars call

Who comes this way? who's sneaking here?  
 If I mistake not two draw near  
 If he be one have it him—well I wot  
 Alive he shall not leave this spot!

FAUST MEPHISTOPHELES

FAUST

How from yon sacristy athwart the night  
 Its beams the ever burning taper throws  
 While ever waning fides the glimm'ring light  
 As gath'ring darkness doth around it close!  
 So night like gloom doth in my bosom reign

MEPHISTOPHELES

I'm like a tom cat in a thievish vein  
 That round the walls doth slyly creep  
 And up fire ladders tall and steep  
 Virtuous withal I feel with I confess  
 A touch of thievish joy and wantonness

Thus through my limbs already there doth bound  
 The glorious advent of Walpuris night,  
 After to-morrow it again comes round  
 What one doth wake for then one knows aright

FAUST

Meanwhile the flame which I see glimm'ring there,  
 Is it the treasure rising in the air?

MELPHISOPHELES

Ere long I make no doubt but you  
 To raise the chest will feel inclin'd,  
 Erewhile I peep'd within it too  
 With lion-dollars 'tis well lin'd

FAUST

And not a trinket? not a ring?  
 Wherewith my lovely girl to dote?

MELPHISOPHELES

I saw among them some such thing  
 A string of pearls to grace her neck

FAUST

'Tis well! I'm always loath to go  
 Without some gift my love to show

MELPHISOPHELES

Some pleasures gratis to enjoy  
 Should surely cause you no annoy  
 While bright with stars the heavens appear  
 I'll sing a masterpiece of art  
 A moral song shall charm her ear  
 More surely to beguile her heart

*(Sings to the guitar)*

Faust Catherine say  
 Why long ring stay  
 At dawn of day  
 Before your lover's door?  
 You enter there  
 A maid beware  
 Lest forth you fare  
 A maiden never more  
 Maiden take heed!  
 Reck well my rede!

Is t done the deed?  
 Good night you poor poor thing!  
 The spoiler s lies  
 His arts despise  
 Nor yield your prize  
 Without the marriage ring  
 VALENTINE (*steps forward*)

Whom are you luring here? I ll give it you!  
 Accursed rat catchers your strains I ll end!  
 First to the devil the guitar I ll send!  
 Then to the devil with the singer too!

MEPHISTOPHELES

The poor guitar! This done for now

VALENTINE

Your skull shall follow next I trow!

MEPHISTOPHELLES (*to FAUST*)

Doctor stand fast! your strength collect!  
 Be prompt and do as I direct  
 Out with your whisk! keep close I pray  
 I ll parry! do you thrust away!

VALENTINE

Then parry that!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Why not?

VALENTINE

That too!

MEPHISTOPHELLES

With ease!

VALENTINE

The devil fights for you!

Why how is this? my hands already lam d!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*)

Thrust home!

VALENTINE (*falls*)

Alas!

MEPHISTOPHELES

There! Now the bully s tam d

But quick away! We must at once take wing  
 A cry of murder strikes upon the ear  
 With the police I know my course to steer,  
 But with the blood ban tis another thing



MARTHA (*at the window*)

Without! without!

MARGARET (*at the window*)

Quick bring a light!

MARTHA (*as above*)

They rail and scuffle scream and fight!

PEOPLE

One lieth here already dead!

MARTHA (*coming out*)

Where are the murderers? are they fled?

MARGARET (*coming out*)

Who lieth here?

PEOPLE

Thy mother's son

MARGARET

Almighty Father! I'm undone!

VALENTINE

I'm dying! 'Tis a soon told tale!

And sooner done the deed!

Why women do ye weep and wail?

To my last words give heed (*All gather round him*)

Gretchen thou art still of tender age

And well I wot not over sage

Thou dost thy matters ill

Let this in confidence be said

She who the path of shame doth tread

Should tread it with good will

MARGARET

My God! what can this mean?

VALENTINE

Abstain

Nor dare God's holy name profane

What's done aye is done and past!

Matters will take their course at last!

By stealth thou dost begin with one

And more will follow him anon

When to a dozen swells the train

A common outcast thou'lt remain

When first the monster shame is born

Clandestinely she's brought to light

And the mysterious veil of night  
 Around her head is drawn  
 The loathsome birth men fain would slay !  
 But soon full grown she waxes bold  
 And though not fairer to behold  
 With brazen front insults the day  
 The more abhorred her visage grows  
 The more her hideousness she shows !

The time already I discern  
 When thee all honest men will spurn  
 And shun thy hated form to meet  
 As when a corpse infects the street  
 Thy heart will sink in blank despair  
 When they shall look thee in the face !  
 A golden chain no more thou shalt wear !  
 Nor near the altar take thy place !  
 In fair lace collar simply dight  
 Thou shalt dance no more with spirits light !  
 In darksome corners thou wilt bide  
 Where beggars vile and cripples hide  
 And even though God thy crime forgive  
 On earth a thing accursed thou shalt live

MARTHA

Your parting soul to God commend  
 Nor your last breath in slander spend

VALENTINE

Could I but reach thy withered frame  
 Thou wretched beldame void of shame !  
 Full measure I might hope to win  
 Of pardon then for every sin

MARGARET

Brother ! what agonizing pain !

VALENTINE

I tell thee ! from vain tears abstain !  
 'Twas thy dishonour pierced my heart  
 Thy fall the fatal death stab gave  
 Through the death sleep I now depart  
 To God, a soldier true and brave (dies)

*Cathedral**Service Organ, and Anthem*MARGARET (*amongst a number of people*)EVIL SPIRIT (*behind MARGARET*)

EVIL SPIRIT

How different Gretchen was it once with thee  
 When thou still full of innocence  
 Camest to the altar here  
 And from the small and well bound book  
 Didst hush thy prayer  
 Half childish sport  
 Half God in thy young heart!  
 Gretchen!  
 What thoughts are thine?  
 What deed of shame  
 Lurks in thy sinful heart?  
 Is thy prayer uttered for thy mother's soul  
 Who into long long torment slept through thee?  
 Whose blood is on thy threshold?  
 —And stirs there not already neath thy heart  
 Another quickening pulse that even now  
 Tortures itself and thee  
 With its foreboding presence?

MARGARET

Woe! Woe!  
 Oh could I free me from the harrowing thoughts  
 That gainst my will  
 Throng my disorder'd brain!

CHORUS

*Dies iræ dies illa*  
*Solvat sæclum in favilla*  
 (*The organ sounds*)

EVIL SPIRIT

Grim horror seizes thee!  
 The trumpet sounds  
 The graves are shaken!  
 And thy sinful heart  
 From its cold ashy rest

For torturing flames  
Anew created  
Trembles into life !

MARGARET

Would I were hence !  
It is as if the organ  
Chok'd my breath  
As if the choir  
Melted my inmost heart

CHORUS

*Judex ego cum sedebit  
Quidquid latet adparebit  
Nil multum remanebit*

MARGARLE

I feel oppress'd !  
The pillars of the wall  
Are closing round me !  
And the vaulted roof  
Weighs down upon me !—all !

EVIL SPIRIT

Wouldst hide thee ? sin and shame  
Remain not hidden  
Air ! light !  
Woe's thee !

CHORUS

*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus ?  
Quem patronum rogaturus !  
Cum iix justus sit securus*

EVIL SPIRIT

The glorified their faces turn  
Away from thee !  
Shudder the pure to reach  
Their hands to thee !  
Woe !

CHORUS

*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus ?*

MARGARET

Neighbour ! your smelling bottle !

*(She swoons away)*

## WALPURGIS-NIGHT

*The Hartz Mountains**District of Scharle and Elend*

## FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES

## MEPHISTOPHELES

A broomstick do you not at least desire?  
 The roughest he-goat-fain would I bestride  
 By this road from our goal we're still far wide

## FAUST

Except this knotty staff I nought require  
 I still am fresh upon my legs. Beside  
 What boots it to abridge a pleasant way?  
 Along the labyrinth of these vales to creep  
 Then scale these rocks whence in eternal spray  
 Adown the cliffs the silvery torrents leap  
 Such is the joy that seasons paths like these  
 Spring weaves already in the birchen trees  
 In the late pine grove feels her quickening powers  
 Should she not stimulate these limbs of ours?

## MEPHISTOPHELES

Nought of this genial influence do I know!  
 Within me all is wintry. Frost and snow  
 I should prefer my dismal path to bound,  
 How sadly yonder with belated glow  
 Lases the ruddy moon's imperfect round  
 Shedding so faint a light at every tread  
 One's sure to stumble 'gainst a rock or tree!  
 An Ignis Fatuus I must call instead  
 Yonder one burning merrily I see  
 Holla! my friend I must request your light!  
 Why should you flare away so uselessly?  
 Be kind enough to show us up the height!

## IGNIS FATUUS

I hope from reverence to subdue  
 The lightness of my nature true  
 Our course is but a zigzag one

MEPHISTOPHELLES

Ho! ho!

So man forsooth he thinks to imitate!  
Now in the devil's name for once go straight  
Or out at once your flick'ring life I'll blow!

IGNIS FATUUS

That you are master here is obvious quite  
To do your will I'll cordially essay  
But think! The hill is magic mad to night  
And if as guide you choose a meteor's light  
You must not wonder should we go astray

FAUST MEPHISTOPHELLES IGNIS FATUUS

(in alternate song)

Through this dream and magic sphere  
Lead us on thou fiend in guide  
Pilot well our bold career!  
That we may with rapid stride  
Gain yon regions waste and wide  
Trees on trees how swift they flow!  
How the steadfast granite blocks  
Make obeisance as they go!  
Hark! the grim long snouted rocs  
How they snort and how they blow!

Through the turf and through the stones  
Brook and brooklet speed along  
Hark the rustling! Hark the song!  
Hearken too love's plaintive tones!  
Voices of those heavenly days  
When around us and above  
Like enchantment's mystic lays  
Breathed the notes of hope and love!  
Like the song of olden time  
Echo's voice repeats the chime

To what! To whom! upon the ear  
The mingled discord sounds more near  
The owl the pewit and the jay  
Wakeful and in voice are they?  
Salamanders in the brake  
Busy too and wide awake!  
Stout of paunch and long of limb  
Sporting in the twilight dim?

While from every rock and slope  
 Snakelike coil the roots of trees  
 Flinging many a mystic rope  
 Us to frighten us to seize  
 From rude knots with life imbued  
 Polyp fangs abroad they spread  
 To snare the wanderer Neath our tread  
 Mice in myriads thousand hued  
 Through the heath and through the moss  
 Frisk a gamesome multitude  
 Glow worms flit our path across  
 Swiftly the bewildering throng  
 A dazzling escort whirls along

FAUST

Tell me stand we motionless  
 Or still forward do we press?  
 All things round us whirl and fly  
 Rocks and trees make strange grimaces  
 Dazzling meteors change their places  
 How they puff and multiply!

MELIUSIOPHILUS

Now grasp my doublet—we at last  
 Have reached a central precipice  
 Whence we a wondrous glimpse may cast  
 Where Mammon lights the dark abyss

FAUST

How through the chasms strangely gleams  
 A lurid light like dawn's red glow!  
 Pervading with its quivering beams  
 The gorges of the gulph below  
 There vapours rise there clouds float by  
 And here through mist the splendour shines,  
 Now like a fount it bursts on high  
 Now glideth on in slender lines  
 I am reaching with a hundred veins  
 Through the far valley see it glide  
 Here where the gorge the flood restrains  
 At once it scatters far and wide  
 And near us sparks of spurring light  
 Like golden sand showers rise and fall  
 While seen in all its towering height  
 How fiercely glows yon rocky wall!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Doth not his hall Sir Mammon light  
 With splendour for this festive night ?  
 To see it was a lucky chance  
 E'en now the boisterous guests advance !

FAUST

How the fierce tempest sweeps around !  
 My neck it strikes with sudden shock !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Cling to these ribs of granite rock  
 Or it will hurl you in yon gulf profound  
 A murky vapour thickens night  
 Hark ! through the forest what a crash !  
 The scared owls flit in wild affright  
 The shivering birches creak and clash !  
 The deafening clang the ruin quell  
 Prostrate the lofty palace falls  
 Pent are the pillars grey with eld  
 That the ave verdant roof uphold  
 The giant trunks with mighty groan  
 By the fierce blast are overthrown !  
 The roots upriven creak and moan !  
 In fearful and entangled fall  
 One crashing ruin whelms them all  
 While through the desolate abyss  
 Sweeping the wreck strown precipice  
 The raging storm blasts howl and hiss

Hearst thou voices sounding clear,  
 Distant now and now more near ?  
 Hark ! the mountain ridge along  
 Streams the witches' magic song !

WITCHES (*in chorus*)

Now to the Brocken the witches hie  
 The stubble is yellow the corn is green  
 Thither the gath'ring legions fly  
 And sitting aloft is Sir Urien seen  
 O'er stick and o'er stone they go whirling along  
 Witches and he goats a motley throng

VOICES

Alone old Baubo's coming now,  
 She rides upon a farrow sow



## CHORUS

Honour to who merits honour !  
 Baubo forwards ! 'Tis her due !  
 A goodly sow and dame upon her,  
 Follows then the whole witch crew

## VOICE

Which way didst come ?

## VOICE

O'er Ilsenstein !

There I peep'd in an owl's nest  
 With her broad eye she gaz'd in mine !

## VOICE

Drive to the devil thou hellish pest !  
 Why ride so hard ?

## VOICE

She has graz'd my side  
 Look at the wounds how deep and how wide !

WITCHES (*in chorus*)

The way is broad the way is long  
 Scratches the besom and sticks the prong  
 What mad pursuit ! What tumult wild !  
 Crush'd is the mother and stiff'd the child

WIZARDS (*half chorus*)

I like house encumber'd snail we creep  
 While far ahead the women keep  
 For when to the devil's house we speed  
 By a thousand steps they take the lead

## THE OTHER HALF

Not so precisely do we view it —  
 They with a thousand steps may do it  
 But let them hasten as they can  
 With one long bound 'tis clear'd by man

VOICES (*above*)

Come with us come with us from Felsensee

VOICES (*from below*)

Aloft to you we would mount with glee !  
 We wash and free from all stain are we  
 Yet are doom'd to endless sterility

## BOTH CHORUSES

The wind is hush'd the stars grow pale,  
 The pensive moon her light doth veil,

And whirling on the magic quire  
Sputter forth sparks of drizzling fire

VOICE (*from below*)

Stay! stay!

VOICE (*from above*)

What voice of woe

Calls from the cavern'd depths below?

VOICE (*from below*)

Stay stay stay for me!

Three centuries I clumb in vain

And yet can ne'er the summit gain!

Fain would I with my kindred be!

BOTH CHORUSES

Broom and pitch fork goat and prong

Serve whereon to whirl along

Who vainly strives to climb to night

Is lost for ever luckless wight!

DEMI WITCH (*below*)

I've totter'd after now so long

How far before me are the throng!

No peace at home can I obtain

Here too my efforts are in vain

CHORUS OF WITCHES

Salve gives the witches strength to rise

A rag for a sail does well enough

A goodly ship is in every trough

To night who flies not never flies

BOTH CHORUSES

And when the topmost peak we round

Then alight we on the ground

The heath's wide regions cover ye

With your mad swarms of witchery

(*They let themselves down*)

MEPHISTOPHELLES

They crowd and jostle whirl and flutter!

They whisper babble twirl and splutter!

They glimmer burn they stink and stutter!

All noisomely together blent

A genuine witch's element!

Stick close or you'll be borne away

Where art thou?

FAUST (*in the distance*)

Here!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Already whirl'd so far!

The master then indeed I needs must play  
 Make way! Squire Voland comes! Sweet folk make way!  
 Here doctor grasp me! From this ceaseless jar  
 With one long bound a quick retreat we'll make  
 Even for me too mad these people are  
 Hard by shines something with peculiar glare  
 I feel myself allur'd towards yonder brake  
 Come come along with me! we'll slip in there

FAUST

Spirit of contradiction! Lead the way!  
 Go on and I will follow after straight  
 'Twas wisely done however I must say  
 On May night to the Brocken to repair  
 And then by choice ourselves to isolate

MEPHISTOPHELES

Look at those colour'd flames which yonder flare!  
 A merry club is met together there  
 In a small circle one is not alone

FAUST

'd rather be above though I must own!  
 Already fire and eddying smoke I view  
 The impetuous millions to the devil ride  
 Full many a riddle will be there untied

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ay! and full many a one be tied anew  
 But let the great world rave and riot  
 While here we house ourselves in quiet  
 'Tis an old practice to create  
 Our lesser worlds within the great  
 Young naked witches there I spy  
 And old ones veil'd more prudently  
 For my sake courteous be to all  
 The pastime's great the trouble small  
 Of instruments I hear the cursed din!  
 One must get used to it Come in! come in!  
 There's now no help for it I'll step before,

And introducing you as my good friend  
 Confer on you one obligation more  
 How say you now? 'Tis no such paltry room  
 Why only look you scarce can see the end  
 A hundred fires in rows disperse the gloom  
 They dance they talk they cook make love and drink,  
 Where could we find aught better do you think?

FAUST

To introduce us do you purpose here  
 As devil or as wizard to appear?

MFPHISTOPHELES

Though wont indeed to strict incognito  
 On gala days one must one's orders show  
 No garter have I to distinguish me  
 But here the cloven foot gives dignity  
 Dost mark yon crawling snail? This way she lies  
 She with her searching feelers hath no doubt  
 Already with quick instinct found me out  
 Here if I would for me there's no disguise  
 From fire to fire we'll saunter at our leisure,  
 The gallant you I'll cater for your pleasure  
 (*To a party seated round some expiring embers*)  
 Old gentlemen why are ye moping here?  
 You should be in the midst of all the riot  
 Gut round with revelry and youthful cheer  
 At home one surely has enough of quiet

GENERAL

Who is there can rely upon the nation  
 How great soe'er hath been its obligation?  
 'Tis with the people as with women they  
 To rising stars alone their homage pay

MINISTER

Too far astray they wander now a days,  
 I for my part extol the good old ways  
 For truly when ourselves were all the rage  
 Then was indeed the genuine golden age

PARVENU

We were among the knowing ones I own  
 And often did what best were let alone  
 Yet now when we would gladly keep our ground,  
 With hurly burly every thing spins round

## AUTHOR

Who speaking generally now cares indeed,  
 A work of even moderate depth to read !  
 As for our youth there ne'er has risen yet  
 So shallow and so malapert a set

## MEPHISTOPHELES

*(suddenly appearing very old)*

Since I the last time now the Brocken scale  
 That all are ripe for doom one plainly sees,  
 And just because my cask begins to fail  
 So the whole world is also on the lees

## HUCKSTLR WITCH

Stop gentlemen nor pass me by !  
 Lose not this opportunity !  
 Of wares I have a choice collection  
 Pray honour them with your inspection  
 No fellow to my booth you'll find  
 On earth for mong my store there's nought  
 Which to the world and to mankind  
 Hath not some direful mischief wrought  
 No dagger here which hath not flow'd with blood  
 No bowl which hath not in some healthy frame  
 Infus'd the poison's life-consuming flood  
 No trinket but hath wrought some woman's shame  
 No weapon but hath cut some sacred tie  
 Or stabb'd behind the back an enemy

## MEPHISTOPHELES

Gossip ! but ill the times you understand  
 What's done is done ! The past's beyond recall !  
 For your antiquities there's no demand !  
 With novelties pray furnish forth your stall

## FAUST

May this wild scene my senses spare !  
 Thus, with a vengeance is a fair !

## MEPHISTOPHELES

Upward the eddying concourse throng  
 Thinking to push thyself art push'd along

## FAUST

Who's that, pray ?

## MEPHISTOPHELES

Mark her well ! That's Lilith

FAUST

Who?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Adam's first wife Of her rich locks beware!  
That charm in which she's parallel'd by few!  
When in its toils a youth she doth ensnare  
He will not soon escape I promise you

FAUST

There sit a pair the old one with the young  
Already they have bravely danced and sprung!

MEPHISTOPHELES

To night there's no cessation come along!  
Another dance begins we'll join the throng

FAUST

*(dancing with the young one)*

Once there appeared in vision bright  
An apple tree to glad mine eyes  
Two apples with their rosy light  
Allured me and I sought the prize

THE FAIR ONE

Apples still fondly ye desire  
From paradise it hath been so  
Feelings of joy my breast inspire  
That such too in my garden grow

MEPHISTOPHELES *(with the old one)*

Once a wild vision troubled me  
In it I saw a rifted tree  
It had a —————

But as it was it pleased me too

THE OLD ONE

I beg most humbly to salute  
The gallant with the cloven foot  
Let him a ————— have ready here  
If he a ————— does not fear

PROCTOPHANTASMIST

Accursed mob! How dare ye thus to meet?  
Have I not shown and demonstrated too  
That ghosts stand not on ordinary feet?  
Yet here ye dance as other mortals do!

THE FAIR ONE *(dancing)*

Then at our ball, what doth he here?

FAUST (*dancing*)

Ha! He in all must interfere  
 When others dance with him it lies  
 Their dancing still to criticise  
 Each step he counts as never made  
 On which his skill is not display'd  
 He's most annoy'd if we advance  
 If in one narrow round you'd dance  
 As he in his old mill doth move  
 Your dancing doubtless he'd improve  
 And still more pleas'd he'd be if you  
 Would him salute with reverence

PROCTOPHANTASMS

Still here! what arrogance! unheard of quite!  
 Vanish! we now have fill'd the world with light!  
 I awes are unheeded by the devil's host  
 Wise as we are yet legel hath its ghost  
 How long at this delusion day and night  
 Have I not vainly swept? 'Tis monstrous quite!

THE FAIR ONE

Cease here to tease us any more I pray

PROCTOPHANTASMS

Phantoms I plainly to your ace declare  
 Since my own spirit can exert no sway  
 No spiritual control myself will bear

*(The dancing continues)*

To night I see I shall in nought succeed,  
 But I'm prepar'd my travels to pursue,  
 And hope before my final step indeed,  
 To triumph over bards and devils too

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now in some puddle will he take his station  
 Such is his mode of seeking consolation  
 Where leeches feasting on his blood will drain  
 Spirit and spirits from his haunted brain

*(To FAUST who has left the dance)*

But why the charming damsel leave I pray,  
 Who to you in the dance so sweetly sing?

FAUST

Ah! in the very middle of her lay  
 Out of her mouth a small red mouse there sprang

MEPHISTOPHELES

Suppose there did ! One must not be too nice  
 Twas well it was not grey let that suffice  
 Who mid his pleasures for a trifle cares ?

FAUST

Then saw I——

MEPHISTOPHELES

What ?

FAUST

Mephisto seest thou there  
 Standing far off a lone child pale and fair ?  
 Slow from the spot her drooping form she tears  
 And seems with shackl'd feet to move along  
 I own within me the delusion's strong  
 That she the likeness of my Gretchen wears

MEPHISTOPHELES

Gaze not upon her ! 'Tis not good ! Forbear !  
 'Tis lifeless magical a shape of air  
 An idol ! Such to meet with bodes no good  
 That rigid look of hers doth freeze man's blood  
 And well nigh petrifies his heart to stone —  
 The story of Medusa thou hast known

FAUST

Ay verily ! a corpse's eyes are those  
 Which there was no fond loving hand to close  
 That is the bosom I so fondly press'd  
 That my sweet Gretchen's form so oft caress'd

MEPHISTOPHELES

Deluded fool ! 'Tis magic I declare !  
 To each she doth his lov'd one's image wear

FAUST

What bliss ! what torture ! vainly I essay  
 To turn me from that pitcous look away  
 How strangely doth a single crimson line  
 Around that lovely neck its coil entwine  
 It shows no broader than a knife's blunt edge !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Quite right ! I see it also and allege  
 That she beneath her arm her head can bear  
 Since Perseus cut it off — But you I swear



Your fondness for delusion cherish still !  
 Come now my friend and let's ascend the hill !  
 As on the Prater all is bright and gay  
 And truly if my senses are not gone  
 I see a theatre — what's going on ?

SERVIBILIS

They are about to recommence — the play  
 Will be the last of seven and spick span new  
 'Tis usual here that number to present  
 A dilettante did the piece invent,  
 And dilettanti will enact it too  
 Excuse me gentlemen to me's assigned  
 As dilettante to uplift the curtain

MEPHISTOPHELES

You on the Block berg I'm rejoic'd to find  
 That 'tis your most appropriate sphere is certain

## WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM,

OR

OBERON AND TITANIA S

GOLDEN WEDDING FEAST

—  
INTERMEZZO*Theatre*

MANAGER

VALES, where mists still shift and play  
 To ancient hill succeeding, —  
 These our scenes —so we to day  
 May rest brave sons of Mieding

HERALD

That the marriage golden be  
 Must fifty years be ended  
 More dear this feast of gold to me  
 Contention now suspended

OBERON

Spirits are ye hovering near  
 On downy pinions sailing?  
 Before your king and queen appear  
 Their reconciliation hailing

PUCK

Puck draws near and wheels about  
 In mazy circles dancing!  
 Hundreds swell his joyous shout  
 Behind him still advancing

## ARIEL

Ariel wakes his dainty air  
 His lyre celestial stringing —  
 Fools he lureth and the fair  
 With his celestial singing

## OBERON

Wedded ones would we agree  
 We court your imitation  
 Would ye fondly love as we  
 We counsel separation

## TITANIA

If husband scold and wife retort  
 Then bear them far asunder  
 Her to the burning south transport  
 And him the North Pole under

THE WHOLE ORCHESTRA (*Fortissimo*)

Flies and midges all unite  
 With frogs and chirping crickets  
 Our orchestra throughout the night  
 Resounding in the thicket!

*Solo*

Yonder doth the bagpipe come!  
 Its sack an airy bubble  
 Schnick schnick schnack with nasal hum  
 Its notes it doth redouble

## EMBRYO SPIRIT

Spider's foot and midge's wing  
 A toad in form and feature  
 Together verses it can string  
 Though scarce a living creature

## A LITTLE PAIR

Any step and lofty bound  
 Through dew and exhalation  
 Ye trip it deftly on the ground  
 But gain no elevation

## INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER

Can I indeed believe my eyes?  
 Is't not mere masquerading?  
 What! Oberon in beauteous guise,  
 Among the groups parading!

ORTHODOX

No claws no tail to whisk about  
 To fright us at our level —  
 Yet like the gods of Greece no doubt  
 He too s a genuine devil

NORTHERN ARTIST

These that I m hittin<sub>s</sub> off to day  
 Are sketches unpretending  
 Towards Italy without delay  
 My steps I think of bending

PURIST

Alas ! ill fortune leads me here  
 Where riot still grows louder  
 And mong the witches gather d here  
 But two alone wear powder

YOUNG WITCH

Your powder and you petticoat  
 Suit hags there s no sunsayin<sub>s</sub>  
 Hence I sit fearless on my goat  
 My naked charms displaying

MATRON

We re too well bred to squabble here  
 Or insult back to render  
 But may you wither soon my dear  
 Although so youn<sub>s</sub> and tender

LEADER OF THE BAND

Nose of fly and gn<sub>s</sub>at s proboscis  
 throng not the naked beauty !  
 Frogs and crickets in the mosses  
 Keep time and do your duty !

WLATHERCOCK (*towards one side*)

What charming compny I view  
 Iogther here collected !  
 Gay bachelors a hopeful crew  
 And brides so unaffected

WEATHERCOCK (*towards the other side*)

Unless indeed the yawning ground  
 Should open to receive them  
 From this vile crew with sudden bound  
 To Hell I d jump and leave them

## XENIEN

With small sharp shears in insect guise,  
Behold us at your revel!  
That we may tender filial wise  
Our homage to the devil

## HENNING

Look now at yonder eager crew  
How naively they re jesting  
That they have tender hearts and true  
They stoutly keep protesting

## MUSAGET

Oneself amid this witchery  
How pleasantly one loses  
For witches easier are to me  
To govern than the Muses!

## CI DEVANT GENIUS OF THE AGL

With proper folks when we appear  
No one can then surpass us!  
Keep close wide is the Blocksberg here  
As Germany's Parnassus

## INQUISITIVE TRAVELER

How name ye that stiff formal man  
Who strides with lofty paces?  
He tracks the game where'er he can  
He scents the Jesuits' traces

## CRANE

Where waters troubled are or clear  
To fish I am delighted  
Your pious gentlemen appear  
With devils here united

## WORLDLING

By pious people it is true  
No medium is rejected  
Conventicles and not a few  
On Blocksberg are erected

## DANCER

Another choir is drawing nigh  
Far off the drums are beating  
Be still! 'tis but the bitterer cry,  
Its changeless note repeating

## DANCING MASTER

Each twirls about and never stops,  
 And as he can advances  
 The crooked leaps! The clumsy hops!  
 Nor careth how he dances

## FIDDLER

To take each other's life I trow  
 Would cordially delight them!  
 As Orpheus lyre the beasts so now  
 The bagpipe doth unite them

## DOGMATIST

My views in spite of doubt and sneer  
 I hold with stout persistence  
 Inferring from the devils here  
 The evil one's existence

## IDDLALIST

My every sense rules Phantasy  
 With sway quite too potential  
 Sure I'm demented if the *I*  
 Alone is the essential

## REALIST

This entity's a dreadful bore  
 And cannot choose but vex me  
 The ground beneath me never before  
 Thus tottered to perplex me

## SUPERNATURALIST

Well pleased assembled here I view  
 Of spirits this profusion  
 From devils touching angels too  
 I gather some conclusion

## SCEPTIC

The ignis fatuus they track out  
 And think they're near the treasure  
 Devil alliterates with doubt  
 Here I abide with pleasure

## LEADER OF THE BAND

Frog and cricket in the mosses —  
 Confound your gasconading!  
 Nose of fly and gnat's proboscis, —  
 Most tuneful serenading!

FAUST

Cease thus to gnash thy ravenous fangs at me! I loathe thee!—Great and glorious spirit thou who didst vouchsafe to reveal thyself unto me thou who dost know my very heart and soul why hast thou linked me with this base associate who feeds on mischief and revels in destruction?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Hast done?

FAUST

Save her! or woe to thee! The direst of curses on thee for thousands of years!

MEPHISTOPHELES

I cannot loose the bands of the avenger nor withdraw his bolts—Save her!—Who was it plunged her into perdition? I or thou?

FAUST

*(looks wildly around)*

MEPHISTOPHELES

Wouldst grasp the thunder? Well for you poor mortals that tis not yours to wield! To smite to atoms the being, however innocent who obstructs his path such is the tyrant's fashion of relieving himself in difficulties

FAUST

Convey me thither! She shall be free!

MEPHISTOPHELES

And the danger to which thou dost expose thyself? Know the guilt of blood shed by thy hand lies yet upon the town Over the place where fill the murdered one avenging spirits hover and watch for the returning murderer

FAUST

This too from thee? The death and downfall of a world be on thee monster! Conduct me thither I say and set her free!

MEPHISTOPHELES

I will conduct thee and what I can do—hear! Have I all power in heaven and upon earth? I'll cloud the senses of the warder—do thou possess thyself of the keys and lead her forth with human hand I will keep watch! The magic steeds are waiting I bear thee off Thus much is in my power

FAUST

Up and away!

*Night An open Plain*

FAUST MEPHISTOPHELES

*(Rushing along on black horses )*

FAUST

What weave they round the Ravenstone?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I know not what they shape and brew

FAUST

They re soaring swooping bending stooping

MEPHISTOPHELES

A witches pack

FAUST

They charm they strew

MEPHISTOPHELES

On! On!

*Dungeon*

FAUST *(with a bunch of keys and a lamp before a small iron door)*

A fear unwonted o'er my spirit falls

Man's concentrated woe o'erwhelms me here

She dwells immur'd within these dripping walls,

Her only trespass a delusion dear!

And thou dost linger at the fatal door!

Thou dread'st to look upon her face once more!

On! While thou dall'st draws her death hour near

*(He sees the lock Singing within )*

My mother the harlot

She took me and slew!

My father the scoundrel

Hath eaten me too!

My sweet little sister

Hath all my bones laid

Where soft winds are playing

All in the green shade,



Then became I a wood bird and sang on the spray  
Fly away! little bird fly away! fly away!

(FAUST—*opening the lock*)

Ah! she forebodes not that her lover's near  
The clanking chains the rustling straw to hear

*He enters*

MARGARET (*hiding her face in the bed of straw*)

Woe! woe! they come! oh bitter tis to die!

FAUST (*softly*)

Hush! hush! be still! I come to set thee free!

MARGARET (*throwing herself at his feet*)

If thou art human feel my misery

FAUST

Inou wilt awake the jailor with thy cry!

(*He grasps the chains to unlock them*)

MARGARET (*on her knees*)

Who executioner to thee could give

O'er me this cruel power?

To bear me off at midnight's solemn hour!

Be merciful and spare me! let me live!

Is dawn not time enough?

(*she stands up*)

I'm still so young!

So very young and must so early die!

Fair was I once thence hath my ruin sprung

My love is now afar he then was mine

Torn lies the garland the fair blossoms strew'd

Oh do not seize me with a hand so rude!

Spare me! What harm have I e'er done to thee?

For mercy let me not in vain implore

I ne'er have seen thee in my life before!

FAUST

Can I endure this bitter agony?

MARGARET

I'm wholly in thy power Ah suffer me

But once again to give my babe the best

Through the long night I sooth'd it and caress'd

They took it from me but to give me pain

And now they say that I my child have slain

Ah ne'er shall I be happy ne'er again

Then they sing songs about me! How wretched of the throng

A ballad of the olden time ends so  
How came they to apply the song?

FAUST

*(throwing himself on the ground)*

See at thy feet a lover bendeth low  
To loose the bonds of wretchedness and woe

MARGARET

*(throws herself beside him)*

Oh let us kneel and move the saints by prayer!  
I look! look! yon stairs below  
Under the threshold there  
Hell's flames are all below!  
Beneath the floor  
With hideous noise  
The devil roars!

FAUST

*(aloud)*

Gretchen! Gretchen!

MARGARET

*(listening)*

That was my loved one's voice!

*(she springs up the chains fall off)*

Where is he? I have heard him call I'm free!  
I will away there's none shall hinder me  
I to his neck will fly  
Upon his bosom lie!  
Gretchen he called! on yonder threshold stood  
Through all the howling of Hell's fiery flood  
The fiends' dark sneers their devilish scorn above  
I knew the sweet the blissful tones of love

FAUST

'Tis I!

MARGARET

'Tis thou! O say so once again!

*(embracing him)*

'Tis he! 'Tis he! where's now the torturing pain?  
Where are the fetters? where the dungeon's gloom?  
'Tis thou! 'Tis thou! To save me thou art come!  
And I am saved!—  
Already now the very street I see  
Where the first time I caught a glimpse of thee

And there too is the pleasant garden shade  
Where I and Martha for thy coming staid.

FAUST

*(endeavouring to lead her away)*

Come ! come away !

MARGARET

Oh still delay !  
I love to linger where thou stayst

*(caressing him)*

FAUST

Oh come ! for if thou dost not haste  
Our lingering we shall both deplore

MARGARET

What dearest ? canst thou list me now no more !  
So short a time away from me and yet  
Love's fond embrace thou couldst so soon forget !  
Why on thy neck so anxious do I feel ?  
When formerly a perfect heaven of bliss  
From thy dear looks and words would o'er me steal  
Ah ! with what tenderness thou then didst kiss !  
Kiss me !  
Or I'll kiss thee !

*(she embraces him)*

Woe ! woe ! Thy lips are cold — are dumb  
Thy love where hast thou left ?  
Who hath me of thy love bereft ?

*(she turns away from him)*

FAUST

Only take courage ! dearest ! prithee come !  
Thee to my heart with tenderness I'll hold  
And cherish thee with ardour thousand fold  
I but entreat thee now to follow me !

MARGARET

*(turning towards him)*

And art thou he ? and art thou really he ?

FAUST

Is I ! Oh come !

MARGARET

Thou wilt strike off my chain,  
And thou wilt take me to thine arms again

How comes it that thou dost not shrink from me?—  
And dost thou know love whom thou wouldst set free?

FAUST

Come! come! already night begins to wane

MARGARET

I sent my mother to her grave  
I drown'd my child beneath the wave  
Was it not given to thee and me—thou too?  
Tis thou thyself! I scarce believe it yet  
Give me thy hand! It is no dream! 'Tis true!  
Thine own dear hand!—But how is this? 'Tis wet!  
Quick wipe it off! It seems like blood—Ah me!  
Whose blood? what hast thou done? put up thy sword  
I pray thee do!

FAUST

Death is in every word

Oh dearest let the past forgotten be

MARGARET

Yet must thou linger here in sorrow  
The graves I will describe to thee  
And thou must see to them to-morrow  
Reserve the best place for my mother  
Close at her side inter my brother  
Me at some little distance lay  
But I entreat thee not too far away!  
And place my little babe on my right breast  
The little one alone will lie near me!—  
Ah 'twas a sweet & precious joy of yore  
To nestle at thy side so lovingly!  
It will be mine no more—ah never more!  
I feel as if I forc'd my love on thee  
As if thou still wert thrusting me away  
Yet 'tis thyself thy fond kind looks I see

FAUST

If thou dost feel 'tis I then come I pray

MARGARET

What there? without?

FAUST

Yes forth in the free air

MARGARET

Ay if the graves without — If death lurk there!  
 Hence to the everlasting, resting place  
 And not one step beyond! — Thou'rt leaving me?  
 Oh Henry! would that I could go with thee!

FAUST

Thou canst! But will it! open stands the door

MARGARET

I dare not go! I've nothing to hope for more  
 What boots it to escape! They lurk for me  
 'Tis wretched still to beg from day to day  
 And burthen'd with an evil conscience too!  
 'Tis wretched in a foreign land to stray  
 And they will catch me whatsoever I do!

FAUST

But I will ever bear thee company

MARGARET

Quick! Quick!  
 Save thy poor child  
 Keep to the path  
 The brook along  
 Over the bridge  
 To the wood beyond  
 To the left where the plank is  
 In the pond  
 Seize it at once!  
 It tries to rise  
 It struggles yet!  
 Save it! Oh save!

FAUST

Collect thy thoughts one step and thou art free!

MARGARET

Were we but only past the hill!  
 There sits my mother on a stone  
 Over my brain there falls a chill!  
 There sits my mother on a stone  
 Slowly her head moves to and fro  
 She winks not nods not her head droops low  
 She slumber'd so long nor wak'd again  
 That we might be happy she slumber'd then  
 Ah! those were pleasant times!

FAUST

Alas! since here

Nor argument avails nor prayer nor tear  
I'll venture forcibly to bear thee hence!

MARGARET

Loose me! I will not suffer violence!  
Withdraw thy murderous hand hold not so fast!  
I have done all to please thee in the past

FAUST

Day dawns! My love! My love!

MARGARET

Yes! day draws near  
The day of judgment too will soon appear  
It should have been my bridal! No one tell  
That thy poor Margaret thou hast known too well  
Woe to my guland! Its bloom is o'er!  
Though not at the dance we shall meet once more  
The crowd doth gather in silence it rolls  
The squares the streets scarce hold the throng  
The staff is broken—the death bell tolls—  
They bind and seize me I'm hurried along  
To the seat of blood already I'm bound  
Quivers crack neck as the naked steel  
Quivers on mine the blow to deal  
The silence of the grave now broods around!

FAUST

Would I had never been born!

MEPHISTOPHELLES (*appears without*)

Up! or you're lost  
Vain hesitation! Babbling quaking!  
My steeds are shivering Morn is breaking

MARGARET

What from the floor ascendeth like a ghost?  
Is he! Is he! Him from my presence chase!  
What is his purpose in this holy place?  
It is for me he cometh!

FAUST

Thou shalt live!

MARGARET

Judgment of God! To thee my soul I give!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*)

Come! come! I'll leave thee else to share her doom

MARGARET

Father I'm thine! Save me! To thee I come!

Angelic hosts! your downy pinions wave

Encamp around me to protect and save!

Henry! I shudder now to look on thee

MEPHISTOPHELES

She now is judg'd!

VOICES (*from above*)

Is saved!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*)

Come thou with me!

(*Vanishes with FAUST*)

VOICE (*from within dying*)

Henry! Henry!

# IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS

## PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

IPHIGENIA      THOAS *King of the Taurians*  
ORESTES      PYLADES      ARKAS

## ACT THE FIRST

### SCENE I

*A Grove before the Temple of Diana*

IPHIGENIA

BENFATH your leafy gloom ye waving boughs  
Of this old shady consecrated grove  
As in the goddess silent sanctuary  
With the same shuddering feeling forth I step  
As when I trod it first nor ever here  
Doth my unquiet spirit feel at home  
Long as the mighty will to which I bow  
Hath kept me here conceal'd still as at first  
I feel myself a stranger For the sea  
Doth sever me alas' from those I love  
And day by day upon the shore I stand  
My soul still seeking for the land of Greece  
But to my sighs the hollow sounding waves  
Bring save their own hoarse murmurs no reply  
Alas for him' who friendless and alone  
Remote from parents and from brethren dwells  
From him grief snatches every coming joy  
Ere it doth reach his lip His restless thoughts  
Revert for ever to his father's halls  
Where first to him the radiant sun unclos'd  
The gates of heav'n were closer day by day  
Brothers and sisters leagu'd in pastime sweet  
Around each other twin'd the bonds of love  
I will not judge the counsel of the gods,



Yet truly woman's lot doth merit pity  
 Man rules alike at home and in the field  
 Nor is in foreign climes without resource  
 Possession gladdens him him conquest crowns  
 And him an honourable death awaits  
 How circumscrib'd is woman's destiny!  
 Obedience to a harsh imperious lord  
 Her duty and her comfort sad her fate  
 Whom hostile fortune drives to lands remote  
 Thus I by noble Thoas am detain'd  
 Bound with a heavy though a sacred chain  
 Oh! with what shame Diana I confess  
 That with repugnance I perform these rites  
 For thee divine protectress! unto whom  
 I would in freedom dedicate my life  
 In thee Diana I have always hop'd  
 And still I hope in thee who didst unfold  
 Within the holy shelter of thine arm  
 The outcast daughter of the mighty king  
 Daughter of Jove! hast thou from ruin'd Troy  
 Led back in triumph to his native land  
 The mighty man whom thou didst sore afflict  
 His daughter's life in sacrifice demanding —  
 Hast thou for him the godlike Agamemnon  
 Who to thine altar led his darling child  
 Preserv'd his wife Electra and his son  
 His dearest treasures? — then at length restore  
 Thy suppliant also to her friends and home  
 And save her as thou once from death didst save  
 So now from living here a second death

## SCENE II

IPHIGENIA      ARKAS

ARKAS

The king hath sent me hither and commands  
 To hail Diana's priestess This the day  
 On which for new and wonderful success  
 Tauris her goddess thanks The king and host  
 Draw near — I come to herald their approach

## IPHIGENIA

We are prepar'd to give them worthy greeting  
Our goddess doth behold with gracious eye  
The welcome sacrifice from Thoas' hand

## ARKAS

Oh priestess that thine eye more mildly beam'd —  
Thou much rever'd one — that I found thy glance  
O consecrated maid more calm more bright  
To all a happy omen! Still doth grief  
With gloom mysterious shroud thy inner mind  
Still still through many a year we wait in vain  
For one confiding utterance from thy breast  
Long as I've known thee in this holy place  
That look of thine hath ever made me shudder  
And as with iron binds thy soul remains  
Lock'd in the deep recesses of thy breast

## IPHIGENIA

As doth become the exile and the orphan

## ARKAS

Dost thou then here seem exil'd and an orphan?

## IPHIGENIA

Can foreign scenes our fatherland replace?

## ARKAS

Thy fatherland's foreign now to thee

## IPHIGENIA

Hence is it that my bleeding heart ne'er heals  
In early youth when first my soul in love  
Held father mother brethren fondly twin'd  
A group of tender germs in union sweet  
We sprang in beauty from the parent stem  
And heavenward grew An unrelenting curse  
Then seiz'd and sever'd me from those I lov'd  
And wrench'd with iron grasp the beauteous band  
It vanish'd then the fairest charm of youth  
The simple gladness of life's early dawn  
Thou hast sav'd I was a shadow of myself  
And life's fresh joyance bloom'd in me no more

## ARKAS

If thus thou ever dost lament thy fate,  
I must accuse thee of ingratitude

## IPHIGENIA

Thanks have you ever

## ARKAS

Not the honest thanks  
Which prompt the heart to offices of love  
The joyous glance revealing to the host  
A grateful spirit with its lot content  
When thee a deep mysterious destiny  
Brought to this sacred fane long years ago  
To greet thee as a treasure sent from heaven  
With reverence and affection Thoas came  
Benign and friendly was this shore to thee  
Which had before each stranger's heart appall'd  
For till thy coming none e'er trod our realm  
But fell according to an ancient rite  
A bloody victim at Diana's shrine

## IPHIGENIA

Freely to breathe alone is not to live  
Say is it life within this holy fane  
Like a poor ghost around its sepulchre  
To linger out my days Or call you that  
A life of conscious happiness and joy  
When every hour dream'd listlessly away  
Leads to those dark and melancholy days  
Which the sad troop of the deput'd spend  
In self forgetfulness on Lethe's shore?  
A useless life is but an early death  
This woman's lot is eminently mine

## ARKAS

I can forgive though I must needs deplore  
The noble pride which underrates itself  
It robs thee of the happiness of life  
And hast thou since thy coming here done nought?  
Who cheer'd the gloomy temper of the king?  
Who hath with gentle eloquence annull'd  
From year to year the usage of our sires  
By which a victim at Diana's shrine  
Each stranger perish'd thus from certain death  
Sending so oft the rescued captive home?  
Hath not Diana harbouring no revenge  
For this suspension of her bloody rites,

In richest measure heard thy gentle prayer?  
 On joyous pinions o'er the advancing host  
 Doth not triumphant conquest proudly soar?  
 And feels not every one a happier lot  
 Since Thoas who so long hath guided us  
 With wisdom and with valour sway'd by thee  
 The joy of mild benignity approves  
 Which leads him to relax the rigid claims  
 Of mute submission? Call thyself useless! Thou  
 Thou from whose being o'er a thousand hearts  
 A healing balsam flows? when to a race  
 To whom a god consign'd thee thou dost prove  
 A fountain of perpetual happiness  
 And from this dire inhospitable shore  
 Dost to the stranger grant a safe return?

IPHIGENIA

The little done doth vanish to the mind  
 Which forward sees how much remains to do

ARKAS

Him dost thou praise who underrates his deeds?

IPHIGENIA

Who estimates his deeds is justly blam'd

ARKAS

We blame alike who proudly disregard  
 Their genuine merit and who vainly prize  
 Their spurious worth too highly Trust me priestess  
 And hearken to the counsel of a man  
 With honest zeal devoted to thy service  
 When Thoas comes to day to speak with thee  
 Lend to his purpos'd words a gracious ear

IPHIGENIA

The well intention'd counsel troubles me  
 His offer studiously I've sought to shun

ARKAS

Thy duty and thy interest calmly weigh  
 Since the king lost his son he trusts but few  
 Nor those as formerly Each noble's son  
 He views with jealous eye as his successor  
 He dreads a solitary helpless age  
 Or rash rebellion or untimely death  
 A Scythian studies not the rules of speech,

And least of all the king He who is used  
 To act and to command knows not the art  
 From far with subtle tact to guide discourse  
 Through many windings to its destin'd goal  
 Do not embarras him with shy reserve  
 And studied misconception graciously  
 And with submission meet the royal wish

IPHIGENIA

Shall I then speed the doom that threatens me?

ARKAS

His gracious offer canst thou call a threat?

IPHIGENIA

Tis the most terrible of all to me

ARKAS

I or his affection grant him confidence

IPHIGENIA

If he will first redeem my soul from flou

ARIAS

Why dost thou hide from him thy origin?

IPHIGENIA

A priestess secrecy doth well become

ARKAS

Nought to our monarch should a secret be  
 And though he doth not seek to fathom thine  
 His noble nature feels av deeply feels  
 That studiously thou hidst thyself from him

IPHIGENIA

Displeasure doth he harbour gainst me then?

ARKAS

Almost it seems so True he speaks not of thee  
 But casual words have taught me that the wish  
 To call thee his hath firmly seiz'd his soul  
 Oh do not leave the monarch to himself!  
 Lest his displeasure ripning in his breast  
 Should work thee woe so with repentance thou  
 Too late my faithful counsel shalt recall

IPHIGENIA

How! doth the monarch purpose what no man  
 Of noble mind who loves his honest name  
 Whose bosom reverence for the gods restrains  
 Would ever think of? Will he force employ

To tear me from this consecrated fane ?  
 Then will I call the gods and chiefly thee,  
 Diana goddess resolute to aid me  
 Thyself a virgin thou lt a virgin shield  
 And succour to thy priestess gladly yield

ARKAS

Be tranquil ! Passion and youth s fiery blood  
 Impel not Thoas rashly to commit  
 A deed so lawless In his present mood  
 I fear from him another harsh resolve  
 Which (for his soul is steadfast and unmov d )  
 He then will execute without delay  
 Therefore I pray thee canst thou grant no more,  
 At least be grateful—Give thy confidence

IPHIGENIA

Oh tell me what is further known to thee

ARKAS

Learn it from him I see the king approach,  
 Thou honour st him and thy own he ut will prompt thee  
 To meet him kindly and with confidence  
 A noble man by woman s gentle word  
 May oft be led

IPHIGENIA *alone*

I see not how I can

Follow the counsel of my futhful friend  
 But willingly the duty I perform  
 Of giving thanks for benefits receiv d  
 And much I wish that to the king my lips  
 With truth could utter what would please his ear

### SCENE III

IPHIGENIA      THOAS

IPHIGENIA

Her royal gifts the goddess shower on thee !  
 Imparting conquest wealth and high renown  
 Dominion and the welfare of thy house,  
 With the fulfilment of each pious wish,  
 That thou, who over numbers rul st supreme  
 Thyself may st be supreme in happiness !

## IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS

THOAS

Contented were I with my people's praise  
My conquests others more than I enjoy  
Oh! be he king or subject he's most blest  
Who in his home finds happiness and peace  
Thou shar'st my sorrow when a hostile sword  
Tore from my side my last my dearest son  
Long as fierce vengeance occupied my heart  
I did not feel my dwellings dreary void  
But now returning home my rage appears  
My foes defeated and my son avenged  
I find there nothing left to comfort me  
The glad obedience which I used to see  
Kindling in every eye is smothered now  
In discontent and gloom each pondering weighs  
The changes which a future day may bring  
And serves the childless king because compelled  
To-day I come within this sacred fane  
Which I have often entered to implore  
And thank the gods for conquest In my breast  
I bear an old and fondly cherished wish  
To which methinks thou canst not be a stranger  
Thee maid a blessing to myself and realm  
I hope as bride to carry to my home

Too great thine offer king to one unknown,  
Abashed the fugitive before thee stands  
Who on this shore sought only what thou gav'st,  
Safety and peace

THOAS

Thus still to shroud thyself  
From me as from the lowest in the veil  
Of mystery which wrapped thy coming here  
Would in no country be deemed just or right  
Strangers this shore appalled 'twas so ordained  
Alike by law and stern necessity  
From thee alone—a kindly welcomed guest,  
Who hast enjoyed each hallowed privilege  
And spent thy days in freedom unrestrained—  
From thee I hoped that confidence to gain  
Which every faithful host may justly claim

## IPHIGENIA

If I conceal'd O king my name my race,  
 'Twas fear that prompted me and not mistrust  
 For didst thou know who stands before thee now,  
 And what accursed head thy arm protects  
 A shudd'ring horror would possess thy heart  
 And far from wishing me to share thy throne  
 Thou ere the time appointed from thy realm  
 Wouldst banish me perchance and thrust me forth,  
 Before a glad reunion with my friends  
 And period to my wand'ring is ordain'd  
 To meet that sorrow which in every clime  
 With cold inhospitable fearful hand  
 Awaits the outcast exil'd from his home

## THOAS

Whate'er respecting thee the gods decree  
 Whate'er their doom for thee and for thy house,  
 Since thou hast dwelt amongst us and enjoy'd  
 The privilege the pious stranger claims  
 To me hath fail'd no blessing sent from Heaven  
 And to persuade me that protecting thee  
 I shield a guilty head were hard indeed

## IPHIGENIA

Thy bounty not the guest draws blessings down

## THOAS

The kindness shown the wicked is not blest  
 Find then thy silence priestess not unjust  
 Is he who doth demand it In my hands  
 The goddess plac'd thee thou hast been to me  
 As sacred as to her and her behest  
 Shall for the future also be my law  
 If thou canst hope in safety to return  
 Back to thy kindred I renounce my claims  
 But is thy homeward path for ever clos'd—  
 Or doth thy race in hopeless exile rove  
 Or lie extinguish'd by some mighty woe—  
 Then may I claim thee by more laws than one  
 Speak openly thou know'st I keep my word

## IPHIGENIA

Its ancient bands reluctantly my tongue  
 Doth loose, a long hid secret to divulge,



For once imparted it resumes no more  
 The safe asylum of the inmost heart  
 But thenceforth as the powers above decree,  
 Doth work its ministry of weal or woe  
 Attend! I issue from the Titan's race

THOAS

A word momentous calmly hast thou spoken  
 Him nam'st thou ancestor whom all the world  
 Knows as a sometime favourite of the gods?  
 Is it that Tantalus whom Jove himself  
 Drew to his council and his social board?  
 On whose experienced words with wisdom fraught  
 As on the language of an oracle  
 Even gods delighted hung?

IPHIGENIA

Is even he

But gods should not hold intercourse with men  
 As with themselves Too weak the human race  
 Not to grow dizzy on unwonted heights  
 Ignoble was he not and no betrayer  
 To be the Thunderer's slave he was too great  
 To be his friend and comrade—but a man  
 His crime was human and their doom severe  
 For poets sing that treachery and pride  
 Did from Jove's table hurl him headlong down  
 To grovel in the depths of Tartarus  
 Alas and his whole race then hate pursues

THOAS

Bear they their own guilt or their ancestors?

IPHIGENIA

The Titan's mighty breast and nervous frame  
 Was his descendant's certain heritage  
 But round their brow Jove forg'd a band of brass  
 Wisdom and patience prudence and restraint  
 He from their gloomy fearful eye conceal'd  
 In them each passion grew to savage rage  
 And headlong rush'd unchecked The Titan's son,  
 The strong-will'd Pelops won his beautiful bride,  
 Hippodamia child of Enomeus,  
 Through treachery and murder, she ere long  
 Bore him two children, Atreus and Thyestes,

With envy they beheld the growing love  
 Their father cherish'd for a first born son  
 Sprung from another union Bound by hate  
 In secret they contrive their brother's death  
 The sire the crime imputing to his wife  
 With savage fury claim'd from her his child  
 And she in terror did destroy herself—

THOAS

Thou art silent? Pause not in thy narrative!  
 Do not repent thy confidence—say on!

IPHIGENIA

How blest is he who his progenitors  
 With pride remembers to the listener tells  
 The story of their greatness of their deeds  
 And silently rejoicing sees himself  
 Link'd to this goodly chain! I or the same stock  
 Bears not the monster and the demigod  
 A line of good or evil ushers in  
 The glory or the terror of the world —  
 After the death of Pelops his two sons  
 Rul'd o'er the city with divided sway  
 But such an union could not long endure  
 His brother's honour first Thyestes wounds  
 In vengeance Atreus drove him from the realm  
 Thyestes planning horrors long before  
 Had stealthily procur'd his brother's son  
 Whom he in secret nurtur'd as his own  
 Revenge and fury in his breast he pour'd  
 Then to the royal city sent him forth  
 That in his uncle he might slay his sire  
 The meditated murder was disclos'd  
 And by the king most cruelly aveng'd  
 Who slaughter'd as he thought his brother's son  
 Too late he learn'd whose diving tortures met  
 His drunken gaze and seeking to assuage  
 The insatiate vengeance that possess'd his soul  
 He plann'd a deed unheard of He assum'd  
 A friendly tone seem'd reconcil'd appear'd  
 And lur'd his brother with his children twain  
 Back to his kingdom these he seiz'd and slew  
 Then plac'd the loathsome and abhorrent food

At his first meal before the unconscious sire  
 And when Thyestes had his hunger still'd  
 With his own flesh a sadness seiz'd his soul  
 He for his children ask'd — their steps, their voice,  
 Fancied he heard already at the door  
 And Atreus grinning with malicious joy  
 Threw in the members of the slaughter'd boys —  
 Shudd'ring O king thou dost avert thy face  
 So did the sun his radiant visage hide  
 And swerve his chariot from the eternal path  
 These monarch are thy priestess ancestors,  
 And many a dreadful fate of mortal doom  
 And many a deed of th' bewild'ring brain  
 Dark night doth cover with her sable wing  
 Or shroud in gloomy twilight

THOAS

Hidden there

Let them abide A truce to horror now  
 And tell me by what miracle thou sprangst  
 From race so savage

IPHIGENIA

Atreus eldest son

Was Agamemnon he O king my sire  
 But I may say with truth that from a child,  
 In him the model of a perfect man  
 I witness'd ever Clytemnestra bore  
 To him myself the firstling of their love  
 Electra then Peaceful the monarch rul'd  
 And to the house of Tantalus was given  
 A long withheld repose A son alone  
 Was wanting to complete my parent's bliss  
 Scarce was this wish fulfill'd and young Orestes,  
 The household's darling with his sisters grew  
 When new misfortunes vex'd our ancient house  
 To you hath come the rumour of the war  
 Which to avenge the fairest woman's wrongs,  
 The force united of the Grecian kings  
 Round Ilion's walls encamp'd Whether the town  
 Was humbl'd and achiev'd their great revenge,  
 I have not heard My father led the host  
 In Aulis vainly for a favouring gale

They wait'd for enrag'd against their chief,  
 Diana stay'd their progress and requir'd  
 Through Chalcas' voice the monarch's eldest daughter  
 They lur'd me with my mother to the camp,  
 And at Diana's altar doom'd this head —  
 She was appeas'd she did not wish my blood  
 And wrapt me in a soft protecting cloud  
 Within this temple from the dream of death  
 I waken'd first — Yes I myself am she,  
 Iphigenia — I who speak to thee  
 Am Atreus' grandchild Agamemnon's child  
 And great Diana's consecrated priestess

THOAS

I yield no higher honour or regard  
 To the king's daughter than the maid unknown,  
 Once more my first proposal I repeat  
 Come follow me and share what I possess

IPHIGENIA

How dare I venture such a step O king?  
 Hath not the goddess who protect'd me  
 Alone a right to my devoted head?  
 'Twas she who chose for me this sanctuary  
 Where she perchance reserves me for my sire  
 By my apparent death enough chastis'd  
 To be the joy and solace of his age  
 Perchance my glad return is near — and how  
 If I unmindful of her purposes  
 Had here attach'd myself against her will?  
 I ask'd a signal did she wish my stay

THOAS

The signal is that still thou tarry'st here  
 Seek not evasively such vain pretexts  
 Not many words are needed to refuse  
 By the refus'd the *no* alone is heard

IPHIGENIA

Mine are not words meant only to deceive,  
 I have to thee my inmost heart reveal'd  
 And doth no inward voice suggest to thee  
 How I with yearning soul must pine to see  
 My father, mother and my long lost home?

Oh let thy vessels bear me thither king !  
 That in the ancient halls where sorrow still  
 In accents low doth fondly breathe my name,  
 Joy as in welcome of a new born child  
 May round the columns twine the fairest wreath  
 Thou wouldst to me and mine new life impart

THOAS

Then go ! the promptings of thy heart obey  
 Despise the voice of reason and good counsel  
 Be quite the woman sway'd by each desire  
 That bridleless impels her to and fro  
 When passion rages fiercely in her breast  
 No sacred tie withholds her from the wretch  
 Who would allure her to forsake for him  
 A husband's or a father's guardian aims,  
 Extinct within her heart its fiery glow  
 The golden tongue of eloquence in vain  
 With words of truth and power assails her ear

IPHIGENIA

Remember now O king thy noble words !  
 My trust and candour wilt thou thus repay ?  
 Thou seem'st methought prepar'd to hear the truth

THOAS

For this unlook'd for answer not prepar'd  
 Yet 'twas to be expected knew I not  
 That 'twas with woman I had now to deal ?

IPHIGENIA

Upbraid not thus O king our feeble sex !  
 Though not in dignity to match with yours  
 The weapons woman wields are not ignoble  
 And trust me Thoas in thy happiness  
 I have a deeper insight than thyself  
 Thou thinkest ignorant alike of both  
 A closer union would augment our bliss  
 Inspir'd with confidence and honest zeal  
 Thou strongly urgest me to yield consent,  
 And here I thank the gods who give me strength  
 To shun a doom unratified by them

THOAS

'Tis not a god, 'tis thine own heart that speaks

IPHIGENIA

'Tis through the heart alone they speak to us

THOAS

To hear them have I not an equal right ?

IPHIGENIA

The raging tempest drowns the still small voice

THOAS

This voice no doubt the priestess hears alone

IPHIGENIA

Before all others should the prince attend it

THOAS

Thy sacred office and ancestral right  
To Jove's own table place thee with the gods  
In closer union than an earth born savage

IPHIGENIA

Thus must I now the confidence atone  
Thyself extorted from me !

THOAS

I'm a man

And better 'tis we end this conference  
Hear then my last resolve Be priestess still  
Of the great goddess who selected thee  
And may she pardon me that I from her  
Unjustly and with secret self reproach  
Her ancient sacrifice so long withheld  
From olden times no stranger near'd our shore  
But fell a victim at her sacred shrine  
But thou with kind affection (which at times  
Seem'd like a gentle daughter's tender love  
At times assum'd to my enraptur'd heart  
The modest inclination of a bride)  
Didst so intral me as with magic bonds  
That I forgot my duty Thou didst rock  
My senses in a dream I did not hear  
My people's murmurs now they cry aloud  
Ascribing my poor son's untimely death  
To this my guilt No longer for thy sake  
Will I oppose the wishes of the crowd  
Who urgently demand the sacrifice

IPHIGENIA

For mine own sake I ne'er desired it from thee

Who to the gods ascribe a thirst for blood  
 Do misconceive their nature and impute  
 To them their own inhuman dark desires  
 Did not Diana snatch me from the priest  
 Preferring my poor service to my death?

THOAS

'Tis not for us on reason's shifting grounds,  
 Lightly to guide and construe rites divine  
 Perform thy duty I'll accomplish mine  
 Two strangers whom in caverns of the shore  
 We found conceal'd and whose arrival here  
 Bodes to my realm no good are in my power  
 With them thy goddess may once more resume  
 Her ancient pious long suspended rites!  
 I send them here —thy duty not unknown

[*Exit*

IPHIGENIA *alone*

Gracious protectress! thou hast clouds  
 To shelter innocence distress'd  
 And genial gales from Fate's rude grasp  
 Safely to wait her o'er the sea  
 O'er the wide earth's remotest realms  
 Where'er it seemeth good to thee  
 Wise art thou —thine all seeing eye  
 The future and the past surveys  
 And doth on all thy children rest  
 Even as thy pure and guardian light  
 Keeps o'er the earth its silent watch,  
 The beauty and the life of night  
 O Goddess! keep my hands from blood!  
 Blessing it never brings nor peace,  
 And still in evil hours the form  
 Of the chance murder'd man appears  
 To fill the unwilling murderer's soul  
 With horrible and gloomy fears  
 For fondly the Immortals view  
 Man's widely scatter'd simple race,  
 And the poor mortal's transient life  
 Gladly prolong, that he may raise  
 Awhile to their eternal heavens  
 His sympathetic joyous gaze

## ACT THE SECOND

## SCENE I

ORESTES      PYLADES

ORESTES

It is the path of death that now we tread  
 At every step my soul grows more serene  
 When I implor'd Apollo to remove  
 The grisly band of Iurics from my side  
 He seem'd with hope inspiring godlike words,  
 To promise aid and safety in the fane  
 Of his lov'd sister who o'er Tauris rules  
 Thus the prophetic word fulfils itself  
 That with my life shall terminate my woe  
 How easy 'tis for me whose heart is crush'd  
 Whose sense is deaden'd by a hand divine  
 Thus to renounce the beauteous light of day!  
 And must the son of Atreus not entwine  
 The wreath of conquest round his dying brow—  
 Must I as my forefathers as my sire  
 Bleed like a victim—an ignoble death—  
 So be it! Better at the altar here  
 Than in a nook obscure where kindred hands  
 Have spread assassination's wily net  
 Yield me this brief repose infernal Powers!  
 Ye who like loosen'd hounds still scent the blood,  
 Which trickling from my feet betrays my path  
 Leave me! ere long I come to you below  
 Nor you nor I should view the light of day  
 The soft green carpet of the beauteous earth  
 Is no arena for unhallow'd fiends  
 Below I seek you where an equal fate  
 Binds all in murky never ending night  
 Thee only thee my Pylades my friend  
 The guiltless partner of my crime and curse,  
 Thee am I loath before thy time to take  
 To yonder cheerless shore! Thy life or death  
 Alone awakens in me hope or fear



## PYLADES

Like thee Orestes I am not prepar'd  
 Downwards to wander to yon realm of shade  
 I purpose still through the entangl'd paths  
 Which seem as they would lead to blackest night  
 Again to guide our upward way to life  
 Of death I think not, I observe and mark  
 Whether the gods may not perchance present  
 Means and fit moment for a joyful flight  
 Dreaded or not the stroke of death must come  
 And though the priestess stood with hand uprais'd,  
 Prepar'd to cut our consecrated locks  
 Our safety still should be my only thought  
 Uplift thy soul above this weak despair  
 Desponding doubts but hasten on our peril  
 Apollo pledg'd to us his sacred word  
 That in his sister's holy fane for thee  
 Were comfort aid and glad return prepar'd  
 The words of Heaven are not equivocal  
 As in despair the poor oppress'd one thinks

## ORESTES

The mystic web of life my mother spread  
 Around my infant head and so I grew  
 An image of my sire and my mute look  
 Was aye a bitter and a keen reproof  
 To her and base Egisthus Oh, how oft  
 When silently within our gloomy hall  
 Electra sat and mus'd beside the fire  
 Have I with anguish'd spirit climb'd her knee  
 And watch'd her bitter tears with sad amaze!  
 Then would she tell me of our noble sire  
 How much I long'd to see him—be with him!  
 Myself at Troy one moment fondly wish'd  
 My sire's return the next The day arriv'd—

## PYLADES

Oh of that awful hour let fiends of hell  
 Hold nightly converse! Of a time more fair  
 May the remembrance animate our hearts  
 To fresh heroic deeds The gods require  
 On this wide earth the service of the good

To work their pleasure Still they count on thee,  
 For in thy father's train they sent thee not,  
 When he to Orcus went unwilling down

ORESTES

Would I had seiz'd the border of his robe,  
 And follow'd him!

PYLADES

They kindly car'd for me  
 Who here detain'd thee for if thou hadst died  
 I know not what had then become of me  
 Since I with thee and for thy sake alone  
 Have from my childhood liv'd and wish to live

ORFSTES

Do not remind me of those tranquil days  
 When me thy home a safe asylum gave  
 With fond solicitude thy noble sire  
 The half nipp'd tender flower'd gently rear'd  
 While thou a friend and playmate always gay  
 Like to a light and brilliant butterfly  
 Around a dusky flower didst round me  
 Still with new life thy merry gambols play  
 And breathe thy joyous spirit in my soul  
 Until my cares forgetting I with thee  
 Was lur'd to snatch the eager joys of youth

PYLADES

My very life began when thee I lov'd

ORESTES

Say then thy woes began and thou speak'st truly  
 This is the sharpest sorrow of my lot  
 That like a plague infected wretch I bear  
 Death and destruction hid within my breast  
 That where I tread e'en on the healthiest spot,  
 Ere long the blooming faces round betray  
 The writhing features of a ling'ring death

PYLADES

Were thy breath venom I had been the first  
 To die that death Orestes Am I not  
 As ever full of courage and of joy?  
 And love and courage are the spirit's wings  
 Wafting to noble actions

## ORESTES

Noble actions?

Time was when fancy painted such before us!  
 When oft the game pursuing on we roam'd  
 O'er hill and valley hoping that ere long  
 With club and weapon arm'd we so might track  
 The robber to his den or monster huge  
 And then at twilight by the glassy sea  
 We peaceful sat reclin'd against each other  
 The waves came dancing to our very feet  
 And all before us lay the wide wide world  
 Then on a sudden one would seize his sword  
 And future deeds shone round us like the stars  
 Which gemm'd in countless throngs the vault of night.

## IYLADES

Endless my friend the projects which the soul  
 Burns to accomplish We would every deed  
 At once perform as grandly as it shows  
 After long ages when from land to land  
 The poet's swelling song hath roll'd it on  
 It sounds so lovely what our fathers did  
 When in the silent evening shade reclin'd  
 We drink it in with music's melting tones  
 And what we do is as their deeds to them  
 Toilsome and incomplete!  
 Thus we pursue what always flies before  
 We disregard the path in which we tread  
 Scarce see around the footsteps of our sires  
 Or heed the trace of their career on earth  
 We ever hasten on to chase their shades  
 Which godlike at a distance far remote  
 On golden clouds reclin'd the mountains crown  
 The man I prize not who esteems himself  
 Just as the people's breath may chance to raise him  
 But thou Orestes to the gods give thanks  
 That they have done so much through thee already

## ORESTES

When they ordain a man to noble deeds  
 To shield from dire calamity his friends  
 Extend his empire or protect its bounds  
 Or put to flight its ancient enemies,

Let him be grateful! For to him a god  
 Imparts the first the sweetest joy of life  
 Me have they doom'd to be a slaughterer,  
 To be an honour'd mother's murderer  
 And shamefully a deed of shame avenging  
 Me through their own decree they have o'erwhelm'd  
 Trust me the race of Tantalus is doom'd  
 Nor may his last descendant leave the earth  
 Or crown'd with honour or unstain'd by crime

PYLADES

The gods avenge not on the son the deed  
 Done by the father Each or good or bad  
 Of his own actions reaps the due reward  
 The parents' blessing not their curse descends

ORESTES

Methinks their blessing did not lead us here

PYLADES

It was at least the mighty gods' decree

ORESTES

Then is it their decree which doth destroy us

PYLADES

Perform what they command and wait the event  
 Do thou Apollo's sister bear from hence  
 That they at Delphi may united dwell  
 Rever'd and honour'd by a noble race  
 Thee for this deed the heavenly pair will view  
 With gracious eye and from the hateful grasp  
 Of the infernal Powers will rescue thee  
 E'en now none dares intrude within this grove

ORLESTES

So shall I die at least a peaceful death

PYLADES

Far other are my thoughts and not unskill'd  
 Have I the future and the past combin'd  
 In quiet meditation Long perchance  
 Hath ripen'd in the counsel of the gods  
 The great event Diana wish'd to leave  
 This savage region foul with human blood  
 We were selected for the high emprise  
 To us it is assign'd and strangely thou  
 We are conducted to the threshold here

ORESTES

My friend with wondrous skill thou linkst thy wish  
With the predestin'd purpose of the gods

PYLADES

Of what avail is prudence if it fulfil  
Heedful to mark the purposes of Heaven?  
A noble man who much hath sinn'd some god  
Doth summon to a dangerous enterprise,  
Which to achieve appears impossible  
The hero conquers and atoning serves  
Mortals and gods who thenceforth honour him

ORESTES

Am I foredoom'd to action and to life  
Would that a god from my distemper'd brain  
Might chase this dizzy fever which impels  
My restless steps along a slippery path  
Stain'd with a mother's blood to direful death  
And pitying dry the fountain whence the blood,  
For ever spouting from a mother's wounds  
Eternally defiles me!

PYLADES

Wait in peace!

Thou dost increase the evil and dost take  
The office of the Furies on thyself  
Let me contrive —be still! And when at length  
The time for action claims our powers combin'd,  
Then will I summon thee and on we'll stride  
With cautious boldness to achieve the event

ORESTES

I hear Ulysses speak!

PYLADES

Nay mock me not

Fach must select the hero after whom  
To climb the steep and difficult ascent  
Of high Olympus And to me it seems  
That him nor stratagem nor art defile  
Who consecrates himself to noble deeds

ORESTES

I most esteem the brave and upright man

## PYLADES

And therefore have I not desir'd thy counsel  
 One step is ta'en already from our guards  
 I have extorted this intelligence  
 A strange and godlike woman now restrains  
 The execution of that bloody law  
 Incense and prayer and an unsullied heart  
 These are the gifts she offers to the gods  
 Her fame is widely spread and it is thought  
 That from the race of Amazon she springs  
 And hither fled some great calamity

## ORESTES

Her gentle sway it seems lost all its power  
 At the approach of one so criminal  
 Whom the dire curse enshrouds in gloomy night  
 Our doom to seal the pious thirst for blood  
 Again unchains the ancient cruel rite  
 The monarch's savage will decrees our death  
 A woman cannot save when he condemns

## PYLADES

That tis a woman is a ground for hope!  
 A man the very best with cruelty  
 At length may so familiarize his mind  
 His character through custom so transform  
 That he shall come to make himself a law  
 Of what at first his very soul abhorr'd  
 But woman doth retain the stamp of mind  
 She first assum'd On her we may depend  
 In good or evil with more certainty  
 She comes leave us alone I dare not tell  
 At once our names nor unreserv'd confide  
 Our fortunes to her Now retire awhile  
 And ere she speaks with thee we'll meet again

## SCENE II

IPHIGENIA      PYLADES

IPHIGENIA

Whence art thou? Stranger speak! To me thy bearing  
Stamps thee of Grecian not of Scythian race

*(She unbinds his chains)*

The freedom that I give is dangerous  
The gods avert the doom that threatens you!

PYLADES

Delicious music! dearly welcome tones  
Of our own language in a foreign land!  
With joy my captive eye once more beholds  
The azure mountains of my native coast  
Oh let this joy that I too am a Greek  
Convince thee priestess! How I need thine aid,  
A moment I forget my spirit wrapt  
In contemplation of so fair a vision  
If fate's dread mandate doth not seal thy lips,  
From which of our illustrious races say  
Dost thou thy godlike origin derive?

IPHIGENIA

A priestess by the Goddess self ordain'd  
And consecrated too doth speak with thee  
Let that suffice but tell me who art thou,  
And what unblest do-erring destiny  
Hath hither led thee with thy friend?

PYLADES

The woe,

Whose hateful presence ever dogs our steps,  
I can with ease relate Oh would that thou  
Couldst with like ease divine one shed on us  
One ray of cheering hope! We are from Crete  
Adrastus sons and I the youngest born  
Named Cephalus my eldest brother he  
Laodamus Between us two a youth  
Of savage temper grew who oft disturb'd  
The joy and concord of our youthful sports  
Long as our father led his powers at Troy,

Passive our mother's mandate we obey'd  
 But when enrich'd with booty he return'd  
 And shortly after died a contest fierce  
 For the succession and their father's wealth  
 Parted the brothers I the eldest join'd,  
 He slew the second and the Furies hence  
 For kindred murder dog his restless steps  
 But to this savage shore the Delphian god  
 Hath sent us cheer'd by hope commanding us  
 Within his sister's temple to await  
 The blessed hand of aid We have been ta'en  
 Brought hither and now stand for sacrifice  
 My tale is told

IPHIGENIA

Tell me is Troy overthrow'n?

Assure me of its fall

PYLADES

It lies in ruins

But oh ensure deliverance to us!  
 Hasten I pray the promis'd aid of heav'n  
 Pity my brother say a kindly word  
 But I implore thee spare him when thou speakest  
 Too easily his inner mind is torn  
 By joy or grief or cruel memory  
 A feverish madness oft doth seize on him  
 Yielding his spirit beautiful and free  
 A prey to furies

IPHIGENIA

Great as is thy woe

Forget it I conjure thee for a while  
 Till I am satisfied

PYLADES

The stately town

Which ten long years withstood the Grecian host,  
 Now lies in ruins ne'er to rise again  
 Yet many a hero's grave will oft recall  
 Our sad remembrance to that barbarous shore,  
 There lies Achilles and his noble friend

IPHIGENIA

And are ye, godlike forms, reduc'd to dust!



PYLADES

Nor Palamede nor Ajax ere agail  
The daylight of their native land behold

IPHIGENIA

He speaks not of my father doth not name  
Him with the fallen He may yet survive '  
I may behold him ' still hope on my heart '

PYLADES

Yet happy are the thousands who receiv d  
Their bitter death blow from a hostile hand '  
For terror wild and end most tragical  
Some hostile angry deity prepar d  
Instead of triumph for the home returning  
Do human voices never reach this shore ?  
Far as their sound extends they bear the fame  
Of deeds unparallel d And is the woe  
Which fills Mycenc s halls with ceasele s sighs  
To thee a secret still ?—And know st thou not  
That Clytemncstra with Ægisthus aid  
Her royal consort artfully ensnar d  
And murder d on the day of his return ?—  
The monarch s house thou honourest ' I perceive  
Thv heaving bosom vainly doth contend  
With tidings fraught with such unlook d for woe  
Art thou the daughter of a friend ? or born  
Within the circuit of Mycenc s walls ?  
Do not conceal it nor avenge on me  
That here the horrid crime I first announc d

IPHIGENIA

Proceed and tell me how the deed was done

PYLADES

The day of his return as from the bath  
Arose the monarch tranquil and refresh d  
His robe demanding from his consort s hand  
A tangl d garment complicate with folds  
She o er his shoulders flung and noble head,  
And when as from a net he vainly strove  
To extricate himself the traitor base  
Ægisthus, smote him and envelop d thus  
Great Agamemnon sought the shades below,

IPHIGENIA

And what reward receiv'd the base accomplice?

PYLADES

A queen and kingdom he possess'd already

IPHIGENIA

Base passion prompted then the deed of shame?

PYLADES

And feelings cherish'd long of deep revenge

IPHIGENIA

How had the monarch injured Clytemnestra?

PYLADES

By such a dreadful deed that if on earth  
 Aught could exculpate murder it were this  
 To Aulis he allur'd her when the fleet  
 With unpropitious winds the goddess stay'd  
 And there a victim at Diana's shrine  
 The monarch for the welfare of the Greeks  
 Her eldest daughter doom'd. And this 'tis said,  
 Planted such deep abhorrence in her heart  
 That to Ægisthus she resign'd herself  
 And round her husband flung the web of death

IPHIGENIA (*veiling herself*)

It is enough! Thou wilt again behold me

PYLADES *alone*

The fortune of this royal house it seems  
 Doth move her deeply. Whoso'er she be  
 She must herself have known the monarch well —  
 For our good fortune from a noble house  
 She hath been sold to bondage. Peace my heart!  
 And let us steer our course with prudent zeal  
 Toward the star of hope which glcams upon us

## ACT THE THIRD

## SCENE I

IPHIGENIA      ORESTES

IPHIGENIA

Unhappy man I orly loose thy bonds  
 In token of a still severer doom  
 The freedom which the sanctuary imparts,

## PYLADES

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The daylight of their native land behold

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 Toward the star of hope which gleams upon us

## ACT THE THIRD

## SCENE I

IPHIGENIA ORESTES

IPHIGENIA

Unhappy man I only loose thy bonds  
 In token of a still severer doom  
 The freedom which the sanctuary imparts,

Like the last life gleam o'er the dying face  
 But heralds death. I cannot dare not say  
 Your doom is hopeless for with murder's hand,  
 Could I inflict the fatal blow myself?  
 And while I here am priestess of Diana  
 None be he who he may dare touch your heads  
 But the incensed king should I refuse  
 Compliance with the rites himself enjoined,  
 Will choose another virgin from my train  
 As my successor. Then alas! with nought,  
 Save ardent wishes can I succour you  
 Much honoured countryman! The humblest slave,  
 Who had but neared our sacred household hearth,  
 Is dearly welcome in a foreign land  
 How with proportioned joy and blessing then,  
 Shall I receive the man who doth recall  
 The image of the heroes whom I learn'd  
 To honour from my parents and who cheers  
 My inmost heart with flattering gleams of hope!

ORESTES

Does prudent forethought prompt thee to conceal  
 Thy name and race? or may I hope to know  
 Who like a heavenly vision meets me thus?

IPHIGENIA

Yes thou shalt know me. Now conclude the tale  
 Of which thy brother only told me half  
 Relate their end who coming home from Troy  
 On their own threshold met a doom severe  
 And most unlook'd for. I thought but a child  
 When first conducted hither well recall  
 The timid glance of wonder which I cast  
 On those heroic forms. When they went forth  
 It seem'd as though Olympus from her womb  
 Had cast the heroes of a by-gone world  
 To frighten Ilium and above them all  
 Great Agamemnon tower'd pre-eminent!  
 Oh tell me! Fell the hero in his home  
 Through Clytemnestra's and Ægisthus' wiles?

ORESTES

He fell!

## IPHIGENIA

Unblest Mycene! Thus the sons  
 Of Tantalus with barbarous hands have sown  
 Curse upon curse and as the shaken weed  
 Scatters around a thousand poison seeds  
 So they assassins ceaseless generate  
 Their children's children ruthless to destroy —  
 Now tell the remnant of thy brother's tale,  
 Which horror darkly hid from me before  
 How did the last descendant of the race —  
 The gentle child to whom the Gods assign'd  
 The office of avenger — how did he  
 Escape that day of blood? Did equal fate  
 Around Orestes throw Avernus net?  
 Say was he saved? and is he still alive?  
 And lives Electra too?

ORESTES

They both survive

IPHIGENIA

Golden Apollo lend thy choicest beams!  
 Lay them an offering at the throne of Jove!  
 For I am poor and dumb

ORESTES

If social bonds

Or ties more close connect thee with this house,  
 As this thy joy evinces rein thy heart  
 For insupportable the sudden plunge  
 From happiness to sorrow's gloomy depth  
 As yet thou only know'st the hero's death

IPHIGENIA

And is not this intelligence enough?

ORESTES

Half of the horror yet remains untold

IPHIGENIA

Electra and Orestes both survive  
 What have I then to fear?

ORESTES

And fear'st thou nought

For Clytemnestra?

IPHIGENIA

Her nor hope nor fear

Have power to save

ORESTES

She to the land of hope

Hath bid farewell

IPHIGENIA

Did her repentant hand

Shed her own blood ?

ORESTES

Not so yet her own blood

Inflicted death

IPHIGENIA

Speak less ambiguously

Uncertainty around my anxious head

Her dusky thousand folded pinion waves

ORESTES

Have then the powers above selected me  
 To be the herald of a dreadful deed  
 Which in the drear and soundless realms of night  
 I fain would hide for ever ? Gains't my will  
 Thy gentle voice constrains me to demands,  
 And shall receive a tale of distress  
 Electra on the day when fell her sire  
 Her brother from impending doom conceal'd,  
 Him Strophius his father's relative  
 With kindest care receiv'd and rear'd the child  
 With his own son named Pylades who soon  
 Around the stranger twin'd the bonds of love  
 And as they grew within their inmost souls  
 There sprang the burning longing to revenge  
 The monarch's death Unlook'd for and disguis'd  
 They reach Mycene feigning to have brought  
 The mournful tidings of Orestes' death  
 Together with his ashes Them the queen  
 Gladly receives Within the house they enter,  
 Orestes to Electra shows himself  
 She fans the fires of vengeance into flame  
 Which in the sacred presence of a mother  
 Had burn'd more dimly Silently she leads  
 Her brother to the spot where fell their sire,

Where lurid blood marks on the oft wash'd floor  
 With pallid streaks anticipate revenge  
 With fiery eloquence she pictures forth  
 Each circumstance of that atrocious deed —  
 Her own oppress'd and miserable life  
 The prosperous traitor's insolent demeanour  
 The perils threatening Agamemnon's race  
 From her who had become their stepmother,  
 Then in his hand the ancient dagger thrusts  
 Which often in the house of Tantalus  
 With savage fury rag'd — and by her son  
 Is Clytemnestra slain

## IPHIGENIA

Immortal powers!

Whose pure and blest existence glides away  
 'Mid ever shifting clouds me have ye kept  
 So many years secluded from the world  
 Retain'd me near yourselves consign'd to me  
 The childlike task to feed the sacred fire  
 And taught my spirit like the hallow'd flame  
 With never clouded brightness to aspire  
 To your pure mansions — but 't length to feel  
 With keener woe the misery of my house?  
 Oh tell me of the poor unfortunate!  
 Speak of Orestes!

## ORESTES

Would that he were dead!

Forth from his mother's blood her ghost arose  
 And to the ancient daughters of the night  
 Cries — Let him not escape — the matricide!  
 Pursue the victim dedicate to you!  
 They hear and glare around with hollow eyes  
 Like greedy eagles In their murky dens  
 They stir themselves and from the corners creep  
 Their comrades dire Remorse and pallid Fear,  
 Before them fumes a mist of Acheron  
 Perplexingly around the murderer's brow  
 The eternal contemplation of the past  
 Rolls in its cloudy circles Once again  
 The grisly band commission'd to destroy  
 Pollute earth's beautiful and heaven sown fields



From which an ancient curse had banish'd them.  
 Their rapid feet the fugitive pursue  
 They only pause to start a wilder fear

IPHIGENIA

Unhappy one thy lot resembles his,  
 Thou feel'st what he poor fugitive must suffer

ORESTES

What say'st thou? why presume my fate like his?

IPHIGENIA

A brother's murder weighs upon thy soul  
 Thy younger brother told the mournful tale

ORESTES

I cannot suffer that thy noble soul  
 Should be deceiv'd by error Rich in guile  
 And practis'd in deceit a stranger may  
 A web of falsehood cunningly devise  
 To snare a stranger —between us be truth  
 I am Orestes' and this guilty head  
 Is stooping to the tomb and covets death  
 It will be welcome now in any shape  
 Whoe'er thou art, for thee and for my friend  
 I wish deliverance —I desire it not  
 Thou seem'st to linger here against thy will  
 Contrive some means of flight and leave me here  
 My lifeless corpse hurl'd headlong from the rock  
 My blood shall mingle with the dashing waves  
 And bring a curse upon this barbarous shore!  
 Return together home to lovely Greece  
 With joy a new existence to commence

[ORESTES retires

IPHIGENIA

At length Fulfilment fairest child of Jove  
 Thou dost descend upon me from on high!  
 How vast thine image! scarce my straining eye  
 Can reach thy hands which fill'd with golden fruit  
 And wreaths of blessing from Olympus height  
 Shower treasures down As by his bounteous gifts  
 We recognize the monarch (for what seems  
 To thousands opulence is nought to him)  
 So you ye heavenly Powers are also known  
 By bounty long withheld, and wisely plann'd

Ye only know what things are good for us,  
 Ye view the future's wide extended realm,  
 While from our eye a dim or starry veil  
 The prospect shrouds. Calmly ye hear our prayers,  
 When we like children sue for greater speed.  
 Not immature ye pluck heaven's golden fruit,  
 And woe to him who with impatient hand,  
 His date of joy forestalling gathers death  
 Let not this long awaited happiness  
 Which yet my heart hath scarcely realized,  
 Like to the shadow of departed friends  
 Glide vainly by with triple sorrow fraught!

ORESTES *returning*

Dost thou for Pylades and for thyself  
 Implore the gods blend not my name with yours  
 Thou wilt not save the wretch whom thou wouldst join,  
 But wilt participate his curse and woe

IPHIGENIA

My destiny is firmly bound to thine

ORESTES

No say not so alone and unattended  
 Let me descend to Hades Though thou shouldst  
 In thine own veil enwrap the guilty one  
 Thou couldst not shroud him from his wakeful foes,  
 And e'en thy sacred presence heavenly maid,  
 Drives them aside but scares them not away  
 With brazen impious feet they dare not tread  
 Within the precincts of this sacred grove  
 Yet in the distance ever and anon  
 I hear their horrid laughter like the howl  
 Of famished wolves beneath the tree wherein  
 The traveller hides Without encamp'd they lie,  
 And should I quit this consecrated grove  
 Shaking their serpent locks they would arise,  
 And rousing clouds of dust on every side,  
 Ceaseless pursue their miserable prey

IPHIGENIA

Orestes canst thou hear a friendly word?

ORESTES

Reserve it for one favoured by the gods

IPHIGENIA

To thee they give anew the light of hope

ORESTES

Through clouds and smoke I see the feeble gleam  
Of the death stream which lights me down to hell

IPHIGENIA

Hast thou one sister only thy Electra ?

ORESTES

I knew but one yet her kind destiny  
Which seem'd to us so terrible betimes  
Removed an elder sister from the woe  
That dogs the race of Pelops Cease oh cease  
Thy questions maiden nor thus league thyself  
With the Eumenides who blow away  
With fiendish joy the ashes from my soul  
Lest the last spark of horror's fiery brand  
Should be extinguish'd there Must then the fire  
Deliberately kindl'd and supplied  
With hellish sulphur never cease to sear  
My tortur'd bosom ?

IPHIGENIA

In the flame I throw  
Sweet incense I set the gentle breath of love  
Low murmuring cool thy bosom's fiery glow  
Orestes fondly lov'd—canst thou not hear me ?  
Hath the terrific Furies grisly band  
Completely dried the lifeblood in thy veins ?  
Creeps there as from the Gorgon's direful head  
A petrifying charm through all thy limbs ?  
If hollow voices from a mother's blood  
Call thee to hell may not a sister's word  
With benediction pure ascend to heaven  
And summon thence some gracious power to aid thee ?

ORESTES

She calls ! she calls !—Thou too desir'st my death ?  
Is there a fury shrouded in thy form ?  
Who art thou that thy voice thus horribly  
Can harrow up my bosom's inmost depths ?

IPHIGENIA

Thine <sup>in</sup>most heart reveals it I am she—  
Iphigenia,—look on me Orestes !

ORESTES

Thou !

IPHIGENIA

My own brother !

ORESTES

Hence, away begone !

Touch not these locks I counsel thee from me  
 As from Creusa's bridal robe proceeds  
 An unextinguishable fire Depart !  
 Like Hercules an ignominious death  
 Unworthy wretch, lock'd in myself I'll die

IPHIGENIA

Thou shalt not perish ! Would that I might hear  
 One quiet word from thee ! dispel my doubts  
 Make sure the bliss I have implor'd so long  
 A wheel of joy and sorrow in my heart  
 Ceaseless revolves With shy reserve I turn  
 From one unknown but unto thee my brother  
 My inmost heart resistlessly impels me

ORLISIUS

Is this Lyæus temple ? Doth the glow  
 Of holy rage unbridl'd thus possess  
 The sacred priestess ?

IPHIGENIA

Hear me oh look up !

See how my heart which hath been clos'd so long  
 Doth open to the bliss of seeing thee  
 The dearest treasure that the world contains —  
 Of falling on thy neck and folding thee  
 Within my longing arms which have till now  
 Met the embraces of the empty wind  
 Do not repulse me — the eternal spring  
 Whose crystal waters from Parnassus flow  
 Bounds not more gaily on from rock to rock  
 Down to the golden vale than from my heart  
 The waters of affection freely gush,  
 And round me form a circling sea of bliss  
 Orestes ! Oh, my brother !

ORESTES

Lovely nymph !

Nor thy caresses, nor thyself I trust,

Diana claims attendants more severe  
 And doth avenge her desecrated fane  
 Remove thy circling arm ! and if thou wilt  
 Safety and love upon a youth bestow  
 Unto my friend more worthy than myself  
 Impart thy gifts among yon rocks he roves ,  
 Go seek him guide him hence and heed not me.

## IPHIGENIA

Brother command thyself and better know  
 Thy new found sister nor misconstrue thus  
 Her pure and heavenly joy Ye Gods remove  
 From his fix'd eye delusion lest this hour  
 Of highest bliss should make us trebly wretched !  
 Oh she is here thine own thy long lost sister  
 Whom great Diana from the altar snatch'd,  
 And safely plac'd here in her sacred fane  
 A captive thou prepar'd for sacrifice  
 And findest here a sister in the priestess.

## ORESTES

Accurs'd race ! Now may the sun behold  
 Your final doom Is not Electra here ?  
 That she with us may perish nor her life  
 For heavier doom and deeper woe reserve  
 'Tis well — I follow priestess ! Fratricide  
 Is an old custom of our ancient house  
 And you ye Gods I thank that ye resolve  
 Childless to root me hence Thee let me counsel  
 To view too fondly neither sun nor stars  
 Come follow to the gloomy realms below !  
 As dragons gender'd in the sulphur pool  
 Swallow each other with voracious rage  
 So our accurs'd race destroys itself  
 Childless and guiltless come below with me !  
 There's pity in thy look ! oh gaze not so —  
 'Twas with such looks that Clytemnestra sought  
 An entrance to her son Orestes heart  
 And yet his uprais'd arm her bosom pierc'd  
 His mother fell ! — Appear indignant shade !  
 Within the circle step ye fiends of hell  
 Be present at the welcome spectacle  
 The last most horrible, that ye prepare !

Nor hate, nor vengeance whets the poignard now,  
 A sister is constrain'd to deal the blow  
 Weep not! Thy guiltless soul is free from crime  
 From earliest infancy I nought have lov'd  
 As thou I could have lov'd my sister Come  
 The weapon raise spare not this bosom rend,  
 And make an outlet for its boiling streams!

*(He sinks exhausted.)*

## IPHIGENIA

Alone I cannot bear this bliss and woe  
 Where art thou Pylades? Thine aid I need

*(Iphigenia retires)*

## SCENE II

## ORLESTES

*Recovering from his swoon and standing up*

Give yet another! reach from Lethe's stream  
 The last reviving draught of cool refreshment!  
 Soon shall its waters in my bosom still  
 Life's fitful fever and my spirit then  
 Adown oblivion's stream shall glide to you,  
 Ye spirits shrouded in eternal mist  
 With tranquil pleasure in your deep repose  
 A weary son of earth may lave his soul!—  
 What whisp'ring sounds pervade the dreary grove?  
 What hollow murmurs haunt its twilight gloom?—  
 They gather round to view the stranger guest!  
 Who are yon troop in high communion met  
 Like an assembl'd family of princes?  
 They mingle peacefully of every age  
 And either sex yet are their godlike forms  
 Cast in a kindred mould 'Tis they 'tis they,  
 The fathers of my race! With Atreus  
 In friendly converse glides Thyestes' shade  
 And children playfully around them sport  
 Is there no enmity among you now?  
 And is revenge extinguish'd with the sun?  
 I then am welcome and may hope to join  
 Your solemn company My fathers hail!  
 Orestes last descendant of your race  
 Salutes you What ye sow'd, that hath he reap'd

Laden with curses he descends to you  
 But burdens here are lighter far to bear  
 Receive him oh receive him in your circle !  
 Thee Atreus I revere and thee Thyestes  
 Here all are free from enmity and hate —  
 Show me my father whom I only once  
 In life beheld — Art thou my father thou  
 My mother leading thus familiarly ?  
 Dares Clytemnestra reach her hand to thee,  
 Then may Orestes also draw near her  
 And say behold thy son ! — My ancestors  
 Behold your son and bid him welcome here  
 Among the sons of ancient Tantalus  
 A kind salute on earth was murder's watchword  
 And all their joys commence beyond the grave  
 Ye welcome me ! Ye bid me join your circle !  
 Oh lead me to my honour'd ancestor !  
 Where is the aged hero ? that I may  
 Behold the dear the venerable head  
 Of him who with the gods in council sat  
 You seem to shudder and to turn away ?  
 What may this mean ? Suffers the godlike man ?  
 Alas ! the mighty gods with ruthless hate  
 To his heroic breast with brazen chains  
 Have cruel pangs indissolubly bound

## SCENE III

ORESTES

IPHIGENIA

PYLADES

ORESTES

How ! are ye come already ? Sister welcome  
 Electra still is missing some kind god  
 With gentle arrow send her quickly hither  
 Thee my poor friend I must compassionate !  
 Come with me come to Pluto's gloomy throne  
 There to salute our hosts like stranger guests

IPHIGENIA

Celestial pair who from the realms above  
 By night and day shed down the beauteous light  
 To cheer mankind but who may not illumine  
 Departed spirits, save a mortal pair !

A brother's and a sister's anguish pity!  
 For thou Diana lov'st thy gentle brother  
 Beyond what earth and heaven can offer thee,  
 And dost with quiet yearning ever turn  
 Thy virgin face to his eternal light  
 Let not my only brother found so late  
 Rave in the darkness of insanity!  
 And is thy will when thou didst here conceal me  
 At length fulfill'd—wouldst thou to me through him,  
 To him through me thy gracious aid extend—  
 Oh free him from the fetters of this curse  
 Lest vainly pass the precious hours of safety

## PYLADES

Dost thou not know us and this sacred grove  
 And this blest light which shines not on the dead?  
 Dost thou not feel thy sister and thy friend  
 Who hold thee living in their firm embrace?  
 Grasp us! we are not shadows—Mark my words!  
 Collect thyself—each moment now is precious  
 And our return hangs on a slender thread  
 Which as it seems some gracious fate doth spin

## ORESTES to IPHIGENIA

My sister let me for the first time taste  
 With open heart pure joy within thine arms!  
 Ye gods who charge the heavy clouds with dread,  
 And sternly gracious send the long sought rain  
 With thunder and the rush of mighty winds  
 A horrid deluge on the trembling earth  
 Yet dissipate at length man's dread suspense  
 Exchanging timid wonder's anxious gaze  
 For grateful looks and joyous songs of praise  
 When in each sparkling drop which gilds the leaves,  
 Apollo thousand fold reflects his beam  
 And Iris colours with a magic hand  
 The dusky texture of the parting clouds  
 Oh let me also in my sister's arms  
 And on the bosom of my friend enjoy  
 With grateful thanks the bliss ye now bestow!  
 My heart assures me that your curses cease  
 The dread Eumenides at length retire,  
 The brazen gates of Tartarus I hear



Behind them closing with a thund ring clang  
 A quick ning odour from the earth ascends  
 Inviting me to chase upon its plains  
 The joys of life and deeds of high emprise

PYLADES

Lose not the moments which are limited !  
 The favouring gale which swells our parting sail  
 Must to Olympus waft our perfect joy  
 Quick counsel and resolve the time demands

## ACT THE FOURTH

### SCENE I

IPHIGENIA

When the Powers on high decree  
 For a feeble child of earth  
 Dire perplexity and woe  
 And his spirit doom to pass  
 With tumult wild from joy to grief  
 And back again from grief to joy  
 In fearful alternation  
 They in mercy then provide  
 In the precincts of his home  
 Or upon the distant shore  
 That to him may never fail  
 Ready help in hours of need  
 A tranquil faithful friend  
 Oh bless ye heavenly powers our Pylades  
 And every project that his mind may form !  
 In combat his the vigorous arm of youth  
 And in the counsel his the eye of age  
 His soul is tranquil in his inner mind  
 He guards a sacred undisturb'd repose  
 And from its silent depths a rich supply  
 Of aid and counsel draws for the distress'd  
 He tore me from my brother upon whom,  
 With fond amaze I gaz'd and gaz'd again  
 I could not realize my happiness  
 Nor loose him from my arms and heeded not  
 The danger's near approach that threatens us  
 To execute their project of escape,

They hasten to the sea where in a bay  
 Their comrades in the vessel lie conceal'd  
 And wait a signal Me they have supplied  
 With artful answers should the monarch send  
 To urge the sacrifice Alas! I see  
 I must consent to follow like a child  
 I have not learn'd deception nor the art  
 To gain with crafty wiles my purposes  
 Detested falsehood! it doth not relieve  
 The breast like words of truth it comforts not  
 But is a torment in the forger's heart  
 And like an arrow which a god directs  
 Flies back and wounds the archer Through my heart  
 One fear doth chase another perhaps with rage  
 Again on the unconsecrated shore  
 The Furies grisly band my brother seize  
 Perchance they are surpris'd? Methinks I hear  
 The tread of armed men A messenger  
 Is coming from the king with hasty steps  
 How throbs my heart how troubl'd is my soul  
 Now that I see the countenance of one  
 Whom with a word untrue I must encounter!

## SCENE II

IPHIGENIA      ARKAS

ARKAS

Priestess with speed conclude the sacrifice!  
 Impatiently the king and people wait

IPHIGENIA

I had perform'd my duty and thy will  
 Had not an unforeseen impediment  
 The execution of my purpose thwarted

ARKAS

What is it that obstructs the king's commands

IPHIGENIA

Chance which from mortals will not brook control

ARKAS

Possess me with the reason that with speed  
 I may inform the king who hath decreed  
 The death of both

IPHIGENIA

The gods have not decreed it  
 The elder of these men doth bear the guilt  
 Of kindred murder on his steps attend  
 The dread Eumenides They seiz'd their prey  
 Within the inner fane polluting thus  
 The holy sanctuary I hasten now  
 Together with my virgin train to bathe  
 Diana's image in the sea and there  
 With solemn rites its purity restore  
 Let none presume our silent march to follow!

ARKAS

This hindrance to the monarch I'll announce  
 Do not commence the rite till he permit

IPHIGENIA

The priestess interferes alone in this

ARKAS

An incident so strange the king should know

IPHIGENIA

Here nor his counsel nor command avails

ARIAS

Oft are the great consulted out of form

IPHIGENIA

Do not insist on what I must refuse

ARKAS

A needful and a just demand I refuse not

IPHIGENIA

I yield if thou delay not

ARIAS

I with speed

Will bear these tidings to the camp and soon  
 Acquaint thee priestess with the king's reply  
 There is a message I would gladly bear him

'Twould quickly banish all perplexity  
 Thou didst not heed thy faithful friend's advice

IPHIGENIA

I willingly have done whatever I could

ARKAS

Even now 'tis not too late to change thy mind

IPHIGENIA

To do so is, alas beyond our power

ARKAS

What thou wouldst shun thou deemst impossible

IPHIGENIA

Thy wish doth make thee deem it possible

ARKAS

Wilt thou so calmly venture everything?

IPHIGENIA

My fate I have committed to the gods

ARKAS

The gods are wont to save by human means

IPHIGENIA

By their appointment everything is done

ARKAS

Believe me all doth now depend on thee

The irritated temper of the king

Alone condemns these men to bitter death

The soldiers from the cruel sacrifice

And bloody service long have been disused

Nay many whom their adverse fortunes cast

In foreign regions there themselves have felt

How godlike to the exiled wanderer

The friendly countenance of man appears

Do not deprive us of thy gentle aid!

With ease thou canst thy sacred task fulfil

For nowhere doth benignity which comes

In human form from heaven so quickly gain

An empire o'er the heart as where a race

Gloomy and savage full of life and power

Without external guidance and oppress'd

With vague forebodings bear life's heavy load

IPHIGENIA

Shake not my spirit which thou canst not bend

According to thy will

ARKAS

While there is time,  
Nor labour nor persuasion shall be spared

IPHIGENIA

Thy labour but occasions pain to me

Both are in vain, therefore, I pray depart

ARKAS

I summon pain to aid me tis a friend  
Who counsels wisely

IPHIGENIA

Though t shakes my soul,  
It doth not banish thence my strong repugnance

ARKAS

Can then a gentle soul repugnance feel  
For benefits bestow d by one so noble ?

IPHIGENIA

Yes when the donor for those benefits  
Instead of gratitude demands myself

ARKAS

Who no affection feels doth never want  
Excuses To the king I ll now relate  
All that has happen d Oh that in thy soul  
Thou wouldst revolve his noble conduct priestess,  
Since thy arrival to the present day !

## SCENE III

IPHIGENIA *alone*

These words at an unseasonab'c hour  
Produce a strong revulsion in my breast,  
I am alarm d'—I or as the rushing tide  
In rapid currents eddies o'er the rocks  
Which lie among the sand upon the shore  
Even so a stream of joy overwhelm d my soul  
I grasp d what had appear d impossible  
It was as though another gentle cloud  
Around me lay to raise me from the earth  
And rock n y spirit in the same sweet sleep  
Which the kind goddess shed around my brow  
What time her circlin'g arm from danger snatch d me  
My brother forcibly engross d my heart  
I listen d only to his friend s advice  
My soul rush d eagerly to rescue them  
And as the mariner with joy surveys  
The less ning breakers of a desert isle  
So Tauris lay behind me But the voice  
Of faithful Arkas wakes me from my dream,

Reminding me that those whom I forsake  
 Are also men Deceit doth now become  
 Doubly detested O my soul be still!  
 Begin st thou now to tremble and to doubt?  
 Thy lonely shelter on the firm set earth  
 Must thou abandon? and embark'd once more,  
 At random drift upon tumultuous waves  
 A stranger to thyself and to the world?

## SCENE IV

IPHIGENIA PYLADES

PYLADES

Where is she? that my words with speed may tell  
 The joyful tidings of our near escape!

IPHIGENIA

Oppress'd with gloomy care I much require  
 The certain comfort thou dost promise me

PYLADES

Thy brother is restor'd! The rocky paths  
 Of this unconsecrated shore we trod  
 In friendly converse while behind us lay  
 Unmark'd by us the consecrated grove  
 And ever with increasing glory shone  
 The fire of youth around his noble brow  
 Courage and hope his glowing eye inspir'd  
 And his free heart exulted with the joy  
 Of saving thee his sister and his friend

IPHIGENIA

The gods shower blessings on thee Pylades!  
 And from those lips which breathe such welcome news  
 Be the sad note of anguish never heard!

PYLADES

I bring yet more — for Fortune like a prince  
 Comes not alone but well accompanied  
 Our friends and comrades we have also found  
 Within a bay they had conceal'd the ship  
 And mournful sat expectant They behold  
 Thy brother and a joyous shout uprais'd  
 Imploring him to haste the parting hour  
 Each hand impatient long'd to grasp the oar,

While from the shore a gently murmuring breeze  
 Perceiv'd by all unfurl'd its wing auspicious  
 Let us then hasten guide me to the fane  
 That I may tread the sanctuary and seize  
 With sacred awe the object of our hopes  
 I can unaided on my shoulder bear  
 Diana's image how I long to feel  
 The precious burden!

[ *While speaking the last words he approaches the Temple  
 without perceiving that he is not followed by Iphigeneia  
 at length he turns round* ]

Why thus lingering stand?  
 Why art thou silent? wherefore thus confus'd?  
 Doth some new obstacle oppose our bliss?  
 Inform me hast thou to the King announc'd  
 The prudent message we agreed upon?

IPHIGENIA

I have dear Pylades yet wilt thou chide  
 Thy very aspect is a mute reproach  
 The royal messenger arriv'd and I  
 According to thy counsel from'd my speech  
 He seem'd surpris'd and urgently besought  
 That to the monarch I should first announce  
 The rite unusual and attend his will  
 I now await the messenger's return

PYLADES

Danger again doth hover o'er our heads!  
 O priestess why neglect to shroud thyself  
 Within the veil of sacerdotal rites?

IPHIGENIA

I never have employ'd them as a veil

PYLADES

Pure soul! thy scruples will destroy alike  
 Thyself and us Why did I not foresee  
 Such an emergency and tutor thee  
 This counsel also wisely to elude?

IPHIGENIA

Chide only me for mine alone the blame  
 Yet other answer could I not return  
 To him, who strongly and with reason urg'd  
 What my own heart acknowledg'd to be right

## PYLADES

The danger thickens but let us be firm  
 Nor with incautious haste betray ourselves,  
 Calmly await the messenger's return  
 And then stand fast whatever his reply  
 For the appointment of such sacred rites  
 Doth to the priestess not the king belong  
 Should he demand the stranger to behold  
 Who is by madness heavily oppress'd  
 Evasively pretend that in the fane  
 Securely guarded thou retain'st us both  
 Thus you secure us time to fly with speed  
 Bearing the sacred treasure from this race  
 Unworthy its possession Phœbus sends  
 Auspicious omens and fulfils his word  
 Ere we the first conditions have perform'd  
 Free is Orestes from the curse absolv'd!  
 Oh with the freed one to the rocky isle  
 Where dwells the god wait us propitious gales!  
 Thence to Mycene that she may revive  
 That from the ashes of the extinguish'd hearth  
 The household gods may joyously arise  
 And beauteous fire illumine their abode!  
 Thy hand from golden censers first shall strew  
 The fragrant incense O'er that threshold thou  
 Shalt life and blessing once again dispense  
 The curse atone and all thy kindred grace  
 With the fresh bloom of renovated life

## IPHIGENIA

As doth the flower revolve to meet the sun  
 Once more my spirit to sweet comfort turns  
 Struck by thy words invigorating ray  
 How dear the counsel of a present friend  
 Lacking whose godlike power the lonely one  
 In silence droops! for lodg'd within his breast  
 Slowly are ripen'd purpose and resolve  
 Which friendship's genial warmth had soon matur'd

## PYLADES

Farewell! I haste to re-assure our friends  
 Who anxiously await us then with speed  
 I will return and hid within the brake



Attend thy signal — Wherefore all at once  
Doth anxious thought o'ercloud thy brow serene ?

IPHIGENIA

Forgive me ! As light clouds athwart the sun,  
So cares and fears float darkling o'er my soul

PYLADES

Oh banish fear ! With danger I hath formed  
A close alliance — they are constant friends

IPHIGENIA

It is an honest scruple which forbids  
That I should cunningly deceive the king  
And plunder him who was my second sire

PYLADES

Him thou dost fly who would have slain thy brother

IPHIGENIA

To me at least he hath been ever kind

PYLADES

What Fate commands is not ingratitude

IPHIGENIA

Alas ! it still remains ingratitude,  
Necessity alone can justify it

PYLADES

Thee before gods and men it justifies

IPHIGENIA

But my own heart is still unsatisfied

PYLADES

Scruples too rigid are a cloak for pride

IPHIGENIA

I cannot argue I can only feel

PYLADES

Conscious of right thou shouldst respect thyself

IPHIGENIA

Then only doth the heart know perfect ease  
When not a stain pollutes it

PYLADES

In this fane

Pure hast thou kept thy heart Life teaches us  
To be less strict with others and ourselves  
Thou hast learn'd the lesson too So wonderful  
Is human nature and its varied ties  
Are so involved and complicated that none

May hope to keep his inmost spirit pure  
 And walk without perplexity through life  
 Nor are we call'd upon to judge ourselves,  
 With circumspection to pursue his path  
 Is the immediate duty of a man  
 For seldom can he rightly estimate  
 Or his past conduct or his present deeds

IPHIGENIA

Almost thou dost persuade me to consent

PYLADES

Needs there persuasion when no choice is granted?<sup>d</sup>  
 To save thyself thy brother and a friend  
 One path presents itself and canst thou ask  
 If we shall follow it?<sup>d</sup>

IPHIGENIA

Still let me pause

For such injustice thou couldst not thyself  
 Calmly return for benefits receiv'd

PYLADES

If we should perish bitter self reproach  
 Forerunner of despair will be thy portion  
 It seems thou art not used to suffer much,  
 When to escape so great calamity  
 Thou canst refuse to utter one false word

IPHIGENIA

Oh that I bore within a manly heart!  
 Which when it hath conceiv'd a bold resolve,  
 Gains't every other voice doth close itself

PYLADES

In vain thou dost refuse with iron hand  
 Necessity commands her stern decree  
 Is law supreme to which the gods themselves  
 Must yield submission In dread silence rules  
 The uncounsell'd sister of eternal fate  
 What she appoints thee to endure—endure,  
 What to perform,—perform The rest thou know'st.  
 Ere long I will return and then receive  
 The seal of safety from thy sacred hand

## SCENE V

IPHIGENIA *alone*

I must obey him for I see my friends  
 Beset with peril Yet my own sad fate  
 Doth with increasing anguish move my heart  
 May I no longer feed the silent hope  
 Which in my solitude I fondly cherish'd ?  
 Shall the dire curse eternally endure ?  
 And shall our fated race ne'er rise again  
 With blessings crown'd ?—All mortal things decay !  
 The noblest powers the purest joys of life  
 At length subside then wherefore not the curse ?  
 And have I vainly hop'd that guarded here  
 Secluded from the fortunes of my race  
 I with pure heart and hands some future day  
 Might cleanse the deep defilement of our house ?  
 Scarce was my brother in my circling arms  
 From raging madness suddenly restor'd  
 Scarce had the ship long pray'd for near'd the strand  
 Once more to waft me to my native shores  
 When unrelenting fate with iron hand  
 A double crime enjoins commanding me  
 To steal the image sacred and rever'd  
 Confided to my care and him deceive  
 To whom I owe my life and destiny  
 Let not abhorrence spring within my heart !  
 Nor the old Titan's hate toward you ye gods  
 Infix its vulture talons in my breast !  
 Save me and save your image in my soul !  
 An ancient song comes back upon mine ear—  
 I had forgotten it and willingly—  
 The Parcæ's song which horribly they sang  
 What time hurl'd headlong from his golden seat  
 Fell Tantalus They with their noble friend  
 Keen anguish suffer'd savage was their breast  
 And horrible their song In days gone by  
 When we were children oft our ancient nurse  
 Would sing it to us and I mark'd it well

Oh fear the immortals  
 Ye children of men !  
 Eternal dominion  
 They hold in their hands  
 And o'er their wide empire  
 Wield absolute sway  
 Whom they have exalted  
 Let him fear them most !  
 Around golden tables  
 On cliffs and clouds resting  
 The seats are prepar'd  
 If contest ariseth  
 The guests are hurl'd headlong  
 Disgrac'd and dishonour'd  
 And fetter'd in darkness  
 Await with vain longing  
 A juster decree  
 But in feasts everlasting  
 Around the gold tables  
 Still dwell the immortals  
 From mountain to mountain  
 They stride while ascending  
 From fathomless chasms  
 The breath of the Titans  
 Half stifl'd with a rush  
 Like volumes of incense  
 Issues up to the skies  
 From races ill-fated  
 Their aspect joy-bringing  
 Oft turn the celestial  
 And shun in the children  
 To gaze on the features  
 Once lov'd and still speak  
 Of their mighty sire  
 Thus sternly the Gates sang  
 Immur'd in his dungeon  
 The banish'd one listens  
 The song of the Pæon  
 His children's doom ponders  
 And boweth his head

## ACT THE FIFTH

## SCENE I

THOAS      ARKAS

ARKAS

I own I am perplex'd and scarcely know  
 Gainst whom to point the shaft of my suspicion  
 Whether the priestess aids the captives flight  
 Or they themselves clandestinely contrive it  
 'Tis rumour'd that the ship which brought them here  
 Is lurking somewhere in a bay conceal'd  
 This stranger's madness these new lustral rites,  
 The specious pretext for delay excite  
 Mistrust and call aloud for vigilance

THOAS

Summon the priestess to attend me here !  
 Then go with speed and strictly search the shore,  
 From yon projecting land to Dian's grove  
 Forbear to violate its sacred depths  
 A watchful ambush set attack and seize  
 According to your wont whome'er ye find

[*Arkas retires*]

## SCENE II

THOAS *alone*

Fierce anger rages in my riven breast  
 First against her whom I esteem'd so pure  
 Then gainst myself whose foolish lenity  
 Hath fashion'd her for treason Man is soon  
 Inur'd to slavery and quickly learns  
 Submission, when of freedom quite depriv'd  
 If she had fallen in the savage hands  
 Of my rude sires and had their holy rage  
 Forborne to slay her grateful for her life  
 She would have recogniz'd her destiny  
 Have shed before the shrine the stranger's blood  
 And duty nam'd what was necessity  
 Now my forbearance in her breast allures  
 Audacious wishes Vainly I had hop'd

To bind her to me rather she contrives  
 To shape an independent destiny  
 She won my heart through flattery and now  
 That I oppose her seeks to gain her ends  
 By fraud and cunning and my kindness deems  
 A worthless and prescriptive property

## SCENE III

IPHIGENIA THOAS

IPHIGENIA

Me hast thou summon'd? wherefore art thou here?

THOAS

Wherefore delay the sacrifice? inform me

IPHIGENIA

I have acquainted Arkas with the reasons

THOAS

From thee I wish to hear them more at large

IPHIGENIA

The goddess for reflection grants thee time

THOAS

To thee this time seems also opportune

IPHIGENIA

If to this cruel deed thy heart is steel'd  
 Thou shouldst not come! A king who meditates  
 A deed inhuman may find slaves enow  
 Willing for hire to bear one half the curse  
 And leave the monarch's presence undefil'd  
 Enwrap't in gloomy clouds he forges death  
 Whose flaming arrow on his victim's head  
 His hirelings hurl while he above the storm  
 Remains untroubled an impassive god

THOAS

A wild song priestess issued from thy lips

IPHIGENIA

No priestess king! but Agamemnon's daughter  
 While yet unknown thou didst respect my words  
 A princess now—and thinkst thou to command me?  
 From youth I have been tutor'd to obey,  
 My parents first and then the deity,

And thus obeying ever hath my soul  
 Known sweetest freedom But nor then nor now  
 Have I been taught compliance with the voice  
 And savage mandates of a man

THOAS

Not I

An ancient law doth claim obedience from thee

IPHIGENIA

Our passions eagerly catch hold of laws  
 Which they can wield as weapons But to me  
 Another law one far more ancient speaks  
 And doth command me to withstand thee king  
 That law declaring sacred every stranger

THOAS

These men methinks lie very near thy heart  
 When sympathy with them can lead thee thus  
 To violate discretion's primal law  
 That those in power should never be provoked

IPHIGENIA

Speaking or silent thou canst always know  
 What is and ever must be in my heart  
 Doth not remembrance of a common doom  
 To soft compassion melt the hardest heart?  
 How much more mine! in them I see myself  
 I trembling kneel'd before the altar once  
 And solemnly the shade of early death  
 Environ'd me Aloft the knife was rais'd  
 To pierce my bosom throbbing with warm life  
 A dizzy horror overwhelm'd my soul  
 My eyes grew dim —I found myself in safety  
 Are we not bound to render the distress'd  
 The gracious kindness from the gods receiv'd?  
 Thou knowst we are and yet wilt thou compel me?

THOAS

Obey thine office priestess not the king

IPHIGENIA

Cease! nor thus seek to cloak the savage force  
 Which triumphs o'er a woman's feebleness  
 Though woman I am born as free as man  
 Did Agamemnon's son before thee stand  
 And thou requiredst what became him not,

His arm and trusty weapon would defend  
 His bosom's freedom I have only words  
 But it becomes a noble minded man  
 To treat with due respect the words of woman

THOAS

I more respect them than a brother's sword

IPHIGENIA

Uncertain ever is the chance of arms  
 No prudent warrior doth despise his foe  
 Nor yet defenceless & unskilful  
 Hath nature left the weak she gives him craft  
 And wily cunning artful he delays  
 Evades eludes and finally escapes  
 Such arms are justified by violence

THOAS

But circumspection countervails deceit

IPHIGENIA

Which a pure spirit doth abhor to use

THOAS

Do not incautiously condemn thyself

IPHIGENIA

Oh couldst thou see the struggle of my soul  
 Courageously to ward the first attack  
 Of an unhappy doom which threatens me!  
 Do I then stand before thee weaponless?  
 Prayer lovely prayer fair branch in woman's hand  
 More potent far than instruments of war  
 Thou dost thrust back What now remains for me  
 Wherewith my inborn freedom to defend?  
 Must I implore a miracle from heaven?  
 Is there no power within my spirit's depths?

THOAS

Extravagant thy interest in the fate  
 Of these two strangers Tell me who they are  
 For whom thy heart is thus so deeply mov'd

IPHIGENIA

They are—they seem at least—I think them Greeks

THOAS

Thy countrymen no doubt they have renew'd  
 The pleasing picture of return



IPHIGENIA *after a pause*

Doth man

Lay undisputed claim to noble deeds ?  
 Doth he alone to his heroic breast  
 Clasp the impossible ? What call we great ?  
 What deeds though oft narrated still uplift  
 With shudd'ring horror the narrator's soul  
 But those which with improbable success  
 The valiant have attempted ? Shall the man  
 Who all alone steals on his foes by night  
 And rising like an unexpected fire  
 Destroys the slumbering host and press'd at length  
 By rous'd opponents on his foemen's steeds,  
 Retreats with booty—be alone extoll'd ?  
 Or he who scornin' safety boldly roams  
 Throu' woods and dreary wilds to scour the land  
 Of thieves and robbers ? Is nought left for us ?  
 Must gentle woman quite forego her nature  
 Force against force employ—like Amazons  
 Usurp the sword from man and bloodily  
 Revenge oppression. In my heart I feel  
 The stirrings of a noble enterprize  
 But if I fail—scarcely reproach 'alas !  
 And bitter misery will be my doom  
 Thus on my knees I supplicate the gods  
 Oh are ye truthful as men say ye are  
 Now prove it by your countenance and aid,  
 Honour the truth in me ! Attend O King !  
 A secret plot is laid 'tis vain to ask  
 Touching the captives they are gone and seek  
 Their comrades who await them on the shore  
 The eldest—he whom madness lately seiz'd  
 And who is now recover'd—is Orestes  
 My brother and the other Pylades  
 His early friend and faithful confidant  
 From Delphi Phœbus sent them to this shore  
 With a divine command to steal away  
 The image of Diana and to him  
 Bear back the sister promising for this  
 Redemption to the blood stain'd matricide  
 I have deliver'd now into thy hands

The remnants of the house of Tantalus  
 Destroy us—if thou canst

THOAS

And dost thou think

The savage Scythian will attend the voice  
 Of truth and of humanity unheard  
 By the Greck Atreus ?

IPHIGENIA

Tis heard by all

Whate'er may be their clime within whose breast  
 Flows pure and free the gushing stream of life —  
 What silent purpose broods within thy soul ?  
 Is it destruction ? Let me perish first !  
 For now deliverance hopeless I perceive  
 The dreadful peril into which I have  
 With rash precipitancy plung'd my friends  
 Alas ! I soon shall see them bound before me !  
 How to my brother shall I say farewell ?  
 I the unhappy author of his death  
 Ne'er can I gaze again in his dear eyes !

THOAS

The traitors have contriv'd a cunning web  
 And cast it round thee who secluded long  
 Giv'st willing credence to thine own desires

IPHIGENIA

No no ! I'd pledge my life these men are true  
 And shouldst thou find them otherwise O king  
 Then let them perish both and cast me forth  
 That on some rock-girt island's dreary shore  
 I may atone my folly Are they true  
 And is this man indeed my dear Orestes  
 My brother long implor'd —release us both  
 And o'er us stretch the kind protecting arm  
 Which long hath shelter'd me My noble sire  
 Fell through his consort's guilt —she by her son  
 On him alone the hope of Atreus' race  
 Doth now repose Oh with pure heart and hands  
 Let me depart to expiate our house  
 Yes thou wilt keep thy promise thou didst swear  
 That were a safe return provided me  
 I should be free to go The hour is come

A king doth never grant like common men,  
 Merely to gain a respite from petition  
 Nor promise what he hopes will ne'er be claim'd  
 Then first he feels his dignity complete  
 When he can make the long expecting happy

THOAS

As fire opposes water and doth seek  
 With hissing rage to overcome its foe  
 So doth my anger strive against thy words

IPHIGENIA

Let mercy like the consecrated flame  
 Of silent sacrifice encircled round  
 With songs of gratitude and joy and praise  
 Above the tumult gently rise to heaven

THOAS

How often hath this voice assuaged my soul!

IPHIGENIA

Extend thy hand to me in sign of peace

THOAS

Largely thy demand within so short a time

IPHIGENIA

Benevolence doth no reflection need

THOAS

'Tis needed oft for evil springs from good

IPHIGENIA

'Tis doubt which good doth oft to evil turn  
 Consider not act as thy feelings prompt thee

## SCENE IV

ORSTES (*armed*)      IPHIGENIA      THOAS

ORSTES *addressing his followers*

Redouble your exertions! hold them back!  
 Few moments will suffice return your ground  
 And keep a passage open to the ship  
 For me and for my sister

To IPHIGENIA *without perceiving* THOAS

Come with speed!

We are betrayed — brief time remains for flight

THOAS

None in my presence with impunity  
 His naked weapon wears

IPHIGENIA

Do not profane  
Diana's sanctuary with rage and blood  
Command your people to forbear awhile  
And listen to the priestess to the sister

ORESTES

Say who is he that threatens us?

IPHIGENIA

In him  
Revere the king who was my second father  
Forgive me brother that my childlike heart  
Hath plac'd our fate thus wholly in his hands  
I have betray'd your meditated flight  
And thus from treachery redeem'd my soul.

ORESTES

Will he permit our peaceable return?

IPHIGENIA

Thy gleaming sword forbids me to reply

ORESTES *sheathing his sword*

Then speak! thou seest I listen to thy words

## SCENE V

ORESTES

IPHIGENIA

THOAS

*Enter PYLADES soon after him ARKAS both with  
dra on swords*

PYLADES

Do not delay! our friends are putting forth  
Their final strength and yielding step by step  
Are slowly driven backward to the sea —  
A conference of princes find I here?  
Is this the sacred person of the king?

ARKAS

Calmly as doth become thee thou dost stand  
O king surrounded by thine enemies  
Soon then temerity shall be chastis'd  
Their yielding followers fly — thine ship is ours  
Speak but the word and it is wrapt in flames

THOAS

Go and command my people to forbear!  
 Let none annoy the foe while we confer (*Arkas retires*)

ORESTES

I willingly consent Go Pylades!  
 Collect the remnant of our friends and wait  
 The appointed issue of our enterprize  
 (*Pylades retires*)

## SCENE VI

IPHIGENIA THOAS ORESTES

IPHIGENIA

Relieve my cares ere ye begin to speak  
 I fear contention if thou wilt not hear  
 The voice of equity O king —if thou  
 Wilt not my brother curb thy headstrong youth

THOAS

I as becomes the elder check my rage  
 Now answer me how dost thou prove thyself  
 The priestess brother Agamemnon's son?

ORESTES

Behold the sword with which the hero slew  
 The valiant Trojans From his murderer  
 I took the weapon and implor'd the Gods  
 To grant me Agamemnon's mighty arm  
 Success, and valour with a death more noble  
 Select one of the leaders of thy host  
 And place the best as my opponent here  
 Where'er on earth the sons of heroes dwell  
 This boon is to the stranger never refus'd

THOAS

This privilege hath ancient custom here  
 To strangers never accorded

ORESTES

Then from us  
 Commence the novel custom! A whole race  
 In imitation soon will consecrate  
 Its monarch's noble action into law  
 Nor let me only for our liberty —  
 Let me, a stranger, for all strangers fight

If I should fall my doom be also theirs  
 But if kind fortune crown me with success  
 Let none e'er tread this shore and fail to meet  
 The beaming eye of sympathy and love  
 Or unconsol'd depart'

THOAS

Thou dost not seem  
 Unworthy of thy boasted ancestry  
 Great is the number of the valiant men  
 Who wait upon me but I will myself  
 Although advanced in years oppose the foe  
 And am prepared to try the chance of arms

IPHIGENIA

No no! such bloody proofs are not required  
 Unhand thy weapon king! my lot consider  
 Rash combat oft immortalizes man  
 If he should fall he is renowned in song  
 But after ages reckon not the tears  
 Which ceaseless the forsaken woman sheds  
 And poets tell not of the thousand nights  
 Consum'd in weeping and the dreary days  
 Wherein her anguish'd soul a prey to grief  
 Doth vainly yearn to call her lov'd one back  
 Fear warn'd me to beware lest robbers' wiles  
 Might lure me from this sanctuary and then  
 Betray me into bondage Anxiously  
 I question'd them each circumstance explor'd  
 Demanded signs and now my heart's assur'd  
 See here the mark as of three stars impress'd  
 On his right hand which on his natal day  
 Were by the priest declar'd to indicate  
 Some dreadful deed by him to be perform'd  
 And then this scar which doth his eyebrow cleave  
 Redoubles my conviction When a child  
 Electra rash and inconsiderate  
 Such was her nature loos'd him from her arms  
 He fell against a tripod Oh tis he!—  
 Shall I adduce the likeness to his sire  
 Or the deep rapture of my inmost heart  
 In further token of assurance kin?

## THOAS

E'en though thy words had banish'd every doubt,  
 And I had curb'd the anger in my breast  
 Still must our arms decide I see no peace  
 Their purpose as thou didst thyself confess  
 Was to deprive me of Diana's image  
 And think ye that I'll look contented on?  
 The Greeks are wont to cast a longing eye  
 Upon the treasures of barbarians  
 A golden fleece good steeds or daughters fair  
 But force and guile not always have avail'd  
 To lead them with their booty safely home

## ORLSTES

The image shall not be a cause of strife!  
 We now perceive the error which the God  
 Our journey here commanding like a veil  
 I threw o'er our minds His counsel I implor'd  
 To free me from the Furies' grisly band  
 He answer'd Back to Greece the sister bring  
 Who in the sanctuary on Tauris shore  
 Unwillingly abides so ends the curse!  
 To Phœbus sister we applied the words  
 And he refer'd to thee! The bonds severe  
 Which held thee from us holy one are rent  
 And thou art ours once more At thy blest touch  
 I felt myself restor'd Within thine arms  
 Madness once more around me coil'd its folds  
 Crushing the marrow in my frame and then  
 For ever like a serpent fled to hell  
 Through thee the daylight gladdens me anew  
 The counsel of the Goddess now shines forth  
 In all its beauty and beneficence  
 Like to a sacred image unto which  
 An oracle immutably hath bound  
 A city's welfare thee Diana took  
 Protectress of our house and guarded here  
 Within this holy stillness to become  
 A blessing to thy brother and thy race  
 Now when each passage to escape seems clos'd  
 And safety hopeless, thou dost give us all

O king incline thine heart to thoughts of peace !  
 Let her fulfil her mission and complete  
 The consecration of our father's house  
 Me to their purified abode restore  
 And place upon my brow the ancient crown !  
 Requite the blessing which her presence brought thee  
 And let me now my nearer might enjoy !  
 Cunning and force the proudest boast of man  
 Fade in the lustre of her perfect truth  
 Nor unrequited will a noble mind  
 Leave confidence so childlike and so pure

## IPHIGENIA

Think on thy promise let thy heart be mov'd  
 By what a true and honest tongue hath spoken !  
 Look on us king ! an opportunity  
 For such a noble deed not oft occurs  
 Refuse thou canst not — give thy quick consent

Then go !

## IPHIGENIA

Not so my king ! I cannot part  
 Without thy blessing or in anger from thee  
 Banish us not ! the sacred right of guests  
 Still let us claim so not eternally  
 Shall we be sever'd Honour'd and belov'd  
 As mine own father was art thou by me  
 And this impression in my soul remains  
 Should e'en the meanest peasant of thy land  
 Bring to my ear the tones I heard from thee  
 Or should I on the humblest see thy garb  
 I will with joy receive him as a god  
 Prepare his couch myself beside our hearth  
 Invite him to a seat and only ask  
 Touching thy fate and thee Oh may the gods  
 To thee the merited reward impart  
 Of all thy kindness and benignity !  
 Farewell ! Oh do not turn away but give  
 One kindly word of parting in return !  
 So shall the wind more gently swell our sails



And from our eyes with soften'd anguish flow  
The tears of separation Fare thee well !  
And graciously extend to me thy hand  
In pledge of ancient friendship

THOAS, *extending his hand*

Fare thee well !

# TORQUATO TASSO.

## PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

ALPHONSO II *Duke of Ferrara*  
LEONORA D ESTE *Sister to the Duke*  
LEONORA SANVITALE *Countess of Scandiano*  
TORQUATO TASSO  
ANTONIO MONTICATINGO *Secretary of State*

## ACT THE FIRST

### SCENE I

*A Garden adorned with busts of the Epic Poets To the right,  
a bust of Virgil to the left one of Ariosto*

PRINCESS and LEONORA *habited as shepherdesses*

#### PRINCESS

Smiling thou dost survey me Leonora  
Then with a smile thou dost survey thyself  
What is it? Let a friend partake thy thought!  
Thou seemest pensive yet thou seemest pleased

#### LEONORA

Yes princess I am pleas'd to see us both  
In rural garb thus tastefully attir'd  
Two happy shepherd maidens we appear  
And our employment speaks our happiness  
Garlands we wreath This one so gay with flowers  
Beneath my hand in varied beauty grows  
Whilst thou with loftier taste and larger heart  
Hast of the pliant laurel made thy choice

#### PRINCESS

The laurel wreath which aimlessly I twin'd,  
Hath found at once a not unworthy head,  
I place it gratefully on Virgil's brow

*(She crowns the bust of Virgil)*

LEONORA

With my full joyous wreath I crown the brow  
Of Ludovico, of the tuneful lyre—

(*She crowns the bust of Ariosto*)

Let him whose sportive sallies never fade  
Receive his tribute from the early spring

PRINCESS

My brother is most kind to bring us here  
In this sweet season to our rural haunts  
Here by the hour in freedom unrestrain'd  
We may dream back the poet's golden age  
I love this Belriguardo, in my youth  
Full many a joyous day I linger'd here  
And this bright sunshine and this verdant green  
Bring back the feeling of that by-gone time

LEONORA

Yes a new world surrounds us! Grateful now  
The cooling shelter of these evergreens  
The tuneful murmur of this gurgling spring  
Once more revives us In the morning wind  
The tender branches wave to and fro  
The flowers look upwards from their lowly beds  
And smile upon us with their childlike eyes  
The gardener fearless grown removes the roof  
That screened his citron and his orange trees  
The azure dome of heaven above us rests,  
And in the far horizon from the hills  
The snow in balmy vapour melts away

PRINCESS

Most dearly welcome were the spring to me  
Did it not rob me of my much-loved friend

LEONORA

My princess in these sweet and tranquil hours,  
Remind me not how soon I must depart

PRINCESS

Yon mighty city will restore to thee  
In double measure what thou leavest here

LEONORA

Duty and love both call me to my lord  
Forsaken long I bring to him his son  
Whose mind and form have rapidly matur'd

Since last they met — I share his father's joy  
 Florence is great and noble but the worth  
 Of all her treasure'd riches doth not reach  
 The prouder jewels that Ferrara boasts  
 That city to her people owes her power  
 Ferrara grew to greatness through her princes

PRINCESS

More through the noble men whom chance led here,  
 And who in sweet communion here remain'd

LEONORA

Chance doth again disperse what chance collects  
 A noble nature can alone attract  
 The noble men retain them as ye do  
 Around thy brother and around thyself  
 Assemble spirits worthy of you both  
 And ye are worthy of your noble sires  
 Here the fair light of science and free thought  
 Was kindled first while o'er the dark'nd world  
 Still hung barbarian gloom — I can when a child  
 The names resounded loudly in mine ear  
 Of Hercules and Hypolite of Este  
 My father oft with Florence and with Rome  
 Extoll'd Ferrara! Oft in youthful dream  
 Hither I fondly turn'd and now am here  
 Here was Petrarch kindly entertain'd  
 And Ariosto found his models here  
 Italia boasts no great no mighty name  
 This princely mansion hath not call'd its guest  
 In fostering genius we enrich ourselves  
 Dost thou present her with a friendly gift  
 One far more beautiful she leaves with thee  
 The ground is hallow'd where the good man treads  
 When centuries have roll'd his sons shall hear  
 The deathless echo of his words and deeds

PRINCESS

Yes if those sons have feelings quick as thine  
 This happiness full oft I envy thee

LEONORA

Which purely and serenely thou my friend  
 As few beside thee dost thyself enjoy  
 When my full heart impels me to express

Promptly and freely what I keenly feel  
 Thou feelst the while more deeply and—art silent  
 Delusive splendour doth not dazzle thee  
 Nor wit beguile and flattery strives in vain  
 With fawning artifice to win thine ear  
 Firm is thy temper and correct thy taste  
 Thy judgment just and truly great thyself  
 With greatness thou dost ever sympathize

PRINCESS

Thou shouldst not to this high wrought flattery lend  
 Confiding friendships consecrated garb

LEONORA

Friendship is just she only estimates  
 The full extent and measure of thy worth  
 And though we give to fortune and to chance  
 Their portion in thy culture—still tis thine  
 And all extol thy sister and thyself  
 Before the noblest women of the age

PRINCESS

That can but little move me Leonora  
 When I reflect how poor at best we are  
 To others more indebted than ourselves  
 My knowledge of the ancient languages  
 And of the treasures by the past bequeathed  
 I owe my mother who in varied lore  
 And mental power her daughters far excelled  
 Might either claim comparison with her  
 'Tis undeniably Lucretia's right  
 Besides what nature and what chance bestowed  
 As property or rank I never esteem'd  
 'Tis pleasure to me when the wise converse  
 That I their scope and meaning comprehend  
 Whether they judge a man of bygone times  
 And weigh his actions or of science treat  
 Which when extended and applied to life  
 At once exalts and benefits mankind  
 Where'er the converse of such men may lead  
 I follow gladly for with ease I follow  
 Well pleas'd the strife of argument I hear  
 When round the powers that sway the human breast,  
 Waking alternately delight and fear

With grace the lip of eloquence doth play,  
 And listen gladly when the princely thirst  
 Of fame of wide dominion forms the theme  
 When of an able man the thought profound,  
 Develop'd skilfully with subtle tact  
 Doth not perplex and dazzle but instruct

LEONORA

And then this grave and serious converse o'er,  
 Our ear and inner mind with tranquil joy  
 Upon the poet's tuneful verse repose  
 Who through the medium of harmonious sounds  
 Infuses sweet emotions in the soul  
 Thy lofty spirit grasps a wide domain,  
 Content am I to linger in the isle  
 Of poesy her laurel groves among

PRINCESS

In this fair land I'm told the myrtle blooms  
 In richer beauty than all other trees  
 Here too the muses wander yet we seek  
 A friend and playmate among their tuneful choir  
 Less often than we seek to meet the bard  
 Who seems to shun us nay appears to flee  
 In quest of something that we know not of  
 And which perchance is to himself unknown  
 How charming were it if in happy hour  
 Encountering us he should with ecstasy  
 In our fair selves the treasure recognize  
 Which in the world he long had sought in vain!

LEONORA

To your light raillery I must submit  
 So light its touch it passeth harmless by  
 I honour all men after their desert  
 And am in truth toward Tasso only just  
 His eye scarce lingers on this earthly scene  
 To nature's harmony his ear is tuned  
 What history offers and what life presents  
 His bosom promptly and with joy receives  
 The widely scatter'd is by him combined  
 And his quick feeling animates the dead  
 Oft he ennobles what we count for nought,  
 What others treasure is by him despis'd.

Thus moving in his own enchanted spaere  
 The wondrous man doth still allure us on  
 To wander with him and partake his joy  
 Though seeming to approach us he remains  
 Remote as ever and perchance his eye  
 Resting on us sees sprints in our place

PRINCESS

Thou hast with taste and truth portray'd the baird  
 Who hovers in the shadowy realm of dreams  
 And yet reality it seems to me  
 Hath also power to lure him and enchain  
 In the sweet sonnets scatter'd here and there  
 With which we sometimes find our trees adorn'd  
 Creating like the golden fruit of old  
 A new Hesperia perceiv'st thou not  
 The gentle tokens of a genuine love?

LEONORA

In these fair leaves I also take delight  
 With all his rich diversity of thought  
 He glorifies one form in all his strain  
 Now he exalts her to the starry heavens  
 In radiant glory and before that form  
 Bows down like angels in the realms above  
 Then stealing after her through silent fields  
 He garlands in his wreath each beautiful flower,  
 And should the form he worships disappear  
 Hallows the path her gentle foot hath trod  
 Thus like the nightingale conceal'd in shade  
 From his love laden breast he fills the air  
 And neighbouring thickets with melodious plaint  
 His blissful sadness and his tuneful grief  
 Charm every ear enrapture every heart

PRINCESS

And Leonora is the favour'd name  
 Selected for the object of his strains

LEONORA

Thy name it is my princess as tis mine  
 It would displease me were it otherwise  
 Now I rejoice that under this disguise  
 He can conceal his sentiments for thee  
 And am no less content that to his thought

This sweet harmonious name should picture me  
 Here is no question of an ardent love  
 Seeking possession and with jealous care  
 Screening its object from another's gaze  
 While he enraptur'd contemplates thy worth  
 He in my lighter nature may rejoice  
 He loves not us — forgive me what I say —  
 His lov'd ideal from the spheres he brings  
 And doth invest it with the name we bear  
 His feeling we participate we seem  
 To love the man yet only love in him  
 The highest object that can claim our love

PRINCESS

In this deep science thou art deeply vers'd  
 My Leonora and thy words in truth  
 Play on my ear yet scarcely reach my soul

LEONORA

Thou Plato's pupil! and not comprehend  
 What a mere novice dares to prattle to thee?  
 It must be then that I have widely err'd,  
 Yet well I know I do not wholly err  
 For love doth in this peaceful school appear  
 No longer a the spoil and wayward child  
 He is the youth whom Psyche hath espous'd  
 Who sits in council with the assembled Gods  
 He hath relinquish'd passion's fickle sway  
 He clings no longer with delusion sweet  
 To outward form and beauty to atone  
 For brief excitement by disgust and hate

PRINCESS

Here comes my brother! let us not betray  
 Whither our converse hath conducted us  
 Else we shall have his raillery to bear  
 As in our dress he found a theme for jest

## SCENE II

PRINCESS

LEONORA

ALPHONSO

ALPHONSO

Tasso I seek but nowhere can I find him  
 And even here with you I meet him not  
 Can you inform me where he hides himself?



PRINCESS

I have scarce seen him for the last two days

ALPHONSO

'Tis his habitual failing that he seeks

Seclusion rather than society

I can forgive him when the motley crowd

He shuns thus studiously and loves to hold

Free converse with himself in solitude

But I cannot approve that thus he flies

The circle of his more immediate friends

LEONORA

If I mistake not thou wilt soon O Prince

Convert this censure into joyful praise

To day I saw him from afar he held

A book and scroll in which at times he wrote

And then resum'd his walk then wrote again

A passing word which yesterday he spoke

Seem'd to announce to me his work complete

His sole anxiety is now to add

A finish'd beauty to minuter parts

That to your grace to whom he owes so much

A not unworthy offering he may bring

ALPHONSO

A welcome when he brings it shall be his

And long immunity from all restraint

Great in proportion to the lively joy

And interest which his noble work inspires

Is my impatience at its long delay

After each slow advance he leaves his task

He ever changeth and can ne'er conclude

Till baffled hope is weary for we see

Reluctantly postpon'd to times remote

A pleasure we had fondly deem'd so near

PRINCESS

I rather praise the modesty the care

With which thus step by step he nears the goal

His aim is not to string amusing tales

Or weave harmonious numbers which at length,

Like words delusive die upon the ear

His numerous rhymes he labours to combine

Into one beautiful, poetic, whole,

And he whose soul this lofty aim inspires,  
 Must pay devoted homage to the muse  
 Disturb him not my brother time alone  
 Is not the measure of a noble work  
 And is the coming age to share our joy  
 We of the present must forget ourselves

ALPHONSO

Let us dear sister work together here  
 As for our mutual good we oft have done  
 Am I too eager—thou must then restrain,  
 Art thou too gentle—I will urge him on  
 Then we perchance shall see him at the goal  
 Where to behold him we have wish'd in vain  
 His father land the world shall then admire  
 And view with wonder his completed work  
 I shall receive my portion of the fame  
 And Tasso will be usher'd into life  
 In a contracted sphere a noble man  
 Cannot develop all his mental powers  
 On him his country and the world must work  
 He must endure both censure and applause  
 Must be compell'd to estimate aright  
 Himself and others Solitude no more  
 Lulls him delusively with flatt'ring dreams  
 Opponents will not friendship dare not spare  
 Then in the strife the youth puts forth his powers  
 Knows what he is and feels himself a man

LEONORA

Thus Prince will he owe everything to thee  
 Who hast already done so much for him  
 Talents are nurtured best in solitude —  
 But character on life's tempestuous sea  
 Oh that according to thy rules he would  
 Model his temper as he forms his taste  
 Cease to avoid mankind nor in his breast  
 Nurture suspicion into fear and hate!

ALPHONSO

He only fears mankind who knows them not  
 And he will soon misjudge them who avoids  
 This is the case with him till gradually  
 His noble mind is trammell'd and perplex'd

Thus to secure my favour he betrays  
 At times unseemly ardour against some  
 Who I am well assur'd are not his foes  
 He cherishes suspicion if by chance  
 A letter go astray a hucling leave  
 His service or a paper be mislaid  
 He sees deception treachery and fraud  
 Working insidiously to sap his peace

PRINCESS

Let us beloved brother not forget  
 That his own nature none can lay aside  
 But should a lov'd companion wound his foot  
 We would relax our speed and lend our hand  
 Gently to aid the sufferer on his way

ALPHONSO

Better it were to remedy his pain  
 With the physician's aid attempt a cure  
 Then with our heal'd and renovated friend  
 A new career of life with joy pursue  
 And yet dear friends I hope that I may never  
 Incur the censur of the cruel leech  
 I do my utmost to impress his mind  
 With feelings of security and trust  
 Oft purposely in presence of the crowd  
 With marks of favour I distinguish him  
 Should he complain of weight I sift it well  
 As lately when his chamber he supposed  
 Had been invaded then should nought appear  
 I calmly show him how I view the affair  
 And as we ought to practise every grace—  
 With Tasso seeing he deserves it well  
 I practise patience you I'm sure will aid  
 I now have brought you to your rural haunts  
 And must myself at eve return to town  
 For a few moments you will see Antonio  
 He calls here for me on his way from home  
 We have important business to discuss  
 Resolves to frame and letters to indite  
 All which compels me to return to town

PRINCESS

Wilt thou permit that we return with thee ?

ALPHONSO

Nay rather linger here in Belriguardo,  
Or go together to Consandoli  
Enjoy these lovely days as fancy prompts

PRINCESS

Thou canst not stay with us ? Not here arrange  
All these affairs as well as in the town ?

LEONORA

So soon thou takest hence Antonio too  
Who has so much to tell us about Rome

ALPHONSO

It must be so but we will soon return  
Then he shall tell you all you wish to hear  
And you shall aid me to reward the man  
Who in my cause hath laboured with such zeal  
And having talked our fill the crowd may come  
That mirth and joy may revel in our groves  
And that some beauteous form as is but meet  
May, should I thither turn frequent the shade

LEONORA

And we meanwhile will kindly shut our eyes

ALPHONSO

Such kindness you know well I too can show

PRINCESS (*turned towards the scene*)

I long have noticed Tasso from afar  
This way he slowly doth direct his steps,  
At times he pauses suddenly anon  
As if irresolute retires in haste  
And then again stands still

ALPHONSO

Disturb him not

Not when the poet dreams and verifies  
Intrude upon his musings —let him roam

LEONORA

No, he has seen us and he comes this way

## SCENE III

PRINCESS      LEONORA      ALPHONSO

TASSO *with a volume bound in parchment*

TASSO

Slowly I come to bring my work to thee

And yet I linger ere presenting it  
 Although apparently it seem complete  
 \*Too well I know it is unfinish'd still  
 But if I cherish'd once an anxious fear  
 Lest I should bring thee an imperfect work  
 A new solicitude constrains me now  
 I would not seem ungrateful nor appear  
 Unduly anxious and as to his friends  
 A man can say but simply Here I am  
 That they with kind forbearance may rejoice  
 So I can only say —Receive my work!

[*He presents the volume*

ALPHONSO

Thou hast surpris'd me Tasso with thy gift  
 And made this lovely day a festival  
 I hold it then at length within my hands  
 And in a certain sense can call it mine  
 Long have I wish'd that thou couldst thus resolve,  
 And say at length 'Tis finish'd! here it is

Are you contented? then it is complete  
 For it belongs to you in every sense  
 Were I to contemplate the pains bestow'd  
 Or dwell upon the written character  
 I might perchance exclaim —This work is mine  
 But when I mark what 'tis that to my song  
 Its inner worth and dignity imparts  
 I humbly feel I owe it all to you  
 If nature from her liberal stores on me  
 The genial gift of poesy bestow'd  
 Capricious fortune with malignant power  
 Had thrust me from her though this beauteous world  
 With all its varied splendour lur'd the boy  
 Too early was his youthful eye bedimm'd  
 By his lov'd parents undeserv'd distress  
 Forth from my lips when I essay'd to sing  
 There ever flow'd a melancholy song  
 And I accompanied with plaintive tones  
 My father's sorrow and my mother's grief  
 'Twas thou alone who from this narrow sphere  
 Rais'd me to glorious liberty reliev'd

From each depressing care my youthful mind  
 And gave me freedom in whose genial air  
 My spirit could unfold in harmony  
 Then whatsoever the merit of the work  
 Thine be the praise, for it belongs to thee

ALPHONSO

A second time thou dost deserve applause,  
 And honour st modestly thyself and us

TASSO

Fain would I say how sensibly I feel  
 That what I bring is all derived from thee !  
 The inexperienced youth—could he produce  
 The poem from his own unfurnished mind ?  
 Could he invent the conduct of the war ?  
 The gallant bearing and the martial skill  
 Which every hero on the field display'd  
 The leader's prudence and his followers' zeal  
 How vigilance the arts of cunning foil'd —  
 Hast thou not valiant Prince infused it all  
 As if my guardian genius thou hadst been  
 Through a mere mortal descending to reveal  
 His nature high and inaccessible ?

PRINCESS

Enjoy the work in which we all rejoice !

ALPHONSO

Enjoy the approbation of the good !

LEONORA

Rejoice too in thy universal fame !

TASSO

This single moment is enough for me  
 Of you alone I thought while I compos'd  
 Your pleasure was my first my dearest wish  
 And your approval was my highest aim  
 Who does not in his friends behold the world  
 Deserves not that the world should hear of him  
 Here is my fatherland and here the sphere  
 In which my spirit fondly loves to dwell  
 Here I attend and value every hint  
 Here speak experience knowledge and true taste,  
 Here stand the present and the future age  
 With shy reserve the poet shuns the crowd,—

Its judgment but perplexes Those alone  
With minds like yours can understand and feel  
And such alone should censure and reward

ALPHONSO

If thus the present and the future age  
We represent, it is not meet that we  
Receive the poet's song unrecompens'd  
The laurel wreath fit chaplet for the bard  
Which even the hero who requires his verse  
Sees without envy round his temples twin'd  
Adorns thou seest thy predecessor's brow

[*Pointing to the bust of Virgil*

Hath chance hath some kind genius twin'd the wreath  
And brought it hither? Not in vain it thus  
Presents itself: Virgil I hear exclaim

Wherefore confer this honour on the dead?  
They in their lifetime had reward and joy  
Do ye indeed revere the buds of old?  
Then to the living baird accord his due  
My marble statue has been amply crown'd  
And the green laurel branch belongs to life

[*Alphonso makes a sign to his sister she takes the crown from the bust of Virgil and approaches Tasso he steps back*

IIIONORA

Thou dost refuse? Seest thou what hand the wreath  
The fair the never fading wreath presents!

TASSO

Oh let me pause I scarce can comprehend  
How I can live after an hour like this

ALPHONSO

Live in enjoyment of the high reward  
From which thy inexperience shrinks with fear

PRINCESS *raising the crown*

Thou dost afford me Tasso the rare joy  
Of giving silent utterance to my thought

TASSO

The beautiful burden from thy honour'd hands  
On my weak head thou kneeling I receive

[*He kneels down the Princess places the crown upon his head*

LEONORA *applauding*

Long live the poet for the first time crown'd!  
How well the crown adorns the modest man!

[*Tasso rises*

ALPHONSO

It is an emblem only of that crown  
Which shall adorn thee on the Capitol

PRINCCESS

There louder voices will salute thine ear  
Friendship with lower tones rewards thee here

TASSO

Take it oh take it quickly from my brow!  
Pray thee remove it! It doth scorch my locks  
And like a sunbeam that with fervid heat  
Falls on my forehead burns up in my brain  
The power of thought while fever's fiery glow  
Impels my blood Forgive! it is too much

LEONORA

This garland rather doth protect the head  
Of him who treads the burning realm of fame  
And with its grateful shelter cools his brow

TASSO

I am not worthy to receive its shade  
Which only round the hero's brow should wave  
Ye gods exalt it high among the clouds  
To float in glory inaccessible  
That through eternity my life may be  
An endless striving to attain this goal!

ALPHONSO

He who in youth acquires life's noblest gifts  
Learns early to esteem their priceless worth  
He who in youth enjoys respite not  
Without reluctance what he once possess'd  
And he who would possess must still be arm'd

TASSO

And he who would be always arm'd must feel  
Within his breast a power that never forsakes  
Ah it forsakes me now! In happiness  
The inborn power subsides which prompted me  
To meet injustice with becoming pride  
And steadfastly to face adversity



Hath the delight the rapture of this hour  
 Dissolv'd the strength and marrow of my limbs?  
 My knees sink feebly and a second time  
 Thou seest me Princess here before thee bow'd  
 Grant my petition and remove the crown  
 That as awaken'd from a blissful dream  
 A new and fresh existence I may feel

PRINCESS

If thou with quiet modesty canst wear  
 The glorious talent from the gods receiv'd  
 Learn also now the laurel wreath to wear  
 The fairest gift that friendship can bestow,  
 The brow it once hath worthily adorn'd  
 It shall encircle through eternity

TASSO

Oh let me then ashur'd from hence retire!  
 Let me in deepest shades my joy conceal  
 As there my sorrow I was wont to shroud  
 There will I range alone no eye will there  
 Remind me of a bliss so undeserv'd  
 And if perchance I should behold a youth  
 In the clear mirror of a crystal spring  
 Who in the imag'd heaven midst rocks and trees  
 Absorb'd in thought appears his brow adorn'd  
 With glory's garland it shall seem to me  
 As twere Flysurn mirror'd in the flood  
 I pause and calmly ask Who may this be?  
 What youth of by-gone times so fairly crown'd?  
 Whence can I learn his name and his descent?  
 I linger long and musing fondly think  
 Oh might there come another and yet more  
 To join with him in friendly intercourse!  
 Oh could I see assembl'd round this spring  
 The heroes and the bards of ancient times!  
 Could I behold them still united here  
 As they in life were ever firmly bound!  
 As with mysterious power the magnet binds  
 Iron with iron so do kindred aims  
 Unite the souls of heroes and of bards  
 Himself forgetting Homer spent his life  
 In contemplation of two mighty men,

And Alexander in the Flysian fields  
 Doth Homer and Achilles haste to seek  
 Oh would that I were present to behold  
 Those mighty spirits in communion met !

LEONORA

Awake awake ! let us not feel that thou  
 Dost quite forget the present in the past

TASSO

The present tis that elevates my mind  
 I only seem oblivious I m entranc d

PRINCESS

When thou dost speak with spirits I rejoice  
 The voice is human and I gladly hear

[*A Page steps to the Prince*

ALPHONSO

He is arriv d ! and in a happy hour  
 Antonio ! Bring him hither —here he comes !

#### SCENE IV

PRINCESS      LEONORA      ALPHONSO      TASSO      ANTONIO

ALPHONSO

Thou rt doubly welcome ! thou who bring st at once  
 Thvself and welcome tidings

PRINCESS

Welcome here !

ANTONIO

Scarce dare I venture to express the joy  
 Which in your presence quickens me anew  
 In your society I find restor d  
 What I have miss d so long You seem content  
 With what I ve donc with what I have accomplish d,  
 And thus I m recompens d for every care  
 For many days impatiently endur d  
 And many others wasted purposely  
 At length our wish is gam d —the strife is o'er

LEONORA

I also greet thee though I m half displeas d,  
 Thou dost arrive when I must hence depart

ANTONIO

As if to mar my perfect happiness  
 Thou tak st away one lovely part of it

TASSO

My greetings too ! I also shall rejoice  
In converse with the much experienc'd man

ANTONIO

Thou'lt find me true whenever thou wilt deign  
To glance awhile from thy world into mine

ALPHONSO

Though thou by letter hast announc'd to me  
The progress and the issue of our cause  
Full many questions I have yet to ask  
Touching the course thou hast pursued therein  
In that strange region a well measur'd step  
Alone conducts us to our destin'd goal  
Who doth his sovereign's interest purely seek  
In Rome a hard position must maintain  
For Rome gives nothing while she grasps at all  
Let him who thither goes some boon to claim  
Go well provided and esteem himself  
Most happy if e'en then he gaineth aught

ANTONIO

'Tis neither my demeanour nor my art  
By which thy will has been accomplish'd Prince  
For where the skill which at the Vatican  
Would not be overmaster'd ? Much conspir'd  
Which I could use in furtherance of our cause  
Pope Gregory salutes and blesses thee  
That aged man that sovereign most august  
Who on his brow the load of empire bears  
Recalls the time when he embrac'd thee last  
With pleasure He who can distinguish men  
Knows and extols thee highly For thy sake  
He hath done much

ALPHONSO

So far as 'tis sincere  
His good opinion cannot but rejoice me  
But well thou know'st that from the Vatican  
The pope sees empires dwindl'd at his feet  
Princes and men must needs seem small indeed  
Own what it was that most assisted thee

ANTONIO

It was, in truth, the Pope's exalted mind

To him the small seems small the great seems great  
 That he may wield the empire of the world  
 He wisely yieldeth to surrounding powers  
 The value of the land which he resigns  
 As of your friendship Prince he knows full well  
 The peace of Italy must be secured  
 And friends alone encircle his domain  
 That all the might of Christendom which he  
 With hand so powerful directs and guides  
 May smite at once the Herculean and Gull

PRINCCESS

And is it known what men he most esteems  
 And who approach him confidentially

ANTONIO

The experienced man alone can win his ear  
 The active man his favour and esteem  
 He who from early youth has served the state  
 Commands it now ruling those very courts  
 Which in his office of ambassador  
 He had observed and guided yours before  
 The world lies spread before his searching gaze  
 Clear as the interests of his own domain  
 In action we must yield him our applause  
 And mark with joy when time unfolds the plans  
 Which his deep forethought fashioned long before  
 There is no fairer prospect in the world  
 Than to behold a prince who wisely rules  
 A realm where every one obeys with pride  
 And each imagines that he serves himself  
 Because 'tis justice only that commands

LEONORA

How ardently I long to view that realm!

ALPHONSO

Doubtless that thou mayst play thy part therein  
 For Leonora never could reman  
 A mere spectator meet it were fair friend  
 If now and then we let your gentle hands  
 Join in the lofty game — Say is't not so?

LEONORA to ALPHONSO

Thou wouldst provoke me — thou shalt not succeed

ALPHONSO

I am already deeply in thy debt

LEONORA

Good then to day I will remain in thine !  
 Forgive and do not interrupt me now

[To ANTONIO

Say has he done much for his relatives ?

ANTONIO

Nor more nor less than equity allows  
 The potentate who doth neglect his friends  
 Is even by the people justly blam'd  
 With wise discretion Gregory employs  
 His friends as trusty servants of the state  
 And thus fulfils at once two kindred claims

TASSO

Do science and the liberal arts enjoy  
 His fost'ring care and does he emulate  
 The glorious princes of the olden time ?

ANTONIO

He honours science when it is of use —  
 Teaching to govern states and know mankind  
 He prizes art when it embellishes —  
 When it exalts and beautifies his Rome  
 Erecting palaces and temples there  
 Which rank among the prodigies of earth  
 Within his sphere of influence he admits  
 Nought inefficient and alone esteems  
 The active cause and instrument of good

ALPHONSO

Thou thinkest then that we may soon conclude  
 The whole affair ? that no impediments  
 Will finally be scatter'd in our way ?

ANTONIO

Unless I greatly err twill but require  
 A few brief letters and thy signature  
 To bring this contest to a final close

ALPHONSO

This day with justice then I may proclaim  
 A season of prosperity and joy  
 My frontiers are enlarg'd and made secure  
 Thou hast accomplish'd all without the sword,

And hence deservest well a civic crown  
 Our ladies on some beauteous morn shall twine  
 A wreath of oak to bind around thy brow  
 Meanwhile our poet hath enrich'd us too  
 He by his conquest of Jerusalem  
 Hath put our modern Christendom to shame  
 With joyous spirit and unwearied zeal  
 A high and distant goal he hath attain'd  
 For his achievement thou behold'st him crown'd.

ANTONIO

Thou solv'st a riddle On arrivin<sup>g</sup> here  
 These two crown'd heads excited my surprise

TASSO

Oh would that while thou dost behold my joy  
 Thou with the self-same glance couldst view my heart  
 And witness there my deep humility!

ANTONIO

How lavishly Alphonso can reward  
 I long have known thou only provest now  
 What all enjoy who come within his sphere

PRINCESS

When thou shalt see the work he hath perform'd  
 Thou wilt esteem us moderate and just  
 We're but the first the silent witnesses  
 Of praises which the world and future years  
 In tenfold measure will accord to him

ANTONIO

Through you his fame is certain Who so bold  
 To entertain a doubt when you commend?  
 But tell me who on Ariosto's brow  
 Hath placed this wreath?

LEONORA

This hand

ANTONIO

It hath done well!

It more becomes him than a laurel crown  
 As o'er her fruitful bosom Nature throws  
 Her variegated robe of beauteous green  
 So he enshrouds in fable's flow'ry garb  
 Whatever can conspire to render man  
 Worthy of love and honour Power and taste,

Experience understanding and content  
 And a pure feeling for the good and true,  
 Pervade the spirit of his every song  
 And there appear in person to repose  
 Neath blossoming trees besprinkled by the snow  
 Of lightly falling flowers their heads entwined  
 With rosy garlands while the sportive Loves  
 With frolic humour weave their spells around  
 A copious fountain gurgling near displays  
 Strange variegated fish and all the air  
 Is vocal with the songs of wondrous birds  
 Strange cattle pastured in the bowers and glades  
 Half hid in verdure lolly shily luls  
 At times resounding from a golden cloud  
 The voice of Wisdom utters lofty truth  
 While Madness from a wild harmonious lute  
 Scatters forth bursts of fitful harmony  
 Yet all the while the justest measure holds  
 He who aspires to emulate this man  
 E'en for his boldness well deserves a crown  
 Forgive me if I feel myself inspired  
 Like one entranced forget both time and place  
 And fail to weigh my words for all these crowns  
 These poets and the festival attend  
 Of these fair ladies have transported me  
 Out of myself into a foreign land

PRINCESS

Who thus can prize one species of desert  
 Will not misjudge another thou to us  
 Some future day shalt show in Tasso's song  
 What we can feel and thou canst comprehend

ALPHONSO

Come now Antonio! many things remain  
 Whereof I am desirous to inquire  
 Then till the setting of the sun thou shalt  
 Attend the ladies Follow me —Farewell!

*[Antonio follows the Prince Tasso the Ladies*

## ACT THE SECOND

## SCENE I

*A Room*

PRINCESS            TASSO

TASSO

My doubtful footsteps follow thee O Princess  
 Tumultuous feelings vex my troubl'd soul  
 And solitude appears to beckon me  
 And courteously to whisper    Hither come  
 I will allay the tumult in thy breast  
 Yet if I only catch a glimpse of thee  
 If from thy lip a word salute mine ear  
 At once the fetters vanish from my soul  
 And all around me shines a brighter day  
 To thee I freely will confess, the man  
 Who unexpectedly appear'd among us  
 Hath rudely wak'd me from a golden dream,  
 So strangely have his nature and his words  
 Affected me that more than ever now  
 A want of inward harmony I feel  
 And a distracting conflict with myself

PRINCESS

'Tis not to be expected that a friend  
 Who long hath sojourn'd in a foreign land  
 Should in the moment of his first return  
 The tone of former times at once resume,  
 He in his inner mind is still unchang'd  
 And a few days of intercourse will tune  
 The jarring strings until they blend once more  
 In perfect harmony    When he shall know  
 The greatness of the work thou hast achiev'd  
 Believe me he will place thee by the bard  
 Whom as a giant now he sets before thee

TASSO

My Princess Ariosto's praise from him  
 Has more delighted than offend'd me  
 Consoling tis to know the man renown'd  
 Whom as our model we have plac'd before us,



An inward voice then whispers to the heart,  
 "Canst thou obtain a portion of his worth,  
 A portion of his fame is also thine '  
 No that which hath most deeply mov'd my heart  
 Which even now completely fills my soul  
 Was the majestic picture of that world  
 Which with its living restless mighty forms  
 Around one great and prudent man revolves  
 And runs with measur'd steps the destin'd course  
 Prescrib'd beforehand by the demigod  
 I listen'd eagerly and heard with joy  
 The wise discourse of the experienc'd man,  
 But ah! the more I heard the more I felt  
 Mine own unworthiness and fear'd that I  
 Like empty sound might dissipate in air  
 Or vanish like an echo or a dream

## PRINCESS

And yet erewhile thou didst so truly feel  
 How bards and heroes for each other live  
 How bards and heroes to each other tend  
 And toward each other I now no envious thought  
 Noble in truth are deeds deserving fame  
 But it is also noble to transmit  
 The lofty grandeur of heroic deeds  
 Through worthy song to our posterity  
 Be satisfied to contemplate in peace  
 From a small sheltring state as from the shore,  
 The wild and stormy current of the world

## TASSO

Was it not here amaz'd I first beheld  
 The high reward on valiant deeds bestow'd?  
 An inexperienced youth I here arriv'd  
 When festival on festival conspir'd  
 To render this the centre of renown  
 Oh what a scene Ferrara then display'd!  
 The wide arena where in all its pomp  
 Accomplish'd valour should its skill display  
 Was bounded by a circle whose high worth  
 The sun might seek to parallel in vain  
 The fairest women sat assembled there  
 And men the most distinguish'd of the age

Amaz'd the eye ran o'er the noble throng  
 Proudly I cried And tis our Fatherland,  
 That small sea girded land hath sent them here  
 They constitute the noblest court that e'er  
 On honour worth or virtue judgment pass'd  
 Survey them singly and thou'lt not find one  
 Of whom his neighbour needs to feel ashamed' —  
 And then the lists were open'd chargers pranc'd  
 Esquires press'd forward helmets brightly gleam'd,  
 The trumpet sounded shining lances split  
 The din of clanging helm and shield was heard  
 And for a moment eddying dust conceal'd  
 The victor's honour and the vanquish'd's shame  
 Oh let me draw a curtain o'er the scene  
 The all too brilliant festival conceal  
 That in this tranquil hour I may not feel  
 Too painfully mine own unworthiness'

## PRINCESS

If that bright circle and those noble deeds  
 Arousd thee then to enterprize and toil  
 I could the while young friend have tutor'd thee  
 In the still lesson of calm sufferance  
 The brilliant festival thou dost extol  
 Which then and since a hundred voices praise'd  
 I did not witness In a lonely spot  
 So tranquil that unbroken on the ear  
 Joy's lightest echo faintly died away  
 A prey to pain and melancholy thoughts  
 I was compell'd to pass the tedious hours  
 Before me hover'd on extended wing  
 Death's awful form concealing from my view  
 The prospect of this ever changing world,  
 Slowly it disappear'd and I beheld  
 As through a veil the varied hues of life  
 Pleasing but indistinct while living forms  
 Began once more to flicker through the gloom  
 Still feeble and supported by my women,  
 For the first time my silent room I left  
 When hither full of happiness and life  
 Thee leading by the hand Lucretia came  
 A stranger then, thou, Tasso, wast the first

To welcome me on my return to life  
 Much then I hop'd for both of us and hope  
 Hath not, methinks deceiv'd us hitherto

TASSO

Stunn'd by the tumult dazzl'd by the glare  
 Impetuous passions stirring in my breast  
 I by thy sister's side pursued my way  
 In silence through the stately corridors  
 Then in the chamber enter'd where ere long  
 Thou didst appear supported by thy women  
 Oh what a moment! Princess pardon me!  
 As in the presence of a deity  
 The victim of enchantment feels with joy  
 His frenzied spirit from delusion freed  
 So was my soul from every phantasy  
 From every passion every false desire  
 Restor'd at once by one calm glance of thine  
 And if before my inexperienced mind  
 Had lost itself in infinite desires  
 I then with shame first turn'd my gaze within,  
 And recogniz'd the truly valuable  
 Thus on the wide sea shore we seek in vain  
 The pearl, reposing in its silent shell

PRINCESS

'Twas the commencement of a happy time  
 And had Urbino's Duke not taken away  
 My sister from us years would then have pass'd  
 In calm unclouded happiness But now  
 We miss too much her buoyancy and life,  
 And the rich wit of the accomplish'd woman

TASSO

Too well I know since she departed hence  
 None hath been able to supply to thee  
 The pure enjoyment which her presence gave  
 Alas how often hath it grieved my soul!  
 How often have I in the silent grove  
 Pour'd forth my lamentation! How! I cried,  
 Is it her sister's sole prerogative  
 To be a treasure to the dear one's heart?  
 Does ther' no other soul respond to hers,  
 No other heart her confidence deserve?

Are soul and wit extinguish'd<sup>d</sup> and should one  
 How great soe'er her worth engross her love<sup>d</sup>  
 Forgive me Princess! Often I have wish'd  
 I could be something to thee — little perhaps  
 But something not with words alone with deeds  
 I wish'd to be so and in life to prove  
 How I had worshipp'd thee in solitude  
 But I could ne'er succeed and but too oft  
 In error wounded thee offending one  
 By thee protected or perplexing more  
 What thou didst wish to solve and thus alas!  
 For in the moment when I fondly st<sup>r</sup>ive  
 To draw more near thee felt more distant still

PRINCESS

Thy wish I never have misconstrued Tasso  
 How thou dost prejudice thyself I know  
 Unlike my sister who possess'd the art  
 Of living happily with every one  
 After so many years thou scarce' canst find  
 A single friend

TASSO

Blame me! but show me princess  
 The man or woman to whom 'tis to thee  
 I can unbosom freely every thought

PRINCESS

My brother well deserves thy confidence

TASSO

He is my Prince! — Yet do not hence suppose  
 That freedom's lawless impulse swells my breast  
 Man is not born for freedom and to serve  
 A prince deserving honour and esteem  
 Is a pure pleasure to a noble mind  
 Still he's my sovereign and of that great word  
 I deeply feel the full significance  
 I must be silent when he speaks and learn  
 To do what he commands me though perchance  
 My heart and understanding both rebel

PRINCESS

That never with my brother can occur  
 And in Antonio who is now return'd  
 Thou wilt possess another prudent friend

TASSO

I hop d it once now almost I despair  
 His converse how instructive and his words  
 How useful in a thousand instances !  
 For he possesses I may truly say  
 All that in me is wanting But alas !  
 When round his cradle all the Gods assembled  
 To bring their gifts the Graces were not there  
 And he who lacks what these four Powers impart,  
 May much possess and much communicate  
 But on his bosom we can ne er repose

PRINCESS

But we can trust in him and that is much  
 Thou shouldst not Tasso in one man expect  
 All qualities combined Antonio  
 Will keep his promises If he have once  
 Declared himself thy friend he ll care for thee  
 When thou neglect st thyself You must be friends !  
 Ere long I hope I shall obtain my wish  
 Only oppose me not as is thy wont  
 Then Leonora long hath sojourn d here  
 Who is at once refined and elegant  
 Her easy manners banish all restraint  
 Yet thou hast ne er approach d her as she wish d

TASSO

To thee I hearken d or believe me Princess  
 I should have rather shunn d her than approach d  
 Though she appear so kind I know not why  
 But I can rarely feel at ease with her  
 E en when she seeks to benefit her friends  
 They feel the purpose, and are thence constrain d

PRINCESS

Treading this path we ne er shall meet with friends  
 It only leads through solitary groves  
 And lonely valleys where the friendless soul  
 Fondly endeavours to restore within  
 The golden age which in the outward world  
 Exists no longer,—the attempt how vain !

TASSO

Oh what a word my Princess hast thou spoken !  
 The golden age, ah whither is it flown

For which in secret every heart repines<sup>2</sup>  
 When o'er the yet unsubjugated earth  
 Men roam'd like herds in joyous liberty  
 When on the flow'ry lawn an ancient tree  
 Lent to the shepherd and the shepherdess  
 Its grateful shadow and the leafy grove  
 Its tender branches lovingly entwined  
 Around confiding love when still and clear  
 O'er sands for ever pure the pearly stream  
 The nymphs fair form encircled when the snake  
 Glided innocuous through the verdant grass  
 And the bold youth pursued the daring faun,  
 When every bird winging the limpid air  
 And every living thing o'er hill and dale  
 Proclaim'd to man — What pleases that is right

PRINCESS

My friend the golden age hath pass'd away  
 Only the good have power to bring it back  
 Shall I confess to thee my secret thought<sup>2</sup>  
 The golden age wherewith the bard is wont  
 Our spirits to beguile that lovely prime  
 Existed in the past no more than now  
 And did it e'er exist believe me Iasso  
 As then it was it now may be restored  
 Still meet congenial spirits and enhance  
 Each other's pleasure in this beautiful world  
 But in the motto change one single word  
 And say my friend — What's fitting that is right

TASSO

Would that of good and noble men were form'd  
 A great tribunal to decide for all  
 What is befitting! then no more would each  
 Esteem that right which benefits himself  
 The man of power acts ever as he lists  
 And whatsoever he does is fitting deem'd

PRINCESS

Wouldst thou define exactly what is fitting  
 Thou shouldst apply methinks to noble women,  
 For them it most behoveth that in life  
 Nought should be done unseemly or unfit,  
 Propriety encircles with a wall

The tender weak and vulnerable sex  
 Where moral order reigneth women reign  
 They only are despis'd where rudeness triumphs,  
 And wouldst thou touching either sex inquire  
 'Tis order woman seeketh, freedom man

TASSO

Thou thinkest us unfeeling wild and rude ?

PRINCESS

Not so ! but ye with violence pursue  
 A multitude of objects far remote  
 Ye venture for eternity to act  
 While we with views more narrow on this earth  
 Seek only one possession well content  
 If that with constancy remain our own  
 For we alas ! are of no heart secure  
 Whatever the ardour of its first devotion  
 Beauty is transient which alone ye seem  
 To hold in honour what beside remains  
 No longer charms — what doth not charm is dead  
 If among men there were who know to prize  
 The heart of woman who could recognize  
 What treasures of fidelity and love  
 Are garner'd safely in a woman's breast  
 If the remembrance of bright single hours  
 Could vividly abide within your souls  
 If your so searching glance could pierce the veil  
 Which age and wasting sickness o'er us fling  
 If the possession which should satisfy  
 Waken'd no restless cravings in your hearts,  
 Then were our happy days indeed arriv'd  
 We then should celebrate our golden age

TASSO

Thy words my Princess in my breast awake  
 An old anxiety half lull'd to sleep

PRINCESS

What meanst thou Tasso ? Freely speak with me

TASSO

I oft before have heard and recently  
 Again it hath been rumour'd — had I not  
 Been told I might have known it — princes strive  
 To win thy hand What we must needs expect

We view with dread nay, almost with despair  
 Thou wilt forsake us —it is natural  
 How we shall bear thy loss I do not know

PRINCESS

Be for the present moment unconcern'd!  
 Almost I might say unconcern'd for ever  
 I am contented still to tarry here  
 Nor know I any tie to lure me hence  
 And if thou wouldst indeed detain me Tasso  
 Live peaceably with all so shalt thou lead  
 A happy life thyself and I through thee

TASSO

Teach me to do whatever is possible!  
 My life itself is consecrate to thee  
 When to extol thee and to give thee thanks  
 My heart unfolded I experienced first  
 The purest happiness that man can feel  
 My soul's ideal I first found in thee  
 As destiny supreme is rais'd above  
 The will and counsel of the wisest men  
 So tower the gods of earth o'er common mortals  
 The rolling surge which we behold with dread  
 Doth all unheeded murmur at their feet  
 Like gentle billows they hear not the storm  
 Which blusters round us scarcely heed our prayers  
 And treat us as we helpless children treat  
 Letting us fill the air with sighs and plaints  
 Thou hast divine one! often borne with me  
 And like the radiant sun thy pitying glance  
 Hath from mine eyelid dried the dew of sorrow

PRINCESS

'Tis only just that women cordially  
 Should meet the poet whose heroic song  
 In strains so varied glorifies the sex  
 Tender or valiant thou hast ever known  
 To represent them amiable and noble  
 And if Armida is deserving hate  
 Her love and beauty reconcile us to her

TASSO

Whatever in my song doth reach the heart  
 And find an echo there, I owe to one,



And one alone ! No image undefin d  
 Hover d before my soul approaching now  
 In radiant glory to retire again  
 I have myself with mine own eyes beheld  
 The type of every virtue every grace  
 What I have copied thence will aye endure  
 The heroic love of Tancred to Clorinda  
 Erminia s silent and unnotic d truth  
 Sophronia s greatness and Olinda s woe  
 These are not shadows by illusion bred  
 I know they are eternal for they are  
 And what is more deserving to survive  
 And silently to work for centuries  
 Than the confession of a noble love  
 Confided modestly to gentle song ?

PRINCESS

And shall I name to thee another charm  
 Which all unconsciously this song may claim ?  
 It doth allure us still to listen to it  
 We listen and we think we understand  
 We understand and yet we censure not  
 So with thy song thou winnest us at last

TASSO

Oh what a heaven thou dost open to me  
 My Princess ! if this radiance blinds me not  
 I see unhop d for and eternal bliss  
 Descending gloriously on golden beams

PRINCESS

No further Tasso ! many things there are  
 That we may hope to win with violence ,  
 While others only can become our own  
 Through moderation and wise self restraint  
 Such it is said is virtue such is love  
 Which is allied to her Think well of this

## SCENE II

TASSO

And art thou then allow d to raise thine eyes ?  
 Around thee dar st thou gaze ? Thou art alone !  
 O erheard these pillars what the princess spake ?  
 And hast thou even these mute witnesses

Of thine exalted happiness to fear ?  
 The sun arises of a new life day  
 Whose splendour dims the light of former days  
 The goddess downward stooping swiftly bears  
 Aloft the mortal What a wide expanse  
 Is to mine eye discover'd what a realm !  
 How richly recompens'd my burning wish !  
 In dreams the highest happiness seem'd near  
 This happiness surpasses all my dreams  
 The man born blind conceiveth as he may  
 Of light and colour when upon his eye  
 The daylight pours he hails a new born sense  
 Full of vague hope and courage drunk with joy  
 Reeling I tread this path I thou giv'st me much  
 Thou givest lavishly as earth and heaven  
 With bounteous hand dispense their costly gifts  
 Demanding in return what such a boon  
 Alone empowers thee to demand from me  
 I must be moderate I must forbear  
 And thus deserve thy cherish'd confidence  
 What have I ever done that she should choose me ?  
 What can I do to merit her regard ?  
 Her very confidence doth prove thy worth  
 Yes princess to thine every word and look  
 Be my whole soul for ever consecrate !  
 Ask what thou wilt for I am wholly thine !  
 To distant regions let her send me forth  
 In quest of toil and danger and renown ;  
 Or in the grove present the golden lyre  
 Devoting me to quiet and her praise  
 I'm hers possessing she shall favour me !  
 For her my heart hath garner'd every treasure  
 Oh ! had some heavenly power bestow'd on me  
 An organ thousandfold I scarcely then  
 Could utter for h my speechless reverence  
 The painter's pencil and the poet's lip  
 The sweetest that e'er sipp'd the vernal honey  
 I covet now No ! Tasso shall henceforth  
 Wander no more forlorn among trees and men  
 Lonely and weak oppress'd with gloomy care !  
 He is no more alone he is with thee

Oh would that visibly the noblest deed  
 Were present here before me circled round  
 With grisly danger! Onward I would rush  
 And with a joyous spirit risk the life  
 Now from her hand received The choicest men  
 As comrades I would hail a noble band  
 To execute her will and high behest  
 And consummate what seemed impossible  
 Rash mortal! wherefore did thy lips not hide  
 What thou didst feel till thou couldst lay thyself  
 Worthy and ever worthier at her feet?  
 Such was thy purpose such thy prudent wish!  
 Yet be it so! 'Tis sweeter to receive  
 Free and unmerited so fair a boon  
 Than with self flattery dream one might perchance  
 Successfully have claimed it Gaze with joy!  
 So vast so boundless all before thee lies!  
 And youth with hope inspired allures thee on  
 Towards the future's unknown sunny realms!  
 My bosom heave! propitious seasons smile  
 Once more with genial influence on this plant!  
 It springeth heavenward and shooteth out  
 A thousand branches that unfold in bloom  
 Oh may it bring forth fruit — ambrosial fruit!  
 And may a hand beloved the golden spoil  
 Cull from its verdant and luxuriant boughs!

## SCENE III

TASSO            ANTONIO

TASSO

A cordial welcome Sir! It seems indeed  
 As though I saw thee for the first time now!  
 Nor was arrival e'er more gladly hailed!  
 I know thee now and all thy varied worth  
 Promptly I offer thee my heart and hand  
 And trust that thou wilt not despise my love

ANTONIO

Freely thou offerest a precious gift  
 Its worth I duly estimate and hence  
 Would pause awhile before accepting it  
 I know not yet if I can render thee

A full equivalent Not willingly  
 Would I o'erhasty or unthankful seem  
 Let then my sober caution for both

TASSO

What man would censure caution? Every step  
 Of life doth prove that 'tis most requisite,  
 Yet nobler is it when the soul reveals  
 Where we with prudent foresight may dispense

ANTONIO

The heart of each be here his oracle  
 Since each his error must himself atone

TASSO

So let it be! My duty I've performed  
 It is the princess wish we should be friends  
 Her words I honour'd and thy friendship sought  
 I wish'd not to hold back Antonio  
 But I will never be importunate  
 Time and more near acquaintance may induce thee  
 To give a warmer welcome to the gift  
 Which now thou dost reject almost with scorn

ANTONIO

Oft is the moderate man nam'd cold by those  
 Who think themselves more warm than other men  
 Because a transient glow comes over them

TASSO

Thou blamest what I blame — what I avoid  
 Young as I am I ever must prefer  
 Unshaken constancy to vehemence

ANTONIO

Most wisely said! Keep ever in this mind

TASSO

Thou art authoriz'd to counsel and to warn  
 For like a faithful time approv'd friend  
 Experience holds her station at thy side  
 But trust me Sir the meditative heart  
 Attends the warning of each day and hour  
 And practises in secret every virtue  
 Which in thy rigour thou wouldst teach anew

ANTONIO

'Twere well to be thus occupied with self,  
 If it were only profitable too

His inmost nature no man learns to know  
 By introspection still he rates himself  
 Sometimes too low but oft alas! too high  
 Self knowledge comes from knowing other men,  
 Tis life reveals to each his genuine worth

TASSO

I listen with assent and reverence

ANTONIO

Yet to my words I know thou dost attach  
 A meaning wholly foreign to my thought

TASSO

Proceeding thus we ne'er shall draw more near  
 It is not prudent 'tis not well to meet  
 With purpos'd misconception any man  
 Let him be who he may! The Prince's word  
 I scarcely needed —I have read thy soul  
 Good thou dost purpose and accomplish too  
 Thine own immediate fate concerns thee not  
 Thou think'st of others others thou dost aid  
 And on life's sea vexed by each passing gale  
 Thou hold'st a heart unmov'd I view thee thus  
 What then were I did I not draw towards thee?  
 Did I not even keenly seek a share  
 Of the lock'd treasure which thy bosom guards?  
 Open thine heart to me thou'lt not repent  
 Know me and I am sure thou'lt be my friend,  
 Of such a friend I long have felt the need  
 My inexperience my ungovern'd youth  
 Cause me no shame for still around my brow  
 The future's golden clouds in brightness rest  
 Oh! to thy bosom take me noble man  
 Into the wise the temperate use of life  
 Initiate my rash and unfledg'd youth

ANTONIO

Thou in a single moment wouldst demand  
 What time and circumspection only yield

TASSO

In one brief moment love has power to give  
 What anxious toil wins not in lengthen'd years  
 I do not ask it from thee I demand  
 I summon thee in Virtue's sacred name,

For she is zealous to unite the good,  
 And shall I name to thee another name?  
 The Princess she doth wish it — Leonora  
 Me she would lead to thee and thee to me  
 Oh let us meet her wish with kindred hearts!  
 United let us to the goddess haste  
 To offer her our service our whole souls  
 Leagued to achieve for her the noblest aims  
 Yet once again! — Here is my hand! Give thine!  
 I do entreat hold thyself back no longer!  
 And grudge me not the good man's fairest joy  
 Freely to yield himself to nobler men!

ANTONIO

Thou goest on full sail! It would appear  
 Thou'rt wont to conquer everywhere to find  
 The pathways spacious and the portals wide  
 I grudge thee not or merit or success —  
 But we yet stand I see too far apart

TASSO

It may be so in years and time tried worth —  
 In courage and goodwill I yield to none

ANTONIO

Goodwill doth oft prove deedless courage still  
 Pictures the goal less distant than it is  
 His brow alone is crown'd who reaches it  
 And oft the worthiest must forego the crown  
 Yet wreaths there are of very different fashion  
 Light worthless wreaths which idly strolling on  
 The loiterer oft without the toil obtains

TASSO

Yet what a God doth freely grant to one  
 And from another sternly doth withhold  
 Is not obtain'd by each man as he lists

ANTONIO

If to a God — ascribe it then to Fortune  
 I'll hear thee gladly, for her choice is blind

TASSO

Impartial Justice also wears a blind  
 And shuts her eyes to every bright illusion

ANTONIO

Fortune 'tis for the fortunate to praise!

Let him ascribe to her a hundred eyes  
 To scan desert —stern judgment and wise choice  
 Call her Minerva call her what he will  
 He holds as just reward her golden gifts  
 Chance ornament as symbol of desert

TASSO

Thou need st not speak more plainly   Tis enough '  
 Deeply I see into thine inmost heart  
 And know thee now for life   Oh would that so  
 My princess knew thee also ' L lavish not  
 The arrows of thine eyes and of thy tongue '  
 In vain thou aimest at the fadeless wreath  
 Entwin d around my brow   First be so great  
 As not to envy me the wreath of fame  
 And then perchance thou may st dispute the prize  
 I deem it sacred yea the highest good  
 Yet only show me him who hath attain d  
 That after which I strive show me the hero  
 Of whom on hist ry s ample page I read  
 The poet place before me who himself  
 With Homer or with Virgil may compare ,  
 Ay what is more let me behold the man  
 Who hath deserv d threefold this recompense  
 And yet can wear the laurel round his brow  
 With modesty thrice greater than my own —  
 Then at the feet of the divinity  
 Who thus endow d me thou should st sec me kneel  
 Nor would I stand erect till from my brow  
 She had transferr d the ornament to his

ANTONIO

Till then thou rt doubtless worthy of the crown

TASSO

Let me be justly weigh d I shun it not  
 But your contempt I never have deserv d  
 The wreath consider d by my prince my due  
 Which for my brow my princess hand entwin d  
 None shall dispute with me and none asperse '

ANTONIO

This haughty tone methinks becomes thee not,  
 Nor this rash glow, unseemly in this place

TASSO

The tone thou here assum'st beseems me too  
 Say from these precincts is the truth exil'd?<sup>2</sup>  
 Within the palace is free thought imprison'd?<sup>2</sup>  
 Here must the noble spirit be oppress'd?<sup>2</sup>  
 This is nobility's appropriate seat  
 The soul's nobility<sup>1</sup> and may she not  
 In presence of earth's many ones rejoice?<sup>2</sup>  
 She may and shall Nobles draw near the prince  
 In virtue of the rank their sues bequeath'd  
 Why should not genius then which partial nature  
 Grants like a glorious ancestry to few?<sup>2</sup>  
 Here littleness alone should feel confus'd  
 And envy shun to manifest its shame  
 As no insidious spider should attach  
 Its noisome fabric to these mable walls

ANTONIO

Thyself dost show that my contempt is just<sup>1</sup>  
 The impetuous youth forsooth would seize by force  
 The confidence and friendship of the man<sup>1</sup>  
 Rude as thou art dost think thyself of worth

TASSO

I'd rather be what thou esteem'st rude  
 Than what I must myself esteem I, noble

ANTONIO

Thou art still so young that wholesome chastisement  
 My tutor thee to hold a better course

TASSO

Not young enough to bow to idols down  
 Yet old enough to conquer scorn with scorn

ANTONIO

From contests of the lips and of the lyre  
 A conquering hero thou may'st issue forth

TASSO

It were presumptuous to extol my arm  
 As yet tis deedless, still I'll trust to it

ANTONIO

Thou trustest to forbearance which too long  
 Hath spoil'd thee in thine insolent career



TASSO

That I am grown to manhood now I feel  
 It would have been the farthest from my wish  
 To try with thee the doubtful game of arms  
 But thou dost stir the inward fire my blood  
 My inmost marrow boils the fierce desire  
 Of vengeance seeths and foams within my breast  
 Art thou the man thou boastst thyself — then stand.

ANTONIO

Thou knowst as little who as where thou art

TASSO

No fane so sacred as to shield contempt  
 Thou dost blaspheme thou dost profane this spot,  
 Not I who fairest offerings — confidence  
 Respect and love for thine acceptance brought  
 Thy spirit desecrates this paradise  
 And thy injurious words this sacred hall  
 Not the indignant heaving of my breast  
 Which boils to wipe away the slightest stain

ANTONIO

What a great spirit in a narrow breast!

TASSO

Here there is space to vent the bosom's rage

ANTONIO

The rabble also vent their rage in words

TASSO

Art thou of noble blood as I am draw

ANTONIO

I am but I remember where I stand

TASSO

Come then below where weapon may avail

ANTONIO

Thou shouldst not challenge the refore I'll not follow

TASSO

To cowards welcome such impediments

ANTONIO

The coward only threatens while he's secure

TASSO

With joy would I relinquish this defence

ANTONIO

Demean thyself, degrade the place thou canst not

TASSO

The place forgive me that I suffer'd it!

[*He draws his sword*]Or draw or follow if as now I hate,  
I'm not to scorn thee to eternity!

## SCENE IV

TASSO

ANTONIO

ALPHONSO

ALPHONSO

In what unlook'd for strife I find you both?

ANTONIO

Calm and unmov'd oh Prince thou findest me here  
Before a man whom passion's rage hath seized

TASSO

As a divinity I worship thee  
That thus thou tum'st me with one warning look.

ALPHONSO

Relate Antonio Tasso tell me straight —  
Say why doth discord thus invade my house?  
How hath it seized you both and hurried you  
Confus'd and reel'd from the beaten track  
Of decency and law? I stand amazed

TASSO

I feel it thou dost know nor him nor me  
This man reputed temperate and wise  
Hath tow'rd me like a rude ill-manner'd churl,  
Behav'd himself with spiteful insolence  
I sought him trustfully he thrust me back  
With constancy I press'd myself on him  
And still with growing bitterness imbued,  
He rested not till he had turn'd to gall  
My blood's pure current Pardon! I thou my Prince,  
Hast found me here possess'd with furious rage.  
If guilty to this man the guilt is due  
With violence he found the fiery glow  
Which seiz'd me hath injur'd both of us

ANTONIO

Poetic phrenzy hurried him away!  
Thou hast oh Prince address'd thyself to me,  
Me thou hast question'd may I be allow'd  
After this rapid orator to speak?

TASSO

Oh yes repeat again each several word !  
 And if thou canst recall before this judge  
 Each syllable each look — then dare to do so !  
 Disgrace thyself a second time and bear  
 Witness against thyself ! I'll not disown  
 A single pulse throb nor a single breath

ANTONIO

If thou hast somewhat more to say proceed  
 If not forbear and interrupt me not  
 Whether at first this fiery youth or I  
 Began this quarrel whether he or I  
 Must bear the blame is a wide question Prince  
 Which stands apart and need not be discussed

TASSO

How so ? The primal question seems to me  
 Which of the two is right and which is wrong

ANTONIO

Not so precisely as the ungoverned mind  
 Might first suppose

ALPHONSO

Antonio !

ANTONIO

Gracious Prince !

Thy hint I honour but let him forbear  
 When I have spoken he may then proceed  
 Thy voice must then decide I've but to say  
 I can no longer with this man contend  
 Can nor accuse him nor defend myself  
 Nor give the satisfaction he desires  
 For as he stands he is no longer free  
 There hangeth over him a heavy law  
 Which at the most thy favour can relax  
 Here he hath dared to threaten me to challenge  
 Scarce in thy presence sheathed his naked sword  
 And if between us Prince thou hadst not stepped  
 Obnoxious to reproof I now had stood  
 Before thy sight the partner of his fault

ALPHONSO to TASSO

Thou hast not acted well

TASSO

Mine own heart Prince,  
 And surely thine doth speak me wholly free  
 Yes, true it is I threaten'd challeng'd drew,—  
 But how maliciously his guileful tongue  
 With words well chosen pierc'd me to the quick,  
 How sharply and how quick his biting tooth  
 The subtle venom in my blood infus'd  
 How more and more the fever he inflam'd  
 Thou thinkest not! cold and unmov'd himself  
 He to the highest pitch excited me  
 Thou know'st him not and thou wilt never know him!  
 Warmly I tender'd him the truest love  
 Down at my feet he flung the proffer'd gift,  
 And had my spirit not with anger glow'd  
 Of thy fair service and thy princely grace  
 I were for aye unworthy. If the law  
 I have forgotten and this place—forgive!  
 The spot exists not where I dare be base  
 Nor yet where I debasement dare endure  
 But if this heart in any place be false  
 Or to itself or thee—condemn reject—  
 And let me ne'er again behold thy face

ANTONIO

How easily the youth bears heavy loads  
 And shaketh misdemeanours off like dust!  
 It were indeed a marvel knew I not  
 Of magic poesy the wondrous power  
 Which loveth still with the impossible  
 In frolic mood to sport. I almost doubt  
 Whether to thee and to thy ministers  
 This deed will seem so insignificant  
 For royalty extend its shield o'er all  
 Who seek the shelter of its sacred fane  
 And bow before it as a deity  
 As at the altar's consecrated foot  
 So on the regal threshold rage subsides,  
 No sword there gleams no threatening word resounds,  
 Even injur'd innocence seeks no revenge  
 The common earth affords an ample scope  
 For bitter hate, and rage implacable

There will no coward threat no true man flee,  
 Thy ancestors on sure foundations bas'd  
 These walls fit shelter for their dignity  
 And with wise forecast hedg'd the palace round  
 With fearful penalties Of all transgressors  
 Exile confinement death the certain doom  
 Respect of persons was not nor did mercy  
 The arm of justice ventur'd to restrain  
 The boldest culprit felt himself o'eraw'd  
 And now after a lengthen'd reign of peace  
 We must behold unlicens'd rage invade  
 The realm of sacred order Judge oh Prince  
 And punish! for unguarded by the law  
 Unshielded by his Sov'rain who will dare  
 To keep the narrow path that duty bounds

ALPHONSO

More than your words or aught that ye could say  
 My own impartial feelings let me heed  
 If that your duty ye had both fulfill'd  
 I should not have this judgment to pronounce,  
 For here the right and wrong are near allied  
 If that Antonio has offend'd thee  
 Due satisfaction he must doubtless give  
 In such a sort as thou shalt choose to ask  
 I gladly would be chosen arbiter

[To TASSO

Meanwhile thy misdemeanour subjects thee  
 To brief confinement I usso I forgive thee  
 And therefore for thy sake relax the law  
 Now leave us and within thy chamber bide  
 Thyself thy sole companion thy sole guard

TASSO

Is this then thy judicial sentence Prince?

ANTONIO

Discernst thou not a father's lenity?

TASSO to ANTONIO

With thee, henceforth I have no more to say

[To ALPHONSO

Thine earnest word oh Prince delivers me  
 A freeman to captivity So be it!  
 Thou deemst it right Thy sacred word I hear

And counsel silence to mine inmost heart.  
 It seems so strange so strange —myself and thee  
 This sacred spot I scarce can recognize  
 Yet him I know full well —Oh there is much  
 I might and ought to say yet I submit  
 My lips are mute Was it indeed a crime?  
 At least they treat me as a criminal  
 How'er my heart rebel I'm captive now

ALPHONSO

Thou tak'st it Tasso more to heart than I

TASSO

To me it still is inconceivable  
 And yet not so I am no child Methinks  
 I should be able to unravel it  
 A sudden light breaks in upon my soul —  
 As suddenly it leaves me in the dark —  
 I only hear my sentence and submit  
 These are indeed superfluous idle words  
 Henceforth inure thy spirit to obey  
 Weak mortal! To forget where thou didst stand!  
 Thou didst forget how high the abode of gods,  
 And now art stagger'd by the sudden fall  
 Promptly obey for it becomes a man  
 Each painful duty to perform with joy  
 Take back the sword which I receiv'd from thee  
 When in the cardinal's suit I went to France  
 Though not with glory not with shame I wore it —  
 No not to day The bright auspicious gift  
 With heart sore troubled I relinquish now

ALPHONSO

Thou know'st not Tasso how I feel towards thee

TASSO

My lot is to obey and not to think!  
 And destiny alas! demands from me  
 Renunciation of this precious gift  
 Ill doth a crown become a captive's brow  
 I from my head myself remove the wreath  
 Which seem'd recorded for eternity  
 Too early was the dearest bliss bestow'd  
 And is alas as if I had been boastful  
 Too early ta'en away

Thou takest back what none beside could take,  
 And what no God a second time accords  
 We mortals are most wonderfully tried  
 We could not bear it were we not endow'd  
 By Nature with a kindly levity  
 Capricious fortune teaches us to play  
 With priceless gifts with lavish unconcern  
 Our hands we open of our own free will  
 And the good flies that we can never recall  
 A tear doth mingle with this parting kiss  
 Devoting thee to mutability!  
 This tender sign of weakness may be pardon'd!  
 Who would not weep when what was deem'd immortal  
 Yields to destruction's power! Now to this sword  
 (Alas it won thee not) ally thyself  
 And round it twin'd as on a hero's bier  
 Reposing mark the grave where buried lie  
 My short liv'd happiness my wither'd hopes  
 Here at thy feet oh Prince I lay them down  
 For who is justly arm'd if thou art with?  
 Who justly crown'd on whom thy brow is bent?  
 I go a captive and await my doom

(Exit)

[On a sign from the Prince a Page raises the sword  
and wreath and bears them away]

### SCENE V

ALPHONSO      ANTONIO

ANTONIO

Whither doth phrenzied fancy lead the boy?  
 And in what colours doth he picture forth  
 His high desert and glorious destiny?  
 Rash inexperienced youth esteems itself  
 A chosen instrument and arrogates  
 Unbounded license He has been chastis'd  
 And chastisement is profit to the boy  
 For which the man will render cordial thanks

ALPHONSO

He is indeed chastis'd too much I fear

ANTONIO

Art thou dispos'd to practice lenity  
 Restore again his liberty my Prince  
 And then the sword may arbitrate our strife

ALPHONSO

So be it if the public voice demands  
 But tell me how didst thou provoke his ire?

ANTONIO

In sooth I scarce can say how it befel  
 As man I may perchance have wounded him  
 As nobleman I gave him no offence  
 And in the very tempest of his rage  
 No word unseemly hath escap'd this lip

ALPHONSO

Of such a sort your quarrel seem'd to me  
 And your own word confirms me in my thought  
 When men dispute we justly may esteem  
 The wiser the offender—Thou with Tasso  
 Shouldst not contend but rather guide his steps  
 It would become thee more—'tis not too late  
 The sword's decision is not call'd for here  
 So long as I am bless'd with peace abroad  
 So long would I enjoy it in my house  
 Restore tranquillity thou canst with ease  
 Leonora Sauvitale may it first  
 Attempt to sooth him with her honied lip  
 Then go thou to him in my name restore  
 His liberty with true and noble words  
 Endeavour to obtain his confidence  
 Accomplish this with all the speed thou canst  
 As a kind friend and father speak with him  
 Peace I would know restor'd ere I depart,  
 All if thou wilt—is possible to thee  
 We gladly will remain another hour  
 Then leave it to the ladies' gentle tact  
 To consummate the work commenc'd by thee  
 So when we come again the last faint trace  
 Of this rash quarrel will be quite effac'd  
 It seems thy talents will not rust Antonio!  
 Scarcely hast thou concluded one affair  
 And on thy first return thou seek'st another  
 In this new mission may success be thine!



TORQUATO TASSO

ANTONIO

I am ashamed my error in thy words  
As in the clearest mirror I discern  
How easy to obey a noble prince  
Who doth convince us while he doth command

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I

PRINCESS (*alone*)

Where tarryes Leonora? Anxious fear  
Augmenting every moment agitates  
My inmost heart scarce know I what took place  
Which party is to blame I scarcely know  
Oh that he would return! I would not yet  
Speak with my brother or Antonio  
Till I am more composed till I have heard  
How matters stand and what may be the issue

SCENE II

PRINCESS      LEONORA

PRINCESS

What tidings Leonora? Tell me all  
How stands it with our friends? Say what occurred?

LEONORA

More than I knew before I have not learn'd  
Contention rose between them I also drew  
Thy brother parted them yet it would seem  
That it was Iasso who began the fray  
Antonio is at large and with his Prince  
Converses freely Iasso in his chamber,  
Abides meanwhile a captive and alone

PRINCESS

Doubtless Antonio irritated him  
And met with cold disdain the high toned youth

LEONORA

I do believe it when he join'd us first  
A cloud already brooded o'er his brow

## PRINCESS

Alas that we re so prone to disregard  
 The still and holy warnin<sub>g</sub>s of the heart!  
 A God doth whisper softly in our breast,  
 Softly yet audibly doth counsel us  
 Both what we ou<sub>g</sub>ht to seek and what to shun  
 This morn Antonio hath appear'd to me  
 F'en more abrupt than ever — more reserv'd  
 When at his side I saw our youthful bard  
 My spirit warn'd me — Only mark of each  
 The outward aspect — countenance and tone  
 Look gesture bearing! Everythin<sub>g</sub> oppos'd  
 Affection they can never interchange  
 And yet I listen'd to delusive Hope  
 They both are sensible she fondly urg'd  
 Both noble gently nurtur'd and thy friends  
 What bond more sure than that which links the good?  
 I urg'd the youth with what devoted zeal  
 How ardently he gave himself to me!  
 Would I had spoken to Antonio then!  
 But I delay'd — So recent his return  
 That I felt shy at once and urgently  
 To recommend the youth to his regard  
 On custom I relied and courtesy  
 And on the common usage of the world  
 Which e'en twixt foes so smoothly intervenes  
 I dreaded not from the experienc'd man  
 The rash impetuosity of youth  
 The ill seem'd distant now alas tis here  
 Oh give me counsel! What is to be done?

## LEONORA

Thy words my Princess show that thou dost feel  
 How hard it is to counsel — tis not here  
 A misconception twixt congenial minds  
 This words if needful the appeal to us  
 Might easily set right — I wo men they are  
 I've felt it long who therefore are oppos'd  
 Because their minds are cast in different moulds  
 And were they to consult their common weal  
 They'd form a league of closest amity  
 Then as one man they'd act and onward move

With power and joy and happiness through life  
 I hop'd it once I now perceive in vain  
 To day's contention whatsoever the cause  
 Might be appeas'd but this assures us not  
 Or for the morrow or for future time  
 Methinks twere best that Tasso for awhile  
 Should journey hence he might repair to Rome  
 Or visit Florence I should meet him there  
 And as a friend could wail upon his mind  
 While thou meanwhile couldst bring Antonio  
 Who has become almost a stranger to us  
 Once more within the circle of thy friends  
 And thus benignant time that grins so much  
 Might grant perchance what seems impossible

PRINCESS

A happiness will thus my friend be thine  
 Which I must needs forego say is that right?

LEONORA

Thou only wouldst forego what thou thyself  
 As things at present stand couldst not enjoy

PRINCESS

So calmly shall I banish hence a friend?

LEONORA

Rather retain, whom thou dost seem to banish

PRINCESS

The duke will never consent to part with him

LEONORA

When he shall see as we do he will yield

PRINCESS

'Tis painful in one's friend to doom oneself

LEONORA

Yet with thy friend, thou'lt also save thyself

PRINCESS

I cannot give my voice that this shall be

LEONORA

An evil still more grievous than expect

PRINCESS

Thou giv'st me pain —uncertain thy success

LEONORA

Ere long we shall discover which is right

PRINCESS

Well if it needs must be so say no more

LEONORA

He conquers grief who firmly can resolve

PRINCESS

Resolv'd I'm not but even let it be  
 If he does not absent himself too long  
 And let us Leonora care for him  
 That he may never be oppress'd by want  
 But that the duke e'en in a distant land  
 May graciously assign him maintenance  
 Speak to Antonio with my brother he  
 Can much accomplish and will not remember  
 The recent strife against our friend or us

LEONORA

Princess a word from thee would have more power

PRINCESS

I cannot well thou knowest Leonora  
 Solicit favours for myself and friends  
 As my dear sister of Urbino can  
 A calm secluded life I'm fain to lead  
 And from my brother gratefully accept  
 Whatever his princely bounty freely grants  
 For this reluctance once I blam'd myself  
 I've conquer'd now and blame myself no more  
 My friends too would oft censure me and say  
 Unselfishness is doubtless beautiful,  
 But thou art so disinterested that even  
 Thy friends necessities thou canst not feel  
 I let it pass and suffer'd the reproach  
 I am the more rejoic'd that I can now  
 Be of substantial service to our friend  
 My mother's heritage descends to me  
 And to his need I'll gladly minister

LEONORA

Princess I too can show myself his friend  
 In truth he is no thrifty manager  
 My skilful aid shall help him where he fails

PRINCESS

Well take him then —if I must part with him  
 Fore all, I would resign him unto thee

I now perceive it will be better so  
 This sorrow also must my spirit hail  
 As good and wholesome <sup>?</sup> Such my doom from youth,  
 I am inur'd to it But half we feel  
 Renunciation of a precious joy  
 When we have deem'd its tenure insecure.

LEONORA

Happy according to thy high desert  
 I hope to see thee

PRINCESS

Leonora! Happy <sup>?</sup>

Who then is happy <sup>?</sup>—So indeed I might  
 Esteem my brother for his constant mind  
 Still with unswerving temper meets his fate  
 Yet even he ne'er rep'd as he deserv'd  
 My sister of Urbino is she happy <sup>?</sup>  
 With beauty gifted and a noble heart!  
 Childless she's doom'd to live her younger lord  
 Values her highly and upbraids her not,  
 But happiness is stranger to their home  
 Of what avail our mother's prudent skill  
 Her varied knowledge and her ample mind <sup>?</sup>  
 Could they protect from foreign heresy <sup>?</sup>  
 We were taken from her now she is no more  
 And dying left us not the soothing thought  
 That reconcil'd with God her spirit pass'd

LEONORA

Oh mark not only that which fuls to each  
 Consider rather what to each remains!  
 And Princess what doth not remain to thee <sup>?</sup>

PRINCESS

What doth remain to me Leonora <sup>?</sup> Patience!  
 Which I have learn'd to practise from my youth  
 When friends and kindred knit in social love  
 In joyous pastime wiled the hours away  
 Sickness held me a captive in my chamber,  
 And in the sad companionship of pain  
 I early learn'd the lesson—to endure!  
 One pleasure cheer'd me in my solitude  
 The joy of song I commun'd with myself  
 And lull'd with soothing tones, the sense of pain,

The restless longing the unquiet wish,—  
 Till sorrow oft would grow to ravishment,  
 And sadness self to harmony divine  
 Not long alas! this comfort was allow'd  
 The leech's stern monition silenc'd me  
 I was condemned to live and to endure  
 Even of this sole remaining joy bereft

LEONORA

Yet many friends attach'd themselves to thee  
 And now thou art in health and joyous too

PRINCESS

I am in health that is I am not sick  
 And many friends I have whose constancy  
 Doth cheer my heart and ah I had a friend—

LEONORA

Thou hast him still

PRINCESS

But soon must part with him  
 That moment was of deep significance  
 When first I saw him scarce was I restor'd  
 From many sorrows sickness and dull pain  
 Were scarce subdued with shy and timid glance  
 I gaz'd once more on life once more rejoic'd  
 In the glad sunshine and my kindred's love  
 And hope's delicious balm inhaled anew  
 Forwards I ventur'd into life to prize  
 And friendly forms saluted me from far  
 Then was it Leonora that my sister  
 First introduc'd to me the youthful bard  
 She led him hither and shall I confess?—  
 My heart embrac'd him and will hold for aye

LEONORA

My Princess! Let it not repent thee now!  
 To apprehend the noble is a gain  
 Of which the soul can never be bereft

PRINCESS

Even what is excellent we needs must fear,  
 This like a flame which nobly serveth us  
 So long as on our household hearth it burns  
 Or sheds its luster from the friendly torch  
 How lovely then! Who can dispense with it?  
 But if unwatch'd it spreads destruction round

What anguish it occasions ! Leave me now  
 I babble and twere better to conceal  
 Even from thee how weak I am and sick

LEONORA

The sickness of the heart doth soonest yield  
 To tender plaints and soothing confidence

PRINCESS

If in confiding love a cure be found  
 I'm whole so strong my confidence in thee  
 Alas ! my friend I am indeed resolv'd  
 Let him depart ! But ah ! I feel already  
 The long protracted anguish of the day  
 When I must all forego that glads me now  
 His beauteous form transfigur'd in my dream  
 The morning sun will disipate no more  
 No more the blissful hope of seeing him  
 With joyous longing fill my waking sense  
 Nor to discover him my timid glance  
 Search wistfully our garden's dewy shade  
 How sweetly was the tender hope fulfill'd  
 To spend each eve in intercourse with him !  
 How while conversing the delight increas'd  
 To know each other ever more and more  
 And still our souls in sweet communion join'd  
 Were daily tun'd to pure harmonies  
 What twilight gloom now fills around my path !  
 The gorgeous sun the genial light of day  
 Of this fair world the splendours manifold  
 Shorn of their lustre are envelop'd all  
 In the dark mist which now environs me  
 In by gone times each day compris'd a life  
 Hush'd was each care mute each foreboding voice  
 And happily embark'd we drifted on  
 Without a rudder o'er life's lucid wave  
 Now, in the darkness of the present hour  
 Futurity's vague terrors seize my soul

LEONORA

The future will restore to thee thy friend  
 And thou wilt find new happiness new joy

PRINCESS

What I possess that would I gladly hold,  
 Change may divert the mind, but profits not

With youthful longings I have never join'd  
 The motley throng who strive from fortune's urn  
 To snatch an object for their craving hearts  
 I honour'd him and could not choose but love him,  
 For that with him my life was life indeed  
 Filled with a joy I never knew before  
 At first I whisper'd to my heart beware!  
 Shrinking I shunn'd yet ever drew more near  
 So gently lur'd so cruelly chastis'd!  
 A pure substantial blessing glides away  
 And for the joy that filled my yearning heart  
 Some demon substitutes a kindred pain

LEONORA

If friendship's soothing words console thee not  
 This beauteous world's calm power and healing time  
 Will imperceptibly restore thy heart

PRINCESS

Ay beauteous is the world and many a joy  
 Floats through its wide dominion But alas  
 When we would seize the winged good it flies  
 And step by step along the path of life  
 Allures our yearning spirits to the grave  
 To mortal man so seldom is it given  
 To find what seem'd his heav'n appointed bliss  
 Alas so seldom he retains the good  
 Which in auspicious hour his hand had grasp'd  
 The treasure to our heart that came unsought  
 Doth tear itself away and we ourselves  
 Yield that which once with eagerness we seiz'd  
 There is a bliss but 'tis to us unknown—  
 'Tis known indeed, but yet we prize it not

## SCENE III

LEONORA (*alone*)

The good and noble heart my pity moves,  
 How sad a lot attends her lofty rank!  
 Alas she loses—thinkest thou to win?  
 Is his departure hence so requisite?  
 Or dost thou urge it for thyself alone—  
 To make the heart and lofty genius thine  
 Which now thou sharest—and unequally?



Is't honest so to act ? What lack'st thou yet ?  
 Art thou not rich enough ? Husband and son  
 Possessions beauty rank—all these thou hast  
 And him would'st have beside ? What ! Lov'st thou him ?  
 How comes it else that thou can'st not endure  
 To live without him ? This thou dar'st confess !  
 How charming is it in his mind's clear depths  
 Oneself to mirror Doth not every joy  
 Seem doubly great and noble when his song  
 Wafts us aloft as on the clouds of heav'n ?  
 Then first thy lot is worthy to be envied !  
 Not only hast thou what the many crave  
 But each one knoweth what thou art and hast !  
 Thy fatherland doth proudly speak thy name,  
 This is the pinnacle of earthly bliss  
 Is Laura's then the only favour'd name  
 That eye from gentle lips shall sweetly flow ?  
 Is it Petrarca's privilege alone  
 To deify an unknown beauty's charms ?  
 Who is there that with Tasso can compare ?  
 As now the world exalts him future time  
 With honour due shall magnify his name  
 What rapture in the golden prime of life  
 To feel his presence and with him to near  
 With airy tread the future's hidden realm !  
 Thus should old age and time their influence lose  
 And powerless be the voice of rumour bold  
 Whose breath controls the billows of applause  
 All that is transient in his song survives  
 Still art thou young still happy when the round  
 Of changeful time shall long have born thee on  
 Him thou shalt have and yet take nought from her  
 For her affection to the gifted man  
 Doth take the hue her other passions wear  
 Pale as the tranquil moon whose feeble rays  
 Dimly illumine the night wanderer's path  
 They gleam but warm not and diffuse around  
 No blissful rapture no keen sense of joy  
 If she but know him happy though afar  
 She will rejoice as when she saw him daily  
 And then, tis not my purpose from this court

And her to banish both myself and friend  
 I will return will bring him here again  
 So let it be!—My rugged friend draws near  
 We soon shall see if we have power to tame him

## SCENE IV

LEONORA      ANTONIO

LEONORA

War and not peace thou bringest    I would appear  
 As though thou camest from the tented field  
 Where violence bears sway and force decides  
 And not from Rome where solemn policy  
 Uplifts the hand to bless a prostrate world  
 Which she beholds obedient at her feet

ANTONIO

I must admit the censure my fair friend,  
 But my apology lies close at hand  
 It is dangerous to be compell'd so long  
 To wear the show of prudence and restraint  
 Still at our side an evil genius lurks  
 And with stern voice demands from time to time  
 A sacrifice which I alas to day  
 Have offer'd to the peril of my friends

LEONORA

So long hast thou with strangers been concern'd  
 And to their humours hast conform'd thine own  
 That when with friends thou dost mistake their aims  
 And dost contend with them as they were strangers?

ANTONIO

Herein beloved friend the danger lies!  
 With strangers we are ever on our guard  
 Still are we aiming with observance due  
 To win their favour which may profit us  
 But with our friends we throw off all restraint,  
 Repose in their love we give the rein  
 To peevish humour passion uncontroll'd  
 Doth break its bounds and those we hold most dear  
 Are thus amongst the first whom we offend

LEONORA

In this calm utterance of a thoughtful mind  
 I gladly recognize my friend again.

ANTONIO

Yes it has much annoy'd me I confess  
 That I so far forgot myself to day  
 But yet admit, that when some man of toil  
 From irksome labour comes with heated brow  
 Thinking to rest himself for further toil  
 Beneath the long'd for shade in the cool evening,  
 And finds it in its length and breadth possess'd  
 Already by some idler he may well  
 Feel something human stirring in his breast ?

LEONORA

If he is truly human then methinks  
 He gladly will partake the shade with one  
 Who lightens toil and cheers the hour of rest  
 With sweet discourse and soothing melodies\*  
 Ample my friend for both the spreading shade  
 Nor either needs the other dispossess

ANTONIO

We will not bandy smiles fair friend  
 The world containeth many things that we  
 To others freely yield and with them share  
 But there exists one treasure we resign  
 With willing hearts to high desert alone,  
 Another too that without secret grudge  
 We share not even with the highest worth  
 And wouldst thou touching these two treasures ask  
 They are the laurel and fair woman's smile

LEONORA

How! Hath yon chaplet round our stripling's brow  
 Given umbrage to the grave experienc'd man ?  
 Say for his toil divine his lofty verse  
 Couldst thou thyself a juster meed select ?  
 A ministration in itself divine  
 That floateth in the air in tuneful tones  
 Evoking airy forms to charm our souls—  
 Such ministration in expressive form  
 Or graceful symbol finds its fit reward  
 As doth the bird scarce deign to touch the earth,  
 So doth the laurel lightly touch his brow  
 His worshippers with barren homage bring  
 As tribute meet, a fruitless branch, that thus

With ease they may acquit them of their debt  
 Thou dost not grudge the martyr's effigy,  
 The golden radiance round the naked head  
 And certes where it rests the laurel crown  
 Is more a sign of sorrow than of joy

ANTONIO

How Leonora! Would thy lovely lips  
 Teach me to scorn the world's poor vanities?

LEONORA

There is no need my friend to tutor thee  
 To prize each good according to its worth  
 Yet it would seem that even like common men,  
 The sage philosopher from time to time  
 Needs that the treasures he is blest withal  
 In their true light before him be display'd  
 Thou noble man wilt not assert thy claim  
 To a mere empty phantom of renown  
 The service that doth bind thy prince to thee  
 By means of which thou dost attach thy friends  
 Is true — is living service hence the need  
 Which doth reward it must be living, too  
 Thy laurel is thy sovereign's confidence  
 Which like a cherish'd burden gracefully  
 Reposes on thy shoulders — thy renown  
 Thy crown of glory is the general trust

ANTONIO

Thou speakest not of woman's smile that surely  
 Thou wilt not tell us is superfluous

LEONORA

As people take it Thou dost lack it not  
 And were ye both depriv'd of it methinks  
 Thou would'st less miss it than our youthful friend  
 For should a woman undertake to task  
 Her skill in thy behalf to care for thee  
 In her own fashion think'st thou she'd succeed?  
 With thee security and order dwell  
 And as for others for thyself thou carest  
 Thou dost possess what friendship fain would give,  
 Whilst in our province he requires our aid  
 A thousand things he needs which to supply  
 Is to a woman no unwelcome task

The fine spun linen the embroider d vest,  
 He weareth gladly and endureth not  
 Upon his person aught of texture rude  
 Such as befits the menial For with him  
 All must be rich and noble fair and good  
 And yett all this to win he lacks the skill  
 Nor even when possess d can he retain  
 Improvident he s still in want of gold  
 Nor from a journey e er returneth home  
 But a third portion of his goods is lost  
 His valet plunders him and thus Antonio  
 The whole year round one has to care for him

ANTONIO

And these same cares endear him more and more  
 Much favour d youth to whom his very faults  
 As virtues count to whom it is allow d  
 As man to play the boy and who forsooth  
 May proudly boast hi charming weaknesses !  
 I thou must forgive me my fan friend if here  
 Some little touch of bitterness I feel  
 Thou say st not all say st not how he presumes  
 And proves himself fur shrewder th in he seems  
 He boasts two tender flumes ! The knots of love  
 As fancy prompts him he doth bind and loose  
 And wins with such devices two such hearts !  
 Is t credible ?

LEONORA

Well ! Well ! This only proves  
 That tis but friendship that inspires our hearts  
 And e en if we return d him love for love  
 Should we not well reward his noble heart  
 Who self oblivious dreams his life away  
 In lovely visions to enchant his friends ?

ANTONIO

Go on ! Go on ! Spoil him yet more and more  
 Account his selfish vanity for love  
 Offend all other friends with honest zeal  
 Devoted to your service rend apart  
 The golden links of social confidence !

LEONORA

We are not quite so partial as thou think st,

In many cases we exhort our friend  
 We wish to mould his mind that he may know  
 More happiness himself and be a source  
 Of purer joy to others What in him  
 Doth merit blame is not conceal'd from us

ANTONIO

Yet much that's blamable in him ye praise  
 I've known him long so easy 'tis to know him  
 For he's too proud to wear the least disguise  
 We see him now retire into himself  
 As if the world were rounded in his breast  
 Lost in the working of that inner world  
 The outward universe he casts aside  
 And his rapt spirit self included rests  
 Anon as when a spark doth fire a mine  
 Upon a touch of sorrow or of joy  
 Anger or whim he breaks impetuous forth  
 Now he must compass all things all retain  
 All his caprices must be realiz'd  
 What should have ripen'd slowly through long years  
 Must in a moment reach maturity  
 And obstacles which years of patient toil  
 Could scarce remove be level'd in a trice  
 He from himself the impossible demands  
 That he from others may demand it too  
 The extremest limits of existing things  
 His soul would hold in continuity  
 This one man in a million scarce achieves  
 And he is not that man at length he falls  
 No whit the better back into himself

LEONORA

Himself alone he injures others not

ANTONIO

Yet others he doth outrage grievously  
 Canst thou deny that in his passions height  
 Which o'er his spirit oft usurps control  
 He hurls abuse at random and doth load  
 The Prince and even the Princess with reviling?  
 True for a moment only it endures  
 But then the moment quickly comes again  
 His tongue as little as his breast he rules

LEONORA

To me indeed it seems advisable  
That he should leave Ferrara for awhile —  
T would benefit himself and others too

ANTONIO

Perchance —perchance too not But now my friend  
It is not to be thought of For myself,  
I will not on my shoulders bear the blame  
It might appear as if I drove him hence  
I drive him not As far as I m concern d  
He at the court may tarry undisturb d  
And if he will be reconcil d with us  
And school himself to follow my advice  
We may live peaceably enou<sub>g</sub>h to<sub>g</sub>ether

LEONORA

Now thou dost hope to work upon a mind  
Which lately thou didst look upon as lost

ANTONIO

We always hope and still in ev<sub>er</sub> y case  
Tis better far to hope than to despair  
For who can calculate the possible  
Our Prince esteems him he must stay with us  
And if we strive to fashion him in vain  
He s not the only one we must endure

LEONORA

So free from passion and from prejudice  
I had not thought thee,—thy conversion s sudden

ANTONIO

Age must my friend this one advantage claim  
That though from error it be not exempt  
Its balance it recovers speedily  
Thou didst at first essay to heal the breach  
Between thy friend and me I urge it now  
Do what thou can st to bring him to himself  
And to restore things to their wonted calm  
Myself will visit him when I shall know  
From thee that he is tranquil when thou think st  
My presence will not aggravate the ill  
But what thou dost that do within the hour,  
Alphonso will return to town ere night  
I must attend him there Meanwhile, farewell.

## SCENE V

LEONORA (*alone*)

For once dear friend we are not of one mind,  
 Our separate interests go not hand in hand  
 I'll use the time to compass my design  
 And will endeavour to win Tasso Quick!

## ACT THE FOURTH

## SCENE I

*A Chamber*TASSO (*alone*)

Art thou awaken'd from a dream and  
 The fair delusion suddenly dissolv'd?  
 In the fruition of the highest joy  
 Has sleep o'ermaster'd thee and does it yet  
 Torture and bind thy soul with heavy chains?  
 Ay thou art awake and dream'st Where now the hours  
 That round thy brow with flow'ry garlands play'd?  
 The days when unrestrain'd thy yearning soul  
 Freely explor'd the heavens so cratching blue?  
 Thou art living still art sensible to touch  
 Feelest yet know'st not if thou livest still  
 Say for mine own or for another's fault  
 Am I as criminal thus captive here?  
 Have I been guilty that I suffer thus?  
 Is not my fancied crime a merit rather?  
 With kindly feeling I encounter'd him  
 Persuaded by the heart's delusive hope  
 He must be man who bears a mortal form  
 With open arms I sped to his embrace  
 And felt no human breast but bolts and bars  
 Oh had I but with prudent forecast weigh'd  
 How I most fitly could receive the man  
 Who from the first inspir'd me with mistrust!  
 Let me however whatsoever betide  
 For ever to this one assurance cling —  
 'Twas she herself! She stood before my view!  
 She spoke to me! I hearken'd to her voice!  
 Her look, her tone, her words sweet import, these,



These are for ever mine nor time nor fate  
 Nor ruthless chance can plunder me of these !  
 And if my spirit hath too swiftly soared,  
 If all too promptly in my breast I gave  
 Vent to the flame which now consumes my heart,  
 So let it be — I never can repent  
 E'en though my fortune were for ever wreck'd  
 To her devoted I obey'd with joy  
 The hand that beckon'd me to ruin's brink  
 So let it be ! Thus have I prov'd myself  
 Deserving of the precious confidence  
 That cheers my soul — ay cheers it in this hour  
 When cruel fate unlocks the sable gates  
 Of long protracted woe — Yes now 'tis done !  
 For me the radiant sun of fortune sets  
 Never to rise again his glance benign  
 The Prince withdraws and leaves me standing here  
 Abandon'd on this narrow gloomy path  
 The hateful and ill boding feather'd throng  
 Obscene attendants upon ancient night  
 Swarm forth and whirl round my devoted head  
 Whither oh whither shall I bend my steps  
 To shun the loathsome brood that round me flit  
 And scape the dread abyss that yawns before ?

## SCENE II

LEONORA TASSO

LEONORA

Dear Tasso what hath chanc'd ? Hath passion's glow,  
 Hath thy suspicious temper urg'd thee thus ?  
 How has it happen'd ? We are all amaz'd  
 Where now thy gentleness thy suavity  
 Thy rapid insight thy discernment just,  
 Which doth award to every man his due  
 Thine even mind which beareth what to bear  
 The wise are prompt the vain are slow to learn,  
 The prudent mast'ry over lip and tongue ?  
 I scarcely recognize thee now dear friend

TASSO

And what if all were gone for ever gone !  
 If as a beggar thou shouldst meet the friend

Whom just before thou hadst deem'd opulent!  
 Thou speakest truth I am no more myself,  
 Yet am I now as much so as I was  
 It seems a riddle yet it is not one  
 The tranquil moon that cheers thee through the night,  
 Whose gentle radiance with resistless power  
 Allures thine eye thy soul doth float by day  
 An insignificant and pallid cloud  
 In the bright glare of daylight I am lost  
 Ye know me not I scarcely know myself

LEONORA

Such words dear friend as thou hast utter'd them  
 I cannot comprehend Explain thyself  
 Say hath that rugged man's offensive speech  
 So deeply wounded thee that now thou dost  
 Misjudge thyself and us? Confide in me

TASSO

I'm not the one offended Me thou seest  
 Thus punish'd here because I gave offence  
 The knot of many words the sword would loose  
 With promptitude and ease but I'm not free  
 Thou'rt scarce aware — nay starest not gentle friend —  
 'Tis in a prison thou dost meet me here  
 Me as a schoolboy doth the Prince chastise —  
 His right I neither can nor will dispute

LEONORA

Thou seemest mov'd beyond what reason warrants

TASSO

Dost deem me then so weak so much a child  
 That this occurrence could offend me thus?  
 Not what has happen'd wounds me to the quick  
 'Tis what it doth portend that troubles me  
 Now let my foes conspire! 'Th field is clear

LEONORA

Many thou holdest falsely in suspect  
 Of this dear friend I have convinc'd myself  
 Even Antonio bears thee no ill will  
 As thou presum'st The quarrel of to day—

TASSO

Let that be set aside I only view  
 Antonio as he was and yet remains

Still hath his formal wisdom fretted me  
 His proud assumption of the master's tone  
 Careless to learn whether the list ner's mind  
 Does not itself the better track pursue  
 He tutors thee in much which thou thyself  
 More truly deeply feelest gives no heed  
 To what thou sayest and perverts thy words  
 Misconstrued thus by a proud man forsooth  
 Who smiles superior from his fancied height  
 I am not yet or old or wise enough  
 To answer meekly with a patient smile  
 It could not hold we must at last have broken,  
 The evil greater had it been postponed,  
 One lord I recognize who fosters me  
 Him I obey but own no master else  
 In poesy and thought I will be free  
 In act the world doth limit us enough

LEONORA

Yet often with respect he speaks of thee

TASSO

Thou meanest with forbearance prudent subtle  
 'Tis that annoys me for he knows to use  
 Language so smooth and so conditional  
 That seeming praise from him is actual blame  
 And there is nothing so offends my soul  
 As words of commendation from his lips

LEONORA

Thou shouldst have heard but lately how he spoke  
 Of thee and of the gift which bounteous nature  
 So largely hath conferr'd on thee He feels  
 Thy genius Tasso and esteems thy worth

TASSO

Trust me no selfish spirit can escape  
 The torment of base envy Such a man  
 Pardons in others honour rank and wealth  
 For thus he argues these thou hast thyself  
 Or thou canst have them if thou persevere  
 Or if propitious fortune smile on thee  
 But that which Nature can alone bestow  
 Which aye remaineth inaccessible  
 To toil and patient effort, which nor gold

Nor yet the sword nor stern persistency  
 Hath power to wrest —that he will ne'er forgive  
 Not envy me? The pedant who aspires  
 To seize by force the favour of the muse?  
 Who when he strings the thoughts of other bards  
 Fondly presumes he is a bard himself?  
 The Prince's favour he would rather yield  
 Though that he would fain limit to himself  
 Than the rare gift which the celestial powers  
 Have granted to the poor the orphan youth

LEONORA

Oh that thy vision were as clear as mine!  
 Thou read'st him wrongly thou art deceiv'd in him

TASSO

And if I err I err with right good will!  
 I count him for my most inveterate foe  
 And should be inconsolable were I  
 Compell'd to think of him more leniently  
 'Tis foolish in all cases to be just  
 It is to wrong oneself Are other men  
 Toward us so equitable? No oh no!  
 Man's nature in its narrow scope demands  
 The twofold sentiment of love and hate  
 Requires he not the grateful interchange  
 Of day and night of wakefulness and sleep?  
 No from henceforward I do hold this man  
 The object of my duest enmity  
 And nought can snatch from me the cherish'd joy  
 Of thinking ever worse and worse of him

LEONORA

Dear friend I see not if this feeling last  
 How thou can'st longer tarry at the court  
 Thou know'st the just esteem in which he's held

TASSO

I'm fully sensible fair friend how long  
 I have already been superfluous here

LEONORA

That thou art not that thou can'st never be!  
 Thou rather knowest how both Prince and Princess  
 Rejoice to have thee in their company  
 The sister of Urbino comes she not,

As much for thine as for her kindred's sake<sup>2</sup>  
 They all esteem thee recognize thy worth,  
 And each confides in thee without reserve

TASSO

Oh Leonora! Call that confidence!  
 Of state affairs has he one single word  
 One earnest word vouchsaf'd to speak with me<sup>2</sup>  
 In special cases when he has advis'd  
 Both with the Princess and with others too  
 To me though present no appeal was made  
 The cry was ever then Antonio comes!  
 Consult Antonio! To Antonio write!

LEONORA

Thanks here methinks were juster than complaint  
 Thus in unchalleng'd freedom leaving thee  
 He to thy genius fitting homage pays

TASSO

He lets me rest because he deems me useless

LEONORA

Thou art not useless even though thou dost rest  
 Care and vexation like a child beloved  
 Thou still dost cherish Tasso in thy breast  
 It oft has struck me and the more I think  
 The more convinc'd I feel on this fair soil  
 Where fate suspicious seem'd to plant thy lot  
 Thou dost not flourish — May I speak my friend<sup>2</sup>  
 May I advise thee — Thou shouldst hence depart

TASSO

Spare not thy patient gentle leech! Extend  
 The draught medicinal nor think thereon  
 If it is bitter — Thus consider well  
 Kind prudent friend if he can not be cur'd!  
 I see it all myself 'tis over now!  
 Him I indeed could pardon he not me  
 He's needful to them I alas! am not  
 And he has prudence I alas! have none  
 He worketh to my injury and I  
 Cannot and will not counterwork My friends  
 Leave things to chance they see things differently,  
 They scarcely struggle who should stoutly fight  
 Thou thinkst I should depart, I think so too, —

Then farewell friends!—This too I must endure  
 You re parted from me —Oh to me be given  
 The courage and the strength to part from you!

LEONORA

Seen from a distance things show less confus'd  
 That in the present serve but to perplex  
 Perchance when absent thou wilt recognize  
 The love which here environs thee wilt learn  
 The worth of friends and feel how the wide world  
 Cannot replace those dearest to the heart

TASSO

I shall experience this! Alas I've known  
 The world from early youth how pressing on  
 She lightly leaves us helpless and forlorn  
 Like sun and moon and other deities

LEONORA

Dear friend if thou wilt lend an ear to me  
 This sad experience thou wilt not repeat  
 If I may counsel thee thou wilt at first  
 Repair to Florence —there thou'lt find a friend  
 Will cherish thee most kindly — tis myself!  
 Thither I travel soon to meet my lord  
 And there is nothing would afford us Tasso  
 A richer pleasure than thy company  
 I need not tell thee for thyself dost know  
 How noble is the Prince who ruleth there  
 What men what women too our favour'd town  
 Doth cherish in her bosom Thou art silent!  
 Consider well my counsel and resolve!

TASSO

Full of sweet promise are thy words dear friend  
 And in accord with my secret wish  
 But tis too sudden let me pause awhile —  
 Let me consider! I will soon resolve!

LEONORA

I leave thee now and with the fairest hopes  
 For thee for us and also for this house  
 Only reflect and weigh the matter well  
 Scarcely wilt thou devise a better plan

TASSO

Yet one thing more tell me beloved friend  
 How is the Princess minded towards me ? Speak !  
 Was she displeas d with me ? Give me her words —  
 Hath she severely blam d me ? Tell me all !

LEONORA

She knows thee well and therefore has excus d thee

TASSO

Say have I lost her friendship ? Flatter not

LEONORA

A woman s friendship s not so lightly lost

TASSO

And will she let me go without reluctance ?

LEONORA

If twill promote thy welfare certainly

TASSO

Shall I not lose the favour of the Prince ?

LEONORA

His nature s noble thou may st trust in him

TASSO

And shall we leave the Princess all alone ?

Thou leavest her and though perhaps not much

I know full well that I w is something to her

LEONORA

An absent friend is sweet society

When of his happiness we re well assur d

My plan succeeds I see thee happy now

Thou wilt not depart hence unsatisfied

The Prince commands — Antonio seeks thee Tasso

He censures in himself the bitterness

With which he wounded thee I do entreat

Receive him with forbearance when he comes

TASSO

I have no cause to shun the interview

LEONORA

And oh ! dear friend that Heaven would grant me this,

To make it clear to thee ere thou departest

That in thy Fatherland there is not one

Pursues thee hates or covertly molests

Thou art deceiv d and is for others pleasure

Thou rt wont to practise thine inventive art

So in this case thou weav'st a cunning web  
 To blind thyself the which to rend asunder  
 I'll do mine utmost that with vision clear  
 Thou may'st pursue life's glad career untrammell'd  
 Farewell! I hope for happy words ere long

## SCENE III

TASSO (*alone*)

I must believe forsooth that no one hates me —  
 That no one persecutes that all the guile  
 The subtle malice that environs me  
 Is but the coinage of my own sick brain  
 I must acknowledge that myself am wrong!  
 And that towards many who deserve it not  
 I've been unjust! What! This confess I can now  
 When clearly in the open face of day  
 Appear their malice and my rectitude!  
 I ought to feel most deeply how the Prince  
 With generous breast his sovereign grace imparts  
 And in rich measure loads me with his gifts  
 Though at the very time he has the weakness  
 To let his eyes be blinded by my foes  
 Yea, doubtless and his arms be fetter'd too!

His own delusion he cannot perceive  
 That they're deluders I may not reveal  
 And that he may unchecked delude himself  
 And they delude him whenceso'er they please  
 I still must hold my peace — must yield forsooth!

And who thus counsels me? With prudent zeal  
 And thoughtful kindness who doth urge me thus?  
 Leonora's self Leonora Sanvitale  
 Considerate friend! Ha ha I know thee now!  
 Oh wherefore did I ever trust her words?  
 She was not honest when she utter'd forth  
 With honied lip her grace and tenderness!  
 No she has always had a crafty heart  
 With prudent step she turns where fortune smiles

How often have I willingly deceiv'd  
 Myself in her! And yet it was in truth



But mine own vanity deluded me !  
 I knew her but self flatter'd argued thus —  
 True she is so towards others but towards thee  
 Her heart is honest her intention pure  
 Mine eyes are open now — alas too late !  
 I was in favour — on the favourite  
 How tenderly she fawn'd ! I'm fallen now  
 And she like fortune turns her back on me

Yes now she comes the agent of my foe  
 She glides along the little artful snake  
 Hissing with slippery tongue her magic tones  
 How far more fair than ever she appear'd !  
 How soothingly her honied accents flow'd !  
 Yet could the flattery not conceal from me  
 The false intention on her brow appear'd  
 Too legibly inscribed the opposite  
 Of all she utter'd Quick am I to feel  
 Whence'er the entrance to my heart is sought  
 With a dishonest purpose I should hence !  
 Should hie to Florence with convenient speed !

And why to Florence ? Ah I see it all  
 There reigns the rising house of Medici,  
 True with Ferrara not in open feud  
 But secret rivalry with chilling hand  
 Doth hold asunder even the noblest hearts  
 If from those noble princes I should reap  
 Distinguish'd marks of favour as indeed  
 I've reason to expect the courtiers here  
 Would soon impugn my gratitude and truth  
 And would with easy wile achieve their purpose

Yes I will go but not as ye desire  
 I will away and farther than ye think

Why should I linger ? Who detains me here ?  
 Too well I understood each several word  
 That I drew forth from Leonora's lips !  
 With anxious heed each syllable I caught  
 And now I fully know the Princess' mind —

That too is certain, let me not despair!

Without reluctance she will let me go  
 If twill promote my welfare Would her heart  
 Were master'd by a passion that would whelm  
 Me and my welfare! Oh more welcome far  
 The grasp of death than of the frigid hand  
 That passively resigns me!—Yes I go!—  
 Now be upon thy guard and let no show  
 Of love or friendship blind thee! None hath power  
 Now to deceive thee if not self deceiv'd

## SCENE IV

ANTONIO TASSO

ANTONIO

Tasso I come to say a word to thee  
 If thou art dispos'd to hear me tranquilly

TASSO

I am deny'd thou know'st the power to act  
 It well becomes me to attend and listen

ANTONIO

Tranquil I find thee as I hop'd to find  
 And speak to thee in all sincerity  
 But in the Prince's name I must dissolve  
 The slender band that seem'd to fetter thee

TASSO

Caprice dissolves it as caprice impos'd  
 I yield and no judicial sentence claim

ANTONIO

Next Tasso on my own behalf I speak  
 I have it seems more deeply wounded thee  
 Than I—myself by divers passions mov'd—  
 Was conscious of But no insulting word  
 Hath from my lip incautiously escap'd  
 Thy honour as a noble is untouch'd  
 And, as a man thou'lt not refuse thy pardon

TASSO

Whether contempt or insult galls the most  
 I will not now determine That doth pierce  
 The inmost marrow this but frets the skin.  
 The shaft of insult back returns to him  
 Who wing'd the missile, and the practis'd sword

Soon reconciles the opinion of the world—  
A wounded heart is difficult to cure

ANTONIO

'Tis now my turn to press thee urgently  
Oh step not back yield to mine earnest wish  
The Prince's wish who sends me unto thee

TASSO

I know the claims of duty and submit  
Be it as far as possible forgive me!  
The poets tell us of a magic spell  
Which could by friendly contact heal the wound  
Itself had given The tongue hath such a power  
I will not peevishly resist it now

ANTONIO

I thank thee and desire that thou at once  
Wouldst put my wish to serve thee to the proof  
Then say if in aught can pleasure thee —  
Most gladly will I do so therefore speak

TASSO

Thine offer tallies with my secret wish  
But now thou hast restored my liberty  
Procure for me I pray the use of it

ANTONIO

What meanest thou? more plainly state thy wish

TASSO

My poem as thou knowest I have ended  
Yet much it wants to render it complete  
To day I gave it to the Prince and hoped  
At the same time to proffer my request  
Full many of my friends I now should find  
In Rome assembled they have written me  
Their judgments touching various passages,  
Many of their suggestions I could use  
Others require reflection and some lines  
I should be loath to alter till at least  
My judgment has been better satisfied  
All this by letter cannot be arranged,  
While intercourse would soon untie the knots  
I thought myself to ask the Prince to day,

But miss'd the occasion now I dare not venture,  
And must for this permission trust to thee

ANTONIO

It seems imprudent to absent thyself  
Just now when thy completed work commends thee  
Both to the Prince and Princess When the sun  
Of fortune smiles 'tis like a harvest day —  
We should be busy when the corn is ripe  
Nought wilt thou win if thou departest hence  
Perchance thou'lt lose what thou hast won already  
Presence is still a powerful deity —  
Learn to respect her influence — tarry here

TASSO

I've nought to fear Alphonso's soul is noble  
Such hath he always prov'd himself towards me —  
To his heart only will I owe the boon  
Which now I crave By no mean servile arts  
Will I obtain his favour Nought will I receive  
Which it can e'er repent him to have given

ANTONIO

Then do not now solicit leave to go  
He will not willingly accord thy suit  
And much I fear he will reject it Tasso

TASSO

Duly entreated he will grant my prayer  
Thou hast the power to move him if thou wilt

ANTONIO

But what sufficient reason shall I urge?

TASSO

Let every stanza of my poem speak  
The scope was lofty that I aim'd to reach  
Though to my genius inaccessible  
Labour and strenuous effort have not fail'd,  
The cheerful stroll of many a lovely day  
The silent watch of many a solemn night  
Have to this pious lay been consecrate  
With modest daring I aspir'd to near  
The mighty masters of the olden time  
With lofty courage plann'd to rouse the age  
From lengthen'd sleep to deeds of high emprise  
Then with a christian host I hop'd to share

The toil and glory of a holy war  
 And that my song may rouse the noblest men  
 It must be worthy of its lofty aim  
 What worth it hath is to Alphonso due,  
 For its completion I would owe him thanks

ANTONIO

The Prince himself is here with other men  
 Able as those of Rome to be thy guides  
 Here is thy station here complete thy work,  
 Then haste to Rome to carry out thy plan

TASSO

Alphonso first inspir'd my muse and he  
 Will be the last to counsel me Thy judgment,  
 The judgment also of the learned men  
 Assembled at our court I highly value  
 Ye shall determine when my friends at Rome  
 Fail to produce conviction in my mind  
 But them I must consult — Conza there  
 Has summoned a tribunal before which  
 I must present myself I scarce can wait  
 Flamio de Nobili Angelo  
 Da Barga Antonino and Speron Speroni!  
 They're surely known to thee — What names they are!  
 They in my soul which bows in reverence  
 Inspire at once both confidence and fear

ANTONIO

Self-occupied thou thinkest not of the Prince  
 I tell thee that he will not let thee go  
 And if he does 'twill be against his wish  
 Thou wilt not urge what he is loath to grant,  
 And shall I mediate when I can't approve?

TASSO

Dost thou refuse me then my first request  
 When I would put thy friendship to the proof?

ANTONIO

Timely denial is the surest test  
 Of genuine friendship — love doth oft confer  
 A baneful good when it consults the wish  
 And not the happiness of him who sues  
 Thou in this moment dost appear to me  
 To overprize the object of thy wish

Which on the instant thou wouldst have fulfilled  
 The erring man would oft by vehemence  
 Compensate what he lacks in truth and power  
 Duty enjoins me now with all my might  
 To check the rashness that would lead thee wrong

TASSO

I long have known this tyranny of friendship  
 Which of all tyrannies appears to me  
 The least endurable Because forsooth  
 Our judgments differ thine must needs be right  
 I gladly own that thou dost wish my welfare  
 Require me not to seek it in thy way

ANTONIO

And wouldst thou have me Tasso in cold blood,  
 With full and clear conviction injure thee?

TASSO

I will at once absolve thee from this care!  
 Thou hast no power to hold me with thy words  
 Thou hast declared me free these doors which lead  
 Straight to the Prince stand open to me now  
 The choice I leave to thee O! thou or I!  
 The Prince goes forth no time is to be lost  
 Determine promptly! Dost thou still refuse  
 I go myself let come of it what will

ANTONIO

A little respite grant me —not to day  
 Wait I beseech thee till the Prince returns!

TASSO

If it were possible this very hour!  
 My soles are scorched upon this marble floor  
 Nor can my spirit rest until the dust  
 Of the free highway shrouds the fugitive  
 I do entreat thee! How unfit I am  
 Now to appear before the Prince thou seest  
 And thou must see how can I hide from thee  
 That I am no longer master of myself?  
 No power on earth can sway my energies  
 Fetters alone can hold me in control  
 No tyrant is the Prince he spoke me free  
 Once to his words how gladly I gave ear!  
 To day to hearken is impossible

O let me have my freedom but to day  
That my vex'd spirit may regain its peace  
Back to my duty I will soon return

ANTONIO

Thou mak'st me dubious How shall I resolve?  
That error is contagious I perceive

TASSO

If thy professions I'm to count sincere  
Perform what I desire as well thou can'st  
Then will the Prince release me and I lose  
Neither his favour nor his gracious aid  
For that I'll thank thee ay with cordial thanks  
But if thy bosom bear an ancient grudge  
Would'st thou for ever banish me this court  
For ever would'st thou mar my destiny  
And drive me friendless forth into the world  
Then hold thy purpose and resist my prayer!

ANTONIO

Oh Tasso — for I'm doom'd to injure thee  
I choose the way which thou thyself dost choose  
The issue will determine which is wiser!  
Thou wilt away I warn thee ere thou goest  
Scarce shalt thou turn thy back upon this house  
Ere thou shalt yearn in spirit to return  
While wilful humour still shall urge thee on  
Sorrow distraction and desponding gloom  
In Rome await thee there as well as here  
Thou'lt miss thy aim But this I do not say  
To counsel thee alas! I but predict  
What soon will happen and invite thee Tasso  
In the worst exigence to trust to me  
I now will seek the Prince at thy desire

## SCENE V

TASSO (*alone*)

Ay go and in the fond assurance go  
That thou hast power to bend me to thy will  
I learn dissimulation for thou art  
An able master and I prompt to learn  
Thus life compels us to appear yea — be  
Like those whom in our hearts we proudly scorn.

How obvious now the web of court intrigue !  
 Antonio desires to drive me hence  
 Yet would not seem to drive me He doth play  
 The kind considerate friend that I may seem  
 Incapable and weak installs himself  
 My guardian too degrading to a child  
 Him whom he could not bend to be a slave  
 With clouds of error thus he darkens truth  
 And blinds alike the Princess and the Prince

They should indeed retain me so he counsels  
 I or with fair talents Nature has endow'd me,  
 Although alas she has accompanied  
 Her lofty gifts with many weaknesses  
 With a foreboding spirit boundless pride  
 And sensibility too exquisite  
 It cannot now be otherwise since Fate  
 In her caprice has fashion'd such a man  
 We must consent to take him as he is  
 Be patient bear with him and then perchance  
 On days auspicious, as an unsought good  
 Find pleasure in his joy diffusing  
 While for the rest why e'en as he was born  
 He must have license both to live and die

Where now Alphonso's firm and constant mind ?  
 In him who treats me thus can I discover  
 The man who braves his foe who shields his friend ?  
 Now I discern the measure of my woe !  
 This is my destiny — towards me alone  
 All change their nature — ay the very men  
 Who are with others steadfast firm and true  
 In one brief moment for an idle breath  
 Swerve lightly from their constant quality

Has not this man's arrival here alone  
 And in a single hour my fortune marr'd ?  
 Has he not even to its very base  
 Laid low the structure of my happiness ?  
 This too must I endure, — e'en to day !  
 Yea as before all press'd around me now  
 I am by all abandon'd, as before



Each strove to seize to win me for himself  
 All thrust me from them and avoid me now  
 And wherefore? My desert and all the love,  
 Wherewith I was so bounteously endow'd  
 Does he alone in equal balance weigh?

Yes! all forsake me now Thou too! Thou too!  
 Belov'd Princess thou too leavest me!  
 Hath she to cheer me in this dismal hour  
 A single token of her favour sent?  
 Have I deserved this from her — Thou poor heart  
 Whose very nature twas to honour her!  
 How when her gentle accents touch'd mine ear  
 Feelings unutterable thrill'd my breast!  
 When she appeared a more ethereal light  
 Outshone the light of day Her eyes her lips  
 Drew me resistlessly My very senses  
 Trembled beneath me and my spirits strength  
 Was all requir'd to hold myself erect  
 And curb the strong desire to throw myself  
 Prostrate before her Scarcely could I quell  
 The giddy rapture — Be thou firm my heart!  
 No cloud obscure thee thou clear mind! She too!  
 Dare I pronounce what yet I scarce believe?  
 I must believe yet dread to utter it  
 She too! She too! Think not the slightest blame  
 Only conceal it not She too! She too!  
 Alas! This word whose truth I ought to doubt  
 Long as a breath of faith surviv'd in me  
 This word like fate's decree doth now at last  
 Engrave itself upon the brazen rim  
 That rounds the full scroll'd tablet of my woe  
 Now first mine enemies are strong indeed  
 For ever now I am bereft of strength  
 How shall I combat when she stands opposed  
 Amidst the hostile army? How endure  
 If she no more reach forth her hand to me  
 If her kind glance the suppliant meet no more?  
 Ay thou hast dar'd to think to utter it  
 And ere thou couldst have fear'd — behold 'tis true!

And now ere yet despair with brazen talons,  
 Doth rend asunder thy bewilderd brain  
 Lament thy bitter doom and utter forth  
 The unavailing cry—She too! She too!

## ACT THE FIFTH

### SCENE I

#### *A Garden*

ALPHONSO      ANTONIO

ANTONIO

Obedient to thy wish I went to Tasso  
 A second time I come from him but now  
 I sought to move him yea I strongly urged  
 But from his fix'd resolve he swerveth not  
 He earnestly entreats that for a time  
 Thou wouldst permit him to repair to Rome

ALPHONSO

His purpose much annoys me I confess —  
 I rather tell thee my vexation now  
 Than let it strengthen smother'd in my breast  
 He fain would travel good! I hold him not  
 He will depart he will to Rome so be it!  
 I would not that the crafty Medici  
 Detain him though nor Scipio Gonzaga!  
 'Tis this hath made our Italy so great  
 That rival neighbours zealously contend  
 To foster and employ the ablest men  
 Like chief without in army shows a prince  
 Who round him gathers not superior minds,  
 And who the voice of poesy disdains  
 Is a barbarian be he who he may  
 Tasso I found I chose him for myself  
 I number him with pride among my train  
 And having done so much for him already  
 I should be loath to lose him without cause

ANTONIO

I feel embarrass'd Prince for in thy sight  
 I bear the blame of what occurred to day,

That I was in the wrong I frankly own,  
 And look for pardon to thy clemency  
 But I were inconsolable couldst thou  
 E'en for a moment doubt the honest zeal  
 With which I've sought to appease him Speak to me  
 With gracious look that so I may regain  
 My self-reliance and my wonted calm

ALPHONSO

Feel no disquietude Antonio —  
 In no wise do I count the blame as thine,  
 Too well I know the temper of the man  
 What I have done for him how much I've spared him,  
 How often overlook'd my rightful claims  
 O'er many things we gain the mastery  
 But stern necessity and lengthen'd time  
 Scarce give a man dominion o'er himself

ANTONIO

When other men toil in behalf of one  
 'Tis fit this one with diligence inquire  
 How he may profit others in return  
 He who hath fashion'd his own mind so well  
 Who hath aspir'd to make each several science,  
 And the whole range of human lore his own  
 Is surely doubly bound to rule himself —  
 Yet doth he ever give it even a thought?

ALPHONSO

Continued rest is not ordain'd for man!  
 Still when we purpose to enjoy ourselves  
 To try our valour fortune sends a foe  
 To try our equanimity a friend

ANTONIO

Does Tasso e'en fulfil man's primal duty,  
 To regulate his appetite in which  
 He is not like the brute restrain'd by nature?  
 Does he not rather like a child indulge  
 In all that charms and gratifies his taste?  
 When has he mingled water with his wine?  
 Comfits and condiments and potent drinks  
 One with another still he swallows down  
 And then complains of his bewild'ring brain  
 His hasty temper and his fever'd blood

Railing at nature and at destiny  
 How oft I ve heard him in a bitter style  
 With childish folly argue with his leech  
 'Twould raise a laugh if aught were laughable  
 Which teases others and torments oneself  
 Oh, this is torture ! anxiously he cries  
 Then in splenetic mood Why boast your art ?  
 Prescribe a cure ! Good ! then exclaims the leech  
 Abstain from this or that That can I not  
 Then take this potion No it nauseates me  
 The taste is horrid nature doth rebel  
 Well then drink water Water ! never more !  
 Like hydrophobia is my dread of it  
 Then your disease is hopeless Why I pray ?  
 One evil symptom will succeed another  
 And though your malady should not prove fatal  
 Twill daily more torment you Fine indeed  
 Then whicofore play the leech ? You know my case,  
 You should devise a remedy and one  
 That s palatable too that I may not  
 First suffer pain before reliev d from it  
 I see thee smile my Prince tis but the truth  
 Doubtless thyself hast heard it from his lips

## ALPHONSO

Often I ve heard as often I ve excus d

## ANTONIO

It is most certain an intemperate life  
 As it engenders wild distemper d dreams  
 At length doth make us dream in open day  
 What s his suspicion but a troubled dream ?  
 He thinks himself environ d still by foes  
 None can discern his gift who envy not  
 And all who envy hate and persecute  
 Oft with complaints he has molested thee  
 Notes intercepted violat d locks  
 Poison the dagger ! All before him float !  
 Thou dost investigate his grievance —well  
 Doth aught appear ? Why scarcely a pretext  
 No sovereign s shelter gives him confidence  
 The bosom of no friend can comfort him

Would st promise happiness to such a man  
Or look to him for joy unto thyself ?

ALPHONSO

Thou would st be ight Antonio if from him  
I sought my own immediate benefit  
But I have learn d no longer to expect  
Service direct and unconditional  
All do not serve us in the selfsame way  
Who needeth much and would be ably serv'd  
Must employ each according to his gift  
This lesson from the Medici we ve learn d  
Tis practis d even by the Popes themselves  
With what forbear nce magnanimity  
And princely patience have they not endur d  
Full many a genius who requir d their aid  
Though it appear d not that they needed it !

ANTONIO

Who knows not this my Prince ? The toil of life  
Alone can tutor us life s gifts to prize  
The smiles of fortun' have too soon been his  
For him to relish aught in quietness  
Oh that he were compell d to earn the blessings  
Which now with liberal hand are thrust upon him !  
Then would he brace his nerves with manly courage  
And at each onward step feel new content  
The needy noble has attain d the height  
Of his ambition if his gracious prince  
Raise him with hand benign from poverty,  
And choose him as an inmate of the court  
And should he honour him with confidence,  
Consulting him in war or state affairs  
Why then methinks the modest man may bless,  
With silent gratitude his lucky fate  
And with all this Tasso enjoys besides  
Youth s purest happiness —his fatherland  
Esteems him highly looks to him with hope  
Trust me for this —his peevish discontent  
On the broad pillow of his fortune rests  
He comes dismiss him kindly give him time  
In Rome, in Naples, wheresoe er he will,

To search in vain for what he misses here,  
Yet here alone can ever hope to find

ALPHONSO

Back to Ferrara will he first return ?

ANTONIO

He rather would remain in Belriguardo  
And for his journey what he may require  
He will request a friend to forward to him

ALPHONSO

I am content My sister with her friend  
Return immediately to town and I  
Riding with speed hope to reach home before them  
Thou follow straight when thou hast care'd for him,  
Give orders to the castellan that here  
Tasso may stay as long as he desires  
Till he receives his luggage till the letters  
Which we shall give him to our friends at Rome  
Have been transmitted Here he comes Farewell !

## SCENE II

ALPHONSO TASSO

TASSO (*with embarrassment*)

The favour thou so oft hast shown me Prince  
Is manifest in clearest light to day  
The deed which in the precincts of thy palace  
I lawlessly committed thou hast pardon'd  
Thou hast appeas'd and reconcil'd my foe  
Thou dost permit me for a time to leave  
The shelter of thy side and rich in bounty  
Wilt not withdraw from me thy generous aid  
Inspir'd with confidence I now depart  
And trust that this brief absence will dispel  
The heavy gloom that now oppresses me  
My renovated soul shall plume her wing  
And pressing forward on the bright career  
Which glad and bold encourag'd by thy glance,  
I enter'd first, deserve thy grace anew

ALPHONSO

Prosperity attend thee on thy way !  
With joyous spirit, and to health restor'd,

Return again amongst us    Thus thou shalt  
 A rich requital bring for every hour  
 Thou now depriv'st us of — I'll give thee letters  
 Both to my friends at Rome and to my kinsmen  
 To them attach thyself — for this remember  
 Though absent I shall still regard thee mine

TASSO

Thou dost overwhelm with favours one oh Prince,  
 Who feels himself unworthy who e'en wants  
 Ability to render fitting thanks  
 Instead of thanks I proffer a request!  
 My poem now lies nearest to my heart  
 My labours have been strenuous yet I feel  
 That I am far from having reach'd my aim  
 Fain would I there resort where hovers yet  
 The inspiring genius of the mighty dead  
 Still raining influence there would I become  
 Once more a learner than my song indeed  
 More worthily might merit thine applause  
 Oh give me back the manuscript which now  
 I feel a hindrance to think is in thy hand

ALPHONSO

Thou wilt not surely take from me to day  
 What but to day thou hast consign'd to me  
 Between thy poem Tasso and thyself  
 Let me now stand as arbiter    Beware—  
 Nor through assiduous diligence impair  
 The genial nature that pervades thy rhymes,  
 And give not ear to every critic's word!  
 With nicest tact the poet reconciles  
 The judgments thousandfold of different men  
 In thoughts and life at variance with each other,  
 And fears not even numbers to displease  
 That he may charm the more still greater numbers,  
 And yet I say not but that here and there  
 Thou may'st with modest care employ the file  
 I promise thee at once that in brief space  
 Thou shalt receive a copy of thy poem  
 Meanwhile I will retain it in my hands  
 That I may first enjoy it with my sisters  
 Then if thou bring'st it back more perfect still,

Our joy will be enhanced and here and there,  
We'll hunt corrections, only as thy friends

TASSO

I can but modestly repeat my prayer  
Let me receive the copy with all speed  
My spirit resteth solely on this work  
Its full completion it must now attain

ALPHONSO

I praise the ardour that inspires thee Tasso!  
Yet were it possible thou for awhile  
Shouldst rest thy mind seek pleasure in the world,  
And find some means to cool thy heated blood  
Then would thy mental powers restored to health  
Through their sweet harmony spontaneous yield  
What now with anxious toil thou seekst in vain

TASSO

So it would seem my Prince but I'm in health  
When I can yield myself to strenuous toil  
And thus my toil again restores my health  
Long hast thou known me thou must long have seen  
I thrive not in luxurious indolence  
Rest brings no rest to me Alas I feel it  
My mind by nature, never was ordained  
Borne on the yielding billows of the hour  
To float in pleasure o'er time's ample sea

ALPHONSO

Thine aims thy dreams all whelm thee in thyself  
Around us there doth yawn full many a gulph  
Scoop'd by the hand of destiny but here  
In our own bosoms lies the deepest — y!  
And tempting 'tis to hurl oneself therein!  
I charge thee Tasso snatch thee from thyself!  
The man will profit though the bard may lose

TASSO

To quell the impulse I should vainly strive  
Which ceaseless in my bosom day and night  
Alternates ever Life were life no more  
Were I to cease to poetize to dream  
Wouldst thou forbid the cunning worm to spin  
For that he spins himself still nearer death?  
From his own being he unfoldeth still



The costly texture nor suspends his toil  
 Till in his shroud he hath immur'd himself  
 Oh to us mortals may some gracious power  
 Accord the insect's enviable doom  
 In some new sunny vale with sudden joy  
 To spread our eager pinions !

ALPHONSO

List to me !

Thou givest still to others to enjoy  
 Life with a twofold relish Learn thyself  
 To know the worth of life whose richest boon  
 In tenfold measure is bestow'd on thee  
 Now fare thee well ! The sooner thou return'st  
 All the more cordial will thy welcome be

### SCENE III

TASSO (*alone*)

Hold fast my heart thy work has been well done !  
 The task was arduous for me ere before  
 Didst thou or wish or venture to dissemble  
 Ay thou didst hear it that was not his mind  
 Nor his the words to me it still appeared  
 As if I heard again Antonio's voice  
 Only give heed ! Henceforth on every side  
 Thou'lt hear that voice Be firm my heart be firm  
 'Tis only for a moment He who learns  
 The trick of simulation late in life  
 Doth outwardly the natural semblance wear  
 Of honest faith practise and thou'lt succeed

[*After a pause*

Too soon thou triumphest for lo ! she comes !  
 The gentle Princess ! How the feeling thrills !  
 She enters now suspicion in my breast  
 And angry sullenness dissolve in grief

### SCENE IV

PRINCESS TASSO

(*Towards the end of the Scene the others*)

PRINCESS

Thou think'st to leave us then or rather Tasso  
 To tarry for awhile in Belriguardo,

And then withdraw thyself from us <sup>3</sup> I trust  
Thine absence will not be for long Thou think st  
To visit Rome <sup>3</sup>

TASSO

Thither I hasten first

And if as I have reason to expect  
I receive there kind welcome from my friends  
With care and patient toil I may at length  
Impart its highest finish to my poem  
There are assembled men who wll may claim  
In ev ry sev ral art the name of master  
Ay and in that first city of the world  
Hath not each site yea every stone a tongue <sup>3</sup>  
How many thousand silent monitors  
With earnest mien majestic beckon us!  
There if I fail to make my work complete  
I never shall complete it Oh I feel it—  
Success doth wait on no attempt of mine!  
For ever altr ing I shall ne er succeed!  
I feel yea deeply feel the noble art  
That quickens others and does strength infuse  
Into the healthy soul will drive me forth  
And bring me to destruction Now I go  
And first to Naples

PRINCESS

Dar st thou venture there <sup>3</sup>

The rigid sentence is not yet repeal d  
Which banish d thee together with thy father

TASSO

I know the danger and have ponder d it  
I go disguis d in tatter d garb perchance  
Of shepherd or of pilgrim meanly clad  
Unseen I wander through the city where  
The movements of the many shroud the one  
Then to the shore I hasten find a bark  
With people of Sorrento peasant folk  
Returning home from market for I too  
Must hasten to Sorrento where resides  
My sister ever to my parent s heart  
Together with myself a mournful joy  
I speak not in the bark, silent I step

Ashore, then climb the upward path,  
 And for Cornelia at the gate inquire  
 Where may she dwell Cornelia Sersale ?  
 With friendly mien a woman at her wheel  
 Shows me the street the house I hasten on  
 The children run beside me and survey  
 The gloomy stranger with the shaggy locks  
 Thus I approach the threshold Open stands  
 The cottage door I step into the house—

## PRINCESS

Oh Tasso ! if tis possible look up  
 And see the danger that environs thee !  
 I spare thy feelings else I well might ask  
 Is t noble so to speak as now thou speakest ?  
 Is t noble of thyself alone to think  
 As if thou didst not wound the heart of friends ?  
 My brother's sentiments are they conceal'd ?  
 And how we sisters prize and honour thee ?  
 Hast thou not known and felt it ? Can it be  
 That a few moments should have alter'd all  
 Oh Tasso if thou wilt indeed depart  
 Yet do not leave behind thee grief and care

[ *Tasso turns away*

How soothing to the sorrowing heart to give  
 To the dear friend who leaves us for a season  
 Some trifling present though twere nothing more  
 Than a bright weapon or a mantle new !  
 There's nought alas that we can offer thee  
 For thou ungraciously dost fling aside  
 Even what thou hast Thou choosest for thyself  
 The pilgrim's scollop shell his sombre weed  
 His staff to lean on and depecting thus  
 In willing poverty depriv'st us of  
 The only pleasure we could share with thee

## TASSO

Then thou wilt not reject me utterly ?  
 Oh precious words ! O comfort dear and sweet !  
 Do thou defend me ! Shield me with thy care !—  
 Oh send me to Consundoli or here  
 Keep me in Belriguardo where thou wilt !  
 The Prince is lord of many a pleasant seat,

Many a trim garden which the whole year round  
 Is duly kept whose flow'ry paths ye tread not  
 E'en for a day or hour the live long year  
 Then choose among them all the most remote  
 Which through long years ye've left unvisited  
 And which perchance e'en now untended lies  
 Oh send me thither! There let me be yours!  
 And I will tend thy trees construct the shed  
 That shields thy citrons from autumnal blasts  
 Fencing them round with interwoven reeds!  
 Flowers of the fairest hues shall strike their roots  
 And ev'ry path be trimm'd with nicest care!  
 And of the palace shouldst thou give me charge  
 The windows at convenient times I'll open  
 That no injurious vapours mar the works  
 Of ancient art — The walls choice stucco work  
 With the light brush I'll duly free from dust  
 There shall the polish'd pavement brightly shine  
 No stone no tile miss its right place and there  
 No truant weed peep from the crevices

## PRINCESS

I find no counsel in my troubled mind  
 No comfort in my breast for thee or us  
 I look around to see if some kind god  
 Will haply grant us succour and reveal  
 Some healing plant or potion to restore  
 Peace to thy wilder'd senses peace to us!  
 The truest word that floweth from the lip  
 The surest remedy hath lost its power  
 Leave thee I must — yet doth my heart refuse  
 To part from thee

## TASSO

Ye gods! And is it she?  
 She who thus pities thus commends with thee?  
 And couldst thou e'er mistake that noble heart?  
 And was it possible despondency  
 Could in her presence overmaster thee?  
 'Tis thou! 'Tis thou! I am myself again!  
 Yet speak once more! Sweet comfort let me hear  
 Again from thy dear lips! Speak nor withdraw  
 Thy counsel from me — Say, what must I do,

That I may win the pardon of the Prince  
 That thou thyself mayst freely pardon me  
 That ye may both with pleasure take me back  
 Into your princely service? Speak to me

PRINCESS

It is but little we require from thee  
 And yet that little seemeth all too much  
 Freely shouldst thou resign thyself to us  
 We wish not from thee aught but what thou art,  
 If only with thyself thou wert at peace  
 When thou art happy Tasso we are happy  
 When thou dost seem to shun thy bliss we grieve,  
 And if sometimes we are impatient with thee  
 'Tis only that we fain would succour thee  
 And feel alas our succour all in vain  
 If thou wilt still refuse the proffer'd hand  
 Which fails to reach thee though stretch'd longingly

TASSO

'Tis thou thyself a holy angel still,  
 As when at first thou didst appear to me!  
 The mortal's darken'd vision oh forgive  
 If while he gaz'd he for a moment err'd  
 Now he again discerns thee and his soul  
 Aspires to honour thee eternally  
 A flood of tenderness overwhelms my heart—  
 She stands before me! She! What feeling this?  
 Is it distraction draws me unto thee?  
 Or is it madness? or a sense sublime  
 Which apprehends the purest loftiest truth?  
 Yes 'tis the only feeling that on earth  
 Hath power to make and keep me truly blest  
 Or that could overwhelm me with despair  
 What time I wrestled with it and resolv'd  
 To banish it for ever from my heart  
 This fiery passion I had thought to quell  
 Still with mine inmost being strove and strove  
 And in the strife my very self destroyed  
 Which is to thee indissolubly bound

PRINCESS

If thou wouldst have me Tasso listen to thee,  
 Restrain this fervid glow which frightens me

TASSO

Restrains the goblet s rim the bubbling wine  
 That sparkling foams and overflows its bounds ?  
 Thine ev ry word doth elevate my bliss,  
 With ev ry word more brightly gleams thine eye,  
 Over my spirit s depths there comes a change,  
 Reliev d from dark perplexity I feel  
 Freer as a god and all I owe to thee !  
 A charm unspeakable which masters me  
 Flows from thy lips Thou makest me all thine  
 Of mine own being nought belong s to me  
 Mine eye grows dim in the excess of light  
 My senses ful me I can scarcely stand  
 Thou draw st me to thee with resistless might  
 And my heart rushes self impell d to thee  
 Thou st won me now for all eternity  
 Then take my whole of being to thyself

*[He throws himself into her arms and clasps her to  
 his bosom ]*

PRINCESS

*(Throwing him from her and retiring in haste )*

Away !

LEONORA

*(Who has for some time appeared in the ba l ground,  
 hastening forward )*

What then has happen d ? Tasso ! Tasso !

*[She follows the Princess*

TASSO *(about to follow her )*

Oh God !

ALPHONSO

*(Who has for some time been approaching with Antonio )*

He is distracted hold him fast

*(Exit )*

## SCENE V

TASSO ANTONIO

ANTONIO

If that a foeman —as thou deem st thyself  
 Environ d by a multitude of foes—  
 Beside thee stood how would he triumph now ?  
 Unhappy man ! I am not yet myself !

When something quite unparallel'd occurs  
 When something monstrous first arrests our sight  
 The stagger'd spirit stands a moment still  
 For we know nothing to compare it with

TASSO (*after a long pause*)

Fulfil thine office I perceive tis thou!  
 Ay thou deserv'st the Prince's confidence  
 Fulfil thine office since my doom is seal'd  
 With ling'ring tortures torture me to death!  
 Draw! draw the shaft that I may feel the barb  
 That lacerates with cruel pangs my heart!  
 The tyrant's precious instrument art thou,  
 Ay be his gaoler — executioner —  
 For these are offices become thee well!

[*Towards the scene*]

Yes tyrant go! Thou could'st not to the last  
 Thy wonted mask retain in triumph go!  
 Thy slave thou hast well pinn'd and reserv'd  
 For predetermined and protracted pangs  
 Yes go! I hate thee In my heart I feel  
 The horror which despotic power excites  
 When it is grasping cruel and unjust

[*After a pause*]

Thus then at last I see myself cal'd  
 Run off and thrust forth like a mendicant!  
 Thus they with garlands wreath'd me but to lead  
 The victim to the shrine of sacrifice!  
 Thus at the very last with cunning words  
 They drew from me my only property  
 My poem — ay and they'll retain it too!  
 Now is my one possession in their hands  
 My bright credential whereso'er I went,  
 My sole resource gainst biting poverty!  
 Ay now I see why I must take mine ease  
 'Tis a conspiracy and thou the head  
 Thus that my song may not be perfected  
 That my renown may never be spread abroad  
 That envy still may find a thousand faults  
 And my unhonour'd name forgotten die  
 I must consent forsooth to idleness  
 Husband my faculties and spare myself

Oh precious friendship! Kind solicitude!  
 Odious appear'd the dark conspiracy  
 Which ceaseless round me wove its viewless web  
 But still more odious does it now appear!

And thou too Siren! who so tenderly  
 Didst lead me on with thy celestial mien  
 Thee now I know! Wherefore oh God so late!

But we so willingly deceive ourselves  
 Still honouring reprobates that honour us  
 True men are never to each other known  
 Such knowledge is reserv'd for gally slaves  
 Chain'd to a narrow plank who gasp for breath  
 Where none hath aught to ask nor aught to lose  
 But for a rascal each avows himself  
 And holds his neighbour for a rascal too —  
 Such men as these perchance may know each other  
 But for the rest we courteously misjudge them  
 In hopes that they'll misjudge us in return

How long thine hallow'd image from my gaze  
 Veil'd the coquette worshipping with paltiy arts!  
 The mask has fallen! — Now I see Armida  
 Denuded of her charms — yes thou art she  
 Of whom my bodcful verse prophetic sang!

And then the little cunning go between!  
 With what profound contempt I view her now!  
 Hear the rustling of her stealthy step  
 As round me still she spreads her artful toils  
 Ay now I know you! And let that suffice!  
 And misery though it be, bear me of all  
 I'll honour still — for it hath taught me truth

ANTONIO

I hear thee with amazement though I know  
 How thy rash humour Tasso urges thee  
 To rush in haste to opposite extremes  
 Collect thy spirit and command thy rage!  
 Thou speakest slander, dost indulge in words



Which to thine anguish though they be forgiven,  
Thou never canst forgive unto thyself

TASSO

Oh speak not to me with a gentle lip  
Let me not hear one prudent word from thee!  
Leave me my sullen happiness that I  
May not regain my senses but to lose them  
My very bones are crush'd yet do I live —  
Ay! live to feel the agonizing pain  
Despair enfolds me in its ruthless grasp  
And in the hell pang that annihilates  
These slanderous words are but the feeble cry  
Wrung from the depth of my sore agony  
I will away! If honest point the path  
And suffer me at once to fly from hence

ANTONIO

In thine extremity I will not leave thee  
And shouldst thou wholly lose thy self control,  
My patience shall not fail

TASSO

And must I then  
Yield myself up a prisoner to thee?  
Resign'd I yield myself and it is done  
I cease to struggle and tis well with me  
Now let mine anguish'd heart recall how fair  
What as in sport I've madly flung aside  
They go from hence — Oh God! I there behold  
The dust ascending from their chariot wheels  
The riders in advance — ay there they go  
Even to the very place from whence I came!  
And now they're gone — estrang'd from me they're gone  
Oh that I once again had kiss'd his hand!  
That I had still to take a last farewell!  
That I could only falter out — forgive!  
That I could hear him say — go thou'rt forgiven!  
Alas! I hear it not — I ne'er shall hear it —  
Yes I will go! Let me but say farewell  
Only farewell! Give me oh give me back  
Their long'd for presence for a single moment!  
Perchance I might recover! Never more!  
I am rejected doom'd to banishment!

Alas ! I am self banish'd never more  
 To hear that gentle voice that tender glance  
 To meet no more—

ANTONIO

Yet hear the voice of one  
 Who not without emotion stands beside thee !  
 Thou art not so wretched Tasso as thou thinkest  
 Collect thyself ! Too much thou art unmann'd

TASSO

And am I then as wretched as I seem ?  
 Am I as weak as I do show myself ?  
 Say is all lost ? Is sorrow's direful stroke  
 As with an earthquake's sudden shock transform'd  
 The stately pile into a ruin'd heap ?  
 Is all the genius flown that did erewhile  
 So richly charm and so exalt my soul ?  
 Is all the power extinguish'd which of yore  
 Stirr'd in my bosom's depths ? Am I become  
 A nothing ? A mere nothing ? No all's here !  
 I have it still and yet myself am nothing !  
 I from myself am sever'd she from me !

ANTONIO

Though to thyself thou seem'st so forlorn  
 Be calm and bear in mind what still thou art !

TASSO

Ay in due season thou remindest me !  
 Hath history no example for mine aid ?  
 Before me doth there rise no man of worth  
 Who hath borne more than I that with his fate  
 Mine own comparing I may gather strength  
 No all is gone ! But one thing still remains,  
 Tears balmy tears kind nature has bestow'd.  
 The cry of anguish when the man at length  
 Can bear no more—*vee* and to me beside  
 She leaveth melody and speech that I  
 May utter forth the fulness of my woe  
 Though in their mortal anguish men are dumb  
 To me a God hath given to tell my grief

[Antonio approaches him and takes his hand

## TASSO

Oh noble friend thou standest firm and calm,  
 While I am like the tempest driven wave  
 But be not boastful of thy strength Reflect'  
 Nature whose mighty power hath fix'd the rock  
 Gives to the wave its instability  
 She sends her storm the passive wave is driven  
 And rolls and swells and falls in billowy foam  
 Yet in this very wave the glorious sun  
 Mirrors his splendour and the quiet stars  
 Upon its heaving bosom gently rest  
 Dimm'd is the splendour vanish is the calm!—  
 In danger's hour I know myself no longer  
 Nor am I now ashamed of the confession  
 The helm is broken and on every side  
 The reeling vessel splits The riven planks  
 Bursting asunder yawn beneath my feet!  
 Thus with my outstretch'd arms I cling to thee!  
 So doth the shipwreck'd mariner at last  
 Cling to the rock whereon his vessel struck

# EGMONT

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

**MARGARET OF PARMA** Daughter of Charles V and Regent of  
the Netherlands  
**COUNT EGMONT** Prince of Gaure  
**WILLIAM OF ORANGE**  
**THE DUKE OF ALVA**  
**FERDINAND** his natural Son  
**MECHIAVEL** in the service of the Regent  
**RICHARD** Egmont's private Secretary

**CLARA** the Beloved of Egmont  
Her **MOTHER**  
**BRACKENBURG** a Citizen's Son  
**SOEST** a Shopkeeper  
**JETTER** a Tailor  
**A CARPENTER**  
**A SOAPBOILER** } Citizens of Brussels  
**BUYCK** a Hollander a Soldier under Egmont  
**RUYSUM** a Frieslander an inveterate Soldier and thief  
**VANSEN** a Clerk

People Attendants Guards &c

The Scene is laid in Brussels

## ACT THE FIRST

SOLDIERS and CITIZENS (*with cross bows*)

JETTER (*steps forward and bends his cross bow*)

SOEST      BUYCK      RUYSUM

SOEST    Come shoot away and have done with it! You won't beat me! Three black rings you never made such a shot in all your life. And so I'm master for this year.

JETTER    Master and king to boot who envies you? You'll have to pay double reckoning 'tis only fair you should pay for your dexterity.

BUYCK    Jetter I'll buy your shot share the prize and treat the company. I have already been here so long and am a debtor for so many civilities. If I miss then it shall be as if you had shot.

SOEST    I ought to have a voice for in fact I am the loser. No matter! Come Buyck hoot away.

BUYCK (*shoots*)    Now corporal look out!—One! Two! Three! Four!

SOEST    I our rings! So be it!

ALL    Hurrah! Long live the King! Hurrah! Hurrah!

BUYCK    Thanks sirs master even were too much!  
Thanks for the honor.

JETTER    You have no one to thank but yourself.

RUYSUM    Let me tell you!—

SOEST    How now gilly beard?

RUYSUM    Let me tell you!—He shoots like his master, he shoots like Egmont.

BUYCK    Compared with him I am only a bungler. He aims with the rifle as no one else does. Not only when he's lucky or in the vein no! he levels and the bull's eye is pierced. I have learned from him. He were indeed a block-

head, who could serve under him and learn nothing!—But sirs let us not forget! A king maintains his followers, and so, wine here at the king's charge!

JETTER We have agreed among ourselves that each—

BUYCK I am a foreigner and a king and care not a jot for your laws and customs

JETTER Why you are worse than the Spaniard, who has not yet ventured to meddle with them

RUYSUM What does he say?

SOEST (*loud to RUYSUM*) He wants to treat us he will not hear of our clubbin<sub>g</sub> together the king paying only a double share

RUYSUM Let him! under protest however! 'Tis his master's fashion too to be munificent and to let the money flow in a good cause [Wine is brought

ALL Here's to his majesty! Hurrah!

JETTER (*to BUYCK*) That means your majesty of course

BUYCK My hearty thanks if it be so

SOEST Assuredly! A Netherlander does not find it easy to drink the health of his Spanish majesty from his heart

RUYSUM Who?

SOEST (*aloud*) Philip the Second King of Spain

RUYSUM Our most gracious king and master! I owe life to him!

SOEST Did you not like his father Charles the Fifth, better?

RUYSUM God bless him! He was a king indeed! His hand reached over the whole earth and he was all in all. Yet when he met you he'd greet you just as one neighbour greets another—and if you were frightened he knew so well how to put you at your ease—in you understand me—he walked out rode out just as it came into his head with very few followers We all wept when he resigned the government here to his son You understand me—he is another sort of man he's more majestic

JETTER When he was here he never appeared in public except in pomp and royal state He speaks little, they say

SOEST He is no king for us Netherlanders Our princes must be joyous and free like ourselves, must live, and let

live We will neither be despised nor oppressed good-natured fools though we be

JETTER The king methinks were a gracious sovereign enough if he had only better counsellors

SOEST No no! He has no affection for us Netherlanders he has no heart for the people he loves us not how then can we love him? Why is everybody so fond of Count Egmont? Why are we all so devoted to him? Why because one can read in his face that he loves us because joyousness open heartedness and good nature speak in his eyes because he possesses nothing that he does not share with him who needs it ay and with him who needs it not Long live Count Egmont! Buyck it is for you to give the first toast! give us your master's health

BUYCK With all my heart here's to Count Egmont! Hurrah!

RUYSUM Conqueror of St Quintin

BUYCK The hero of Gravelines

ALL Hurrah!

RUYSUM St Quintin was my last battle I was hardly able to crawl along and could with difficulty carry my heavy rifle I managed notwithstanding to singe the skin of the French once more and as a parting gift received a grazing shot in my right leg

BUYCK Gravelines! Ha my friends we had sharp work of it there! The victory was all our own Did not those French dogs carry fire and desolation into the very heart of Flanders? We gave it them however! The old hard fisted veterans held out bravely for awhile but we pushed on fired away and laid about us till they made wry faces and their lines gave way Then Egmont's horse was shot under him and for a long time we fought pell mell man to man horse to horse troop to troop on the broad flat, sea-sand Suddenly as if from heaven down came the cannon shot from the mouth of the river bang bang right into the midst of the French These were English who under Admiral Malin, happened to be sailing past from Dunkirk They did not help us much tis true they could only approach with their smallest vessels and that not near enough, —besides their shot fell sometimes among our troops It did some good, however! It broke the French lines, and

raised our courage Away it went Helter skelter' topsy turvy' all struck dead or forced into the river the fellows were drowned the moment they tasted the water while we Hollanders dashed in after them Being amphibious we were as much in our element as fishes and hacked away at the enemy and shot them down as if they had been ducks The few who struggled through were struck dead in their flight by the peasant women armed with hoes and pitchforks His Gallic majesty was compelled at once to humble himself and make peace and that peace you owe to us to the great Egmont

ALL Hurrah for the great Egmont! Hurrah! Hurrah!

JETTER Had they but appointed him Regent instead of Margaret of Parma!

SOEST Not so! Truth is truth! I'll not hear Margaret abused Now it is my turn I only live our gracious lady!

ALL Long life to her!

SOEST Truly there are excellent women in that family Long live the Regent!

JETTER She is prudent and moderate in all she does if she would only not hold so fast to the priests It is partly her fault too that we have the fourteen new mitres in the land Of what use are they I should like to know? Why that foreigners may be shoved into the good benefices where formerly abbots were chosen out of the chapters! And we're to believe it's for the sake of religion We know better Three bishops were enough for us things went on decently and reputably Now each must busy himself as if he were needed and this gives rise every moment to dissensions and ill will And the more you agitate the matter the worse it grows

[*They drink*

SOEST But it was the will of the king she cannot alter it one way or another

JETTER Then we may not even sing the new psalms but ribald songs as many as we please And why? There is heresy in them they say and heaven knows what I have sung some of them however they are new to be sure, but I see no harm in them

BUYCK Ask their leave forsooth! In our province we sing just what we please That's because Count Egmont is our stadtholder, who does not trouble himself about such matters



In Ghent Ypres and throughout the whole of Flanders any body sings them that chooses (*Aloud to RUYSUM*) There is nothing more harmless than a spiritual song Is there father?

RUYSUM What indeed! It is a godly work, and truly edifying

JETTER They say however that they are not of the right sort not of their sort and since it is dangerous we had better leave them alone The officers of the Inquisition are always lurking and spying about and many an honest fellow has already fallen into their clutches They had not gone so far as to meddle with conscience that was yet wanting If they will not allow me to do what I like they might at least let me think and sing as I please

SOEST The Inquisition won't do here We are not made like the Spaniards to let our consciences be tyrannized over The nobles must look to it and clip its wings betimes

JETTER It is a great bore Whenever it comes into their worships heads to break into my house and I am sitting there at my work humming a French psalm thinking nothing about it neither good nor bad singing it just because it is in my throat forthwith I'm a heretic and am clapped into prison Oh if I am passing through the country and stand near a crowd listening to a new preacher one of those who have come from Germany instantly I'm called a rebel and am in danger of losing my head! Have you ever heard one of these preachers?

SOEST Brave fellows! Not long ago I heard one of them preach in a field before thousands and thousands of people A different sort of dish he gave us from that of our humdrum preachers who from the pulpit choke their hearers with scraps of Latin He spoke from his heart told us how we had till now been led by the nose how we had been kept in darkness and how we might procure more light —ay and he proved it all out of the Bible

JETTER There may be something in it I always said as much and have often pondered the matter over It has long been running in my head

BUYCK All the people run after them

SOEST No wonder since they hear both what is good and what is new

JETTER And what is it all about? Surely they might let every one preach after his own fashion

BUYCK Come sirs! While you are talking, you forget the wine and the prince of Orange

JETTLER We must not forget him Here's a very wall of defence In thinking of him one fancies that if one could only hide behind him the devil himself could not get at one Here's to William of Orange! Hurrah!

ALL Hurrah! Hurrah!

SOEST Now gray beard let's have your toast

RUYSUM Here's to old soldiers! To all soldiers! War for ever!

BUYCK Bravo old fellow! Here's to all soldiers! War for ever!

JETTER War! War! Do you know what you are shouting about? That it should slip glibly from your tongue is natural enough but what wretched work it is for us I have not words to tell you To be stunned the whole year round by the beating of the drum to hear of nothing except how one troop marched here and another there how they came over this height and halted near that mill how many were left dead on this field and how many on that how they press forward and how one wins and another loses without being able to comprehend what they are fighting about how a town is taken how the citizens are put to the sword and how it fares with the poor women and innocent children This is glorious work and then one thinks every moment

Here they come! It will be our turn next

SOEST Therefore every citizen must be practised in the use of arms

JETTLER I'me talking indeed for him who has a wife and children And yet I would rather hear of soldiers than see them

BUYCK I might take offence at that

JETTER It was not intended for you countryman When we got rid of the Spanish garrison, we breathed freely again

SOEST Faith! They pressed on you heavy enough

JETTER Mind your own business

SOEST They came to sharp quarters with you

JETTER Hold your tongue

SOEST They drove him out of kitchen cellar chamber—  
and bed [They laugh]

JETTER You are a blockhead

BUYCK Peace sirs! Must the soldier cry peace? Since  
you will not hear anything about us let us have a toast of  
your own—a citizen's toast

JETTER We're all ready for that! Safety and peace!

SOEST Freedom and order!

BUYCK Bravo! That will content us all

[They ring their glasses together and joyously repeat the  
words but in such a manner that each utters a  
different sound and it becomes a kind of chaunt  
The old man listens and at length joins in]

A Safety and peace! Freedom and order!

### *Palace of the Regent*

MARGARET OF PARMA (*in a hunting dress*)

COURTIERS PAGES SERVANTS

REGENT Put off the hunt I shall not ride to day Bid  
Machiavel attend me [Exit all but the REGENT]

The thought of these terrible events leaves me no repose!  
Nothing can amuse nothing divert my mind These images  
these cares are always before me The king will now say  
that these are the natural fruits of my kindness of my  
clemency yet my conscience assures me that I have adopted  
the wisest the most prudent course Ought I sooner to have  
kindled and spread abroad these flames with the breath of  
wrath? My hope was to keep them in to let them smoulder  
in their own ashes Yes my inward conviction and my  
knowledge of the circumstances justify my conduct in my  
own eyes but in what light will it appear to my brother!  
For can it be denied that the insolence of these foreign  
teachers waxes daily more audacious? They have desecrated  
our sanctuaries unsettled the dull minds of the people and  
conjured up amongst them a spirit of delusion Impure  
spirits have mingled among the insurgents deeds horrible to  
think of have been perpetrated and of these a circumstantial  
account must be transmitted instantly to court Prompt and  
minute must be my communication, lest rumour outrun my

messenger and the king suspect that some particulars have been purposely withheld I can see no means severe or mild, by which to stem the evil Oh what are we great ones on the billows of life? We think to control them, and are ourselves driven to and fro hither and thither

*Enter MECHIAVEL*

REGENT Are the despatches to the king prepared?

MECHIAVEL In an hour they will be ready for your signature

REGENT Have you made the report sufficiently circumstantial?

MECHIAVEL Full and circumstantial as the king loves to have it I relate how the rage of the iconoclasts first broke out at St Omer How a furious multitude with stones hatchets hammers ladders and cords accompanied by a few armed men first assailed the chapels churches and convents drove out the worshippers forced the barred gates threw every thing into confusion tore down the altars destroyed the statues of the saints defaced the pictures and dashed to atoms and trampled under foot whatever came in their way that was consecrated and holy How the crowd increased as it advanced and how the inhabitants of Ypres opened their gates at its approach How with incredible rapidity they demolished the cathedral and burned the library of the bishop How a vast multitude possessed by the like frenzy, dispersed themselves through Menin Comines Verviers, Lille nowhere encountered opposition and how through almost the whole of Flanders in a single moment the monstrous conspiracy broke forth and accomplished its object

REGENT Alas! Your recital rends my heart anew, and the fear that the evil will increase adds to my grief Tell me your thoughts Mechiavel!

MECHIAVEL Pardon me your Highness my thoughts will appear to you but as idle fancies and though you always seem well satisfied with my services you have seldom felt inclined to follow my advice How often have you said in jest 'You see too far Mechiavel! You should be an historian, he who acts must provide for the exigence of the hour And yet, have I not predicted this terrible history? Have I not foreseen it all?'

REGENT I too can foresee many things, without being able to avert them

MECHIAVEL In one word then —you will not be able to suppress the new faith Let it be recognized separate its votaries from the true believers give them churches of their own include them within the pale of social order subject them to the restraints of law —do this and you will at once tranquillize the insurgents All other measures will prove abortive and you will depopulate the country

REGENT Have you forgotten with what aversion the mere suggestion of toleration was rejected by my brother? Know you not how in every letter he urgently recommends to me the maintenance of the true faith? That he will not hear of tranquillity and order being restored at the expense of religion? Even in the provinces does he not maintain spies unknown to us in order to ascertain who inclines to the new doctrines? Has he not to our astonishment named to us this or that individual residing in our very neighbourhood who without its being known was obnoxious to the charge of heresy? Does he not enjoin harshness and severity? and am I to be lenient? Am I to recommend for his adoption measures of indulgence and toleration? Should I not thus lose all credit with him and at once forfeit his confidence?

MECHIAVEL I know it The king commands and puts you in full possession of his intentions You are to restore tranquillity and peace by measures which cannot fail still more to embitter men's minds and which must inevitably kindle the flames of war from one extremity of the country to the other Consider well what you are doing The principal merchants are infected—nobles citizens soldiers What avails persisting in our opinion when everything is changing around us? Oh that some good genius would suggest to Philip that it better becomes a monarch to govern subjects of two different creeds than to excite them to mutual destruction!

REGENT Never let me hear such words again Full well I know that the policy of statesmen rarely maintains truth and fidelity, that it excludes from the heart candour charity, toleration In secular affairs, this is alas! only too true but shall we trifle with God as we do with each other? Shall we

be indifferent to our established faith for the sake of which so many have sacrificed their lives? Shall we abandon it to these far fetched uncertain and self contradicting heresies?

MECHIAVELL Think not the worse of me for what I have uttered

REGENT I know you and your fidelity I know too that a man may be both honest and sagacious and yet miss the best and nearest way to the salvation of his soul There are others Mechiauel men whom I esteem yet whom I needs must blame

MECHIAVELL To whom do you refer?

REGENT I must confess that Egmont caused me to day deep and heart felt annoyance

MECHIAVELL How so?

REGENT By his accustomed demeanour his usual indifference and levity I received the fatal tidings as I was leaving church attended by him and several others I did not restrain my anguish I broke forth into lamentations loud and deep and turning to him exclaimed See what is going on in your province! Do you suffer it count you in whom the king confided so implicitly?

MECHIAVELL And what was his reply?

REGENT As if it were a mere trifle an affair of no moment he answered Were the Netherlanders but satisfied as to their constitution the rest would soon follow

MECHIAVELL There was perhaps more truth than discretion or piety in his words How can we hope to acquire and to maintain the confidence of the Netherlander when he sees that we are more interested in appropriating his possessions than in promoting his welfare temporal or spiritual? Does the number of souls saved by the new bishops exceed that of the fat benefices they have swallowed? And are they not for the most part foreigners? As yet the office of stadtholder has been held by Netherlanders but do not the Spaniards betray their great and irresistible desire to possess themselves of these places? Will not people prefer being governed by their own countrymen and according to their ancient customs rather than by foreigners who from their first entrance into the land endeavour to enrich themselves at the general expense who measure everything by a foreign standard, and who exercise their authority without cordiality or sympathy?

REGENT You take part with our opponents ?

MECHIAVEL Assuredly not in my heart Would that with my understanding I could be wholly on our side !

REGENT If such your disposition it were better I should resign the regency to them for both Fgmont and Orange entertained great hopes of occupying this position Then they were adversaries now they are leagued against me and have become friends —inseparable friends

MECHIAVEL A dangerous pair

REGENT To speak candidly I fear Orange —I fear for Egmont —Orange meditates some dangerous scheme his thoughts are far reaching he is reserved appears to accede to everything never contradicts and while maintaining the show of reverence with clear foresight accomplishes his own designs

MECHIAVEL Fgmont on the contrary advances with a bold step as if the world were all his own

REGENT He bears his head as proudly as if the hand of majesty were not suspended over him

MECHIAVEL The eyes of all the people are fixed upon him and he is the idol of their hearts

REGENT He has never assumed the least disguise and carries himself as if no one had a right to call him to account He still bears the name of Egmont Count Egmont is the title by which he loves to hear himself addressed as though he would fain be reminded that his ancestors were masters of Guelderland Why does he not assume his proper title — Prince of Gaure ? What object has he in view ? Would he again revive extinguished claims ?

MECHIAVEL I hold him for a faithful servant of the king

REGENT Were he so inclined what important service could he not render to the government whereas now without benefiting himself he has caused us unspeakable vexation His banquets and entertainments have done more to unite the nobles and to knit them together than the most dangerous secret associations With his toasts his guests have drunk in a permanent intoxication a giddy frenzy that never subsides How often have his facetious jests stirred up the minds of the populace ? and what an excitement was produced among the mob by the new liveries and the extravagant devices of his followers !

MECHIAVEL I am convinced he had no design

REGENT Be that as it may it is bad enough As I said before he injures us without benefiting himself He treats as a jest matters of serious import and not to appear negligent and remiss we are forced to treat seriously what he intended as a jest Thus one urges on the other and what we are endeavouring to avert is actually brought to pass He is more dangerous than the acknowledged head of a conspiracy and I am much mistaken if it is not all remembered against him at court I cannot deny that scarcely a day passes in which he does not wound me deeply wound me

MECHIAVEL He appears to me to act on all occasions according to the dictates of his conscience

REGENT His conscience has a convenient mirror His demeanour is often offensive He carries himself as if he felt he were the master here and were withheld by courtesy alone from making us feel his supremacy as if he would not exactly drive us out of the country there'll be no need for that

MECHIAVEL I entreat you put not too harsh a construction upon his frank and joyous temper which treats lightly matters of serious moment You but injure yourself and him

REGENT I interpret nothing I speak only of inevitable consequences and I know him His patent of nobility and the golden fleece upon his breast strengthen his confidence his audacity Both can protect him against any sudden outbreak of royal displeasure Consider the matter closely and he is alone responsible for the disorders that have broken out in Flanders From the first he connived at the proceedings of the foreign teachers avoided stringent measures and perhaps rejoiced in secret that they gave us so much to do Let me alone on this occasion I will give utterance to that which weighs upon my heart I will not shoot my arrow in vain I know where he is vulnerable For he is vulnerable

MECHIAVEL Have you summoned the council? Will Orange attend?

REGENT I have sent for him to Antwerp I will lay upon their shoulders the burden of responsibility they shall either strenuously co operate with me in quelling the evil or at once declare themselves rebels Let the letters be completed without delay and bring them for my signature Then hasten to dispatch the trusty Vasca to Madrid, he is



faithful and indefatigable let him use all diligence, that he may not be anticipated by common report that my brother may receive the intelligence first through him I will myself speak with him ere he departs

MECHIAVEL Your orders shall be promptly and punctually obeyed

*Citi en s house*

CLARA HER MOTHER BRACKENBURG

CLARA Will you not hold the yarn for me Brackenburg?

BRACKENBURG I entreat you excuse me Clara

CLARA What ails you? Why refuse me this trifling service?

BRACKENBURG When I hold the yarn I stand as it were spell bound before you and cannot escape your eyes

CLARA Nonsense! Come and hold!

MOTHER (*knitting in her arm chair*) Give us a song! Brackenburg sings so good a second You used to be merry once and I had always something to laugh at

BRACKENBURG Once!

CLARA Well let us sing

BRACKENBURG As you please

CLARA Merrily then and sing away! 'Tis a soldier's song my favourite

*[She winds yarn and sings with Brackenburg*

The drum is resounding  
And shrill the fife plays  
My love for the battle  
His brave troop arrays  
He lifts his lance high  
And the people he sways  
My blood it is boiling!  
My heart throbs pit pat!  
Oh had I a jacket  
With hose and with hat!

How boldly I did follow  
And march through the gate  
Through all the wide province  
I did follow him straight  
The foe yield we capture  
Or shoot them! Ah me!  
What heart thrilling rapture  
A soldier to be!

[*During the song Brackenburg has frequently looked at Clara at length his voice falters his eyes fill with tears he lets the skirts fall and goes to the window Clara finishes the song alone her mother motions to her half displeased, she rises advances a few steps towards him, turns back, as if irresolute and again sits down*]

MOTHER What is going on in the street Brackenburg?  
I hear soldiers marching

BRACKENBURG It is the Regent's body guard

CLARA At this hour? What can it mean? [*She rises and joins BRACKENBURG at the window*] That is not the duty guard it is more numerous! almost all the troops! Oh Brackenburg do go! Learn what it means It must be something unusual Go good Brackenburg do me this favour

BRACKENBURG I am going! I will return immediately

[*He offers his hand to CLARA and she gives him hers*

[*Exit BRACKENBURG*

MOTHER Do you send him away so soon!

CLARA I long to know what is going on and besides — do not be angry mother — his presence pains me I never know how I ought to behave towards him I have done him a wrong and it goes to my very heart to see how deeply he feels it Well — it can't be helped now!

MOTHER He is such a true hearted fellow!

CLARA I cannot help it I must treat him kindly Often, without a thought I return the gentle loving pressure of his hand I reproach myself that I am deceiving him that I am nourishing in his heart a vain hope I am in a sad plight God knows I do not willingly deceive him I do not wish him to hope yet I cannot let him despair!

MOTHER That is not as it should be

CLARA I liked him once and in my soul I like him still I could have married him yet I believe I was never really in love with him

MOTHER You would have been always happy with him

CLARA I should have been provided for and have led a quiet life

MOTHER And it has all been trifled away through your own folly

CLARA I am in a strange position When I think how

it has come to pass I know it indeed and I know it not But I have only to look upon Egmont and I understand it all ay and stranger things would seem natural then Oh, what a man he is All the provinces worship him And in his arms shall I not be the happiest creature in the world ?

MOTHER And how will it be in the future ?

CLARA I only ask does he love me ?—does he love me ? —as if there were any doubt about it

MOTHER One has nothing but anxiety of heart with one's children Always care and sorrow whatever may be the end of it ! It cannot come to good ! Alas you have made yourself wretched ! You have made your mother wretched too

CLARA (*quietly*) Yet you allowed it in the beginning

MOTHER Alas I was too indulgent I am always too indulgent

CLARA When Egmont rode by and I ran to the window did you chide me then ? Did you not come to the window yourself ? When he looked up smiled nodded and greeted me was it displeasing to you ? Did you not feel honoured in your daughter ?

MOTHER Go on with your reproaches

CLARA (*with emotion*) Then when he passed more frequently and we felt sure that it was on my account that he came this way did you not remark it yourself with secret joy ? Did you call me away when I stood at the closed window waiting for him ?

MOTHER Could I imagine that it would go so far ?

CLARA (*with faltering voice and repressed tears*) And then one evening when enveloped in his mantle he surprised us as we sat at our lamp who busied herself in receiving him while I remained lost in astonishment as if fastened to my chair ?

MOTHER Could I imagine that the prudent Clara would so soon be carried away by this unhappy love ? I must now endure that my daughter—

CLARA (*bursting into tears*) Mother ! How can you ? You take pleasure in tormenting me

MOTHER (*weeping*) Ay weep away ! Make me yet more wretched by your grief Is it not misery enough that my only daughter is a cast away ?

CLARA (*rising and speaking coldly*) A cast away! The beloved of Egmont a cast away?—What princess but would envy the poor Clara her place in his heart? Oh mother—my own mother you were not wont to speak thus! Dear mother be kind!—Let the people think let the neighbours whisper what they like—this chamber this lowly house is a paradise since Egmont's love dwelt here

MOTHER One cannot help liking him! that is true He is always so kind frank and open hearted

CLARA There is not a drop of false blood in his veins And then mother he is indeed the great Egmont yet when he comes to me how tender he is how kind! How he tries to conceal from me his rank his bravery! How anxious he is about me! so entirely the man the friend the lover

MOTHER Do you expect him to day?

CLARA Have you not noticed how often I go to the window? How I listen to every noise at the door? I though I know that he will not come before night yet from the time when I rise in the morning I keep expecting him every moment Were I but a boy to follow him always to the court and everywhere! Could I but carry his colours in the field!

MOTHER You were always such a lively restless creature even as a little child now wild now thoughtful Will you not dress yourself a little better?

CLARA Perhaps I may if I want something to do—Yesterday some of his people went by singing songs in his honour At least his name was in the songs! I could not understand the rest My heart leaped up into my throat—I would fain have called them back if I had not felt ashamed

MOTHER Take care! Your impetuous nature will ruin all You will betray yourself before the people as not long ago at your cousin's when you found the wood cut with the description and exclaimed with a cry Count Egmont!—I grew as red as fire

CLARA Could I help crying out? It was the battle of Gravelines and I found in the picture the letter C and then looked for it in the description below There it stood Count Egmont with his horse shot under him I shuddered and afterwards I could not help laughing at the wood cut figure of Egmont, as tall as the neighbouring tower of Gravelines,

and the English ships at the side —When I remember how I used to conceive of a battle and what an idea I had as a girl of Count Egmont when I listened to descriptions of him, and of all the other earls and princes,—and think how it is with me now !

*Enter BRACKENBURG*

CLARA Well what is going on ?

BRACKENBURG Nothing certain is known It is rumoured that an insurrection has lately broken out in Flanders the Regent is afraid of its spreading here The castle is strongly garrisoned the citizens are crowding to the gates and the streets are thronged with people I will hasten at once to my old father [*as if about to go*]

CLARA Shall we see you to-morrow ? I must change my dress a little I am expecting my cousin and I look too untidy Come mother help me a moment Take the book Brackenburg and bring me such another story

MOTHER Farewell

BRACKENBURG (*extending his hand*) Your hand !

CLARA (*refusing hers*) When you come next

[*Exit MOTHER and DAUGHTER*]

BRACKENBURG (*alone*) I had resolved to go away again at once and yet when she takes me at my word and lets me leave her I feel as if I could go mad —Wretched man ! Does the fate of thy fatherland does the growing disturbance fail to move thee ?—Are countryman and Spaniard the same to thee ? and carest thou not who rules and who is in the right ?—I was a different sort of fellow as a schoolboy !—Then when an exercise in oratory was given Brutus speech for liberty for instance Fritz was ever the first and the rector would say If it were only spoken more deliberately the words not all huddled together —Then my blood boiled and I longed for action —Now I drag along bound by the eyes of a maiden I cannot leave her ! yet she alas cannot love me !—ah—no—she—she cannot have entirely rejected me—not entirely—yet half love is no love !—I will endure it no longer !—Can it be true what a friend lately whispered in my ear that she secretly admits a man into the house by night when she always sends me away modestly before evening ? No it cannot be true ! It is a lie ! A base slanderous, lie ! Clara is as innocent as I am wretched —

She has rejected me, has thrust me from her heart—and shall I live on thus? I cannot I will not endure it Already my native land is convulsed by internal strife and do I perish abjectly amid the tumult? I will not endure it! When the trumpet sounds when a shot falls it thrills through my bone and marrow! But alas it does not rouse me! It does not summon me to join the onslaught to rescue to dare—Wretched degrading position! Better end it at once! Not long ago I threw myself into the water I sank—but nature in her agony was too strong for me I felt that I could swim and saved myself against my will Could I but forget the time when she loved me seemed to love me!—Why has this happiness penetrated my very bone and marrow? Why have these hopes while disclosing to me a distant paradise consumed all the enjoyment of life—And that first that only kiss!—Here (*laying his hand upon the table*) here we were alone—she had always been kind and friendly towards me—then she seemed to soften—she looked at me—my brain reeled—I felt her lips on mine—and—and now?—Die wretch! Why dost thou hesitate? (*He draws a phial from his pocket*) Thou healing poison it shall not have been in vain that I stole thee from my brother's medicine chest! From this anxious fear this dizziness this death agony thou shalt deliver me at once

## ACT THE SECOND

*Square in Brussels*

JETTLER and a MASIFER CARPLINER (*meeting*)

CARPENTER Did I not tell you beforehand? Eight days ago at the guild I said there would be serious disturbances

JETTLER Is it then true that they have plundered the churches in Flanders?

CARPENTER They have utterly destroyed both churches and chapels They have left nothing standing but the four bare walls The lowest rabble! And this it is that damages our good cause We ought rather to have laid our claims before the Regent, formally and decidedly and then have

stood by them If we now speak if we now assemble it will be said that we are joining the rebels

JETTER Ay so every one thinks at first Why should you thrust your rose into the mess? The neck is closely connected with it

CARPENTER I am always uneasy when tumults arise among the mob among people who have nothing to lose They use as a pretext that to which we also must appeal and plunge the country in misery

*Enter SOEST*

SOEST Good day sirs! What news? Is it true that the insurgents are coming straight in this direction?

CARPENTER Here they shall touch nothing at any rate

SOEST A soldier came into my shop just now to buy tobacco I questioned him about the matter The Regent though so brave and prudent a lady has for once lost her presence of mind Things must be bad indeed when she thus takes refuge behind her guards The castle is strongly garrisoned It is even rumoured that she means to fly from the town

CARPENTER Forth she shall not go! Her presence protects us and we will ensure her safety better than her mustachioed gentry If she only maintains our rights and privileges we will stand faithfully by her

*Enter a SOAPBOILER*

SOAPBOILER An ugly business this! a bad business! Troubles are beginning all things are going wrong! Mind you keep quiet or they'll take you also for rioters

SOEST Here come the seven wise men of Greece

SOAPBOILER I know there are many who in secret hold with the Calvinists abuse the bishops and care not for the king But a loyal subject a sincere Catholic!—

*[By degrees others join the speakers and listen*

*Enter VANSLIN*

VANSEN God save you sirs! What news?

CARPENTER Have nothing to do with him he's a dangerous fellow

JETTER Is he not secretary to Dr Wiets?

CARPENTER He has already had several masters First he was a clerk and as one patron after another turned him off, on account of his roguish tricks, he now dabbles in the

business of notary and advocate and is a brandy drinker to boot

[*More people gather round and stand in groups*  
 VANSSEN So here you are putting your heads together  
 Well it is worth talking about

SOEST I think so too

VANSSEN Now if only one of you had heart and another head enough for the work we might break the Spanish fetters at once

SOEST Sirs! you must not talk thus We have taken our oath to the king

VANSSEN And the king to us Mark that!

JETTER There s sense in that! Iell us your opinion

OTHERS Hearken to him hes a clever fellow Hes sharp enough

VANSSEN I had an old master once who possessed a collection of parchments among which were charters of ancient constitutions contracts and privileges He set great store too by the rarest books One of these contained our whole constitution how at first we Netherlanders had princes of our own who governed according to hereditary laws rights, and usages how our ancestors paid due honour to their sovereign so long as he governed them equitably and how they were immediately on their guard the moment he was for overstepping his bounds The statcs were down upon him at once for every province however small had its own chamber and representatives

CARPENTER Hold your tongue! We knew that long ago! Every honest citizen learns as much about the constitution as he needs

JETTER Let him speak one may always learn something

SOEST He is quite right

Several CITIZENS Go on! Go on! One does not hear this every day

VANSSEN You citizens forsooth! You live only in the present and as you tamely follow the trade inherited from your fathers so you let the government do with you just as it pleases You make no inquiry into the origin the history or the rights of a Regent and in consequence of this negligence the Spaniard has drawn the net over your ears

SOEST Who cares for that, if one has only daily bread<sup>2</sup>



JETTER The devil! Why did not some one come for ward and tell us this in time?

VANSEN I tell it you now The King of Spain, whose good fortune it is to bear sway over these provinces has no right to govern them otherwise than the petty princes who formerly possessed them separately Do you understand that?

JETTER Explain it to us

VANSEN Why it is as clear as the sun Must you not be governed according to your provincial laws? How comes that?

A CITIZEN Certainly!

VANSEN Are not the laws of Brussels different from those of Antwerp? The laws of Antwerp different from those of Ghent? How comes that?

Another CITIZEN By heaven!

VANSEN But if you let matters run on thus they will soon tell you a different story Eye on you! Philip through a woman now ventures to do what neither Charles the Bold Frederick the Warrior nor Charles the Fifth could accomplish

SOEST Yes yes! The old princes tried it also

VANSEN Ay! But our ancestors kept a sharp look out If they thought themselves aggrieved by their sovereign they would perhaps get his son and heir into their hands detain him as a hostage and surrender him only on the most favourable conditions Our fathers were men! They knew their own interests! They knew how to lay hold on what they wanted and to get it established! They were men of the right sort and hence it is that our privileges are so clearly defined our liberties so well secured

SOEST What are you saying about our liberties?

ALL Our liberties! our privileges! Tell us about our privileges

VANSEN All the provinces have their peculiar advantages, but we of Brabant are the most splendidly provided for I have read it all

SOEST Say on

JETTER Let us hear

A CITIZEN Pray do

VANSEN First, it stands written —The Duke of Brabant shall be to us a good and faithful sovereign

SOEST Good! Stands it so?

JETTER Faithful? Is that true?

VANSEN As I tell you He is bound to us as we are to him Secondly—in the exercise of his authority he shall neither exert arbitrary power nor exhibit caprice himself nor shall he either directly or indirectly sanction them in others

JETTER Bravo! Bravo! Not exert arbitrary power

SOEST Not exhibit caprice

ANOTHER And not sanction them in others! That is the main point Not sanction them either directly or indirectly

VANSEN In express words

JETTER Get us the book

A CITIZEN Yes we must have it

OTHERS The book! The book!

ANOTHER We will to the Regent with the book

ANOTHER Sir doctor you shall be spokesman

SOAPBOILER Oh the dolts!

OTHERS Something more out of the book

SOAPBOILER I'll nod his teeth down his throat if he says another word

PEOPLE We'll see who dares to lay hands upon him Tell us about our privileges! Have we any more privileges?

VANSEN Many very good and very wholesome ones too Thus it stands The sovereign shall neither benefit the clergy nor increase their number without the consent of the nobles and of the states Muk that! Nor shall he alter the constitution of the country

SOEST Stands it so?

VANSEN I'll show it you as it was written down two or three centuries ago

A CITIZEN And we tolerate the new bishops? The nobles must protect us we will make a row else!

OTHERS And we suffer ourselves to be intimidated by the Inquisition?

VANSEN It is your own fault

PEOPLE We have F<sub>l</sub>mont! We have Orange! They will protect our interests

VANSEN Your brothers in Flanders are beginning the good work

SOAPBOILER Dog! [Strikes him  
 OTHERS *oppose the SOAPBOILER and exclaim* Are you also  
 a Spaniard?

ANOTHER What! This honourable man?

ANOTHER This learned man?

[They attack the SOAPBOILER

CARPENTER For heaven's sake peace!

[Others mingle in the fray

CARPENTER Citizens what means this?

[Boys whistle throw stones set on dogs citizens stand  
 and gape people come running up others walk quietly  
 to and fro others play all sorts of pranks shout and  
 huzza

OTHERS Freedom and privilege! Privilege and freedom!

*Enter EGMONT with followers*

EGMONT Peace! Peace! good people What is the  
 matter? Peace I say! Separate them

CARPENTER My good lord you come like an angel from  
 heaven Hush! See you nothing? Count Egmont! Greet  
 Count Egmont

EGMONT Here too! What are you about? Citizen  
 against citizen! Does not even the neighbourhood of our  
 royal mistress oppose a barrier to this frenzy? Disperse  
 yourselves and go about your business 'tis a bad sign  
 when you thus keep holiday on working days How did the  
 disturbance begin

[The tumult gradually subsides and the people gather  
 around EGMONT

CARPENTER They are fighting about their privileges

EGMONT Which they will forfeit through their own  
 folly—and who are you? You seem honest people

CARPENTER 'Tis our wish to be so

EGMONT Your calling?

CARPENTER A carpenter and master of the guild

EGMONT And you?

SOEST A shopkeeper

EGMONT And you?

JETTER A tailor

EGMONT I remember you were employed upon the  
 liveries of my people Your name is Jetter

JETTER To think of your grace remembering it!

EGMONT I do not easily forget any one whom I have seen or conversed with Do what you can good people to keep the peace you stand in bad repute enough already Provoke not the king still farther The power after all is in his hands An honest citizen who maintains himself industriously has every where as much freedom as he wants

CARPENTER That now is just our misfortune! With all due deference your grace 'tis the idle portion of the community your drunkards and vagabonds who quarrel for want of something to do and clamour about privilege because they are hungry they impose upon the curious and the credulous and in order to obtain a pot of beer excite disturbances that will bring misery upon thousands That is just what they want We keep our houses and chests too well guarded they would fain drive us away from them with fire brands

EGMONT You shall have all needful assistance measures have been taken to stem the evil by force Make a firm stand against the new doctrines and do not imagine that privileges are secured by sedition Remain at home suffer no crowds to assemble in the streets Sensible people can accomplish much

*[In the meantime the crowd has for the most part dispersed]*

CARPENTER Thanks your excellency—thanks for your good opinion We will do what in us lies *(Exit EGMONT)* A gracious lord! A true Netherlander! Nothing of the Spaniard about him

JETTER If we had only him for a regent! 'Tis a pleasure to follow him

SOEST The king won't hear of that He takes care to appoint his own people to the place

JETTLER Did you notice his dress? It was of the newest fashion—after the Spanish cut

CARPENTER A handsome gentleman

JETTLER His head now were a dainty morsel for a heads man

SOEST Are you mad? What are you thinking about?

JETTLER It is stupid enough that such an idea should come into one's head! But so it is Whenever I see a fine long neck I cannot help thinking how well it would suit the block These cursed executions! One cannot get them out of one's head When the lads are swimming and I chance

to see a naked back I think forthwith of the dozens I have seen beaten with rods If I meet a portly gentleman I fancy I already see him roasting at the stake At night in my dreams I am tortured in every limb one cannot have a single hour's enjoyment all merriment and fun have long been forgotten These terrible images seem burnt in upon my brain

*Egmont's residence*

*His SECRETARY (at a desk with papers He rises impatiently)*

Still he comes not! And I have been waiting already full two hours pen in hand the papers before me and just to day I was anxious to be out so early The floor burns under my feet I can with difficulty restrain my impatience Be punctual to the hour Such was his parting injunction, now he comes not There is so much business to get through I shall not have finished before midnight He overlooks one's faults it is true methinks it would be better though were he more strict so he dismissed one at the appointed time One could then arrange one's plans It is now full two hours since he left the Regent who knows whom he may have chanced to meet by the way?

*Enter EGMONT*

EGMONT Well how do matters look?

SECRETARY I am ready and three couriers are waiting

EGMONT I have detained you too long, you look somewhat out of humour

SECRETARY In obedience to your command I have all ready been in attendance for some time Here are the papers!

EGMONT Donna Elvira will be angry with me when she learns that I have detained you

SECRETARY You are pleased to jest

EGMONT Nay be not ashamed I admire your taste She is pretty and I have no objection that you should have a friend at court What say the letters?

SECRETARY Much my lord but withal little that is satisfactory

EGMONT 'Tis well that we have pleasures at home we have the less occasion to seek them from abroad Is there much that requires attention?

SECRETARY Enough, my lord, three couriers are in attendance

EGMONT Proceed! The most important

SECRETARY All is important

EGMONT One after the other only be prompt

SECRETARY Captain Breda sends an account of the occurrences that have further taken place in Ghent and the surrounding districts The tumult is for the most part allayed

EGMONT He doubtless reports individual acts of folly and temerity?

SECRETARY He does my lord

EGMONT Spare me the recital

SECRETARY Six of the mob who tore down the image of the Virgin at Verviers have been arrested He inquires whether they are to be hanged like the others?

EGMONT I am weary of hanging let them be flogged and discharged

SECRETARY There are two women among them, are they to be flogged also?

EGMONT He may admonish them and let them go

SECRETARY Brink of Breda's company wants to marry the captain hopes you will not allow it There are so many women among the troops he writes that when on the march they resemble a gang of gypsies rather than regular soldiers

EGMONT We must overlook it in his case He is a fine young fellow and moreover entreated me so earnestly before I came away This must be the last time however though it grieves me to refuse the poor fellows their best pastime, they have enough without that to torment them

SECRETARY Two of your people Setei and Hart, have ill treated a damsel the daughter of an inn keeper They got her alone and she could not escape from them

EGMONT If she be an honest maiden and they used violence let them be flogged three days in succession and if they have any property let him retain as much of it as will portion the girl

SECRETARY One of the foreign preachers has been discovered passing secretly through Comines He swore that he was on the point of leaving for France According to law, he ought to be beheaded

EGMONT Let him be conducted quietly to the frontier and there admonished, that, the next time he will not escape so easily

SECRETARY A letter from your steward He writes that money comes in slowly he can with difficulty send you the required sum within the week the late disturbances have thrown everything into the greatest confusion

EGMONT Money must be had! It is for him to look to the means

SECRETARY He says he will do his utmost and at length proposes to sue and imprison Raymond who has been so long in your debt

EGMONT But he has promised to pay!

SECRETARY The last time he fixed a fortnight himself

EGMONT Well grant him another fortnight, after that he may proceed against him

SECRETARY You do well His non payment of the money proceeds not from inability but from want of inclination He will trifle no longer when he sees that you are in earnest The steward further proposes to withhold for half a month the pensions which you allow to the old soldiers widows and others In the meantime some expedient may be devised they must make their arrangements accordingly

EGMONT But what arrangements can be made here? These poor people want the money more than I do He must not think of it

SECRETARY How then my lord is he to raise the required sum?

EGMONT It is his business to think of that He was told so in a former letter

SECRETARY And therefore he makes these proposals

EGMONT They will never do—he must think of some thing else Let him suggest expedients that are admissible and before all let him procure the money

SECRETARY I have again before me the letter from Count Oliva Pardon my recalling it to your remembrance Before all others the aged count deserves a detailed reply You proposed writing to him with your own hand Doubtless he loves you as a father

EGMONT I cannot command the time—and of all detestable things, writing is to me the most detestable You un-

tate my hand so admirably do you write in my name I am expecting Orange I cannot do it,—I wish however that something soothing should be written to allay his fears

SECRETARY Just give me a notion of what you wish to communicate I will at once draw up the answer and lay it before you It shall be so written that it might pass for your hand in a court of justice

EGMONT Give me the letter (*After glancing over it*) Dear excellent old man! Wert thou then so cautious in thy youth? Didst thou never mount a breach? Didst thou remain in the rear of battle at the suggestion of prudence?—What affectionate solicitude! He has indeed my safety and happiness at heart but considers not that he who lives but to save his life is already dead—Charge him not to be anxious on my account I act as circumstances require and shall be upon my guard Let him use his influence at court in my favour and be assured of my warmest thanks

SECRETARY Is that all? He expects still more

EGMONT What more can I say? If you choose to write more fully do so The matter turns upon a single point, he would have me live as I cannot live That I am joyous live fast, take matters easily is my good fortune nor would I exchange it for his tomb like safety My blood rebels against the Spanish mode of life nor have I the least inclination to regulate my movements by the new and cautious measures of the court Do I live only to think of life? Am I to forego the enjoyment of the present moment in order to secure the next? And must that in its turn be consumed in anxieties and idle fears?

SECRETARY I entreat you my lord be not so harsh towards the venerable man You are wont to be friendly towards every one Say a kindly word to allay the anxiety of your noble friend See how considerate he is with what delicacy he warns you

EGMONT Yet he harps continually on the same string He knows of old how I detest these admonitions They serve only to perplex and are of no avail What if I were a somnambulist and trod the giddy summit of a lofty house—were it the part of friendship to call me by my name to warn me of my danger to waken to kill me? Let each choose his own path, and provide for his own safety



SECRETARY It may become you my lord to be without a fear but those who know and love you——

EGMONT (*looking over the letter*) Then he recalls the old story of our sayings and doings one evening in the wantonness of conviviality and wine and what conclusions and inferences were thence drawn and circulated throughout the whole kingdom! Well we had a cap and bells embroidered on the sleeves of our servants liveries and afterwards exchanged this senseless device for a bundle of arrows—a still more dangerous symbol for those who are bent upon discovering a meaning where nothing is meant These and similar follies were conceived and brought forth in a moment of merriment It was at our suggestion that a noble troop with beggars wallets and a self chosen nickname with mock humility recalled the king's duty to his remembrance It was at our suggestion too—well what does it signify? Is a carnival jest to be construed into high treason? Are we to be grudged the scanty variegated rags wherewith a youthful spirit and heated imagination would adorn the poor nakedness of life? Take life too seriously and what is it worth? If the morning wake us to no new joys if in the evening we have no pleasures to hope for is it worth the trouble of dressing and undressing? Does the sun shine on me to day, that I may reflect on what happened yesterday? That I may endeavour to foresee and control what can neither be foreseen nor controlled—the destiny of the morrow? Spare me these reflections we will leave them to scholars and courtiers Let them ponder and contrive creep hither and thither and surreptitiously achieve their ends—If you can make use of these suggestions without swelling your letter into a volume it is well Everything appears of exaggerated importance to the good old man 'Tis thus the friend who has long held our hand grasps it more warmly ere he quit his hold

SECRETARY Pardon me the pedestrian grows dizzy when he beholds the charioteer drive past with whirling speed

EGMONT Child! Child! Forbear! As if goaded by invisible spirits the sun steeds of time bear onward the light car of our destiny and nothing remains for us but with calm self possession firmly to grasp the reins and now right now left to steer the wheels here from the precipice and there

from the rock Whither he is hasting who knows? Does any one consider whence he came?

SECRETARY My lord! my lord!

EGMONT I stand high but I can and must rise yet higher Courage strength and hope possess my soul Not yet have I attained the height of my ambition that once achieved I will stand firmly and without fear Should I fall should a thunder clap a storm blast ay a false step of my own precipitate me into the abyss so be it! I shall lie there with thousands of others I have never disdained even for a trifling stake to throw the bloody die with my gallant comrades and shall I hesitate now when all that is most precious in life is set upon the cast?

SECRETARY Oh my lord! you know not what you say! May heaven protect you!

EGMONT Collect your papers Orange is coming Dispatch what is most urgent that the couriers may set forth before the gates are closed The rest may wait Leave the Count's letter till to-morrow I will not to visit Elvira and greet her from me Inform yourself concerning the Regent's health She cannot be well though she would fain conceal it

[Exit SECRETARY

Enter ORANGE

EGMONT Welcome Orange you appear somewhat disturbed

ORANGE What say you to our conference with the Regent?

EGMONT I found nothing extraordinary in her manner of receiving us I have often seen her thus before She appeared to me to be somewhat indisposed

ORANGE Marked you not that she was more reserved than usual? She began by cautiously approving our conduct during the late insurrection glanced at the false light in which nevertheless it might be viewed and finally turned the discourse to her favourite topic—that her gracious demeanour her friendship for us Netherlanders had never been sufficiently recognized never appreciated as it deserved, that nothing came to a prosperous issue that for her part she was beginning to grow weary of it that the king must at last resolve upon other measures Did you hear that?

EGMONT Not all I was thinking at the time of something else She is a woman good Orange and all women

expect that every one shall submit passively to their gentle yoke, that every Hercules shall lay aside his lion's skin assume the distaff and swell their train and because they are themselves peaceably inclined imagine forsooth that the ferment which seizes a nation the storm which powerful rivals excite against one another may be allayed by one soothing word and the most discordant elements be brought to unite in tranquil harmony at their feet 'Tis thus with her and since she cannot accomplish her object why she has no resource left but to lose her temper to menace us with direful prospects for the future and to threaten to take her departure

ORANGE Think you not that this time she will fulfil her threat?

EGMONT Never! How often have I seen her actually prepared for the journey! Whither should she go? Being here a stadtholder a queen think you that she could endure to spend her days in insignificance at her brother's court? Or to repair to Italy and there drag on her existence among her old family connections

ORANGE She is held incapable of this determination because you have already seen her hesitate and draw back nevertheless it is in her to take this step new circumstances may impel her to the long delayed resolve What if she were to depart and the king to send another?

EGMONT Why he would come and he also would have business enough upon his hands He would arrive with vast projects and schemes to reduce all things to order, to subjugate and combine and to day he would be occupied with this trifle to morrow with that and the day following have to deal with some unexpected hindrance He would spend one month in forming plans another in mortification at their failure and half a year would be consumed in cares for a single province With him also time would pass his head grow dizzy and things hold on their ordinary course till instead of sailing into the open sea according to the plan which he had previously mulled out he might thank God if amid the tempest he were able to keep his vessel off the rocks

ORANGE What if the king were advised to try an experiment?

EGMONT Which should be—?

ORANGE To try how the body would get on without the head

EGMONT How?

ORANGE Egmont our interests have for years weighed upon my heart I ever stand as over a chess board and regard no move of my adversary as insignificant and as men of science carefully investigate the secrets of nature so I hold it to be the duty ay the very vocation of a prince to acquaint himself with the dispositions and intentions of all parties I have reason to fear an outbreak The king has long acted according to certain principles he finds that they do not lead to a prosperous issue what more probable than that he should seek it some other way?

EGMONT I do not believe it When a man grows old has attempted much and finds that the world cannot be made to move according to his will he must needs grow weary of it at last

ORANGE One thing he has not yet attempted

EGMONT What?

ORANGE To spare the people and put an end to the princes

EGMONT How many have long been haunted by this dread! There is no cause for such anxiety

ORANGE Once I felt anxious gradually I became suspicious suspicion has at length grown into certainty

EGMONT Has the king more faithful servants than our selves?

ORANGE We serve him after our own fashion and between ourselves it must be confessed that we understand pretty well how to make the interests of the king square with our own

EGMONT And who does not? He has our duty and submission in so far as they are his due

ORANGE But what if he should arrogate still more and regard as disloyalty what we esteem the maintenance of our just rights?

EGMONT We shall know in that case how to defend our selves Let him assemble the knights of the Golden Fleece, we will submit ourselves to their decision

ORANGE What if the sentence were to precede the trial? punishment, the sentence?

EGMONT It were an injustice of which Philip is incapable, a folly which I cannot impute either to him or his counsellors

ORANGE And how if they were both foolish and unjust?

EGMONT No Orange it is impossible Who would venture to lay hands on us? The attempt to capture us were a fruitless enterprize No they dare not raise the standard of tyranny so high The breeze that should waft these tidings over the land would kindle a mighty conflagration And what object would they have in view? The king alone has no power either to judge or to condemn us and would they attempt our lives by assassination? They cannot intend it A terrible league would unite the entire people Direful hate and eternal separation from the crown of Spain would, on the instant be forcibly declared

ORANGE The flames would then rage over our grave and the blood of our enemies flow a vain oblation Let us consider Egmont

EGMONT But how could they effect this purpose?

ORANGE Alva is on the way

EGMONT I do not believe it

ORANGE I know it

EGMONT The Regent appeared to know nothing of it

ORANGE And therefore the stronger is my conviction The Regent will give place to him I know his blood thirsty disposition and he brings an army with him

EGMONT To harass the provinces anew? The people will be exasperated to the last degree

ORANGE Their leaders will be secured

EGMONT No! No!

ORANGE Let us retire each to his province There we can strengthen ourselves the duke will not begin with open violence

EGMONT Must we not greet him when he comes?

ORANGE We will delay

EGMONT What if on his arrival he should summon us in the king's name

ORANGE We will answer evasively

EGMONT And if he is urgent?

ORANGE We will excuse ourselves

EGMONT And if he insist?

ORANGE We shall be the less disposed to come

EGMONT Then war is declared, and we are rebels Do

not suffer prudence to mislead you Orange I know it is not fear that makes you yield Consider this step

ORANGE I have considered it

EGMONT Consider for what you are answerable if you are wrong For the most fatal war that ever yet desolated a country Your refusal is the signal that at once summons the provinces to arms that justifies every cruelty for which Spain has hitherto so anxiously sought a pretext With a single nod you will excite to the direst confusion what with patient effort we have so long kept in abeyance Think of the towns the nobles the people think of commerce agriculture trade! Realize the murder the desolation! Calmly the soldier beholds his comrade fall beside him in the battle field But towards you carried downwards by the stream, shall float the corpses of citizens of children of maidens till aghast with horror you shall no longer know whose cause you are defending since you shall see those for whose liberty you drew the sword perishing around you And what will be your emotions when conscience whispers It was for my own safety that I drew it

ORANGE We are not ordinary men Egmont If it be comes us to sacrifice ourselves for thousands it becomes us no less to spare ourselves for thousands

EGMONT He who spares himself becomes an object of suspicion ever to himself

ORANGE He who is sure of his own motives can with confidence advance or retreat

EGMONT Your own act will render certain the evil that you dread

ORANGE Wisdom and courage alike prompt us to meet an inevitable evil

EGMONT When the danger is imminent the faintest hope should be taken into account

ORANGE We have not the smallest footing left we are on the very brink of the precipice

EGMONT Is the King's favour ground so narrow?

ORANGE Not narrow perhaps but slippery

EGMONT By heavens! he is belied I cannot endure that he should be so meanly thought of! He is Charles's son and incapable of meanness

ORANGE Kings of course do nothing mean

EGMONT He should be better known

ORANGE Our knowledge counsels us not to await the result of a dangerous experiment

EGMONT No experiment is dangerous the result of which we have the courage to meet

ORANGE You are irritated Egmont

EGMONT I must see with my own eyes

ORANGE Oh that for once you saw with mine! My friend because your eyes are open you imagine that you see I go! Await Alva's arrival and God be with you! My refusal to do so may perhaps save you The dragon may deem the prey not worth seizing if he cannot swallow us both Perhaps he may delay in order more surely to execute his purpose in the meantime you may see matters in their true light But then, be prompt! Lose not a moment! Save—oh save yourself! Farewell!—Let nothing escape your vigilance—how many troops he brings with him how he garrisons the town what force the Regent retains how your friends are prepared Send me tidings—Egmont—

EGMONT What would you?

ORANGE (*grasping his hand*) Be persuaded! Go with me!

EGMONT How! Tears Orange!

ORANGE To weep for a lost friend is not unmanly

EGMONT You deem me lost?

ORANGE You are lost Consider! Only a brief respite is left you Farewell [*Exit*

EGMONT (*alone*) Strange that the thoughts of other men should exert such an influence over us These fears would never have entered my mind and this man infects me with his solicitude Away! 'Tis a foreign drop in my blood! Kind nature cast it forth! And to ease the furrowed lines from my brow there yet remains indeed a friendly means

## ACT THE THIRD

*Palace of the Regent*

MARGARET of PARMA

REGENT I might have expected it Ha' when we live immersed in anxiety and toil we imagine that we achieve the utmost that is possible while he who from a distance looks on and commands believes that he requires only the possible O ye kings' I had not thought it could have galled me thus It is so sweet to reign'—and to abdicate? I know not how my father could do so but I will also

[MECHIAVEL appears in the back ground]

REGENT Approach Mechiavel I am thinking over this letter from my brother

MECHIAVEL May I know what it contains?

REGENT As much tender consideration for me as anxiety for his states He extols the firmness the industry the fidelity with which I have hitherto watched over the interests of his majesty in these provinces He condoles with me that the unbridled people occasion me so much trouble He is so thoroughly convinced of the depth of my views so extraordinarily satisfied with the prudence of my conduct that I must almost say the letter is too politely written for a king—certainly for a brother

MECHIAVEL It is not the first time that he has testified to you his just satisfaction

REGENT But the first time that it is a mere rhetorical figure

MECHIAVEL I do not understand you

REGENT You soon will—For after this preamble he is of opinion that without soldiers without a small army indeed,—I shall always cut a sorry figure here! He intimates that we did wrong to withdraw our troops from the provinces at the remonstrance of the inhabitants and thinks that a garrison which shall press upon the neck of the citizen will prevent him by its weight from making any lofty spring

MECHIAVEL It would irritate the public mind to the last degree



REGENT The king thinks however —attend to this —he thinks that a clever general one who never listens to reason will be able to deal promptly with all parties —people and nobles citizens and peasants he therefore sends with a powerful army the duke of Alva

MECHIAVEL Alva

REGENT You are surprised

MECHIAVEL You say he sends he asks doubtless whether he should send

REGENT The king asks not he sends

MECHIAVEL You will then have an experienced warrior in your service

REGENT In my service? Speak out Mechiavel

MECHIAVEL I would not anticipate you

REGENT And I would I could dissimulate It wounds me—wounds me to the quick I had rather my brother would speak his mind than attach his signature to formal epistles drawn up by a secretary of State

MECHIAVEL Can they not comprehend——

REGENT I know them thoroughly They would fain make a clean sweep and since they cannot set about it themselves they give their confidence to any one who comes with a besom in his hand Oh it seems to me as if I saw the king and his council worked upon this tapestry

MECHIAVEL So distinctly!

REGENT No feature is wanting There are good men among them The honest Roderigo so experienced and so moderate who does not aim too high yet lets nothing sink too low the upright Alonzo the diligent Freneda the steadfast Las Vargas and others who join them when the good party are in power But there sits the hollow eyed Foledan with brazen front and deep fire glance muttering between his teeth about womanish softness ill timed concession and that women can ride trained steeds well enough but are themselves bad horse breakers and the like pleasant-ries, which in former times, I have been compelled to hear from political gentlemen

MECHIAVEL You have chosen good colours for your picture

REGENT Confess Mechiavel among the tints from which I might select, there is no hue so livid, so jaundice-

like as Alva's complexion and the colour he is wont to paint with. He regards every one as a blasphemer or traitor, for under this head they can be racked, impaled, quartered, and burnt at pleasure. The good I have accomplished here appears as nothing seen from a distance just because it is good. Then he dwells on every outbreak that is past, recalls every disturbance that is quieted, and brings before the king such a picture of mutiny, sedition, and audacity that we appear to him to be actually devouring one another when with us the transient explosion of a rude people has long been forgotten. Thus he conceives a cordial hatred for the poor people; he views them with horror as beasts and monsters; looks around for fire and sword, and imagines that by such means human beings are subdued.

MECHIAVEL. You appear to me too vehement; you take the matter too seriously. Do you not remain regent?

REGENT. I am aware of that. He will bring his instructions. I am old enough in state affairs to understand how people can be supplanted without being actually deprived of office. First he will produce a commission couched in terms somewhat obscure and equivocal; he will stretch his authority for the power is in his hands; if I complain he will hint at secret instructions; if I desire to see them he will answer evasively; if I insist he will produce a paper of totally different import; and if this fail to satisfy me he will go on precisely as if I had never interfered. Meanwhile he will have accomplished what I dread, and have frustrated my most cherished schemes.

MECHIAVEL. I wish I could contradict you.

REGENT. His harshness and cruelty will again arouse the turbulent spirit which with unspeakable patience I have succeeded in quelling. I shall see my work destroyed before my eyes, and have besides to bear the blame of his wrongdoing.

MECHIAVEL. Await it, your highness.

REGENT. I have sufficient self-command to remain quiet. Let him come. I will make way for him with the best grace ere he pushes me aside.

MECHIAVEL. So important a step thus suddenly?

REGENT. 'Tis harder than you imagine. He who is accustomed to rule, to hold daily in his hand the destiny of

thousands, descends from the throne as into the grave  
 Better thus however, than linger a spectre among the living  
 and with hollow aspect endeavour to maintain a place which  
 another has inherited and already possesses and enjoys

*Clara's dwelling*

CLARA and her MOTHER

MOTHER Such a love as Braclenburg's I have never  
 seen I thought it was to be found only in romance books

CLARA (*walling up and down the room humming a song*)

With love's thrilling rapture  
 What joy can compare!

MOTHER He suspects your attachment to Egmont and  
 yet if you would but treat him a little kindly I do believe  
 he would marry you still if you would have him

CLARA (*sings*)

Blissful  
 And tearful  
 With thought teeming brain  
 Hoping  
 And fearing  
 In passionate pain  
 Now shouting in triumph  
 Now sunk in despair —  
 With love's thrilling rapture  
 What joy can compare!

MOTHER Have done with your baby nonsense

CLARA Nay do not abuse it 'tis a song of marvellous  
 virtue Many a time I have lulled a grown child to sleep  
 with it

MOTHER Ay! You can think of nothing but your love  
 If it only did not put everything else out of your head You  
 should have more regard for Brackenburg I tell you He  
 may make you happy yet some day

CLARA He?

MOTHER Oh yes! A time will come! You children  
 live only in the present and give no ear to our ex-  
 perience Youth and happy love, all has an end, and there

comes a time when one thanks God if one has any corner to creep into

CLARA (*shudders and after a pause stands up*) Mother let that time come—like death I think of it beforehand is horrible! And if it come! If we must—then—we will bear ourselves as we may Live without thee Egmont! (*weeping*) No! It is impossible

Enter EGMONT (*Enveloped in a horseman's cloak his hat drawn over his face*)

EGMONT Clara!

CLARA (*utters a cry and starts back*) Egmont! (*she hastens towards him*) Egmont! (*she embraces and leans upon him*) O you good kind sweet Egmont! Are you come? Is it you indeed?

EGMONT Good evening mother!

MOTHER God save you noble sir! My daughter has well nigh pined to death because you have stayed away so long, she talks and sings about you the live long day

EGMONT You will give me some supper?

MOTHER You do us too much honour If we only had anything—

CLARA Certainly! Be quiet mother I have provided everything there is something prepared Do not betray me mother

MOTHER There's little enough

CLARA Never mind! When he is with me I am never hungry so he cannot I should think have any great appetite when I am with him

EGMONT Do you think so?

CLARA (*stamps with her foot and turns pettishly away*)

EGMONT What ails you?

CLARA How cold you are to day! You have not yet offered me a kiss Why do you keep your arms enveloped in your mantle like a new born babe It becomes neither a soldier nor a lover to keep his arms muffled up

EGMONT Sometimes dearest sometimes When the soldier stands in ambush and would delude the foe he collects his thoughts gathers his mantle around him and matures his plan and a lover—

MOTHER Will you not take a seat and make yourself

comfortable? I must to the kitchen Clara thinks of nothing when you are here You must put up with what we have.

EGMONT Your good-will is the best seasoning  
[Exit MOTHER]

CLARA And what then is my love?

EGMONT Just what you please

CLARA Liken it to anything if you have the heart.

EGMONT But first [He flings aside his mantle, and appears arrayed in a magnificent dress]

CLARA Oh heavens!

EGMONT Now my arms are free! [Embraces her]

CLARA Don't! You will spoil your dress (she steps back) How magnificent! I dare not touch you

EGMONT Are you satisfied? I promised to come once arrayed in Spanish fashion

CLARA I had ceased to remind you of it, I thought you did not like it—ah and the Golden Fleece!

EGMONT You see it now

CLARA And did the emperor really hang it round your neck?

EGMONT He did my child! And this chain and Order invest the wearer with the noblest privileges On earth I acknowledge no judge over my actions except the grand master of the Order with the assembled chapter of knights

CLARA Oh you might let the whole world sit in judgment over you The velvet is too splendid! and the braiding! and the embroidery! One knows not where to begin

EGMONT There look your fill

CLARA And the Golden Fleece! You told me its history, how it is the symbol of everything great and precious of everything that can be merited and won by diligence and toil It is very precious—I may liken it to your love,—even so I wear it next my heart—and then—

EGMONT Well—what then?

CLARA And then again it is not like

EGMONT How so?

CLARA I have not won it by diligence and toil, I have not deserved it.

EGMONT It is otherwise in love You deserve it because you have not sought it—and, for the most part, those only obtain love who seek it not

CLARA Is it from your own experience that you have learned this? Did you make that proud remark in reference to yourself? you, whom all the people love?

EGMONT Would that I had done something for them! That I could do anything for them! It is their own good pleasure to love me

CLARA You have doubtless been with the Regent to day?

EGMONT I have

CLARA Are you upon good terms with her?

EGMONT So it would appear We are kind and serviceable to each other

CLARA And in your heart?

EGMONT I like her True we have each our own views, but that is nothing to the purpose She is an excellent woman knows with whom she has to deal and would be penetrating enough were she not quite so suspicious I give her plenty of employment because she is always suspecting some secret motive in my conduct when, in fact, I have none

CLARA Really none?

EGMONT Well, with one little exception perhaps All wine deposits lees in the cask in the course of time Orange furnishes her still better entertainment and is a perpetual riddle He has got the credit of harbouring some secret design and she studies his brow to discover his thoughts, and his steps to learn in what direction they are bent

CLARA Does she dissemble?

EGMONT She is regent—and do you ask?

CLARA Pardon me, I meant to say is she false?

EGMONT Neither more nor less than everyone who has his own objects to attain

CLARA I should never feel at home in the world But she has a masculine spirit and is another sort of woman from us housewives and sempstresses She is great, steadfast, resolute

EGMONT Yes, when matters are not too much involved For once, however, she is a little disconcerted

CLARA How so?

EGMONT She has a moustache too on her upper lip, and occasionally an attack of the gout A regular Amazon

CLARA A majestic woman! I should dread to appear before her

EGMONT Yet you are not wont to be timid! It would not be fear only maidenly bashfulness

[CLARA casts down her eyes takes his hand, and leans upon him

EGMONT I understand you dearest! You may raise your eyes [He kisses her eyes

CLARA Let me be silent! Let me embrace thee! Let me look into thine eyes and find there everything—hope and comfort joy and sorrow! (*she embraces and gazes on him*) Tell me! Oh, tell me! It seems so strange—art thou indeed Egmont! Count Egmont! The great Egmont, who makes so much noise in the world who figures in the newspapers who is the support and stay of the provinces?

EGMONT No Clara I am not he

CLARA How?

EGMONT Seest thou Clara? I let me sit down! (*He seats himself she kneels on a footstool before him rests her arms on his knees and looks up in his face*) That Egmont is a morose cold unbending Egmont obliged to be upon his guard to assume now this appearance and now that, harassed misapprehended and perplexed when the crowd esteem him light hearted and gay beloved by a people who do not know their own minds, honoured and extolled by the intractable multitude surrounded by friends in whom he dares not confide observed by men who are on the watch to supplant him toiling and striving often without an object generally without a reward O let me conceal how it fares with him let me not speak of his feelings! But this Egmont Clara is calm unreserved happy beloved and known by the best of hearts which is also thoroughly known to him and which he presses to his own with unbounded confidence and love (*He embraces her*) This is thy Egmont

CLARA So let me die! The world has no joy after this!

## ACT THE FOURTH

*A Street*

JETTER CARPENTER

JETTER Hist' neighbour—a word'

CARPENTER Go your way and be quiet

JETTER Only one word Is there nothing new?

CARPENTER Nothing except that we are anew forbidden to speak

JETTER How?

CARPENTER Stop here close to this house Take heed' Immediately on his arrival the Duke of Alva published a decree by which two or three found conversing together in the streets are without trial declared guilty of high treason

JETTER Alas'

CARPENTER To speak of state affairs is prohibited on pain of perpetual imprisonment

JETTER Alas for our liberty'

CARPENTER And no one on pain of death shall censure the measures of government

JETTER Alas for our heads'

CARPENTER And fathers mothers children kindred, friends and servants are invited by the promise of large rewards to disclose what passes in the privacy of our homes, before an expressly appointed tribunal

JETTER Let us go home

CARPENTER And the obedient are promised that they shall suffer no injury either in person or estate

JETTER How gracious'—I felt ill at ease the moment the duke entered the town Since then it has seemed to me as though the heavens were covered with black crape which hangs so low that one must stoop down to avoid knocking one's head against it

CARPENTER And how do you like his soldiers? They are a different sort of crabs from those we have been used to

JETTER Faugh! It gives one the cramp at one's heart to see such a troop march down the street, as straight as



tapers, with fixed look only one step however many there may be, and when they stand sentinel and you pass one of them it seems as though he would look you through and through, and he looks so stiff and morose that you fancy you see a task master at every corner They offend my sight Our militia were merry fellows they took liberties stood their legs astride their hats over their ears they lived and let live, these fellows are like machines with a devil inside them

CARPENTER Were such an one to cry Halt!" and to level his musket think you one would stand?

JETTER I should fall dead upon the spot

CARPENTER Let us go home!

JETTER No good can come of it Farewell

*Enter SOEST*

SOEST Friends! Neighbours!

CARPENTER Hush! Let us go

SOEST Have you heard?

JETTER Only too much!

SOEST The Regent is gone

JETTER Then heaven help us

CARPENTER She was some stay to us

SOEST Her departure was sudden and secret She could not agree with the duke she has sent word to the nobles that she intends to return No one believes it however

CARPENTER God pardon the nobles for letting this new yoke be laid upon our necks They might have prevented it Our privileges are gone

JETTER For heaven's sake not a word about privileges I already scent an execution, the sun will not come forth, the fogs are rank

SOEST Orange too is gone

CARPENTER Then are we quite deserted

SOEST Count Egmont is still here

JETTER God be thanked! Strengthen him all ye saints to do his utmost, he is the only one who can help us

*Enter VANSSEN*

VANSSEN Have I at length found a few brave citizens who have not crept out of sight?

JETTER Do us the favour to pass on

VANSSEN You are not civil

JETTER This is no time for compliments Does your back itch again? are your wounds already healed?

VANSEN Ask a soldier about his wounds! Had I cared for blows nothing good would have come of me

JETTER Matters may grow more serious

VANSEN You feel from the gathering storm a pitiful weakness in your limbs it seems

CARPENTER Your limbs will soon be in motion elsewhere, if you do not keep quiet

VANSEN Poor mice! The master of the house procures a new cat and ye are straight in despair! The difference is very trifling, we shall get on as we did before only be quiet

CARPENTER You are an insolent knave

VANSEN Gossip! Let the duke alone The old cat looks as though he had swallowed devils instead of mice and could not now digest them Let him alone I say he must eat, drink and sleep like other men I am not afraid if we only watch our opportunity At first he makes quick work of it, by and by however he too will find that it is pleasanter to live in the larder among fitches of bacon, and to rest by night than to entrap a few solitary mice in the granary Go to! I know the stadtholders

CARPENTER What such a fellow can say with impunity! Had I said such a thing I should not hold myself safe a moment

VANSEN Do not make yourselves uneasy! God in heaven does not trouble himself about you poor worms much less the Regent

JETTER. Slanderer!

VANSEN I know some for whom it would be better if instead of their own high spirits they had a little tailor's blood in their veins.

CARPENTER What mean you by that?

VANSEN Hum! I mean the count

JETTER Egmont! What has he to fear?

VANSEN I'm a poor devil and could live a whole year round on what he loses in a single night, yet he would do well to give me his revenue for a twelvemonth to have my head upon his shoulders for one quarter of an hour

JETTER You think yourself very clever yet there is more sense in the hairs of Egmont's head, than in your brains

VANSEN Perhaps so! Not more shrewdness, however These gentry are the most apt to deceive themselves He should be more chary of his confidence

JETTER How his tongue wags! Such a gentleman!

VANSEN Just because he is not a tailor

JETTER You audacious scoundrel!

VANSEN I only wish he had your courage in his limbs for an hour to make him uneasy and plague and torment him, till he were compelled to leave the town

JETTER What nonsense you talk, why he is as safe as a star in heaven

VANSEN Have you ever seen one snuff itself out? Off it went!

CARPENTER Who would dare to meddle with him, I should like to know?

VANSEN Will you interfere to prevent it? Will you stir up an insurrection if he is arrested?

JETTER Ah!

VANSEN Will you risk your ribs for his sake?

SOEST Eh!

VANSEN (*Mimicking them*) Eh! Oh! Ah! Run through the alphabet in your wonderment So it is and so it will remain Heaven help him!

JETTER Confound your impudence Can such a noble, upright man have anything to fear?

VANSEN In this world the rogue has everywhere the advantage At the bar he makes a fool of the judge on the bench he takes pleasure in convicting the accused I have had to copy out a protocol where the commissary was handsomely rewarded by the court both with praise and money because through his cross examination an honest devil against whom they had a grudge was made out to be a rogue

CARPENTER Why that again is a downright lie What can they want to get out of a man if he is innocent?

VANSEN Oh you blockhead! When nothing can be worked out of a man by cross examination they work it into him Honesty is rash and withal somewhat presumptuous at first they question quietly enough and the prisoner proud of his innocence as they call it comes out with much that a sensible man would keep back, then, from these answers the

inquisitor proceeds to put new questions, and is on the watch for the slightest contradiction, there he fastens his line, and let the poor devil lose his self possession say too much here or too little there or heaven knows from what whim or other let him withhold some trifling circumstance or at any moment give way to fear —then we re on the right track and I assure you no beggar woman seeks for rags among the rubbish with more care than such a fabricator of rogues from trifling crooked disjointed misplaced misprinted and concealed facts and information acknowledged or denied endeavours at length to patch up a scarecrow by means of which he may at least hang his victim in effigy and the poor devil may thank heaven if he is in a condition to see himself hanged

JETTER He has a ready tongue of his own

CARPENTER This may serve well enough with flies Wasps laugh at your cunning well

VANSEN According to the kind of spider The tall duke now has just the look of your garden spider not the large bellhed kind they are less dangerous but your long footed meagre bodied gentleman that does not fatten on his diet and whose threads are slender indeed but not the less tenacious

JETTER Egmont is knight of the Golden Fleece who dare lay hands on him He can be tried only by his peers by the assembled knights of his order Your own foul tongue and evil conscience betray you into this nonsense

VANSEN Think you that I wish him ill? I would you were in the right He is an excellent gentleman He once let off with a sound drubbing some good friends of mine who would else have been hanged Now take yourselves off! be gone I advise you! yonder I see the patrol again commencing their round They do not look as if they would be willing to fraternize with us over a glass We must wait and bide our time I have a couple of nieces and a gossip of a tapster if after enjoying themselves in their company, they are not tamed they are regular wolves

*The Palace of Eulenberg*  
*Residence of the Duke of Alva*  
 SILVA and GOMEZ (*meeting*)

SILVA Have you executed the duke's commands?

GOMEZ Punctually All the day patrols have received orders to assemble at the appointed time at the various points that I have indicated. Meanwhile they march as usual through the town to maintain order. Each is ignorant respecting the movements of the rest and imagines the command to have reference to himself alone; thus in a moment the cordon can be formed and all the avenues to the palace occupied. Know you the reason of this command?

SILVA I am accustomed blindly to obey and to whom can one more easily render obedience than to the duke, since the event always proves the wisdom of his commands.

GOMEZ Well! Well! I am not surprised that you are become as reserved and monosyllabic as the duke since you are obliged to be always about his person, to me however who am accustomed to the lighter service of Italy it seems strange enough. In loyalty and obedience I am the same old soldier as ever but I am wont to indulge in gossip and discussion here you are all silent and seem as though you knew not how to enjoy yourselves. The duke methinks is like a brazen tower without gates the garrison of which must be furnished with wings. Not long ago I heard him say at the table of a gay, jovial fellow that he was like a bad spirit shop with a brandy sign displayed to allure idlers, vagabonds and thieves.

SILVA And has he not brought us hither in silence?

GOMEZ Nothing can be said against that. Of a truth we who witnessed the address with which he led the troops hither out of Italy have seen something. How he advanced warily through friends and foes through the French both royalists and heretics, through the Swiss and their confederates, maintained the strictest discipline, and accomplished with ease and without the slightest hindrance a march that was esteemed so perilous!—We have seen and learned something.

SILVA Here too! Is not everything as still and quiet as though there had been no disturbance?

GOMEZ Why as for that, it was tolerably quiet when we arrived.

SILVA The provinces have become much more tranquil, if there is any movement now it is only among those who wish to escape and to them, methinks, the duke will speedily close every outlet

GOMEZ This service cannot fail to win for him the favour of the king

SILVA And nothing is more expedient for us than to retain his Should the king come hither the duke doubtless and all whom he recommends will not go without their reward

GOMEZ Do you really believe then that the king will come?

SILVA So many preparations are being made, that the report appears highly probable

GOMEZ I am not convinced however

SILVA Keep your thoughts to yourself then For if it should not he king's intention to come it is at least certain that he the rumour to be believed

*Enter FERDINAND*

FERDINAND Is my father not yet abroad?

SILVA We are waiting to receive his commands

FERDINAND The princes will soon be here

GOMEZ Are they expected to day?

FERDINAND Orange and Egmont

GOMEZ (*aside to SILVA*) A light breaks in upon me

SILVA Well then say nothing about it

*Enter the DUKE OF ALVA (as he advances the rest draw back)*

ALVA Gomez

GOMEZ (*steps forward*) My lord

ALVA You have distributed the guards and given them their instructions?

GOMEZ Most accurately The day patrols——

ALVA Enough Attend in the gallery Silva will announce to you the moment when you are to draw them together and to occupy the avenues leading to the palace The rest you know

GOMEZ I do, my lord

[*Exit*

ALVA Silva

SILVA Here my lord

ALVA I shall require you to manifest to-day all the qualities which I have hitherto prized in you courage, resolve, unswerving execution

SILVA I thank you for affording me an opportunity of showing that your old servant is unchanged

ALVA The moment the princes enter my cabinet hasten to arrest Egmont's private secretary You have made all needful preparations for securing the others who are specified?

SILVA Rely upon us Their doom like a well calculated eclipse will overtake them with terrible certainty

ALVA Have you had them all narrowly watched?

SILVA All Egmont especially He is the only one whose demeanour since your arrival remains unchanged The live long day he is now on one horse and now on another, he invites guests as usual is merry and entertaining at table plays at dice shoots and at night steals to his mistress The others on the contrary have made a manifest pause in their mode of life they remain at home and from the outward aspect of their houses you would imagine that there was a sick man within

ALVA To work then ere they recover in spite of us

SILVA I shall bring them without fail In obedience to your commands we load them with officious honours they are alarmed cautiously yet anxiously they tender us their thanks feel that flight would be the most prudent course yet none venture to adopt it they hesitate are unable to work together, while the bond which unites them prevents their acting boldly as individuals They are anxious to withdraw themselves from suspicion and thus only render themselves more obnoxious to it I already contemplate with joy the successful realization of your scheme

ALVA I rejoice only over what is accomplished and not lightly over that for there ever remains ground for serious and anxious thought Fortune is capricious the common the worthless she oft times ennobles while she dishonours with a contemptible issue the most maturely considered schemes Await the arrival of the princes then order Gomez to occupy the streets and hasten yourself to arrest Egmont's secretary and the others who are specified This done, return and announce to my son that he may bring me the tidings in the council

SILVA I trust this evening I shall dare to appear in your presence (*ALVA approaches his son who has hitherto been standing in the gallery*) I dare not whisper it even to myself,

but my mind misgives me The event will I fear be different from what he anticipates I see before me spirits who still and thoughtful weigh in ebon scales the doom of princes and of many thousands Slowly the beam moves up and down deeply the judges appear to ponder at length one scale sinks the other rises breathed on by the caprice of destiny and all is decided [Exit

ALVA (*advancing with his son*) How did you find the town?

FERDINAND All is again quiet I rode as for pastime from street to street Your well distributed patrols hold fear so tightly yoked that she does not venture even to whisper The town resembles a plain when the lightnings glare announces the impending storm no bird no beast is to be seen that is not stealing to a place of shelter

ALVA Has nothing further occurred?

FERDINAND Egmont with a few companions rode into the market place we exchanged greetings he was mounted on an unbroken charger, which excited my admiration 'Let us hasten to break in our steeds he exclaimed we shall need them ere long' He said that he should see me again to day, he is coming here at your desire to deliberate with you

ALVA He will see you again

FERDINAND Among all the knights whom I know here, he pleases me the best I think we shall be friends

ALVA You are always rash and inconsiderate I recognize in you the levity of your mother which threw her unconditionally into my arms Appearances have already allured you precipitately into many dangerous connexions

FERDINAND You will find me ever submissive

ALVA I pardon this inconsiderate kindness this heedless gaiety in consideration of your youthful blood Only forget not on what mission I am sent and what part in it I would assign to you

FERDINAND Admonish me, and spare me not, when you deem it needful

ALVA (*after a pause*) My son!

FERDINAND My father!

ALVA The princes will be here anon Orange and Egmont It is not mistrust that has withheld me till now,



from disclosing to you what is about to take place. They will not depart hence

FERDINAND What do you purpose?

ALVA It has been resolved to arrest them—You are astonished! Learn what you have to do the reasons you shall know when all is accomplished Time fails now to unfold them With you alone I wish to deliberate on the weightiest, the most secret matters a powerful bond holds us linked together, you are dear and precious to me, on you I would bestow everything Not the habit of obedience alone would I impress upon you, I desire also to implant within your mind the power to realize to execute to command, to you I would bequeath a vast inheritance to the king a most useful servant, I would endow you with the noblest of my possessions, that you may not be ashamed to appear among your brethren

FERDINAND How deeply am I indebted to you for this love which you manifest for me alone, while a whole kingdom trembles before you

ALVA Now hear what is to be done As soon as the princes have entered every avenue to the palace will be guarded This duty is confided to Gomez Silva will hasten to arrest Egmont's secretary together with those whom we hold most in suspicion You meanwhile will take the command of the guards stationed at the gates and in the courts Before all take care to occupy the adjoining apartment with the trustiest soldiers Wait in the gallery till Silva returns, then bring me any unimportant paper as a signal that his commission is executed Remain in the ante chamber till Orange retires follow him, I will detain Egmont here as though I had some further communication to make to him At the end of the gallery demand Orange's sword summon the guards secure promptly the most dangerous man, I meanwhile will seize Egmont here

FERDINAND I obey, my father—for the first time with a heavy and an anxious heart

ALVA I pardon you, this is the first great day of your life

*Enter SILVA*

SILVA A courier from Antwerp Here is Orange's letter He does not come

ALVA Says the messenger so ?

SILVA No my own heart tells me

ALVA In thee speaks my evil genius (*after reading the letter, he makes a sign to the two and they retire to the gallery ALVA remains alone in front of the stage*) He comes not ! Till the last moment he delays declaring himself He ventures not to come ! So then the cautious man contrary to all expectation is for once sagacious enough to lay aside his wonted caution The hour moves on ! Let the finger travel but a short space over the dial and a great work is done or lost—irrevocably lost for the opportunity can never be retrieved, nor can our intention remain concealed Long had I maturely weighed everything foreseen even this contingency and firmly resolved in my own mind what in that case was to be done and now when I am called upon to act I can with difficulty guard my mind from being again distracted by conflicting doubts Is it expedient to seize the others if he escape me ? Shall I delay and suffer Egmont to elude my grasp, together with his friends and so many others who now and perhaps for to day only are in my hands ? How ! Does destiny control even thee—the uncontrolable ? How long matured ! How well prepared ! How great how admirable the plan ! How nearly had hope attained the goal ! And now at the decisive moment thou art placed between two evils as in a lottery thou dost grasp in the dark future what thou hast drawn remains still unrolled to thee unknown whether it is a prize or a blank ! (*He becomes attentive like one who hears a noise and steps to the window*) Tis he ! Egmont ! Did thy steed bear thee hither so lightly and started not at the scent of blood at the spirit with the naked sword who received thee at the gate ? Dismount ! Lo now thou hast one foot in the grave ! And now both ! Ay caress him and for the last time stroke his neck for the gallant service he has rendered thee And for me no choice is left The delusion in which Egmont ventures here to day cannot a second time deliver him into my hands ! Hark ! (*FERDINAND and SILVA enter hastily*) Obey my orders ! I swerve not from my purpose I shall detain Egmont here as best I may, till you bring me tidings from Silva Then remain at hand Thee, too fate has robbed of the proud honour of arresting with thine own hand

the king's greatest enemy (to SILVA) Be prompt! (to FERDINAND) Advance to meet him

[ALVA remains some moments alone pacing the chamber in silence

*Enter EGMONT*

EGMONT I come to learn the king's commands to hear what service he demands from our loyalty which remains eternally devoted to him

ALVA He desires before all to hear your counsel

EGMONT Upon what subject? Does Orange come also? I thought to find him here

ALVA I regret that he fails us at this important crisis. The king desires your counsel your opinion as to the best means of tranquillizing these states. He trusts indeed that you will zealously cooperate with him in quelling these disturbances and in securing to these provinces the benefit of complete and permanent order.

EGMONT You my lord should know better than I that tranquillity is already sufficiently restored and was still more so till the appearance of fresh troops again agitated the public mind and filled it anew with anxiety and alarm.

ALVA You seem to intimate that it would have been more advisable if the king had not placed me in a position to interrogate you.

EGMONT Pardon me! It is not for me to determine whether the king acted advisedly in sending the army hither, whether the might of his royal presence alone would not have operated more powerfully. The army is here, the king is not. But we should be most ungrateful were we to forget what we owe to the Regent. Let it be acknowledged! By her prudence and valour by her judicious use of authority and force of persuasion and finesse she pacified the insurgents and to the astonishment of the world succeeded in the course of a few months in bringing a rebellious people back to their duty.

ALVA I deny it not. The insurrection is quelled and the people appear to be already forced back within the bounds of obedience. But does it not depend upon their caprice alone to overstep these bounds? Who shall prevent them from again breaking loose? Where is the power of restraining them? Who will be answerable to us

for their future loyalty and submission? Their own good will is the sole pledge we have

EGMONT And is not the good will of a people the surest the noblest pledge? By heaven! when can a monarch hold himself more secure ay both against foreign and domestic foes than when all can stand for one and one for all?

ALVA You would not have us believe however that such is the case here at present?

EGMONT Let the king proclaim a general pardon he will thus tranquillize the public mind and it will be seen how speedily loyalty and affection will return, when confidence is restored

ALVA How! And suffer those who have insulted the majesty of the king who have violated the sanctuaries of our religion to go abroad unchallenged! living witnesses that enormous crimes may be perpetrated with impunity!

EGMONT And ought not a crime of frenzy of intoxication to be excused rather than horribly chastised? Especially when there is the sure hope nay more where there is positive certainty that the evil will never again recur? Would not sovereigns thus be more secure? Are not those monarchs most extolled by the world and by posterity who can pardon pity despise an offence against their dignity? Are they not on that account likened to God himself who is far too exalted to be assailed by every idle blasphemy?

ALVA And therefore should the king maintain the honour of God and of religion we the authority of the king What the supreme power disdains to avert it is our duty to avenge Were I to counsel no guilty person should live to rejoice in his impunity

EGMONT I think you that you will be able to reach them all? Do we not daily hear that fear is driving them to and fro and forcing them out of the land The more wealthy will escape to other countries with their property, their children and their friends while the poor will carry their industrious hands to our neighbours

ALVA They will if they cannot be prevented It is on this account that the king desires counsel and aid from every prince, zealot co operation from every stadtholder, not merely a description of the present posture of affairs or conjectures as to what might take place were events suffered to

hold on their course without interruption To contemplate a mighty evil to flatter oneself with hope to trust to time, to strike a blow like the clown in a play so as to make a noise, and appear to do something when in fact one would gain do nothing is not such conduct calculated to awaken a suspicion that those who act thus contemplate with satisfaction a rebellion which they would not indeed excite, but which they are by no means unwilling to encourage ?

EGMONT (*about to break forth restrains himself and after a brief pause, speaks with composure*) Every design is not immediately obvious and a man's intentions are often misconstrued It is widely rumoured however that the object which the king has in view is not so much to govern the provinces according to uniform and clearly defined laws to maintain the majesty of religion and to give his people universal peace as unconditionally to subjugate them, to rob them of their ancient rights to appropriate their possessions to curtail the fair privileges of the nobles for whose sake alone they are ready to serve him with life and limb Religion it is said, is merely a splendid device behind which every dangerous design may be contrived with the greater ease, the prostrate crowds adore the sacred symbols pictured there, while behind lurks the fowler ready to ensnare them.

ALVA Must I hear this from you ?

EGMONT I speak not my own sentiments! I but repeat what is loudly rumoured and uttered here and there by rich and poor by wise men and fools The Netherlanders fear a double yoke and who will be surety to them for their liberty ?

ALVA Liberty! A fair word when rightly understood What liberty would they have ? What is the freedom of the most free ? To do right! And in that the monarch will not hinder them No! No! They imagine themselves enslaved, when they have not the power to injure themselves and others Would it not be better to abdicate at once rather than rule such a people ? When the country is threatened by foreign invaders the citizens occupied only with their immediate interests bestow no thought upon the advancing foe and when the king requires their aid they quarrel among themselves, and thus as it were conspire with the ene Far better is it to circumscribe their power, to control

guide them for their good as children are controlled and guided Trust me a people grows neither old nor wise, a people remains always in its infancy

EGMONT How rarely does a king attain wisdom! And is it not fit that the many should confide their interests to the many rather than to the one? And not even to the one but to the few servants of the one men who have grown old under the eyes of their master To grow wise it seems, is the exclusive privilege of these favoured individuals

ALVA Perhaps for the very reason that they are not left to themselves

EGMONT And therefore they would fain leave no one else to his own guidance Let them do what they like however, I have replied to your questions and I repeat the measures you propose will never do! They cannot succeed! I know my countrymen They are men worthy to tread God's earth each complete in himself a little king steady, active capable loyal attached to ancient customs It may be difficult to win their confidence but it is easy to retain it Firm and unbending! They may be crushed but not subdued

ALVA (*who during this speech has looked round several times*) Would you venture to repeat what you have uttered in the king's presence?

EGMONT It were the worse if in his presence I were restrained by fear! The better for him and for his people if he inspired me with confidence if he encouraged me to give yet freer utterance to my thoughts

ALVA What is profitable I can listen to as well as he

EGMONT I would say to him—Tis easy for the shepherd to drive before him a flock of sheep, the ox draws the plough without opposition but if you would ride the noble steed, you must study his thoughts you must require nothing unreasonable nor unreasonably from him The citizen desires to retain his ancient constitution to be governed by his own countrymen, and why? Because he knows in that case how he shall be ruled because he can rely upon their disinterestedness upon their sympathy with his fate

ALVA And ought not the Regent to be empowered to alter these ancient usages? Should not this constitute his fairest privilege? What is permanent in this world? And

shall the constitution of a state alone remain unchanged? Must not every relation alter in the course of time? And an ancient constitution become the source of a thousand evils because not adapted to the present condition of the people? These ancient rights afford doubtless convenient loopholes through which the crafty and the powerful may creep and wherein they may lie concealed to the injury of the people and of the entire community and it is on this account I fear, that they are held in such high esteem

EGMONT And these arbitrary changes these unlimited encroachments of the supreme power are they not indications that one will permit himself to do what is forbidden to thousands? The monarch would alone be free that he may have it in his power to gratify his every wish to realize his every thought And though we should confide in him as a good and virtuous sovereign will he be answerable to us for his successors? That none who come after him shall rule without consideration without forbearance! And who would deliver us from absolute caprice should he send hither his servants his minions who without knowledge of the country and its requirements should govern according to their own good pleasure meet with no opposition and know themselves exempt from all responsibility?

ALVA (*who has meanwhile again looked round*) There is nothing more natural than that a king should choose to retain the power in his own hands and that he should select as the instruments of his authority those who best understand him who desire to understand him and who will unconditionally execute his will

EGMONT And just as natural is it that the citizen should prefer being governed by one born and reared in the same land, whose notions of right and wrong are in harmony with his own and whom he can regard as his brother

ALVA And yet the noble methinks has shared rather unequally with these brethren of his

EGMONT That took place centuries ago and is now submitted to without envy But should new men whose presence is not needed in the country be sent to enrich themselves a second time at the cost of the nation should the people see themselves exposed to their bold unscrupulous rapacity, it would excite a ferment that would not soon be quelled?

ALVA. You utter words to which I ought not to listen, —I too am a foreigner

EGMONT That they are spoken in your presence is a sufficient proof that they have no reference to you

ALVA Be that as it may I would rather not hear them from you The king sent me here in the hope that I should obtain the support of the nobles The king wills and will have his will obeyed After profound deliberation he at length discerns what course will best promote the welfare of the people matters cannot be permitted to go on as heretofore it is his intention to limit their power for their own good if necessary to force upon them their salvation, to sacrifice the more dangerous citizens that the rest may find repose and enjoy in peace the blessing of a wise government This is his resolve this I am commissioned to announce to the nobles and in his name I require from them advice not as to the course to be pursued —on that he is resolved,—but as to the best means of carrying his purpose into effect

EGMONT Your words alas justify the fears of the people, the fears of all! The king has then resolved as no sovereign ought to resolve In order to govern his subjects more easily he would crush subvert nay ruthlessly destroy their strength their spirit and their self respect! He would violate the coil of their individuality doubtless with the view of promoting their happiness He would annihilate them that they may assume a new a different shape Oh! if his purpose be good he is fatally misguided! It is not the king whom we resist —we but place ourselves in the way of the monarch who unhappily is about to take the first rash step in a wrong direction

ALVA Such being your sentiments it were a vain attempt for us to endeavour to agree You must indeed think poorly of the king and contemptibly of his counsellors if you imagine that everything has not already been thought of and maturely weighed I have no commission a second time to balance conflicting arguments From the people I demand submission,—and from you their leaders and princes I demand counsel and support, as pledges of this unconditional duty

EGMONT Demand our heads and your object is attained, to a noble soul it must be indifferent whether he stoop his



neck to such a yoke or lay it upon the block I have spoken much to little purpose I have agitated the air, but accomplished nothing

*Enter FERDINAND*

FERDINAND Pardon my intrusion Here is a letter, the bearer of which urgently demands an answer

ALVA Allow me to peruse its contents (*Steps aside*)

FERDINAND (*to EGMONT*) 'Tis a noble steed that your people have brought for you

EGMONT I have seen worse I have had him some time, I think of parting with him If he pleases you we shall probably soon agree as to the price

FERDINAND We will think about it

ALVA (*motions to his son who retires to the back ground*)

EGMONT Farewell! Allow me to retire, for by heaven I know not what more I can say

ALVA Fortunately for you chance prevents you from making a fuller disclosure of your sentiments You incautiously lay bare the recesses of your heart and your own lips furnish evidence against you more fatal than could be produced by your bitterest adversary

EGMONT This reproach disturbs me not I know my own heart I know with what honest zeal I am devoted to the king I know that my allegiance is more true than that of many who in his service seek only to serve themselves I regret that our discussion should terminate so unsatisfactorily and trust that in spite of our opposing views the service of the king our master and the welfare of our country may speedily unite us another conference the presence of the princes who to day are absent may perchance in a more propitious moment accomplish what at present appears impossible In this hope I take my leave

ALVA (*who at the same time makes a sign to FERDINAND*) Hold Egmont!—Your sword!—(*The centre door opens and discloses the gallery which is occupied with guards who remain motionless*)

EGMONT (*after a pause of astonishment*) Was this then your intention? Was it for this purpose that I was summoned here? (*Grasping his sword as if to defend himself*) Am I then weaponless?

ALVA The king commands You are my prisoner (*At the same time guards enter from both sides*)

EGMONT (*after a pause*) The king?—Orange! Orange!  
 (*after a pause resigning his sword*) Take it! It has been  
 employed far oftener in defending the cause of my king, than  
 in protecting this breast  
 (*He retires by the centre door followed by the guard and*  
 ALVA'S SON ALVA remains standing while the curtain falls)

## ACT THE FIFTH

*A street Twilight*

CLARA BRACKENBURG CITIZENS

BRACKENBURG Dearest for heaven's sake what wouldst thou do!

CLARA Come with me Brackenburg! You cannot know the people we are certain to rescue him for what can equal their love for him? I could swear it the breast of every citizen burns with the desire to deliver him to avert danger from a life so precious and to restore freedom to the most free. Come a voice only is wanting to call them together. In their souls the memory is still fresh of all they owe him and well they know that his mighty arm alone shields them from destruction. For his sake for their own sake they must peril everything. And what do we peril? At most, our lives, which if he perish are not worth preserving.

BRACKENBURG Unhappy girl! Thou seest not the power that holds us fettered as with bands of iron.

CLARA To me it does not appear invincible. Let us not lose time in idle words. Here come some of our old, honest valiant citizens! Hark ye friends! Neighbours! Hark!—Say how fares it with Egmont?

CARPENTER What does the girl want? Tell her to hold her peace.

CLARA Step nearer that we may speak low till we are united and more strong. Not a moment is to be lost! Audacious tyranny that dared to fetter him already lifts the dagger against his life. Oh my friends! With the advancing twilight my anxiety grows more intense. I dread this night. Come! Let us disperse let us hasten from quarter to quarter, and call out the citizens. Let every one grasp his

ancient weapons In the market place we meet again, and every one will be carried onward by our gathering stream The enemy will see themselves surrounded overwhelmed and be compelled to yield How can a handful of slaves resist us? And he will return among us he will see himself rescued and can for once thank us us who are already so deeply in his debt He will behold perchance ay doubtless he will again behold the morn's red dawn in the free heavens

CARPENTER What ails thee maiden?

CLARA Can ye misunderstand me? I speak of the Count! I speak of Egmont

JETTER Speak not the name tis deadly

CLARA Not speak his name? Not Egmont's name? Is it not on every tongue? Does it not appear everywhere legibly inscribed? I read it emblazoned in golden letters among the stars Not utter it? What mean ye? Friends! Good kind neighbours ye are dreaming collect yourselves Gaze not upon me with those fixed and anxious looks! Cast not such timid glances on every side! I but give utterance to the wish of all Is not my voice the voice of your own hearts? Who in this fearful night ere he seeks his restless couch but on bended knee will in earnest prayer seek to wrest his life as a cherished boon from heaven? Ask each other! Let each ask his own heart! And who but exclaims with me — Egmont's liberty, or death!

JETTER God help us! This is a sad business

CLARA Stay! Stay! Shrink not away at the sound of his name to meet whom ye were wont to press forward so joyously! — When rumour announced his approach when the cry arose Egmont comes! He comes from Ghent! — then happy indeed were those citizens who dwelt in the streets through which he was to pass And when the neighing of his steed was heard did not every one throw aside his work while a ray of hope and joy like a sunbeam from his countenance stole over the toilworn faces that peered from every window Then as ye stood in the doorways ye would lift up your children in your arms and pointing to him exclaim

See that is Egmont he who towers above the rest! 'Tis from him that ye must look for better times than those your poor fathers have known Let not your children inquire at

some future day "Where is he? Where are the better times ye promised us?" —Thus we waste the time in idle words! do nothing —betray him

SOEST Shame on thee Brackenburgh! Let her not run on thus prevent the mischief

BRACKENBURGH Dear Clara! Let us go! What will your mother say? Perchance—

CLARA Think you I am a child a lunatic? What avails perchance?—With no vain hope can you hide from me this dreadful certainty

Ye shall hear me and ye will for I see it ye are overwhelmed ye cannot hearken to the voice of your own hearts Through the present peril cast but one glance into the past—the recent past Send your thoughts forward into the future Could ye live would ye live were he to perish? With him expires the last breath of freedom What was he not to you? For whose sake did he expose himself to the direst perils? His blood flowed his wounds were healed for you alone A dungeon now confines that mighty spirit that upheld you all while around him hover the terrors of secret assassination Perhaps he thinks of you—perhaps he hopes in you—he who has been accustomed only to grant favours to others and to fulfil their prayers

CARPENTER Come gossip

CLARA I have neither the arms nor the strength of a man but I have that which ye all lack—courage and contempt of danger Oh that my breath could kindle your souls! That pressing you to this bosom I could arouse and animate you! Come! I will march in your midst!—As a waving banner though weaponless leads on a gallant army of warriors so shall my spirit hover like a flame over your ranks while love and courage shall unite the dispersed and wavering multitude into a terrible host

JEETER Take her away I pity her poor thing

[*Exeunt Citizens*]

BRACKENBURGH Clara! See you not where we are?

CLARA Where? Under the dome of heaven which has so often seemed to arch itself more gloriously as the noble Egmont passed beneath it From these windows I have seen them look forth four or five heads one above the other, at these doors the cowards have stood, bowing and scraping, if the

hero but chanced to look down upon them ! Oh how dear they were to me when they honoured him Had he been a tyrant they might have turned with indifference from his fall , but they loved him ! O ye hands so prompt to wave caps in his honour can ye not grasp a sword ? And yet, Brackenburg it is for us to chide them ? These arms that have so often embraced him what do they for him now ? Stratagem has accomplished so much in the world You know the ancient castle every passage every secret way —Nothing is impossible,—suggest some plan —

BRACKENBURG If you would but come home

CLARA Well

BRACKENBURG There at the corner I see Alva's guard , let the voice of reason penetrate to your heart ! Do you deem me a coward ? Do you doubt that for your sake I would peril my life ? Here we are both mad I as well as you Do you not perceive that your scheme is impracticable ? Oh be calm ! You are beside yourself

CLARA Beside myself ! Horrible You Brackenburg are beside yourself When you hailed the hero with loud acclaim called him your friend your hope your refuge shouted vivats as he passed —then I stood in my corner half opened the window concealed myself while I listened and my heart beat higher than yours who greeted him so loudly Now it again beats higher ! In the hour of peril you conceal yourselves, deny him, and feel not that if he perish, you are lost.

BRACKENBURG Come home

CLARA Home ?

BRACKENBURG Recollect yourself ! Look around ! These are the streets in which you were wont to appear only on the sabbath day when you walked modestly to church wherever decorous perhaps you were displeas'd f I but joined you with a kindly greeting And now you stand speak, and act before the eyes of the whole world. Recollect yourself, love ! How can this avail us ?

CLARA Home ! Yes I remember Come Brackenburg, let us go home ! Know you where my home lies ?

[*Exeunt*

*A Prison.**Lighted by a lamp, a couch on the back-ground.*EGMONT (*alone*)

Old friend ! Ever faithful sleep dost thou too forsake me, like my other friends ? How wert thou wont of yore to descend unsought upon my free brow cooling my temples as with a myrtle wreath of love ! Amidst the din of battle, on the waves of life I rested in thine arms breathing lightly as a growing boy When tempests whistled through the leaves and boughs when the summits of the lofty trees swung creaking in the blast the inmost core of my heart remained unmoved What agitates thee now ? What shakes thy firm and steadfast mind ? I feel it 'tis the sound of the murderous axe gnawing at thy root Yet I stand erect but an inward shudder runs through my frame Yes it prevails this treacherous power it undermines the firm the lofty stem, and ere the bark withers, thy verdant crown falls crashing to the earth

Yet wherefore now thou who hast so often chased the weightiest cares like bubbles from thy brow wherefore canst thou not dissipate this dire foreboding which incessantly haunts thee in a thousand different shapes Since when hast thou trembled at the approach of death amid whose varying forms thou wert wont calmly to dwell, as with the other shapes of this familiar earth But 'tis not he the sudden foe, to encounter whom the sound bosom emulously pants, — 'tis the dungeon dread emblem of the grove revolting alike to the hero and the coward How intolerable I used to feel it in the stately hall girt round by gloomy walls when, seated on my cushioned chair in the solemn assembly of the princes, questions, which scarcely required deliberation were overlaid with endless discussions while the rafters of the ceiling seemed to stifle and oppress me Then I would hurry forth as soon as possible fling myself upon my horse with deep drawn breath and away to the wide champaigne, man's natural element where exhaling from the earth nature's richest treasures are poured forth around us, while from the wide heavens the stars shed down their blessings through the still air, where like earthborn giants we spring aloft, invigorated by our mother's touch, where the energies of our

being throb in every vein where the soul of the young hunter glows with the desire to overtake to conquer to capture to possess where the warrior with rapid stride, assumes his inborn right to dominion over the world, and, with terrible liberty sweeps like a desolating hailstorm over field and grove knowing no boundaries traced by the hand of man

Thou art but a shadow a dream of the happiness I so long possessed, where has treacherous fate conducted thee? Did she deny thee to meet the rapid stroke of never shunned death in the open face of day only to prepare for thee a foretaste of the grave in the midst of their loathsome corruption? How revoltingly its rank odour exhales from these damp stones! Life stagnates and my foot shrinks from the couch as from the grave

Oh care care! Thou who dost begin prematurely the work of murder—forebear!—Since when has Egmont been alone so utterly alone in the world? This doubt renders thee insensible not happiness The justice of the king in which through life thou hast confided the friendship of the Regent which thou mayst confess it was akin to love—have these suddenly vanished like a meteor of the night and left thee alone upon thy gloomy path? Will not Orange at the head of thy friends contrive some daring scheme? Will not the people assemble and with gathering might attempt the rescue of their faithful friend?

Ye walls which thus gird me round separate me not from the well intentioned zeal of so many kindly souls And may the courage with which my glance was wont to inspire them now return again from their hearts to mine Yes! they assemble in thousands! they come! they stand beside me! their prayers rise to heaven and implore a miracle, and if no angel stoops for my deliverance I see them grasp eagerly their lance and sword The gates are forced the bolts are riven, the walls fall beneath their conquering hands, and Egmont advances joyously to hail the freedom of the rising morn! How many well known faces receive me with loud acclaim! Oh Clara! wert thou a man I should see thee here the very first and thank thee for that which it is galling to owe even to a king—liberty

*Clara's House*

CLARA

CLARA (*enters from her chamber with a lamp and a glass of water she places the glass upon the table and steps to the window*) Brackenburch is it you? What noise was that? No one yet? No one! I will set the lamp in the window that he may see that I am still awake that I still watch for him. He promised me tidings. Tidings? horrible certainty!—Egmont condemned!—What tribunal has the right to summon him?—And they dare to condemn him!—Is it the king who condemns him or the duke? And the Regent withdraws herself! Orange hesitates as do all his friends!—Is this the world of whose fickleness and treachery I have heard so much and as yet experienced nothing? Is this the world?—Who could be so base as to bear malice against one so dear? Could villainy itself be audacious enough to overwhelm with sudden destruction the object of a nation's homage? Yet so it is—it is—Oh Egmont I held thee safe before God and man safe as in my arms! What was I to thee? Thou hast called me thine my whole being was devoted to thee. What am I now? In vain I stretch out my hand to the toils that environ thee. Thou helpless and I free!—Here is the key that unlocks my chamber door. My going out and my coming in depend upon my own caprice yet alas to aid thee I am powerless!—Oh bind me that I may not go mad hurl me into the deepest dungeon that I may dash my head against the damp walls grieve for freedom and dream how I would rescue him if fetters did not hold me bound—Now I am free and in freedom lies the anguish of impotence—Conscious of my own existence yet unable to stir a limb in his behalf alas! even this insignificant portion of thy being thy Clara is like thee a captive and separated from thee consumes her expiring energies in the agonies of death—I hear a stealthy step—a cough—Brackenburch—is he!—Kind unhappy man thy destiny remains ever the same thy love opens to thee the door at night—alas! to what a doleful meeting

*Enter BRACKENBURG*

CLARA You look so pale so terrified! Speak, Brackenburch! What is the matter?



BRACKENBURG I have sought you through perils and circuitous paths The principal streets are occupied with troops —through lanes and by ways I have stolen to you!

CLARA Tell me what is going on

BRACKENBURG (*seating himself*) Oh Clara let me weep, I loved him not He was the rich man who lured to better pasture the poor man's solitary lamb Yet I cursed him not God has created me with a true and tender heart My life was consumed in anguish and each day I hoped would end my misery

CLARA Let that be forgotten Brackenburg! Forget thyself Speak to me of him! Is it true? Is he condemned?

BRACKENBURG He is! I know it

CLARA And still lives?

BRACKENBURG Yes he still lives

CLARA How can you be sure of that? Tyranny murders its victim in the night! His blood flows concealed from every eye The people stunned and bewildered lie buried in sleep dream of deliverance dream of the fulfilment of their impotent wishes while indignant at our supineness his spirit abandons the world He is no more! Deceive me not, deceive not thyself!

BRACKENBURG No—he lives! and the Spaniards alas are preparing for the people on whom they are about to trample, a terrible spectacle in order to crush by a violent blow each heart that yet pants for freedom

CLARA Proceed! Calmly pronounce my death warrant also! Near and more near I approach that blessed land, and already from those realms of peace I feel the breath of consolation Say on

BRACKENBURG From casual words dropped here and there by the guards, I learned that secretly in the market-place they were preparing some terrible spectacle Through by ways and familiar lanes I stole to my cousin's house and from a back window looked out upon the market place Torches waved to and fro in the hands of a wide circle of Spanish soldiers I strained my unaccustomed sight and out of the darkness there arose before me a scaffold dark, spacious and lofty! The sight filled me with horror Several persons were employed in covering with black cloth such

portions of the wood work as yet remain exposed The steps were covered last also with black —I saw it all They seemed preparing for the celebration of some horrible sacrifice A white crucifix, that shone like silver through the night was raised on one side As I gazed the terrible conviction strengthened in my mind Scattered torches still gleamed here and there gradually they flickered and went out Suddenly the hideous birth of night returned into its mother's womb

CLARA Hush Brackenburg! Be still! Let this veil rest upon my soul The spectres are vanished and thou, gentle night lend thy mantle to the inwardly fermenting earth she will no longer endure the loathsome burden shuddering she rends open her yawning chasms and with a crash swallows the murderous scaffold And that God whom in their rage they have insulted sends down his angel from on high at the hallowed touch of the messenger bolts and bars fly back he pours around our friend a flood of splendour and leads him gently through the night to liberty My path leads also through the darkness to meet him

BRACKENBURG (*detaining her*) My child whither wouldst thou go? What wouldst thou do

CLARA Softly my friend lest some one should awake! Lest we should awake ourselves! Knowst thou this phial Brackenburg? I took it from thee once in jest when thou as was thy wont didst threaten in thy impatience to end thy days —And now my friend—

BRACKENBURG In the name of all the saints!

CLARA Thou canst not hinder me Death is my portion! Grudge me not the quiet and easy death which thou hadst prepared for thyself Give me thine hand! At the moment when I uncloset that dismal portal through which there is no return I may tell thee with this pressure of the hand, how sincerely I have loved how deeply I have pitied thee My Brother died young I chose thee to fill his place, thy heart rebelled thou didst torment thyself and me, demanding with still increasing fervour that which fate had not destined for thee Forgive me and farewell! Let me call thee brother! 'Tis a name that embraces many names Receive, with a true heart the last fair token of the departing spirit—take this kiss Death unites all, Brackenburg—us too it will unite!

BRACKENBURG Let me then die with thee ! Share it ! oh share it ! There is enough to extinguish two lives

CLARA Hold ! Thou must live thou canst live — Support my mother who without thee would be a prey to want Be to her what I can no longer be live together and weep for me Weep for our fatherland and for him who could alone have upheld it The present generation must still endure this bitter woe vengeance itself could not obliterate it Poor souls live on through this gap in time To-day the world suddenly stands still its course is arrested and my pulse will beat but for a few minutes longer I arewell !

BRACKENBURG Oh live with us as we live only for thy sake ! In taking thine own life thou wilt take ours also still live and suffer We will stand by thee nothing shall sever us from thy side and love with ever watchful solitude shall prepare for thee the sweetest consolation in its loving arms Be ours ! Ours ! I dare not say mine

CLARA Hush Brackenburg ! You know not what chord you touch Where you see hope I see only despair

BRACKENBURG Share hope with the living ! Pause on the brink of the precipice cast one glance into the gulf below and then look back on us

CLARA I have conquered call me not back to the struggle

BRACKENBURG Thou art stunned enveloped in night thou seekest the abyss Every light is not yet extinguished, yet many days ! —

CLARA Alas ! Alas ! Cruelly thou dost rend the veil from before mine eyes Yes the day will dawn ! Despite its misty shroud it needs must dawn The citizen gazes timidly from his window, night leaves behind an ebon speck he looks and the scaffold looms fearfully in the morning light With re-awakened anguish the desecrated image of the Saviour lifts to the Father its imploring eyes The sun veils his beams he will not mark the hero's death-hour Slowly the fingers go their round—one hour strikes after another—hold ! Now is the time ! The thought of the morning scares me into the grave [*She goes to the window as if to look out, and drinks secretly*]

BRACKENBURG Clara ! Clara !

CLARA (*goes to the table, and drinks water*) Here is the

remainder I invite thee not to follow me Do as thou wilt farewell Extinguish this lamp silently and without delay, I am going to rest Steal quietly away close the door after thee Be still! Wake not my mother! Go, save thyself if thou wouldst not be taken for my murderer

[*Exit*

BRACKENBURG She leaves me for the last time as she has ever done What human soul could conceive how cruelly she lacerates the heart that loves her She leaves me to myself leaves me to choose between life and death and both are alike hateful to me To die alone! Weep ye tender souls! Fate has no sadder doom than mine She shares with me the death potion yet sends me from her side! She draws me after her yet thrusts me back into life! Oh Egmont how glorious is thy lot! She goes before thee! From her hand thou wilt receive the victor's crown She will bring heaven itself to meet thy departing spirit And shall I follow? Again to stand aloof? To carry this in extinguishable jealousy even to yon distant realms? Earth is no longer a tarrying place for me and hell and heaven offer equal torture How welcome to the wretched the dread hand of annihilation!

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[*The scene remains some time unchanged Music sounds indicating CIARA'S death the lamp which BRACKENBURG had forgotten to extinguish flares up once or twice and then suddenly expires The scene changes to*

### *A prison*

EGMONT *is discovered sleeping on a couch A rustling of keys is heard the door opens servants enter with torches FERDINAND and SILVA follow, accompanied by soldiers EGMONT starts from his sleep*

EGMONT Who are ye that thus rudely banish slumber from my eyes? What mean these vague and insolent glances? Why this fearful procession? With what dream of horror come ye to delude my half-awakened soul?

SILVA The duke sends us to announce your sentence

EGMONT Do ye also bring the headsman who is to execute it?

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SILVA The duke sends us to announce your sentence

EGMONT Do ye also bring the headsman who is to execute it?

**SILVA** Listen, and you will know the doom that awaits you

**EGMONT** It is in keeping with the rest of your infamous proceedings Alike conceived and executed in the night so would this audacious act of injustice shroud itself from observation! Step boldly forth thou who dost bear the sword concealed beneath thy mantle here is my head the freest ever doomed by tyranny to the block

**SILVA** You err! The righteous judges who have condemned you will not conceal their sentence from the light of day

**EGMONT** Then does their audacity exceed all imagination and belief

**SILVA** (*takes the sentence from an attendant unfolds it and reads*) In the king's name and invested by his majesty with authority to judge all his subjects of whatever rank not excepting the knights of the Golden Fleece, we declare——

**EGMONT** Can the king transfer that authority?

**SILVA** We declare after a strict and legal investigation you Henry Count Egmont Prince of Gaure guilty of high treason and pronounce your sentence —That at early dawn you be led from this prison to the market place and that there in sight of the people and as a warning to traitors your head be severed from your body Given at Brussels' (*date and year so indistinctly read as to be imperfectly heard by the audience*) Ferdinand Duke of Alva president of the tribunal of twelve

You know your doom Brief time remains for you to prepare for the impending stroke to arrange your affairs, and to take leave of your friends

[*Exit SILVA with followers FERDINAND remains with two torch bearers The stage is dimly lighted*

**EGMONT** (*stands for a time as if buried in thought and allows SILVA to retire without looking round He imagines himself alone and on raising his eyes beholds ALVA'S son*) Thou tarriest here? Wouldst thou by thy presence augment my amazement my horror? Wouldst thou carry to thy father the welcome tidings that thou hast seen me overpowered by womanish despair? Go tell him that he deceives neither the world nor me At first it will be

whispered cautiously behind his back then spoken more and more loudly and when at some future day the ambitious man descends from his proud eminence a thousand voices will proclaim—that twas not the welfare of the state, nor the honour of the king nor the tranquillity of the provinces that brought him hither For his own selfish ends he the warrior has counselled war that the value of his services might be enhanced He has excited this monstrous insurrection that his presence might be deemed necessary in order to quell it And I fall a victim to his mean hatred his contemptible envy Yes I know it dying and mortally wounded I may utter it long has the proud man envied me, long has he meditated and planned my ruin

Even then when still young, we played at dice together, and the heaps of gold passed rapidly from his side to mine, he would look on with affected composure while inwardly consumed with rage more at my success than at his own loss Well do I remember the fiery glance the treacherous pallor that overspread his features when at a public festival, we shot for a wager before assembled thousands He challenged me and both nations stood by Spaniards and Netherlanders wagered on either side I was the victor, his ball missed mine hit the mark and the air was rent by acclamations from my friends His shot now hits me Tell him that I know this that I know him that the world despises every trophy that a paltzy spirit erects for itself by base and surreptitious arts And thou! If it be possible for a son to swerve from the manners of his father practise shame betimes while thou art compelled to feel shame for him whom thou wouldst fain revere with thy whole heart

FERDINAND I listen without interrupting thee! Thy reproaches fall like blows upon a helm of steel I feel the shock but I am armed They strike but do not wound me, I am sensible only to the anguish that lacerates my heart Alas! Alas! Have I lived to witness such a scene? Am I sent hither to behold a spectacle like this?

EGMONT Dost thou break out into lamentations! What moves, what agitates thee thus? Is it a late remorse at having lent thyself to this infamous conspiracy? Thou art so young thy exterior is so prepossessing thy demeanour towards me was so friendly so unreserved! So long as I



beheld thee I was reconciled with thy father and crafty ay more crafty than he thou hast lured me into the toils Thou art the wretch! The monster! Whoso confides in him does so at his own peril but who could apprehend danger in trusting thee? Go! Go! Rob me not of the few moments that are left to me! Go that I may collect my thoughts forget the world and thee first of all!

FERDINAND What can I say! I stand and gaze on thee yet see thee not I am scarcely conscious of my own existence Shall I seek to excuse myself? Shall I aver that it was not till the last moment that I was made aware of my father's intentions? That I acted as the constrained the passive instrument of his will? What signifies now the opinion thou mayst entertain of me? Thou art lost and I miserable wretch stand here but to assure thee of it and to lament thy doom

EGMONT What strange voice what unexpected consolation comes thus to cheer my passage to the tomb? Thou, the son of my first of almost my only enemy thou dost pity me thou art not associated with my murderers? Speak! In what light must I regard thee?

FERDINAND Cruel father! Yes I recognize thy nature in this command Thou didst know my heart my disposition which thou hast so often censured as the inheritance of a tender hearted mother To mould me into thine own likeness thou hast sent me hither Thou dost compel me to behold this man on the verge of the yawning grave in the grasp of an arbitrary doom that I may experience the profoundest anguish, that thus rendered callous to every fate, I may henceforth meet every event with a heart unmoved

EGMONT I am amazed! Be calm! Act and speak like a man

FERDINAND Oh, that I were a woman! That they might say—what moves what agitates thee? Tell me of a greater a more monstrous crime make me the spectator of a more direful deed I will thank thee I will say this was nothing

EGMONT Thou dost forget thyself Consider where thou art?

FERDINAND Let this passion rage let me give vent to my anguish I will not seem composed when my whole

inner being is convulsed Must I behold thee here? Thee? It is horrible? Thou understandest me not! How shouldst thou understand me? Egmont! Egmont!

[*Falling on his neck*]

EGMONT Explain this mystery

FERDINAND It is no mystery

EGMONT How can the fate of a mere stranger thus deeply move thee?

FERDINAND Not a stranger! Thou art no stranger to me Thy name it was that even from my boyhood shone before me like a star in heaven? How often have I made inquiries concerning thee and listened to the story of thy deeds The youth is the hope of the boy the man of the youth Thus didst thou walk before me ever before me, I saw thee without envy and followed after step by step at length I hoped to see thee—I saw and my heart embraced thee I had destined thee for myself and when I beheld thee I made choice of thee anew I hoped now to know thee to associate with thee to be thy friend—tis over and I meet thee here!

EGMONT My friend if it can be my comfort to thee be assured that the very moment we met my heart was drawn towards thee Now listen! Let us exchange a few quiet words is it the stern the settled purpose of thy father to take my life?

FERDINAND It is

EGMONT This sentence is not a mere scarecrow designed to terrify me, to punish me through fear and intimidation to humiliate me, that he may then raise me again by the royal favour?

FERDINAND Alas no! At first I flattered myself with this delusive hope, and even then my heart was filled with anguish to behold thee thus Thy doom is real! Is certain! I cannot command myself Who will counsel, who will aid me to meet the inevitable?

EGMONT Listen! If thy heart is impelled so powerfully in my favour if thou dost abhor the tyranny that holds me fettered then deliver me! The moments are precious Thou art the son of the all powerful and thou hast power thyself Let us fly! I know the roads the means of effecting our escape cannot be unknown to thee These walls, a few short

miles, alone separate us from my friends Loose these fetters, conduct me to them be ours The king on some future day will doubtless thank my deliverer Now he is taken by surprise or perchance he is ignorant of the whole proceeding Thy father ventures on this daring step and majesty though horror struck at the deed must needs sanction the irrevocable Thou dost deliberate? Oh contrive for me the way to freedom! Speak nourish hope in a living soul

FERDINAND Cease! Oh cease! Every word deepens my despair There is here no outlet no counsel no escape — 'Tis this thought that tortures me that lays hold of my heart and rends it as with talons I have myself spread the net I know its firm inextricable knots I know that every avenue is barred alike to courage and to stratagem I feel that I too am fettered like thyself like all the rest Think st thou that I should give way to lamentation if any means of safety remained untried? I have thrown myself at his feet I have remonstrated I have implored He has sent me hither in order to blast in this fatal moment every remnant of joy and happiness that yet survived within my heart

EGMONT And is there no deliverance?

FERDINAND None!

EGMONT (*stamping his foot*) No deliverance!—Sweet life! Sweet pleasant habitude of being and of activity! Must I part from thee! So calmly part! Not amid the tumult of battle the din of arms the excitement of the fray dost thou send me a hasty farewell, thine is no hurried leave thou dost not abridge the moment of separation Once more let me clasp thy hand gaze once more into thine eyes feel with keen emotion thy beauty and thy worth then resolutely tear myself away and say —depart!

FERDINAND Must I stand by and look passively on, unable to save thee or to give thee aid! What voice avails for lamentation! What heart but must break under the pressure of such anguish?

EGMONT Be calm!

FERDINAND Thou canst be calm thou canst renounce life led on by necessity thou canst advance to the direful struggle with the courage of a hero What can I do? What ought I to do? Thou dost conquer thyself and us, thou art

the victor, I survive both myself and thee I have lost my light at the banquet my banner on the field The future lies before me dark, desolate perplexed

EGMONT Young friend whom by a strange fatality at the same moment I both win and lose who dost feel for me who dost suffer for me the agonies of death—look on me—thou wilt not lose me If my life was a mirror in which thou didst love to contemplate thyself so be also my death Men are not together only when in each other's presence—the distant the departed still live for us I shall live for thee and for myself I have lived long enough I have enjoyed each day each day I have performed with prompt activity, the duties enjoined by my conscience Now my life ends as it might have ended long long ago on the sands of Grave lines I shall cease to live but I have lived My friend follow in my steps lead a cheerful and a joyous life, and dread not the approach of death

FERDINAND Thou shouldst have saved thyself for us thou couldst have saved thyself Thou art the cause of thine own destruction Often have I listened when able men discoursed concerning thee foes and friends they would dispute long as to thy worth but on one point they were agreed none ventured to deny that thou wert treading a dangerous path How often have I longed to warn thee! Hadst thou no friends?

EGMONT I was warned

FERDINAND And when I found all these allegations, point for point in the indictment together with thy answers, containing much that might serve to palliate thy conduct, but no evidence weighty enough fully to exculpate thee

EGMONT No more of this Man imagines that he directs his life that he governs his actions when in fact his existence is irresistibly controlled by his destiny Let us not dwell upon this subject these reflections I can dismiss with ease—not so my apprehensions for these provinces yet they too will be cared for Could my blood bring peace to my people how freely should it flow Alas! This may not be Yet it ill becomes a man idly to speculate when the power to act is no longer his If thou canst restrain or guide the fatal power of thy father, do so Alas who can?—Farewell!

FERDINAND I cannot leave thee

EGMONT Let me urgently recommend my followers to thy care ! I have worthy men in my service let them not be dispersed let them not become destitute ! How fares it with Richard my Secretary ?

FERDINAND He is gone before thee They have beheaded him as thy accomplice in high treason

EGMONT Poor sou' !—Yet one word and then farewell I can no more However powerfully the spirit may be stirred nature at length irresistibly asserts her rights and like a child who enjoys refreshing slumber though enveloped in a serpent's folds so the weary one lays himself down to rest before the gates of death and sleeps soundly as though a toilsome journey yet lay before him—One word more—I know a maiden thou wilt not despise her because she was mine Since I can commend her to thy care I shall die in peace Thy soul is noble in such a man a woman is sure to find a protector Lives my old Adolphus ? Is he free ?

FERDINAND The active old man who always attended thee on horseback ?

EGMONT The same

FERDINAND He lives he is free

EGMONT He knows her dwelling let him guide thy steps thither and reward him to his dying day for having shown thee the way to this jewel—Farewell !

FERDINAND I cannot leave thee

EGMONT (*urging him towards the door*) Farewell !

FERDINAND Oh let me linger yet a moment !

EGMONT No leave taking my friend

(*He accompanies Ferdinand to the door and then tears himself away Ferdinand overwhelmed with grief hastily retires*)

EGMONT (*alone*)

EGMONT Cruel man ! Thou didst not think to render me this service through thy son He has been the means of relieving my mind from the pressure of care and sorrow from fear and every anxious thought Gently yet urgently nature claims her final tribute 'Tis past !—'Tis resolved ! And the reflections which in the suspense of last night kept me wakeful on my couch now with resistless certainty, lull my senses to repose

(*He seats himself upon the couch music*)

Sweet sleep ! Like the purest happiness, thou comest most

willingly uninvited, unsought    Thou dost loosen the knots  
of earnest thoughts, dost mingle all images of joy and of sor-  
row unimpeded the circle of inner harmony flows on and  
wrapped in fond delusion we sink into oblivion and cease  
to be

[*He sleeps music accompanies his slumber The wall  
behind his couch appears to open and discovers a bril-  
liant apparition Freedom in a celestial garb sur-  
rounded by a glory reposes in a cloud Her features  
are those of Clara and she inclines towards the sleeping  
hero Her countenance betokens compassion she seems  
to lament his fate Quickly she recovers herself and  
with an encouraging gesture exhibits the symbols of free-  
dom the bundle of arrows with the staff and cap She  
encourages him to be of good cheer and while she sig-  
nifies to him that his death will secure the freedom of  
the provinces, she hails him as a conqueror and extends  
to him a laurel crown As the wreath approaches his  
head Egmont moves like one asleep and reclines with  
his face towards her She holds the wreath suspended  
over his head —martial music is heard in the distance  
at the first sound the vision disappears The music  
grows louder and louder Egmont awakes The prison  
is dimly illumined by the dawn —His first impulse is to  
lift his hand to his head he stands up and gazes round,  
his hand still upraised*

The crown is vanished! Beautiful vision the light of day  
has frightened thee! Yes they revealed themselves to my  
sight uniting in one radiant form the two sweetest joys of  
my heart Divine Liberty borrowed the mien of my beloved  
one the lovely maiden arrayed herself in the celestial garb  
of her friend In a solemn moment they appeared united  
with aspect more earnest than tender With blood stained  
feet the vision approached the waving folds of her robe also  
were tinged with blood It was my blood and the blood of  
many brave hearts No! It shall not be shed in vain!  
Forward! Brave people! The goddess of liberty leads you  
on! And as the serbials through and destroys the barriers  
that would oppose its fury so do ye overwhelm the bulwark  
of tyranny, and with your impetuous flood sweep it away  
from the land which it usurps [Drums

Hark! Hark! How often has this sound summoned my joyous steps to the field of battle and of victory! How bravely did I tread with my gallant comrades the dangerous path of fame! And now from this dungeon I shall go forth, to meet a glorious death I die for freedom for whose cause I have lived and fought and for whom I now offer myself up a sorrowing sacrifice

*[The back ground is occupied by Spanish soldiers with halberts]*

Yes lead them on! Close your ranks ye terrify me not I am accustomed to stand amid the serried ranks of war and environed by the threatening forms of death to feel with double zest the energy of life *[Drums*

The foe closes round on every side! Swords are flashing, courage friends! Behind are your parents your wives your children! *[Pointing to the guard*

And these are impelled by the word of their leader not by their own free will Protect your homes! And to save those who are most dear to you be ready to follow my example and to fall with joy

*[Drums As he advances through the guards towards the door in the back ground the curtain falls The music joins in and the scene closes with a symphony of victory]*

GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN,

WITH THE IRON HAND

A TRAGEDY

TRANSLATED BY WALTER SCOTT Esq., ADVOCATE

1799





## P R E F A C E

GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN the hero of the following drama flourished in the 15th century during the reign of Maximilian the First Emperor of Germany Previous to this period every German noble holding a fief immediately from the Emperor exercised on his estate a species of sovereignty subordinate to the imperial authority alone Thus, from the prince and prelates possessed of extensive territories down to the free knights and barons whose domains consisted of a castle and a few acres of mountain and forest ground each was a petty monarch upon his own property, independent of all control but the remote supremacy of the Emperor

Among the extensive rights conferred by such a constitution that of waging war against each other by their own private authority was most precious to a race of proud and military barons These private wars were called *feuds* and the privilege of carrying them on was named *Faustrecht* (club law) As the empire advanced in civilization the evils attending feuds became dreadfully conspicuous each petty knight was by law entitled to make war upon his neighbours without any further ceremony than three days previous defiance by a written form called *Fehdbrief* Even the Golden Bull which remedied so many evils in the Germanic body left this dangerous privilege in full vigour In time the residence of every free baron became a fortress from which as his passions or avarice dictated sallied a band of marauders to back his quarrel or to collect an extorted revenue from the merchants who presumed to pass through his domain At length whole bands of these free booting nobles used to league together for the purpose of mutual defence against their more powerful neighbours as likewise for that of predatory excursions against the princes free towns and ecclesiastic states of the empire whose wealth tempted the needy barons to exercise against them their privilege of waging private war These confederacies were

distinguished by various titles expressive of their object we find among them the Brotherhood of the Mace the Knights of the Bloody Sleeve &c &c If one of the brotherhood was attacked the rest marched without delay to his assistance and thus though individually weak the petty feudatories maintained their ground against the more powerful members of the empire Their independence and privileges were recognised and secured to them by many edicts and though hated and occasionally oppressed by the princes and ecclesiastical authorities to whom in return they were a scourge and a pest they continued to maintain tenaciously the good old privilege (as they termed it) of *Faustrecht* which they had inherited from their fathers Amid the obvious mischiefs attending such a state of society it must be allowed that it is frequently the means of calling into exercise the highest heroic virtues Men daily exposed to danger and living by the constant exertion of their courage acquired the virtues as well as the vices of a savage state, and among many instances of cruelty and rapine occur not a few of the most exalted valour and generosity If the fortress of a German knight was the dread of the wealthy merchant and abbot it was often the ready and hospitable refuge of the weary pilgrim and oppressed peasant Although the owner subsisted by the plunder of the rich yet he was frequently beneficent to the poor and beloved by his own family dependents and allies The spirit of chivalry doubtless contributed much to soften the character of these marauding nobles A respect for themselves taught them generosity towards their prisoners and certain acknowledged rules prevented many of the atrocities which it might have been expected would have marred these feuds No German noble for example if made captive was confined in fetters or in a dungeon but remained a prisoner at large upon his parole (which was called *knightly ward*) either in the castle of his conqueror or in some other place assigned to him The same species of honourable captivity was often indulged by the Emperor to offenders of a noble rank of which some instances will be found in the following pages

Such was the state of the German nobles when on the 7th of August, 1495, was published the memorable edict of Maximilian for the establishment of the public peace of the

empire By this ordinance, the right of private war was totally abrogated under the penalty of the Ban of the empire, to be enforced by the Imperial Chamber then instituted This was at once a sentence of anathema secular and spiritual, containing the dooms of outlawry and excommunication — This ordinance was highly acceptable to the princes bishops, and free towns who had little to gain and much to lose in these perpetual feuds and they combined to enforce it with no small severity against the petty feudatories — these on the other hand sensible that the very root of their importance consisted in their privilege of declaring private war without which they foresaw they would not long be able to maintain their independence struggled hard against the execution of this edict by which their confederacies were declared unlawful, and all means taken from them of resisting their richer neighbours

Upon the jarring interests of the princes and clergy on the one hand and of the free knights and petty imperial feudatories on the other arise the incidents of the following drama The hero, Goetz von Berlichingen was in reality a zealous champion for the privileges of the free knights and was repeatedly laid under the Ban of the empire for the feuds in which he was engaged from which he was only released in consequence of his high reputation for gallantry and generosity His life was published at Nuremberg 1731 and some account of his exploits with a declaration of feud (*Fehdbrief*) issued by him against that city will be found in Meusel's Inquiry into History vol 4th

While the princes and free knights were thus banded against each other the peasants and bondsmen remained in the most abject state of ignorance and oppression This occasioned at different times the most desperate insurrections resembling in their nature and in the atrocities committed by the furious insurgents the rebellions of Tyler and Cade in England or that of the *Jacquerie* in France Such an event occurs in the following tragedy There is also a scene founded upon the noted institution called the Secret or Invisible Tribunal With this extraordinary judicatory the members and executioners of which were unknown and met in secret to doom to death those criminals whom other courts of justice could not reach, the English reader has been made

acquainted by several translations from the German, particularly the excellent romances called Herman of Unna, and Alf von Dülman

The following drama was written by the elegant author of the Sorrows of Werter in imitation it is said of the manner of Shakespeare This resemblance is not to be looked for in the style or expression but in the outline of the characters, and mode of conducting the incidents of the piece In Germany it is the object of enthusiastic admiration partly owing doubtless to the force of national partiality towards a performance in which the ancient manners of the country are faithfully and forcibly painted Losing however this advantage and under all the defects of a translation the translator ventures to hope that in the following pages there will still be found something to excite interest Some liberties have been taken with the original in omitting two occasional disquisitions upon the civil law as practised in Germany\* Literal accuracy has been less studied in the translation than an attempt to convey the spirit and general effect of the piece Upon the whole it is hoped the version will be found faithful, of which the translator is less distrustful owing to the friendship of a gentleman of high literary eminence who has obligingly taken the trouble of superintending the publication

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH, 3rd February 1799

\* In the present revision these omitted portions are restored

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

**MAXIMILIAN** Emperor of Germany  
**GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN** a free knight of the empire  
**ELIZABETH** his wife  
**MARIA** his sister  
**CHARLES** his son—a boy  
**GEORGE** his page  
**BISHOP OF BAMBERG**  
**ADELBERT VON WEISLINGEN** a free German knight of the empire  
**ADELAIDE VON WALLDORF** widow of the Count von Walldorf  
**LIEBTRAUT** a Courtier of the Bishop's  
**ABBOT OF FULDA** residing at the Bishop's court  
**OTHEARIUS** a doctor of laws  
**BROTHER MARTIN** a monk

**LERSE** a trooper  
**FRANCIS** esquire to Weisingen  
**Female Attendant** on Adelaide  
**PRESIDENT** Accuser and Avenger of the Secret Tribunal  
**METZLER**  
**SIEVERS,**  
**LINK**  
**KOHL**  
**WILD**

} Leaders of the Insurgent Peasantry

**Imperial Commissioners**  
**Two Merchants** of Nuremberg  
**Magistrates** of Heilbronn  
**MAXIMILIAN STUMF** a vassal of the Palsgrave  
**An unknown**  
**Bride's father**  
**Bride**  
**Bridegroom**

} Peasants

**Gipsy captain**  
**Gipsy mother and women**  
**STICKS and WOLF** gipsies  
**Imperial captain**  
**Imperial officers**  
**Innkeeper**  
**Sentinel**  
**Serjeant at arms**  
**Imperial Soldiers**—Troopers belonging to Goetz to Selbitz to Sickingen  
 and to Weisingen—Peasants—Gipsies—Judges of the Secret Tribunal  
 —Gaolers—Courtiers, &c &c &c

## GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN,

WITH THE IRON HAND

## ACT I

SCENE I *An Inn at Schwarzenberg in Franconia*

**METZLER and SIEVERS** *two Swabian peasants are seated at a table—At the fire at some distance from them, two troopers from Bamberg—The Innkeeper*

**SIEVERS** Hansel! Another cup of brandy—and Christian measure

**INNKEEPER** Thou art a Never enough

**METZLER** (*apart to Sievers*) Repeat that again about Berlichingen—The Bambergers there are so angry they are almost black in the face

**SIEVERS** Bambergers!—What are they about here?

**METZLER** Weislingen has been two days up yonder at the Castle with the Earl—they are his attendants—they came with him I know not whence, they are waiting for him—He is going back to Bamberg

**SIEVERS** Who is that Weislingen?

**METZLER** The Bishop of Bamberg's right hand! a powerful lord who is lying in wait to play Goetz some trick

**SIEVERS** He had better take care of himself

**METZLER** (*aside*) Prithce go on! (*Aloud*) How long is it since Goetz had a new dispute with the Bishop? I thought all had been reconciled and squared between them

**SIEVERS** Aye! Reconciliation with Priests!—When the Bishop saw he could do no good, and always got the worst of

it he pulled in his horns and made haste to patch up a truce—and honest Berlichingen let him off very easily, as he always does when he has got the advantage

METZLER God bless him! a worthy nobleman

SIEVERS Only think! Was it not shameful? They fell upon a page of his to his no small surprise but they will soon be mauled for that

METZLER How provoking that his last stroke should have missed He must have been plaguily annoyed

SIEVERS I don't think anything has vexed him so much for a long time Look you all had been calculated to a nicety the time the Bishop would come from the bath with how many attendant and which road and had it not been betrayed by some traitor Goetz would have blessed his bath for him and rubbed him dry

FIRST TROOPER What are you prating there about our Bishop Do you want to pick a quarrel?

SIEVERS Mind your own affairs you have nothing to do with our table

SECOND TROOPER Who taught you to speak disrespectfully of our Bishop?

SIEVERS Am I bound to answer *your* questions?—Look at the fool!—(*The first TROOPER boxes his ears*)

METZLER Smash the rascal! (*They attack each other*)

SECOND TROOPER (*to METZLER*) Come on if you dare—

INNKEEPER (*separating them*) Will you be quiet? Zounds! Take yourselves off if you have any scores to settle in my house I will have order and decency (*He pushes the TROOPERS out of doors*)—And what are you about, you jackasses?

METZLER No bad names Hansel! or your sconce shall pay for it Come comrade we'll go and thrash those blackguards

*Enter two of BERLICHINGEN'S TROOPERS.*

FIRST TROOPER What's the matter?

SIEVERS Ah! Good day Peter!—Good day Veit!—Whence come you?

SECOND TROOPER Mind you don't let out whom we serve

SIEVERS (*whispering*) Then your master Goetz isn't far off?



FIRST TROOPER Hold your tongue!—Have you had a quarrel?

SILVERS You must have met the fellows without—they are Bambergers

FIRST TROOPER What brings them here?

SIEVERS They escort Weisingen who is up yonder at the Castle with the Earl

FIRST TROOPER Weisingen?

SECOND TROOPER (*aside to his companion*) Peter, that is grist to our mill—How long has he been here?

METZLER Two days—but he is off to day as I heard one of his fellows say

FIRST TROOPER (*aside*) Did I not tell you he was here?—We might have waited yonder long enough—Come, Veit—

SIEVERS Help us first to drub the Bambergers

SECOND TROOPER There are already two of you—We must away—Farewell! [*Exeunt both TROOPERS*

SILVERS Scurvy dogs these troopers! They won't strike a blow without pay

METZLER I could swear they have something in hand—Whom do they serve?

SIEVERS I am not to tell—They serve Goetz

METZLER So!—Well now we'll cudgel those fellows outside—While I have a quarter staff I care not for their spits

SIEVERS If we durst but once serve the princes in the same manner, who drag our skins over our ears! [*Exeunt*

## SCENE II *A cottage in a thick forest*

GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN *discovered walking among the trees before the door*

GOETZ Where linger my servants?—I must walk up and down or sleep will overcome me—Five days and nights already on the watch—It is hardly earned this bit of life and freedom But when I have caught thee Weisingen, I shall take my ease (*Fills a glass of wine and drinks looks at the flask*)—Again empty—George!—While this and my courage last, I can laugh at the ambition and chicanery of

princes?—George!—You may send round your obsequious Weisingen to your uncles and cousins to calumniate my character—Be it so—I am on the alert—Thou hast escaped me Bishop then thy dear Weisingen shall pay the score—George!—Doesn't the boy hear?—George! George!

GEORGE (*entering in the curass of a full grown man*)  
Worshipful sir

GOETZ What kept you? Were you asleep?—What in the devil's name means this masquerade?—Come hither you don't look amiss Be not ashamed ~~boy~~ you look bravely Ah! if you could but fill it!—Is it Hans curass?

GEORGE He wished to sleep a little and unbuckled it

GOETZ He takes things easier than his master

GEORGE Do not be angry! I took it quietly away and put it on then fetched my father's old sword from the wall, ran to the meadow and drew it—

GOETZ And laid about you no doubt?—Rare work among the brambles and thorns!—Is Hans asleep?

GEORGE He started up and cried out to me when you called—I was trying to unbuckle the curass when I heard you twice or thrice

GOETZ Go take back his curass and tell him to be ready with the horses

GEORGE I have fed them well and they are ready bridled you may mount when you will

GOETZ Bring me a stoup of wine Give Hans a glass too and tell him to be on the alert—there is good cause, I expect the return of my scouts every moment

GEORGE Ah! noble Sir!

GOETZ What's the matter?

GEORGE May I not go with you?

GOETZ Another time George! when we waylay merchant and seize their waggons—

GEORGE Another time!—You have said that so often—O this time this time! I will only skulk behind, just keep on the look out—I will gather up all the spent arrows for you

GOETZ Next time George!—You must first have a doublet a steel cap and a lance

GEORGE Take me with you now!—Had I been with you last time you would not have lost your cross bow

GOETZ Do you know about that?

GEORGE You threw it at your antagonist's head, one of his followers picked it up, and off with it he went — Don't I know about it?

GOETZ Did my people tell you?

GEORGE O yes and for that I whistle them all sorts of tunes while we dress the horses, and teach them merry songs too

GOETZ Thou art a brave boy

GEORGE Take me with you to prove myself so

GOETZ The next time I promise you! You must not go to battle unarmed as you are. There is a time coming which will also require men. I tell thee boy it will be a dear time. Princes shall offer their treasures for a man whom they now hate. Go George give Hans his curass again and bring me wine. (*Exit GEORGE*) Where can my people be? It is incomprehensible! — A monk! What brings him here so late?

*Enter Brother MARTIN*

GOETZ Good evening reverend father! Whence come you so late? Man of holy rest thou shamest many knights

MARTIN Thanks noble Sir! I am at present but an unworthy brother if we come to titles. My cloister name is Augustin but I like better to be called by my christian name Martin

GOETZ You are tired, brother Martin, and doubtless thirsty

*Enter GEORGE with wine*

GOETZ Here in good time comes wine!

MARTIN For me a draught of water. I dare not drink wine

GOETZ Is it against your vow?

MARTIN Noble Sir to *drink* wine is not against my vow, but because *wine* is against my vow, therefore I *drink* it not

GOETZ How am I to understand that?

MARTIN 'Tis well for thee that thou dost **not** understand it. Eating and drinking nourish man's life

GOETZ Well!

MARTIN When thou hast eaten and drunken, thou art as it were new born stronger bolder fitter for action. Wine rejoices the heart of man, and joyousness is the mother

of every virtue When thou hast drunk wine thou art double what thou shouldst be ' twice as ingenious, twice as enterprising and twice as active

GOETZ As I drink it what you say is true

MARTIN 'Tis when thus taken in moderation that I speak of it But we——(GEORGE brings water GOETZ speaks to him apart )

GOETZ (to GEORGE) Go to the road which leads to Daxbach lay thine ear close to the earth and listen for the tread of horses Return immediately

MARTIN But we on the other hand when we have eaten and drunken are the reverse of what we should be Our sluggish digestion depresses our mental powers and in the indulgence of luxurious ease desires are generated which grow too strong for our weakness

GOETZ One glass brother Martin will not disturb your sleep You have travelled far to day (*Helps him to wine*) Here s to all fighting men !

MARTIN With all my heart ! (*They ring their glasses*) I cannot abide idle people—yet will I not say that all monks are idle they do what they can I am just come from St Bede where I slept last night The Prior took me into the garden that is their hive Excellent salad cabbages in perfection and such cauliflowers and artichokes as you will hardly find in Europe

GOETZ So that is not the life for you ? (*Goes out and looks anxiously after the boy Returns*)

MARTIN Would that God had made me a gardener or day labourer I might then have been happy ! My convent is Erfurt in Saxony my Abbot loves me he knows I cannot remain idle and so he sends me round the country, wherever there is business to be done I am on my way to the bishop of Constance

GOETZ Another glass Good speed to you !

MARTIN The same to you

GOETZ Why do you look at me so steadfastly, brother ?

MARTIN I am in love with your armour

GOETZ Would you like a suit ? It is heavy, and toilsome to the wearer

MARTIN What is not toilsome in this world ?—But to me nothing is so much so as to renounce my very nature !

Poverty chastity obedience—three vows each of which taken singly seems the most dreadful to humanity—so in supportable are they all,—and to spend a life time under this burthen or to groan despairingly under the still heavier load of an evil conscience—Ah! Sir Knight what are the toils of your life compared to the sorrows of a state which from a mistaken desire of drawing nearer to the Deity condemns as crimes the best impulses of our nature impulses by which we live grow and prosper!

GOETZ Were your vow less sacred I would give you a suit of armour and a steed and we would ride out together

MARTIN Would to heaven my shoulders had strength to bear armour and my arm to unhorse an enemy!—Poor weak hand accustomed from infancy to swing censers to bear crosses and banners of peace how couldst thou manage the lance and falchion? My voice tuned only to Aves and Halleluiahs would be a herald of my weakness to the enemy, while yours would overpower him otherwise no vows should keep me from entering an order founded by the Creator himself

GOETZ To your happy return! (*Drinks*)

MARTIN I drink that only in compliment to you! A return to my prison must ever be unhappy When you Sir Knight return to your castle with the consciousness of your courage and strength which no fatigue can overcome when you for the first time after a long absence, stretch yourself unarmed upon your bed secure from the attack of enemies, and resign yourself to a sleep sweeter than the draught after a long thirst—then can you speak of happiness

GOETZ And accordingly it comes but seldom!

MARTIN (*with growing ardour*) But when it does come, it is a foretaste of paradise—When you return home laden with the spoils of your enemies, and, remember such a one I struck from his horse ere he could discharge his piece—such another I overthrew horse and man, then you ride to your Castle, and—

GOETZ And what?

MARTIN And your wife—(*Fills a glass*) To her health!  
(*He wipes his eyes*) You have one?

GOETZ A virtuous noble wife!

MARTIN Happy the man who possesses a virtuous wife,

his life is doubled This blessing was denied me, yet was woman the glory or crown of creation

GOETZ (*aside*) I grieve for him The sense of his condition preys upon his heart

*Enter GEORGE breathless*

GEORGE My Lord my Lord I hear horses in full gallop!—two of them—*Is* they for certain

GOETZ Bring out my steed let Hans mount Farewell, dear brother God be with you Be cheerful and patient, He will give you ample scope

MARTIN Let me request your name

GOETZ Pardon me—Farewell! (*Gives his left hand*)

MARTIN Why do you give the left?—Am I unworthy of the knightly right hand?

GOETZ Were you the Emperor you must be satisfied with this My right hand though not useless in combat is unresponsive to the grasp of affection It is one with its mailed gauntlet—You see it is *won*!

MARTIN Then art thou Goetz of Berlichingen I thank thee Heaven who hast shown me the man whom princes hate but to whom the oppressed throng! (*He takes his right hand*) Withdraw not this hand let me kiss it

GOETZ You must not!

MARTIN Let me let me—Thou hand more worthy even than the saintly relique through which the most sacred blood has flowed! lifeless instrument quickened by the noblest spirit's faith in God

(*GOETZ adjusts his helmet and takes his lance*)

MARTIN There was a monk among us about a year ago who visited you when your hand was shot off at the siege of Landshut He used to tell us what you suffered and your grief at being disabled for your profession of arms, till you remembered having heard of one who had also lost a hand, and yet served long as a gallant knight—I shall never forget it.

*Enter the two TROOPERS They speak apart with GOETZ*

MARTIN (*continuing*) I shall never forget his words uttered in the noblest the most childlike trust in God If I had twelve hands what would they avail me without thy grace? then may I with only one—

GOETZ In the wood of Haslach then (*Turns to MARTIN*) Farewell, worthy brother' [*Embraces him*]

MARTIN Forget me not as I shall never forget thee !

[*Exeunt GOETZ and his TROOPERS*

MARTIN How my heart beat at the sight of him He spoke not yet my spirit recognized his What rapture to behold a great man !

GEORGE Reverend sir, you will sleep here ?

MARTIN Can I have a bed ?

GEORGE No sir ! I know of beds only by hearsay, in our quarters there is nothing but straw

MARTIN It will serve What is thy name

GEORGE George reverend sir

MARTIN George ! Thou hast a gallant patron saint

GEORGE They say he was a trooper, that is what I intend to be !

MARTIN Stop ! (*Takes a picture from his breviary and gives it to him*) There behold him—follow his example be brave and fear God

[*Exit into the cottage*

GEORGE Ah ! what a splendid grey horse ! If I had but one like that—and the golden armour There is an ugly dragon At present I shoot nothing but sparrows O St George ! make me but tall and strong give me a lance, armour, and such a horse, and then let the dragons come !

[*Exit*

SCENE III *An Apartment in Jaxthausen, the Castle of Goetz von Berlichingen*

ELIZABETH MARIA and CHARLES *discovered*

CHARLES Pray now dear aunt tell me again that story about the good child it is so pretty—

MARIA Do you tell it to me, little rogue ! that I may see if you have paid attention

CHARLES What then till I think—<sup>t</sup> There was once upon'—Yes— There was once upon a time a child, and his mother was sick, so the child went—

MARIA No no'— Then his mother said, 'Dear child

CHARLES ' I am sick—

MARIA " And cannot go out '

CHARLES " And gave him money and said ' Go and buy yourself a breakfast There came a poor man——

MARIA The child went There met him an old man who was—— Now Charles !

CHARLES Who was——old——

MARIA Of course Who was hardly able to walk, and said Dear child ——

CHARLES ' Give me something I have eaten not a morsel yesterday or to day Then the child gave him the money——

MARIA That should have bought his breakfast

CHARLES Then the old man said——

MARIA Then the old man took the child by the hand——

CHARLES By the hand and said——and became a fine beautiful saint——and said— Dear child ——

MARIA The holy Virgin rewards thee for thy benevolence through me whatever sick person thou touchest——

CHARLES ' With thy hand—— It was the right hand I think

MARIA Yes

CHARLES He will get well directly

MARIA Then the child ran home and could not speak for joy——

CHARLES And fell upon his mother s neck and wept for joy

MARIA ' Then the mother cried What is this ? and became—— Now Charles

CHARLES Became——became——

MARIA You do not attend— and became well And the child cured kings and emperors and became so rich that he built a great abbey

ELIZABETH I cannot understand why my husband stays He has been away five days and nights, and he hoped to have finished his adventure so quickly

MARIA I have long felt uneasy Were I married to a man who continually incurred such danger, I should die within the first year

ELIZABETH I thank God that he has made me of stuff !



CHARLES But must my father ride out, if it is so dangerous?

MARIA Such is his good pleasure

ELIZABETH He must indeed dear Charles!

CHARLES Why?

ELIZABETH Do you not remember the last time he rode out when he brought you those nice things?

CHARLES Will he bring me anything now?

ELIZABETH I believe so. Listen there was a tailor at Stutgard who was a capital archer and had gained the prize at Cologne

CHARLES Was it much?

ELIZABETH A hundred dollars and afterwards they would not pay him

MARIA That was naughty eh Charles?

CHARLES Naughty people!

ELIZABETH The tailor came to your father and begged him to get his money for him then your father rode out and intercepted a party of merchants from Cologne and kept them prisoners till they paid the money. Would you not have ridden out too?

CHARLES No for one must go through a dark thick wood where there are gypsies and witches——

ELIZABETH You're a fine fellow afraid of witches!

MARIA Charles it is far better to live at home in your castle like a quiet Christian knight. One may find opportunities enough of doing good on one's own lands. Even the worthiest knights do more harm than good in their excursions

ELIZABETH Sister you know not what you are saying — God grant our boy may become braver as he grows up and not take after that Weisingen who has dealt so faithlessly with my husband

MARIA We will not judge Elizabeth — My brother is highly incensed and so are you, I am only a spectator in the matter and can be more impartial

ELIZABETH Weisingen cannot be defended

MARIA What I have heard of him has interested me — Even your husband relates many instances of his former goodness and affection — How happy was their youth when they were both pages of honour to the Margrave!

ELIZABETH That may be. But only tell me, how can

a man ever have been good who lays snares for his best and truest friend? who has sold his services to the enemies of my husband and who strives by invidious misrepresentations to poison the mind of our noble emperor who is so gracious to us? (*A horn is heard*)

CHARLES Papa! papa! the warder sounds his horn—  
Joy! joy! he opens the gate!

ELIZABETH There he comes with booty!

*Enter PLUFF*

PETER We have fought—we have conquered!—God save you noble ladies!

ELIZABETH Have you captured Weislingen?

PETER Himself and three followers

ELIZABETH How came you to stay so long?

PETER We lay in wait for him between Nuremberg and Bamberg but he would not come though we knew he had set out. At length we heard of his whereabouts he had struck off sideways, and was staying quietly with the earl at Schwarzenberg

ELIZABETH They would also fain make the earl my husband's enemy

PETER I immediately told my master—Up and away we rode into the forest of Haslach. And it was curious that while we were riding along that night a shepherd was watching and five wolves fell upon the flock and attacked them stoutly. Then my master laughed and said Good luck to us all dear comrades both to you and us! And the good omen overjoyed us. Just then Weislingen came riding towards us with four attendants—

MARIA How my heart beats!

PETER My comrade and I as our master had commanded, threw ourselves suddenly on him and clung to him as if we had grown together so that he could not move while my master and Hans fell upon the servants and overpowered them. They were all taken except one who escaped

ELIZABETH I am curious to see him. Will he arrive soon?

PETER They are riding through the valley, and will be here in a quarter of an hour

MARIA He is no doubt cast down and dejected?

PETER He looks gloomy enough

MARIA It will grieve me to see his distress!

ELIZABETH O' I must get food ready You are no doubt all hungry?

PETER Hungry enough in truth

ELIZABETH (*to Maria*) Take the cellar keys and bring the best wine They have deserved it [*Exit ELIZABETH*

CHARLES I'll go too aunt

MARIA Come then boy [*Exeunt CHARLES and MARIA*

PETER He'll never be his father, else he would have gone with me to the stable

*Enter GOETZ WEISLINGEN HANS and other GROOMERS*

GOETZ (*laying his helmet and sword on a table*) Unbuckle my armour and give me my doublet Ease will refresh me Brother Martin thou saidst truly You have kept us long on the watch Weislingen!

[*WEISLINGEN paces up and down in silence*

GOETZ Be of good cheer! Come unarm yourself! Where are your clothes? I hope nothing has been lost (*To the attendants*) Go ask his servants open the baggage and see that nothing is missing Or I can lend you some of mine

WEISLINGEN Let me remain as I am—it is all one

GOETZ I can give you a handsome doublet but it is only of linen, it has grown too tight for me I wore it at the marriage of my Lord the Palsgrave when your bishop was so incensed at me About a fortnight before I had sunk two of his vessels upon the Rhine—I was going up stairs in the Stag at Heidelberg with Franz von Sickingen Before you get quite to the top there is a landing place with iron rails—there stood the bishop and gave his hand to Franz as he passed, and to me also as I followed close behind him I laughed in my sleeve and went to the Landgrave of Hanau, who was always a kind friend to me and said The bishop has given me his hand but I'll wager he did not know me The bishop heard me for I was speaking loud on purpose He came to us angrily and said True I gave thee my hand, because I knew thee not To which I answered I know that my lord and so here you have your shake of the hand back again! The manikin grew red as a Turkey cock with spite and he ran up into the room and complained to the Palsgrave Lewis and the Prince of Nassau We have laughed over the scene again and again

WEISLINGEN I wish you would leave me to myself

GOETZ Why so? I entreat you be of good cheer You are my prisoner but I will not abuse my power

WEISLINGEN I have no fear of that That is your duty as a knight

GOETZ And you know how sacred it is to me

WEISLINGEN I am your prisoner—the rest matters not

GOETZ You should not say so Had you been taken by a prince fettered and cast into a dungeon your gaoler directed to drive sleep from your eyes—

*Enter SERVANTS with clothes WEISLINGEN unarms himself Enter CHARLES*

CHARLES Good morrow papa!

GOETZ (*kisses him*) Good morrow boy! How have you been this long time?

CHARLES Very well father! Aunt says I am a good boy

GOETZ Does she?

CHARLES Have you brought me anything?

GOETZ Nothing this time

CHARLES I have learned a great deal

GOETZ Aye!

CHARLES Shall I tell you about the good child?

GOETZ After dinner

CHARLES I know something else too

GOETZ What may that be?

CHARLES Jaxthausen is a village and castle on the Jaxt which has appertained in property and heritage for two hundred years to the Lords of Berlichingen—

GOETZ Do you know the Lord of Berlichingen? (*CHARLES stares at him Aside*) His learning is so abstruse that he does not know his own father To whom does Jaxthausen belong?

CHARLES Jaxthausen is a village and castle upon the Jaxt—

GOETZ I did not ask that I knew every path pass, and ford about the place before ever I knew the name of the village castle or river—Is your mother in the kitchen?

CHARLES Yes, papa! They are cooking a lamb and turnips

GOETZ Do you know that too, Jack Turnspit?

CHARLES And my aunt is roasting an apple for me to eat after dinner—

GOETZ Can t you eat it raw ?

CHARLES It tastes better roasted

GOETZ You must have a tit bit must you?—Weislingen  
I will be with you immediately I must go and see my wife  
—Come Charles !

CHARLES Who is that man ?

GOETZ Bid him welcome Tell him to be merry

CHARLES There s my hand for you man ! Be merry—  
for the dinner will soon be ready

WEISLINGEN (*Takes up the child and kisses him*) Happy  
boy ! that knowest no worse evil than the delay of dinner  
May you live to have much joy in your son Berlichingen !

GOETZ Where there is most light the shades are deepest  
Yet I thank God for him We ll see what they are about

[*Exit with CHARLES and SERVANTS*

WEISLINGEN O that I could but wake and find this all  
a dream ! In the power of Berlichingen !—from whom I  
had scarcely detached myself—whose remembrance I shunned  
like fire—whom I hoped to overpower ! and he still the  
old true hearted Goetz ! Gracious God ! what will be the  
end of it ? O Adelbert ! I d bid to the very hall where  
we played as children when thou didst love and prize  
him as thy soul ! Who can know him and hate him ?  
Alas ! I am so thoroughly insignificant here Happy days !  
ye are gone There in his chair by the chimney sat old  
Berlichingen while we played round him, and loved each  
other like cherubs ! How anxious the bishop and all my  
friends will be Well the whole country will sympathize  
with my misfortune But what avails it ? Can they give  
me the peace after which I strive ?

*Re enter GOETZ with wine and goblets*

GOETZ Well take a glass while dinner is preparing  
Come sit down—think yourself at home ! Fancy you ve  
come once more to see Goetz It is long since we have sat  
and emptied a flagon together (*Fills*) Come a light  
heart !

WEISLINGEN Those times are gone by

GOETZ God forbid ! To be sure we shall hardly pass  
more pleasant days than those we spent together at the  
Margrave s court, when we were inseparable night and

day I think with pleasure on my youth Do you remember the scuffle I had with the Polander whose pomaded and frizzled hair I chanced to rub with my sleeve ?

WEISLINGEN It was at table, and he struck at you with a knife

GOETZ I gave it him however and you had a quarrel upon that account with his comrades We always stuck together like brave fellows and were the admiration of every one (*Fills and hands to WEISLINGEN*) Castor and Pollux ! It used to rejoice my heart when the Margrave so called us

WEISLINGEN The bishop of Wurtzburg first gave us the name

GOETZ That bishop was a learned man and withal so kind and gentle I shall remember as long as I live how he used to caress us praise our friendship and say Happy is the man who has an adopted brother for a friend

WEISLINGEN No more of that !

GOETZ Why not ? I know nothing more delightful after fatigue than to talk over old times Indeed when I recall to mind how we bore good and bad fortune together and were all in all to each other and how I thought this was to continue for ever Was not that my sole comfort when my hand was shot away at Landshut and you nursed and tended me like a brother ? I hoped Adelbert would in future be my right hand And now——

WEISLINGEN Alas !

GOETZ Hadst thou but listened to me when I begged thee to go with me to Brabant all would have been well But then that unhappy turn for court dangling seized thee and thy coquetting and flirting with the women I always told thee when thou wouldst mix with these lounging vain court sycophants and entertain them with gossip about unlucky matches and seduced girls scandal about absent friends and all such trash as they take interest in—I always said Adelbert thou wilt become a rogue !

WEISLINGEN To what purpose is all this ?

GOETZ Would to God I could forget it or that it were otherwise ! Art thou not free and nobly born as any in Germany independent subject to the emperor alone and dost thou crouch among vassals ? What is the bishop to thee ?

Granted he is thy neighbour and can do thee a shrewd turn hast thou not power and friends to requite him in kind? Art thou ignorant of the dignity of a free knight who depends only upon God the emperor and himself that thou degradest thyself to be the courtier of a stubborn, jealous priest?

WEISLINGEN Let me speak!

GOETZ What hast thou to say?

WEISLINGEN You look upon the princes as the wolf upon the hepherd And can you blame them for defending their territories and property? Are they a moment secure from the unruly knights who plunder their vassals even upon the high roads and sack their castles and villages? Upon the other hand our country's enemies threaten to overrun the lands of our beloved emperor yet while he needs the princes assistance they can scarce defend their own lives, is it not our good genius which at this moment leads them to devise means of procuring peace for Germany of securing the administration of justice and giving to great and small the blessings of quiet? And can you blame us Berlichingen for securing the protection of the powerful princes our neighbours whose assistance is at hand rather than relying on that of the emperor who is so far removed from us and is hardly able to protect himself?

GOETZ Yes yes I understand you Weislingen were the princes as you paint them we should all have what we want Peace and quiet! No doubt! Every bird of prey naturally likes to eat its plunder undisturbed The general weal! If they would but take the trouble to study that And they trifle with the emperor shamefully Every day some new tinker or other comes to give his opinion The emperor means well and would gladly put things to rights, but because he happens to understand a thing readily and by a single word can put a thousand hands into motion he thinks everything will be as speedily and as easily accomplished Ordinance upon ordinance is promulgated each nullifying the last while the princes obey only those which serve their own interest and prate of peace and security of the empire while they are treading under foot their weaker neighbours I will be sworn many a one thanks God in his heart that the Turk keeps the emperor fully employed!

WEISLINGEN You view things your own way

GOETZ So does every one The question is which is the right way to view them? And your plans at least shun the day

WEISLINGEN You may say what you will, I am your prisoner

GOETZ If your conscience is free so are you How was it with the general tranquillity? I remember going as a boy of sixteen with the Margrave to the Imperial Diet What harangues the princes made! And the clergy were the most vociferous of all You bishop thundered into the emperor's ears his regard for justice till one thought it had become part and parcel of his being And now he has imprisoned a page of mine at a time when our quarrels were all accommodated and I had buried them in oblivion Is not all settled between us? What does he want with the boy?

WEISLINGEN It was done without his knowledge

GOETZ Then why does he not release him?

WEISLINGEN He did not conduct himself as he ought

GOETZ Not conduct himself as he ought? By my honour he performed his duty as surely as he has been imprisoned both with your knowledge and the bishop's! Do you think I am come into the world this very day that I cannot see what all this means?

WEISLINGEN You are suspicious and do us wrong

GOETZ Weislingen shall I deal openly with you? In considerable as I am I am a thorn in your side and Selbitz and Sickingen are no less so because we are firmly resolved to die sooner than to thank any one but God for the air we breathe or pay homage to any one but the emperor This is why they worry me in every possible way blacken my character with the emperor and among my friends and neighbours and spy about for advantage over me They would have me out of the way at any price that was your reason for imprisoning the page whom you knew I had dispatched for intelligence and now you say he did not conduct himself as he should do because he would not betray my secrets And you Weislingen are then tool!

WEISLINGEN Berlichingen!

GOETZ Not a word more I am an enemy to long



explanations they deceive either the maker or the hearer, and generally both

*Enter CHARLES*

CHARLES Dinner is ready father!

GOETZ Good news! Come I hope the company of my women folk will amuse you You always liked the girls Aye, aye they can tell many pretty stories about you Come!  
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *The Bishop of Bamberg's Palace*

*The BISHOP the ABBOT of Fulda OLEARIUS LIEBTRAUT and COURTIERS at table The dessert and wine before them*

BISHOP Are there many of the German nobility studying at Bologna?

OLEARIUS Both nobles and citizens, and I do not exaggerate in saying that they acquire the most brilliant reputation It is a proverb in the university — As studious as a German noble I or while the citizens display a laudable diligence in order to compensate by learning for their want of birth the nobles strive with praiseworthy emulation, to enhance their ancestral dignity by superior attainments

ABBOT Indeed!

LIEBTRAUT What may one not live to hear We live and learn as the proverb says As studious as a German noble I never heard that before

OLEARIUS Yes they are the admiration of the whole university Some of the oldest and most learned will soon be coming back with their doctor's degree The emperor will doubtless be happy to entrust to them the highest offices

BISHOP He cannot fail to do so

ABBOT Do you know, for instance a young man—a Hessian—

OLEARIUS There are many Hessians with us

ABBOT His name is——is—— Does nobody remember it? His mother was a Von—— Oh! his father had but one eye and was a marshal——

LIEBTRAUT Von Wildenholz!

ABBOT Right Von Wildenholz

OLEARIUS I know him well A young man of great

abilities He is particularly esteemed for his talent in disputation

ABBOT He has that from his mother

LIEBTRAUT Yes, but his father would never praise her that quality

BISHOP How call you the emperor who wrote your *Corpus Juris*?

OLEARIUS Justinian

BISHOP A worthy prince —here s to his memory!

OLEARIUS To his memory! (*They drink*)

ABBOT That must be a fine book

OLEARIUS It may be called a book of books a digest of all laws there you find the sentence ready for every case and where the text is antiquated or obscure the deficiency is supplied by notes with which the most learned men have enriched this truly admirable work

ABBOT A digest of all laws!—Indeed!—Then the ten commandments must be in it

OLEARIUS Implicite, not explicite

ABBOT That's what I mean, plainly set down without any explication

BISHOP But the best is you tell us that a state can be maintained in the most perfect tranquillity and subordination by receiving and rightly following that statute book

OLEARIUS Doubtless

BISHOP All doctors of laws! (*They drink*)

OLEARIUS I'll tell them of this abroad (*They drink*)  
Would to heaven that men thought thus in my country!

ABBOT Whence come you most learned sir?

OLEARIUS From Frankfort at your eminence's service!

BISHOP You gentlemen of the law then are not held in high estimation there —How comes that?

OLEARIUS It is strange enough—when I last went there to collect my father's effects the mob almost stoned me when they heard I was a lawyer

ABBOT God bless me!

OLEARIUS It is because their tribunal which they hold in great respect is composed of people totally ignorant of the Roman law An intimate acquaintance with the internal condition of the town and also of its foreign relations, acquired through age and experience, is deemed a

sufficient qualification They decide according to certain established edicts of their own and some old customs recognised in the city and neighbourhood

ABBOT That's very right

OLEARIUS But far from sufficient The life of man is short and in one generation cases of every description can not occur our statute book is a collection of precedents furnished by the experience of many centuries Besides the wills and opinions of men are variable one man deems right to day what another disapproves to morrow and confusion and injustice are the inevitable results Law determines absolutely and its decrees are immutable

ABBOT That's certainly better

OLEARIUS But the common people won't acknowledge that, and eager as they are after novelty they hate any innovation in their laws which leads them out of the beaten track be it ever so much for the better They hate a jurist as if he were a cut purse or a subverter of the state and become furious, if one attempts to settle among them

LIEBTRAUT You come from Frankfurt?—I know the place well—we tasted your good cheer at the emperor's coronation You say your name is Olearius—I know no one in the town of your name

OLEARIUS My father's name was Oilman—But after the example and with the advice of many jurists I have latinised the name to Olearius for the decoration of the title page of my legal treatises

LIEBTRAUT You did well to translate yourself a prophet is not honoured in his own country—you books if written in German might have shared the same fate

OLEARIUS That was not the reason

LIEBTRAUT All things have two reasons

ABBOT A prophet is not honoured in his own country

LIEBTRAUT But do you know why most reverend sir?

ABBOT Because he was born and bred there

LIEBTRAUT Well that may be one reason The other is because upon a nearer acquaintance with these gentlemen the halo of glory and honour shed around them by the distant haze totally disappears they are then seen to be nothing more than tiny rushlights!

OLEARIUS It seems you are placed here to tell pleasant truths

LIEBTRAUT As I have wit enough to discover them I do not lack courage to utter them

OLEARIUS Yet you lack the art of applying them well

LIEBTRAUT It is no matter where you place a cupping glass provided it draws blood

OLFARIUS Buffoons are known by their dress and no one takes offence at their scurvy jests Let me advise you as a precaution to bear the badge of your order—a cap and bells'

LIEBTRAUT Where did you take your degree? I only ask, so that should I ever take a fancy to a fool's cap I could at once go to the right shop

OLEARIUS You carry vice enough

LIEBTRAUT And you prunch (*The BISHOP and ABBOT laugh*)

BISHOP Not so warm gentlemen!—Some other subject At table all should be fain and quiet Choose another subject, Liebtraut

LIEBTRAUT Opposite Frankfort lies a village called Sachsenhausen—

OLEARIUS (*to the BISHOP*) What news of the Turkish expedition your excellency?

BISHOP The emperor has most at heart first of all to restore peace to the empire put an end to feuds and secure the strict administration of justice then according to report he will go in person against the enemies of his country and of Christendom At present internal dissensions give him enough to do and the empire despite forty years of peace, is one scene of murder In unconquered Swabia the Upper Rhine and the surrounding countries are laid waste by presumptuous and reckless knights—And here at Bamberg Sickingen Selbitz with one leg and Goetz with the iron hand, scoff at the imperial authority

ABBOT If his Majesty does not exert himself these fellows will at last thrust us into sacks

LIEBTRAUT He would be a sturdy fellow indeed who should thrust the wine butt of Fulda into a sack'

BISHOP Goetz especially has been for many years my mortal foe, and annoys me beyond description But it will not last long I hope The emperor holds his court at

Augsburg We have taken our measures and cannot fail of success—Doctor do you know Adelbert von Weisingen?

OLEARIUS No your eminence

BISHOP If you stay till his arrival you will have the pleasure of seeing a most noble accomplished, and gallant knight

OLEARIUS He must be an excellent man indeed to deserve such praises from such a mouth

LIEBTRAUT And yet he was not bred at any university

BISHOP We know that (*The attendants throng to the window*) What's the matter?

ATTENDANT Faiber Weisingen's servant is riding in at the Castle gate

BISHOP See what he brings He most likely comes to announce his master

(*Exit LIEBTRAUT—They stand up and drink*)

LIEBTRAUT *re enters*

BISHOP What news?

LIEBTRAUT I wish another had to tell it—Weisingen is a prisoner!

BISHOP What?

LIEBTRAUT Berlichingen has seized him and three troopers near Haslach—One is escaped to tell you

ABBOT A Job's messenger!

OLEARIUS I grieve from my heart

BISHOP I will see the servant bring him up—I will speak with him myself Conduct him into my cabinet

[*Exit BISHOP*

ABBOT (*sitting down*) Another draught however

[*The SERVANTS fill round*

OLEARIUS Will not your reverence take a turn in the garden? Post eam stabis seu passus mille meabis

LIEBTRAUT In truth sitting is unhealthy for you You might get an apoplexy (*The ABBOT rises Aside*) Let me but once get him out of doors, I will give him exercise enough!

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V *Jaxthausen*

MARIA WEFISLINGEN

MARIA You love me you say I willingly believe it and hope to be happy with you and to make you happy also

WEISLINGEN I feel nothing but that I am entirely thine (*Embraces her*)

MARIA Softly!—I gave you one kiss for earnest but you must not take possession of what is only yours conditionally

WEISLINGEN You are too strict Maria! Innocent love is pleasing in the sight of Heaven instead of giving offence

MARIA It may be so But I think differently for I have been taught that caresses are like fetters strong through their union and that maidens when they love are weaker than Sampson after the loss of his locks

WEISLINGEN Who taught you so?

MARIA The abbess of my convent Till my sixteenth year I was with her—and it is only with you that I enjoy happiness like that her company afforded me She had loved and could tell—She had a most affectionate heart Oh! she was an excellent woman!

WEISLINGEN Then you resemble her (*Takes her hand*) What will become of me when I am compelled to leave you?

MARIA (*withdrawing her hand*) You will feel some regret, I hope for I know what my feelings will be But you must away!

WEFISLINGEN I know it dearest! and I will—for well I feel what happiness I shall purchase by this sacrifice! Now blessed be your brother and the day on which he rode out to capture me!

MARIA His heart was full of hope for you and himself Farewell! he said at his departure I go to recover my friend

WEISLINGEN That he has done Would that I had studied the arrangement and security of my property, instead of neglecting it and dallying at that worthless court!—then couldst thou have been instantly mine

MARIA Even delay has its pleasures

WEISLINGEN Say not so, Maria, else I shall fear that thy

heart is less warm than mine True I deserve punishment but what hopes will brighten every step of my journey To be wholly thine to live only for thee and thy circle of friends—far removed from the world in the enjoyment of all the raptures which two hearts can mutually bestow What is the favour of princes what the applause of the universe to such simple yet unequalled felicity? Many have been my hopes and wishes, but this happiness surpasses them all

*Enter GOETZ*

GOETZ Your page has returned He can scarcely utter a word for hunger and fatigue My wife has ordered him some refreshment Thus much I have gathered the bishop will not give up my page—imperial commissioners are to be appointed and a day named upon which the matter may be adjusted Be that as it may Adelbert you are free Pledge me but your hand that you will for the future give neither open nor secret assistance to my enemies

WEISLINGEN Here I grasp thy hand From this moment be our friendship and confidence firm and unalterable as a primary law of nature! Let me take this hand also (*takes MARIA'S hand*) and with it the possession of this most noble lady

GOETZ May I say yes for you?

MARIA (*timidly*) If—if it is your wish——

GOETZ Happily our wishes do not differ on this point Thou needst not blush—the glance of thine eye betrays thee Well then Weislingen join hands and I say *Amen!* My friend and brother! I thank thee sister thou canst do more than spin flax for thou hast drawn a thread which can fetter this wandering bird of paradise Yet you look not quite at your ease Adelbert What troubles you? I am perfectly happy! What I but hoped in a dream I now see with my eyes and feel as though I were still dreaming Now my dream is explained I thought last night that in token of reconciliation I gave you this iron hand and that you held it so fast that it broke away from my arm I started, and awoke Had I but dreamed a little longer I should have seen how you gave me a new living hand You must away this instant to put your castle and property in order—That cursed court has made you neglect both I must call my wife—Elizabeth!

MARIA How overjoyed my brother is !

WEISLINGEN Yet I am still more so

GOETZ (*to MARIA*) You will have a pleasant residence

MARIA Franconia is a fine country

WEISLINGEN And I may venture to say that my castle lies in the most fertile and delicious part of it

GOETZ That you may and I can confirm it Look you here flows the Maine around a hill clothed with corn fields and vineyards its top crowned with a Gothic castle then the river makes a sharp turn and glides round behind the rock on which the castle is built The windows of the great hall look perpendicularly down upon the river, and command a prospect of many miles in extent

*Enter ELIZABETH*

ELIZABETH What wouldst thou ?

GOETZ You too must give your hand, and say, God bless you ! They are a pair

ELIZABETH So soon ?

GOETZ But not unexpectedly

ELIZABETH May you ever adore her as ardently as while you sought her hand And then, as your love so be your happiness !

WEISLINGEN Amen ! I seek no happiness but under this condition

GOETZ The bridegroom my love must leave us for awhile for this great change will involve many smaller ones He must first withdraw himself from the bishop's court, in order that their friendship may gradually cool Then he must rescue his property from the hands of selfish stewards, and—— But come sister come Elizabeth let us leave him, his page has no doubt private messages for him

WEISLINGEN Nothing but what you may hear

GOETZ 'Tis needless Franconians and Swabians ! Ye are now more closely united than ever Now we shall be able to keep the princes in check

[*Exeunt GOETZ ELIZABETH, MARIA.*

WEISLINGEN (*alone*) God in heaven ! And canst thou have reserved such happiness for one so unworthy ? It is too much for my heart How meanly I depended upon wretched fools, whom I thought I was governing upon the smile of princes, upon the homage of those around me ! Goetz, my



faithful Goetz thou hast restored me to myself, and thou Maria hast completed my reformation I feel free as if brought from a dungeon into the open air Bamberg will I never see more—will snap all the shameful bonds that have held me beneath myself My heart expands and never more will I degrade myself by struggling for a greatness that is denied me He alone is great and happy who fills his own station of independence and has neither to command nor to obey

*Enter FRANCIS*

FRANCIS God save you noble sir! I bring you so many salutations that I know not where to begin Bamberg and ten miles round cry with a thousand voices God save you

WEISLINGEN Welcome Francis! Bringst thou aught else?

FRANCIS You are held in such consideration at court that it cannot be expressed

WEISLINGEN That will not last long

FRANCIS As long as you live and after your death it will shine with more lustre than the bright characters on a monument How they told your misfortune to heart!

WEISLINGEN And what said the bishop?

FRANCIS His eager curiosity poured out question upon question without giving me time to answer He knew of your accident already for Farber who escaped from Haslach had brought him the tidings But he wished to hear every particular He asked so anxiously whether you were wounded I told him you were whole from the hair of your head to the nail of your little toe

WEISLINGEN And what said he to the proposals?

FRANCIS He was ready at first to give up the page and a ransom to boot for your liberty But when he heard you were to be dismissed without ransom and merely to give your parole that the boy should be set free he was for putting off Berlichingen with some pretence He charged me with a thousand messages to you more than I can ever utter O how he harangued! It was a long sermon upon the text, I cannot live without Weislingen!

WEISLINGEN He must learn to do so

FRANCIS What mean you? He said "Bid him hasten, all the court waits for him"

WEISLINGEN Let them wait on I shall not go to court

FRANCIS Not go to court! My gracious lord, how comes that? If you knew what I know, could you but dream what I have seen——

WEISLINGEN What ails thee?

FRANCIS The bare remembrance takes away my senses Bamberg is no longer Bamberg An angel of heaven in semblance of woman, has taken up her abode there and has made it a paradise

WEISLINGEN Is that all?

FRANCIS May I become a shaven friar, if the first glimpse of her does not drive you frantic!

WEISLINGEN Who is it then?

FRANCIS Adelaide von Walldorf

WEISLINGEN Indeed! I have heard much of her beauty

FRANCIS Heard! You might as well say I have *seen* music So far is the tongue from being able to rehearse the slightest particle of her beauty that the very eye which beholds her cannot drink it all in

WEISLINGEN You are mad

FRANCIS That may well be The last time I was in her company I had no more command over my senses than if I had been drunk or I may rather say I felt like a glorified saint enjoying the angelic vision! All my senses exalted more lively and more perfect than ever yet not one at its owner's command

WEISLINGEN That is strange!

FRANCIS As I took leave of the bishop she sat by him they were playing at chess He was very gracious gave me his hand to kiss and said much of which I heard not a syllable for I was looking on his fair antagonist Her eye was fixed upon the board as if meditating a bold move—Traces of attentive intelligence around the mouth and cheek—I could have wished to be the ivory king The mixture of dignity and feeling on her brow—and the dazzling lustre of her face and neck heightened by her raven tresses——

WEISLINGEN The theme has made you quite poetical

FRANCIS I feel at this moment what constitutes poetic inspiration—a heart altogether wrapt in one idea As the bishop ended, and I made my obeisance, she looked up

and said, "Offer to your master the best wishes of an unknown. Tell him he must come soon. New friends await him. He must not despise them though he is already so rich in old ones. I would have answered but the passage betwixt my heart and my tongue was closed and I only bowed. I would have given all I had for permission to kiss but one of her fingers! As I stood thus the bishop let fall a pawn and in stooping to pick it up I touched the hem of her garment. Transport thrilled through my limbs, and I scarce know how I left the room.

WEISLINGEN Is her husband at court?

FRANCIS She has been a widow these four months and is residing at the court of Bamberg to divert her melancholy. You will see her and to meet her glance is to bask in the sunshine of spring.

WEISLINGEN She would not make so strong an impression on me.

FRANCIS I hear you are as good as married.

WEISLINGEN Would I were really so! My gentle Maria will be the happiness of my life. The sweetness of her soul beams through her mild blue eyes and like an angel of innocence and love she guides my heart to the paths of peace and felicity! Pacl up and then to my castle. I will not to Bamberg though St Bede came in person to fetch me.

[Exit WEISLINGEN]

FRANCIS (*alone*) Not to Bamberg! Heavens forbid! But let me hope the best. Maria is beautiful and amiable and a prisoner or an invalid might easily fall in love with her. Her eyes beam with compassion and melancholy sympathy, but in thine Adelaide is life, fire, spirit. I would—I am a fool. One glance from her has made me so. My master must to Bamberg and I also and either recover my senses or gaze them quite away.

END OF THE FIRST ACT

## ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I BAMBERG *A Hall*

THE BISHOP and ADELAIDE (*playing at chess*) LIEBTRAUT  
(*with a guitar*) LADIES and COURTIERS (*standing in groups*)

LIEBTRAUT (*plays and sings*)

Armed with quiver and bow  
With his torch all around  
Young Cupid comes winging his flight  
Courage glows in his eyes  
As adown from the skies  
He rushes impatient for fight  
Up! Up!  
On! On!  
Hark! The bright quiver rings!  
Hark! The rustle of wings!  
All hail to the delicate spite!  
They welcome the witchin —  
Ah maidens bewitched!  
He finds every bosom  
Uncovered and bare  
In the light of his flambeau  
He kindles his darts —  
They fondle and hug him  
And press to their hearts

ADELAIDE Your thoughts are not in your game Check  
to the king!

BISHOP There is still a way of escape

ADELAIDE You will not be able to hold out long  
Check to the king!

LIEBTRAUT Were I a great prince I would not play at  
this game and would forbid it at court and throughout the  
whole land

ADELAIDE 'Tis indeed a touchstone of the brain

LIEBTRAUT Not on that account! I would rather hear

a funeral bell the cry of the ominous bird the howling of that snarling watch dog conscience, rather would I hear these through the deepest sleep than from bishops knights, and such beasts the eternal—Check to the king!

BISHOP Into whose head could such an idea enter?

LIEBTRAUT A man's for example endowed with a weak body and a strong conscience which for the most part indeed accompany each other Chess is called a royal game and is said to have been invented for a king who rewarded the inventor with a mine of wealth If this be so I can picture him to myself He was a minor either in understanding or in years under the guardianship of his mother or his wife had down upon his chin and flaxen hair around his temples was pliant as a willow shoot and liked to play at draughts with women not from passion God forbid! only for pastime His tutor too active for a scholar too intractable for a man of the world invented the game *in usum Delphini* that was so homogeneous with his majesty—and so on

ADELAIDE Checkmate! You should fill up the chasms in our histories Liebtraut [They rise

LIEBTRAUT To supply those in our family registers would be more profitable The merits of our ancestors being available for a common object with their portraits namely to cover the naked sides of our chambers and of our characters one might turn such an occupation to good account

BISHOP He will not come you say!

ADELAIDE I beseech you banish him from your thoughts

BISHOP What can it mean?

LIEBTRAUT What! The reasons may be told over like the beads of a rosary He has been seized with a fit of compunction of which I could soon cure him

BISHOP Do so ride to him instantly

LIEBTRAUT My commission—

BISHOP Shall be unlimited Spare nothing to bring him back

LIEBTRAUT May I venture to use your name, gracious lady?

ADELAIDE With discretion

LIEBTRAUT That's a vague commission

ADELAIDE Do you know so little of me, or are you so

young as not to understand in what tone you should speak of me to Weislingen?

LIEBTRAUT In the tone of a fowler's whistle, I think

ADELAIDE You will never be reasonable

LIEBTRAUT Does one ever become so gracious lady?

BISHOP Go! Go! Take the best horse in my stable choose your servants and bring him hither

LIEBTRAUT If I do not convince him hither say that an old woman who charms warts and freckles knows more of sympathy than I

BISHOP Yet what will it avail? Berlichingen has wholly gained him over. He will no sooner be here than he will wish to return

LIEBTRAUT He will wish it doubtless, but can he go? A prince's squeeze of the hand and the smiles of a beauty from these no Weislingen can tear himself away. I have the honour to take my leave

BISHOP A prosperous journey!

ADELAIDE Adieu! [Exit LIEBTRAUT

BISHOP When he is once here I must trust to you

ADELAIDE Would you make me your lime twig?

BISHOP By no means

ADELAIDE Your call bird then?

BISHOP No that is Liebtraut's part. I beseech you do not refuse to do for me what no other can

ADELAIDE We shall see [Exeunt

SCENE II *Jaxthausen A Hall in Goetz's Castle*

*Enter GOETZ and HANS VON SEIBITZ*

SELBITZ Every one will applaud you for declaring feud against the Nurembergers

GOETZ It would have eaten my very heart away had I remained longer their debtor. It is clear that they betrayed my page to the Bambergers. They shall have cause to remember me

SELBITZ They have an old grudge against you

GOETZ And I against them. I am glad they have begun the fray

SELBITZ These free towns have always taken part with the priests

GOETZ They have good reason

SELBITZ But we will cook their porridge for them!

GOETZ I reckon upon you Would that the Burgomaster of Nurnberg with his gold chain round his neck, fell in our way wd astonish him with all his cleverness

SELBITZ I hear Weisingen is again on your side Does he really join in our league?

GOETZ Not immediately There are reasons which prevent his openly giving us assistance but for the present it is quite enough that he is not against us The priest with out him is what the stole would be without the priest!

SELBITZ When do we set forward?

GOETZ To-morrow or next day There are merchants of Bamberg and Nuremberg returning from the fair of Frankfurt—We may strike a good blow

SELBITZ Let us hope so!

### SCENE III *The Bishop's Palace at Bamberg*

#### ADELAIDE and her WAITING MAID

ADELAIDE He is here sayest thou? I can scarce believe it

MAID Had I not seen him myself I should have doubted it

ADELAIDE The bishop should frame Liebtraut in gold for such a masterpiece of skill

MAID I saw him as he was about to enter the palace He was mounted on a grey charger The horse started when he came on the bridge and would not move forward The populace thronged up the street to see him They rejoiced at the delay of the unruly horse He was greeted on all sides and he thanked them gracefully all round He sat the curvetting steed with an easy indifference and by threats and soothing brought him to the gate followed by Liebtraut and a few servants

ADELAIDE What do you think of him?

MAID I never saw a man who pleased me so well He is as like that portrait of the emperor, as if he were his son

(*pointing to a picture*) His nose is somewhat smaller but just such gentle light brown eyes just such fine light hair and such a figure! A half melancholy expression on his face I know not how but he pleased me so well

ADELAIDE I am curious to see him

MAID He would be the husband for you!

ADELAIDE Foolish girl!

MAID Children and fools——

*Enter LIEBTRAUT*

Now gracious lady what do I deserve?

ADELAIDE Horns from your wife!—for judging from the present sample of your persuasive powers you have certainly endangered the honour of many a worthy family

LIEBTRAUT Not so be assured gracious lady

ADELAIDE How did you contrive to bring him?

LIEBTRAUT You know how they catch snipes and why should I detail my little stratagems to you?—First I pretended to have heard nothing did not understand the reason of his behaviour and put him upon the disadvantage of telling me the whole story at length—then I saw the matter in quite a different light to what he did—could not find—could not see and so forth—then I gossiped things great and small about Bamberg and recalled to his memory certain old recollections and when I had succeeded in occupying his imagination I knitted together many a broken association of ideas He knew not what to say—felt a new attraction towards Bamberg—he would and he would not When I found him begin to waver and saw him too much occupied with his own feelings to suspect my sincerity I threw over his head a halter woven of the three powerful cords beauty court favour and flattery, and dragged him hither in triumph

ADELAIDE What said you of me?

LIEBTRAUT The simple truth—that you were in perplexity about your estates and had hoped as he had so much influence with the emperor all would be satisfactorily settled

ADELAIDE 'Tis well

LIEBTRAUT The bishop will introduce him to you

ADELAIDE I expect them [*Exit LIEBTRAUT*] And with such feelings have I seldom expected a visitor



SCENE IV *The Spessart*

*Enter SELBITZ GOETZ and GEORGE in the armour  
and dress of a trooper*

GOETZ So thou didst not find him George?

GEORGE He had ridden to Bamberg the day before, with Liebtraut and two servants

GOETZ I cannot understand what this means

SELBITZ I see it well—your reconciliation was almost too speedy to be lasting—Liebtraut is a cunning fellow and has no doubt inveigled him over

GOETZ Think st thou he will become a traitor?

SELBITZ The first step is tal en

GOETZ I will never believe it Who knows what he may have to do at court—his affairs are still unarranged Let us hope for the best

SELBITZ Would to Heaven he were deserving of your good opinion and have acted for the best!

GOETZ A thought still es me!—We will disguise George in the spoils of the Burbei, trooper and furnish him with the password—he may then ride to Bamberg and see how matters stand

GEORGE I have long wished to do so

GOETZ It is thy first expedition Be careful boy I should be sorry if ill befel thee

GEORGE Never fear I care not how many of them crawl about me, I think no more of them than of rats and mice

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V *The Bishop's Palace His Cabinet*

THE BISHOP and WEISLINGEN

BISHOP Then thou wilt stay no longer?

WEISLINGEN You would not have me break my oath

BISHOP I could have wished thou hadst not sworn it—What evil spirit possessed thee?—Could I not have procured thy release without that? Is my influence so small in the imperial court?

WEISLINGEN The thing is done!—excuse it as you can

BISHOP I cannot see that there was the least necessity for taking such a step—To renounce me?—Were there not a thousand other ways of procuring thy freedom?—Had we

not his page? And would I not have given gold enough to boot? and thus satisfied Berlichingen Our operations against him and his confederates could have gone on——But alas! I do not reflect that I am talking to his friend who has joined him against me and can easily counterwork the mines he himself has dug

WEISLINGEN My gracious lord

BISHOP And yet—when I again look on thy face, again hear thy voice—it is impossible—impossible!

WEISLINGEN Farewell good my lord!

BISHOP I give thee my blessing—formerly when we parted I was wont to say 'Ill we meet again'—Now Heaven grant we meet no more!

WEISLINGEN Things may alter

BISHOP Perhaps I may live to see thee appear as an enemy before my walls crying havoc through the fertile plains which now owe their flourishing condition to thee

WEISLINGEN Never my gracious lord!

BISHOP You cannot say so My temporal neighbours all have a grudge against me—but while thou wert mine——Go Weislingen!—I have no more to say—I thou hast undone much—Go—

WEISLINGEN I know not what to answer [Exit BISHOP  
Enter FRANCIS

FRANCIS The Lady Adelaide expects you She is not well—but she will not let you depart without bidding her adieu

WEISLINGEN Come

FRANCIS Do we go then for certain?

WEISLINGEN This very night

FRANCIS I feel as if I were about to leave the world—

WEISLINGEN I too and as if besides I knew not whither to go

## SCENE VI *Adelaide's Apartment*

### ADELAIDE and WAITING MAID

MAID You are pale gracious lady!

ADELAIDE I love him not yet I wish him to stay—for I am fond of his company, though I should dislike him for my husband

MAID Does your ladyship think he will go?

ADELAIDE He is even now bidding the bishop farewell

MAID He has yet a severe struggle to undergo

ADELAIDE What meanest thou?

MAID Why do you ask gracious lady? The barb'd hook is in his heart—ere he tear it away he must bleed to death.

*Enter WEISLINGEN*

WEISLINGEN You are not well gracious lady!

ADELAIDE That must be indifferent to you—you leave us leave us forever what matters it to you whether we live or die?

WEISLINGEN You do me injustice

ADELAIDE I judge you as you appear

WEISLINGEN Appearances are deceitful

ADELAIDE Then you are a camelion

WEISLINGEN Could you but see my heart—

ADELAIDE I should see fine things there

WEISLINGEN Undoubtedly!—You would find your own image—

ADELAIDE Thrust into some dark corner with the pictures of defunct ancestors! I beseech you Weislingen consider with whom you speak—false words are of value only when they serve to veil our actions—a discovered masquerader plays a pitiful part You do not disown your deeds yet your words belie them what are we to think of you?

WEISLINGEN What you will—I am so agonised at reflecting on what I am that I little reck for what I am taken

ADELAIDE You came to say farewell

WEISLINGEN Permit me to kiss your hand and I will say adieu!—You remind me—I did not think—but I am troublesome—

ADELAIDE You misinterpret me Since you will depart I only wished to assist your resolution

WEISLINGEN O say rather I must!—were I not compelled by my knightly word—my solemn engagement—

ADELAIDE Go to! Talk of that to maidens who read the tale of Theucrdanck and wish that they had such a husband—knightly word!—Nonsense!

WEISLINGEN You do not think so?

ADELAIDE On my honour you are dissembling What have you promised? and to whom? You have pledged your alliance to a traitor to the emperor at the very moment when he incurred the ban of the empire by taking you prisoner

Such an agreement is no more binding than an extorted unjust oath And do not our laws release you from such oaths? Go tell that to children who believe in Rubezahl There is something behind all this—To become an enemy of the empire—a disturber of public happiness and tranquillity an enemy of the emperor the associate of a robber!—Thou Weislingen with thy gentle soul!

WEISLINGEN Did but you know him

ADELAIDE I would deal justly with Goetz He has a lofty indomitable spirit and woe to thee therefore Weislingen Go and persuade thyself thou art his companion Go, and receive his commands Thou art courteous gentle—

WEISLINGEN And he too

ADELAIDE But thou art yielding and he is stubborn Imperceptibly will he draw thee on Thou wilt become the slave of a baron thou that mightest command princes!— Yet it is cruel to make you discontented with your future position

WEISLINGEN Did you but know what kindness he showed me

ADELAIDE Kindness!—Do you make such a merit of that? It was his duty And what would you have lost had he acted otherwise I would rather he had done so An overbearing man like—

WEISLINGEN You speak of your enemy

ADELAIDE I speak for your freedom yet I know not why I should take so much interest in it Farewell!

WEISLINGEN Permit me, but a moment (*Takes her and A pause*)

ADELAIDE Have you ought to say?

WEISLINGEN I must hence

ADELAIDE Then go

WEISLINGEN Gracious lady I cannot

ADELAIDE You must

WEISLINGEN And is this your parting look?

ADELAIDE Go I am unwell very inopportunistly

WEISLINGEN Look not on me thus!

ADELAIDE Wilt thou be our enemy, and yet have us smile upon thee—go!

WEISLINGEN Adelaide!

ADELAIDE I hate thee!

*Enter Francis*

FRANCIS Noble sir the bishop inquires for you

ADELAIDE Go' go'

FRANCIS He begs you to come instantly

ADELAIDE Go' Go'

WEISLINGEN I do not say adieu I shall see you again

[*Exeunt WEISLINGEN and FRANCIS*

ADELAIDE Thou wilt see me again? We must provide for that Margaret when he comes refuse him admittance Say I am ill have a head ache am asleep anything If this does not detain him nothing will [Exeunt

SCENE VII *An ante room*

WEISLINGEN and FRANCIS

WEISLINGEN She will not see me'

FRANCIS Night draws on shall we saddle?

WEISLINGEN She will not see me'

FRANCIS Shall I order the horses?

WEISLINGEN It is too late we stay here

FRANCIS God be praised! [Exit

WEISLINGEN (*alone*) Thou stayest! Be on thy guard—the temptation is great My horse started at the castle gate My good angel stood before him he knew the danger that awaited me Yet it would be wrong to leave in confusion the various affairs entrusted to me by the bishop, without at least so arranging them that my successor may be able to continue where I left off That I can do without breach of faith to Berlichingen and when it is done no one shall detain me Yet it would have been better that I had never come But I will away—to morrow—or next day — is decided!

[Exit

SCENE VIII *The Spessart*

*Enter GOETZ SELBITZ and GEORGE*

SELBITZ You see it has turned out as I prophesied

GOETZ No no no

GEORGE I tell you the truth believe me I did as you commanded took the dress and pass word of the Bamberg trooper and escorted some peasants of the Lower Rhine who paid my expenses for my convey

SELBITZ In that disguise? It might have cost thee dear

GEORGE So I begin to think now that it's over A trooper who thinks of danger beforehand will never do any thing great I got safely to Bamberg and in the very first inn I heard them tell how the bishop and Weisingen were reconciled and how Weisingen was to marry the widow of Von Walldorf

GOETZ Meie gossip!

GEORGE I saw him as he led her to table She is lovely by my faith most lovely! We all bowed—she thanked us all He nodded and seemed highly pleased They passed on, and everybody murmured What a handsome pair!

GOETZ That may be

GEORGE Listen further The next day as he went to mass I watched my opportunity he was attended only by his squire I stood at the steps and whispered to him as he passed A few words from your friend Berlichingen He started—I marked the confession of guilt in his face He had scarcely the heart to look at me—me a poor trooper's boy!

SELBIEZ His evil conscience degrades him more than thy condition does thee

GEORGE Art thou of Bamberg? said he The Knight of Berlichingen greets you said I ' and I am to enquire—

Come to my apartment to morrow morning quoth he, ' and we will speak further

GOETZ And you went

GEORGE Yes certainly I went and waited in his ante-chamber a long—long time—and his pages in their silken doublets stared at me from head to foot Stare on thought I At length I was admitted He seemed angry But what cared I? I gave my message He began blustering like a coward who wants to look brave He wondered that you should take him to task through a trooper's boy That angered me There are but two sorts of people said I true men and scoundrels and I serve Goetz of Berlichingen Then he began to talk all manner of nonsense which all tended to one point namely that you had hurried him into an agreement that he owed you no allegiance and would have nothing to do with you

GOETZ Hadst thou that from his own mouth?

GEORGE That and yet more He threatened me—

GOETZ It is enough He is lost for ever Faith and

confidence again have ye deceived me Poor Maria! how am I to break this to you?

SELBITZ I would rather lose my other leg than be such a rascal

SCENE IX *Hall in the Bishop's Palace at Bamberg*

ADELAIDE and WEISLINGEN *discovered*

ADELAIDE Time begins to hang insupportably heavy here I dare not speak seriously and I am ashamed to trifle with you Ennui thou art worse than a slow fever

WEISLINGEN Are you tired of me already?

ADELAIDE Not so much of you as of your society I would you had gone when you wished, and that we had not detained you

WEISLINGEN Such is woman's favour! At first she fosters with maternal warmth our dearest hopes and then like an inconstant hen she forsakes the nest and abandons the infant brood to death and decay

ADELAIDE Yes you may rail at women The reckless gambler tears and curses the harmless cuds which have been the instruments of his loss But let me tell you something about *men* What are you that talk about fickleness? You that are seldom even what you would wish to be never what you should be Princes in holiday garb! the envy of the vulgar O what would a tailor's wife not give for a necklace of the pearls on the skirt of your robe which you kick back contemptuously with your heels

WEISLINGEN You are severe

ADELAIDE It is but the antistrophe to your song Ere I knew you Weislingen I felt like the tailor's wife Hundred tongued rumour to speak without metaphor had so extolled you in quack doctor fashion that I was tempted to wish—O that I could but see this quintessence of manhood this phoenix Weislingen! My wish was granted

WEISLINGEN And the phoenix turned out a dunghill cock

ADELAIDE No Weislingen I took an interest in you

WEISLINGEN So it appeared

ADELAIDE So it *was*—for you really surpassed your reputation The multitude prize only the reflection of worth For my part, I do not care to scrutinize the character of those

whom I esteem, so we lived on for some time I felt there was a deficiency in you but knew not what I missed at length my eyes were opened—I saw instead of the energetic being who gave impulse to the affairs of a kingdom and was ever alive to the voice of fame—who was wont to pile princely project on project till like the mountains of the Titans they reached the clouds—instead of all this I saw a man as querulous as a love sick poet as melancholy as a slighted damsel and more indolent than an old bachelor I first ascribed it to your misfortune which still lay at your heart and excused you as well as I could but now that it daily becomes worse you must really forgive me if I withdraw my favour from you You possess it unjustly I bestowed it for life on a hero who cannot transfer it to you

WEISLINGEN Dismiss me then

ADELAIDE Not till all chance of recovery is lost Solitude is fatal in your distemper Alas! poor man! you are as dejected as one whose first love has proved false and therefore I won't give you up Give me your hand and pardon what affection has urged me to say

WEISLINGEN Couldst thou but love me couldst thou but retain the fervour of my passion with the least glow of sympathy—Adelaide thy reproaches are most unjust Couldst thou but guess the hundredth part of my sufferings thou wouldst not have tortured me so unmercifully with encouragement indifference and contempt You smile To be reconciled to myself after the step I have taken must be the work of more than one day How can I plot against the man who has been so recently and so vividly restored to my affection

ADELAIDE Strange being! Can you love him whom you envy? It is like sending provisions to an enemy

WEISLINGEN I well know that here there must be no dallying He is aware that I am again Weislingen and he will watch his advantage over us Besides Adelaide, we are not so sluggish as you think Our troopers are reinforced and watchful our schemes are proceeding and the diet of Augsburg will I hope soon bring them to a favourable issue

ADELAIDE You go there?

WEISLINGEN If I could carry a glimpse of hope with me  
[Kisses her hand



**ADELAIDE** Oh ' ye infidels ' Always signs and wonders required Go Weisingen and accomplish the work ' The interest of the bishop yours and mine are all so linked together that were it only for policy's sake—

**WEISLINGEN** You jest

**ADELAIDE** I do not jest The haughty duke has seized my property Goetz will not be slow to ravage yours and if we do not hold together as our enemies do and gain over the emperor to our side we are lost

**WEISLINGEN** I fear nothing Most of the princes think with us The emperor needs assistance against the Turks and it is therefore just that he should help us in his turn What rapture for me to rescue your fortune from rapacious enemies to crush the mutinous chivalry of Swabia, to restore peace to the bishopric and then—

**ADELAIDE** One day brings on another and fate is mistress of the future

**WEISLINGEN** But we must lend our endeavours

**ADELAIDE** We do so

**WEISLINGEN** But seriously

**ADELAIDE** Well then seriously Do but go—

**WEISLINGEN** I enchantress! [*Exeunt*

## SCENE X *An Inn*

### *The Bridal of a PEASANT*

*The BRIDE'S FATHER, BRIDE BRIDEGROOM and other Country folks GOETZ of Berlichingen and HANS of Selbitz all discovered at table PROOPERS and PEASANTS attend*

**GOETZ** It was the best way thus to settle your law suit by a merry bridal

**BRIDE'S FATHER** Better than ever I could have dreamed of noble sir—to spend my days in peace and quiet with my neighbour and have a daughter provided for to boot

**BRIDEGROOM** And I to get the bone of contention and a pretty wife into the bargain! Aye the prettiest in the whole village Would to Heaven you had consented sooner

**GOETZ** How long have you been at law?

**BRIDE'S FATHER** About eight years I would rather

have the fever for twice that time than go through with it again from the beginning For these periwigged gentry never give a decision till you tear it out of their very hearts and after all what do you get for your pains? The Devil fly away with the assessor Sapupi for a damn'd swarthy Italian!

BRIDEGROOM Yes, he's a pretty fellow, I was before him twice

BRIDE'S FATHER And I thrice and look ye gentlemen we got a judgment at last which set forth that he was as much in the right as I, and I as much as he so there we stood like a couple of fools till a good Providence put it into my head to give him my daughter and the ground besides

GOETZ (*drum's*) To your better understanding for the future

BRIDE'S FATHER With all my heart! But come what may I'll never go to law again as long as I live What a mint of money it costs! For every bow made to you by a procurator you must come down with your dollars

SELBITZ But there are annual imperial visitations

BRIDE'S FATHER I have never heard of them Many an extra dollar have they contrived to squeeze out of me The expenses are horrible

GOETZ How mean you?

BRIDE'S FATHER Why look you these gentlemen of the law are always holding out their hands The assessor alone God forgive him eased me of eighteen golden guilders

BRIDEGROOM Who?

BRIDE'S FATHER Why who else but Sapupi

GOETZ That is infamous

BRIDE'S FATHER Yes he asked twenty and there I had to pay them in the great hall of his fine country house I thought my heart would burst with anguish For look you my lord I am well enough off with my house and little farm but how could I raise the ready cash? I stood there God knows how it was with me I had not a single farthing to carry me on my journey At last I took courage and told him my case when he saw I was desperate he flung me back a couple of guilders and sent me about my business

BRIDEGROOM Impossible! Sapuri?

BRIDE S FATHER Aye he himself!—What do you stare at?

BRIDEGROOM Devil take the rascal! He took fifteen guilders from me too!

BRIDE S FATHER The deuce he did!

SELBITZ They call us robbers Goetz!

BRIDE S FATHER Bribed on both sides! That's why the judgment fell out so queer—Oh! the scoundrel!

GOETZ You must not let this pass unnoticed

BRIDE S FATHER What can we do?

GOETZ Why—go to Spire where there is an imperial visitation make your complaint, they must enquire into it and help you to your own again

BRIDEGROOM Does your honour think we shall succeed?

GOETZ If I might take him in hand I could promise it you

SELBITZ The sum is worth an attempt

GOETZ Aye, many a day have I ridden out for the fourth part of it

BRIDE S FATHER (to BRIDEGROOM) What thinkst thou?

BRIDEGROOM We'll try come what may

*Enter GEORGE*

GEORGE The Nurembergers have set out

GOETZ Whereabouts are they?

GEORGE If we ride off quietly we shall just catch them in the wood betwixt Berheim and Muhlbach

SELBITZ Excellent!

GOETZ Well my children God bless you and help every man to his own!

BRIDE S FATHER Thanks gallant sir! Will you not stay to supper?

GOETZ I cannot Adieu!

[*Exeunt GOETZ, SELBITZ, and TROOPERS*

## ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I *A Garden at Augsburg**Enter two MERCHANTS of Nuremberg*

FIRST MERCHANT We'll stand here for the emperor must pass this way He is just coming up the long avenue

SECOND MERCHANT Who is that with him?

FIRST MERCHANT Adalbert of Weisingen

SECOND MERCHANT The bishop's friend That's lucky!

FIRST MERCHANT We'll throw ourselves at his feet

SECOND MERCHANT See! they come

*Enter the EMPEROR and WEISLINGEN*

FIRST MERCHANT He looks displeas'd

EMPEROR I am dishearten'd Weisingen When I review my past life I am ready to despair So many half—aye, and wholly ruin'd undertakings—and all because the pettiest feudatory of the empire thinks more of gratifying his own whims than of seconding my endeavours

*[The MERCHANTS throw themselves at his feet*

FIRST MERCHANT Most mighty! Most gracious!

EMPEROR Who are ye? What seek ye?

FIRST MERCHANT Poor merchants of Nuremberg your majesty's devoted servants who implore your aid Goetz von Berlichingen and Hans von Selbitz fell upon thirty of us as we journeyed from the fair of Frankfort under an escort from Bamberg they overpowered and plundered us We implore your imperial assistance to obtain redress, else we are all ruin'd men and shall be compelled to beg our bread

EMPEROR Good heavens! What is this? The one has but one hand the other but one leg, if they both had two hands and two legs what would you do then!

FIRST MERCHANT We most humbly beseech your majesty to cast a look of compassion upon our unfortunate condition

EMPEROR How is this —If a merchant loses a bag of pepper, all Germany is to rise in arms but when business

is to be done, in which the imperial majesty and the empire are interested should it concern dukedoms principalities, or kingdoms there is no bringing you together

WEISLINGEN You come at an unseasonable time Go, and stay at Augsburg for a few days

MERCHANTS We make our most humble obeisance

[*Exeunt* MERCHANTS

EMPEROR Again new disturbances they multiply like the hydra's heads!

WEISLINGEN And can only be extirpated with fire and sword

EMPEROR Do you think so?

WEISLINGEN Nothing seems to me more advisable could your majesty and the princes but accommodate your other unimportant disputes It is not the body of the state that complains of this malady—Franconia and Swabia alone glow with the embers of civil discord and even there many of the nobles and free barons long for quiet Could we but crush Sickingen Selbitz—and—and—and Berlichingen the others would soon fall asunder for it is the spirit of these knights which quickens the turbulent multitude

EMPEROR I am would I spur them they are noble and hardy Should I be engaged in war they would follow me to the field

WEISLINGEN It is to be wished they had at all times known their duty though even in that case it would have been dangerous to reward their mutinous bravery by offices of trust For it is exactly this imperial mercy and forgiveness which they have hitherto so grievously abused and upon which the hope and confidence of their league rests and this spirit cannot be quelled till we have wholly destroyed their power in the eyes of the world and taken from them all hope of ever recovering their lost influence

EMPEROR You advise severe measures then?

WEISLINGEN I see no other means of quelling the spirit of insurrection which has seized upon whole provinces Do we not already hear the bitterest complaints from the nobles that their vassals and serfs rebel against them question their authority and threaten to curtail their hereditary prerogatives? A proceeding which would involve the most fearful consequences

EMPEROR This were a fair occasion for proceeding against Berlichingen and Selbitz, but I will not have them personally injured. Could they be taken prisoners they should swear to renounce their feuds and to remain in their own castles and territories upon their knightly parole. At the next session of the Diet we will propose this plan.

WEISINGEN A general exclamation of joyful assent will spare your majesty the trouble of particular detail

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Jaxthausen*

*Enter* GOETZ and FRANZ VON SICKINGEN

SICKINGEN Yes my friend I come to beg the heart and hand of your noble sister

GOETZ I would you had come sooner. Weisingen during his imprisonment obtained her affections proposed for her and I gave my consent. I let the bird loose and he now despises the benevolent hand that fed him in his distress. He flutters about to seek his food. God knows upon what hedge

SICKINGEN Is this so?

GOETZ Even as I tell you

SICKINGEN He has broken a double bond. 'Tis well for you that you were not more closely allied with the traitor

GOETZ The poor maiden passes her life in lamentation and prayer

SICKINGEN I will comfort her

GOETZ What! Could you make up your mind to marry a forsaken—

SICKINGEN It is to the honour of you both to have been deceived by him. Should the poor girl be caged in a cloister because the first man who gained her love proved a villain? Not so, I insist on it. She shall be mistress of my castles!

GOETZ I tell you he was not indifferent to her

SICKINGEN Do you think I cannot efface the recollection of such a wretch? Let us go to her

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The Camp of the Party sent to execute the Imperial mandate*

*Imperial CAPTAIN and OFFICERS discovered*

CAPTAIN We must be cautious and spare our people as much as possible Besides we have strict orders to over power and take him alive It will be difficult to obey, for who will engage with him hand to hand?

FIRST OFFICER 'Tis true And he will fight like a wild boar Besides he has never in his whole life injured any of us so each will be glad to leave to the other the honour of risking life and limb to please the emperor

SECOND OFFICER 'Twere shame to us should we not take him Had I him once by the ears he should not easily escape

FIRST OFFICER Don't seize him with your teeth however, he might chance to run away with your jaw bone My good young sir such men are not taken like a runaway thief

SECOND OFFICER We shall see

CAPTAIN By this time he must have had our summons We must not delay I mean to dispatch a troop to watch his motions

SECOND OFFICER Let me lead it

CAPTAIN You are unacquainted with the country

SECOND OFFICER I have a servant who was born and bred here

CAPTAIN That will do [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Jaxthausen*

SICKINGEN (*alone*)

All goes as I wish! She was somewhat startled at my proposal and looked at me from head to foot, I'll wager she was comparing me with her gallant Thank Heaven I can stand the scrutiny! She answered little and confusedly So much the better! Let it work for a time

A proposal of marriage does not come amiss after such a cruel disappointment

*Enter GOETZ*

SICKINGEN What news brother ?

GOETZ They have laid me under the ban

SICKINGEN How ?

GOETZ There read the edifying epistle The emperor has issued an edict against me which gives my body for food to the beasts of the earth and the fowls of the air

SICKINGEN They shall first furnish them with a dinner themselves I am here in the very nick of time

GOETZ No Sickingen you must leave me Your great undertakings might be ruined should you become the enemy of the emperor at so unseasonable a time Besides you can be of more use to me by remaining neutral The worst that can happen is my being made prisoner and then your good word with the emperor who esteems you may rescue me from the misfortune into which your untimely assistance would irremediably plunge us both To what purpose should you do otherwise ? These troops are marching against me and if they knew we were united their numbers would only be increased and our position would consequently be no better The emperor is at the fountain head and I should be utterly ruined were it as easy to inspire soldiers with courage as to collect them into a body

SICKINGEN But I can privately reinforce you with a score of troopers

GOETZ Good I have already sent George to Selbitz and to my people in the neighbourhood My dear brother when my forces are collected they will be such a troop as few princes can bring together

SICKINGEN It will be small against the multitude

GOETZ One wolf is too many for a whole flock of sheep

SICKINGEN But if they have a good shepherd ?

GOETZ Never fear ! They are all hirelings and then even the best knight can do but little if he cannot act as he pleases It happened once that to oblige the Palsgrave I went to serve against Conrad Schotten they then presented me with a paper of instructions from the chancery which set forth—Thus and thus must you proceed I threw down the paper before the magistrates and told them



I could not act according to it, that something might happen unprovided for in my instructions and that I must use my own eyes and judge what was best to be done

SICKINGEN Good luck brother! I will hence, and send thee what men I can collect in haste

GOETZ Come first to the women I left them together I would you had her consent before you depart! Then send me the troopers and come back in private to carry away my Maria for my castle I fear will shortly be no abode for women

SICKINGEN We will hope for the best [Exeunt

SCENE V *Bamberg Adelaide's Chamber*

ADELAIDE and FRANCIS

ADELAIDE They have already set out to enforce the ban against both?

FRANCIS Yes and my master has the happiness of marching against your enemies I would gladly have gone also, however rejoiced I always am at being dispatched to you But I will away instantly and soon return with good news, my master has allowed me to do so

ADELAIDE How is he?

FRANCIS He is well and commanded me to kiss your hand

ADELAIDE There!—Thy lips glow

FRANCIS (*aside pressing his breast*) Here glows some thing yet more fiery (*Aloud*) Gracious lady your servants are the most fortunate of beings!

ADELAIDE Who goes against Berlichingen?

FRANCIS The Baron von Sirau Farewell! Dearest most gracious lady I must away Forget me not!

ADELAIDE Thou must first take some rest and refreshment

FRANCIS I need none for I have seen you! I am neither weary nor hungry

ADELAIDE I know thy fidelity

FRANCIS Ah gracious lady!

ADELAIDE You can never hold out, you *must* repose and refresh yourself

FRANCIS You are too kind to a poor youth [Exit  
 ADELAIDE The tears stood in his eyes I love him  
 from my heart Never did man attach himself to me with  
 such warmth of affection [Exit

SCENE VI *Jaxthausen*

GOETZ and GEORGE

GEORGE He wants to speak with you in person I do not  
 know him—he is a tall well made man with keen dark eyes

GOETZ Admit him [Exit GEORGE

*Enter LERSE*

GOETZ God save you! What bring you?

LERSE Myself not much but such as it is, it is at your  
 service

GOETZ You are welcome doubly welcome! A brave  
 man and at a time when far from expecting new friends  
 I was in hourly fear of losing the old Your name?

LERSE Franz Lerse

GOETZ I thank you Franz for making me acquainted  
 with a brave man!

LERSE I made you acquainted with me once before, but  
 then you did not thank me for my pains

GOETZ I have no recollection of you

LERSE I should be sorry if you had Do you recollect  
 when to please the Palsgrave you rode against Conrad  
 Schotten and went through Hassfurt on an Allhallows eve?

GOETZ I remember it well

LERSE And twenty five troopers encountered you in a  
 village by the way?

GOETZ Exactly I at first took them for only twelve I  
 divided my party which amounted but to sixteen and halted  
 in the village behind the barn intending to let them ride  
 by Then I thought of falling upon them in the rear as I  
 had concerted with the other troop

LERSE We saw you however and stationed ourselves  
 on a height above the village You drew up beneath the hill  
 and halted When we perceived that you did not intend to  
 come up to us we rode down to you

GOETZ And then I saw for the first time that I had

thrust my hand into the fire Five and twenty against eight is no jesting business Everard Truchsess killed one of my followers for which I knocked him off his horse Had they all behaved like him and one other trooper it would have been all over with me and my little band

LERSE And that trooper——

GOETZ Was as gallant a fellow as I ever saw He attacked me fiercely and when I thought I had given him enough and was engaged elsewhere he was upon me again and laid on like a fury he cut quite through my armour and wounded me in the arm

LERSE Have you forgiven him ?

GOETZ He pleased me only too well

LERSE I hope then you have cause to be contented with me since the proof of my valour was on your own person

GOETZ Art thou he ? O welcome ! welcome ! Canst thou boast Maximilian that amongst thy followers thou hast gained one after this fashion ?

LERSE I wonder you did not sooner hit upon me

GOETZ How could I think that the man would engage in my service who did his best to overpower me ?

LERSE Even so my lord From my youth upwards I have served as a trooper and have had a tussle with many a knight I was overjoyed when we met you, for I had heard of your prowess and wished to know you Yow saw I gave way and that it was not from cowardice for I returned to the charge In short I learnt to know you, and from that hour I resolved to enter your service

GOETZ How long wilt thou engage with me ?

LERSE For a year without pay

GOETZ No thou shalt have as the others nay more, as befits him who gave me so much work at Remlin

*Enter GEORGE*

GEORGE Hans of Selbitz greets you To morrow he will be here with fifty men

GOETZ 'Tis well

GEORGE There is a troop of Imperialists riding down the hill doubtless to reconnoitre

GOETZ How many ?

GEORGE About fifty

GOETZ Only fifty ! Come Lerse, we ll have a slash at



towards the marsh ) Alas he is sunk !—Michael !—He hears me not he is suffocated—Poor coward art thou done for—  
We are slain—Enemies ! Enemies on all sides !

*Re enter GOETZ and GEORGE on horseback*

GOETZ Yield thee fellow or thou diest !

IMPERIALIST Spare my life !

GOETZ Thy sword !—George lead him to the other prisoners whom Larse is guarding yonder in the wood—I must pursue their fugitive leader [Exit

IMPERIALIST What has become of the knight our officer ?

GEORGE My master struck him head over heels from his horse so that his plume stuck in the mire His troopers got him up and ran as if the devil were behind them

[*Exeunt*

### SCENE VIII *Camp of the Imperialists*

CAPTAIN and FIRST OFFICER

FIRST OFFICER They fly from afar towards the camp

CAPTAIN He is most likely hard at their heels—Draw out fifty as far as the mill if he follows up the pursuit too far you may perhaps entrap him [Exit OFFICER

*The SECOND OFFICER is borne in*

CAPTAIN How now, my young sir—have you got a cracked headpiece ?

OFFICER A plague upon you ! The stoutest helmet went to shivers like glass The demon !—he ran upon me as if he would strike me into the earth !

CAPTAIN Thank God that you have escaped with your life

OFFICER There is little left to be thankful for two of my ribs are broken—where s the surgeon ? [He is carried off

### SCENE IX *Jaxthausen*

*Enter GOETZ and SELBITZ*

GOETZ And what say you to the ban Selbitz ?

SELBITZ Tis a trial of Weisingen s

GOETZ Do you think so ?

SELBITZ I do not think—I know it

GOETZ How so ?

SELBITZ He was at the Diet, I tell thee, and near the emperor's person

GOETZ Well then, we shall frustrate another of his schemes

SELBITZ I hope so

GOETZ We will away ! and course these hares

### SCENE X *The Imperial Camp*

CAPTAIN OFFICERS and FOLLOWERS

CAPTAIN We shall gain nothing at this work sirs ! He beats one troop after another and whoever escapes death or captivity would rather fly to Turkey than return to the camp Thus our force diminishes daily We must attack him once for all and in earnest—I will go myself and he shall find with whom he has to deal

OFFICER We are all content but he is so well acquainted with the country and knows every path and ravine so thoroughly that he will be as difficult to find as a rat in a barn

CAPTAIN I warrant you well ferret him out On towards Jaxthausen ! Whether he like it or not, he must come to defend his castle

OFFICER Shall our whole force march ?

CAPTAIN Yes certainly—do you know that a hundred of us are melted away already ?

OFFICER Then let us away with speed before the whole snow-ball dissolves for this is warm work and we stand here like butter in the sunshine [Exeunt—A march sounded

### SCENE XI *Mountains and a Wood*

GOETZ SELBITZ and TROOPERS

GOETZ They are coming in full force It was high time that Sickingen's troopers joined us

SELBITZ We will divide our party—I will take the left hand by the hill

GOETZ Good—and do thou Lerse lead fifty men straight through the wood on the right They are coming across the

heath—I will draw up opposite to them George, stay by me—when you see them attack me, then fall upon their flank we'll beat the knaves into a mummy—they little think we can face them [Exeunt

SCENE XII *A heath—on one side an eminence, with a ruined tower on the other the forest*

*Enter marching the CAPTAIN OF THE IMPERIALISTS with OFFICERS and his SQUADRON—Drums and standards*

CAPTAIN He halts upon the heath! that's too impudent He shall smart for it—what! not fear the torrent that threatens to overwhelm him!

OFFICER I had rather you did not head the troops he looks as if he meant to plant the first that comes upon him in the mire with his head downmost Prithce ride in the rear

CAPTAIN Not so

OFFICER I entreat you You are the knot which unites this bundle of hazel twigs loose it and he will break them separately like so many reeds

CAPTAIN Sound trumpeter—and let us blow him to hell!

[A charge sounded—Exeunt in full career

SELBITZ, with his TROOPERS comes from behind the hill, galloping

SELBITZ Follow me! They shall wish that they could multiply their hands

[They gallop across the stage et exeunt

Loud alarm—LERSE and his party sally from the wood

LERSE Ho! to the rescue! Goetz is almost surrounded—Gallant Selbitz thou hast cut thy way—we will sow the heath with these thistle heads [Gallop off

[A loud alarm with shouting and firing for some minutes

SELBITZ is borne in wounded by two TROOPERS]

SELBITZ Leave me here, and hasten to Goetz

FIRST TROOPER Let us stay sir—you need our aid

SELBITZ Get one of you on the watch tower, and tell me how it goes

FIRST TROOPER How shall I get up?

SECOND TROOPER Mount upon my shoulders—you can then reach the ruined part and thence scramble up to the opening [FIRST TROOPER gets up into the tower

FIRST TROOPER, Alas ! Sir !

SELBITZ What seest thou ?

FIRST TROOPER Your troopers fly towards the hill

SELBITZ Rascally cowards !—I would that they stood their ground and I had a ball through my head !—Ride one of you full speed—Curse and thunder them back to the field—Seest thou Goetz ?

[*Exit* SECOND TROOPER

TROOPER I see his three black feathers floating in the midst of the wavy tumult

SELBITZ Swim brave swimmer—I lie here

TROOPER A white plume—whose is that ?

SELBITZ The captain s

TROOPER Goetz gallops upon him—crash ! Down he goes !

SELBITZ The captain ?

TROOPER Yes Sir

SELBITZ Hurrah ! hurrah !

TROOPER Alas ! alas ! I see Goetz no more

SELBITZ Then die Selbitz !

TROOPER A dreadful tumult where he stood—George s blue plume vanishes too

SELBITZ Come down ! Dost thou not see Lerse ?

TROOPER No !—Everything is in confusion !

SELBITZ No more Come down—How do Sickingen s men bear themselves ?

TROOPER Well !—One of them flies to the wood—another—another—a whole troop—Goetz is lost !

SELBITZ Come down

TROOPER I cannot—Hurrah ! Hurrah ! I see Goetz, I see George

SELBITZ On horseback ?

TROOPER Aye aye, high on horseback—Victory ! victory !—they fly

SELBITZ The Imperialists ?

TROOPER Yes standard and all Goetz behind them They disperse—Goetz reaches the ensign—he seizes the standard, he halts A handful of men rally round him—My comrade reaches him—They come this way

*Enter* GOETZ, GEORGE, LERSE and TROOPERS on horseback

SELBITZ Joy to thee, Goetz !—Victory ! victory !



GOETZ (*dismounting*) Dearly, dearly bought! Thou art wounded Selbitz!

SELBITZ But thou dost live and hast conquered! I have done little, and my dogs of troopers! How hast thou come

GOETZ For the present well! And here I thank George and thee Lerse for my life I unhorsed the captain they stabbed my horse and pressed me hard George cut his way to me and sprang off his horse I threw myself like lightning upon it and he appeared suddenly like a thunderbolt upon another How camest thou by thy steed?

GEORGE A fellow struck at you from behind as he raised his cunass in the act I stabbed him with my dagger Down he came! and so I rid you of an enemy and helped myself to a horse

GOETZ Then we held together till Francis here came to our help and thereupon we mowed our way out

LERSE The hounds whom I led were to have mowed their way in till our scythes met but they fled like Imperialists

GOETZ Friend and foe all fled except this little band who protected my rear I had enough to do with the fellows in front but the fall of their captain dismayed them they wavered and fled I have their banner and a few prisoners

SELBITZ The captain has escaped you?

GOETZ They rescued him in the scuffle Come lads come Selbitz—Make a litter of lances and boughs Thou canst not mount a horse come to my castle They are scattered but we are very few, and I know not what troops they may have in reserve I will be your host, my friends Wine will taste well after such an action!

[*Exeunt carrying Selbitz*]

### SCENE XIII *The Camp*

#### *The CAPTAIN and IMPERIALISTS*

CAPTAIN I could kill you all with my own hand—What! to turn tail! He had not a handful of men left To give way before one man! No one will believe it but those who wish to make a jest of us Ride round the country you, and you, and you collect our scattered soldiers, or cut

them down wherever you find them We must grind these notches out of our blades, even should we spoil our swords in the operation [Exeunt

SCENE XIV *Jaxthausen*

GOETZ, LERSE, and GEORGE

GOETZ We must not lose a moment My poor fellows I dare allow you no rest Gallop round and strive to enlist troopers appoint them to assemble at Weilern where they will be most secure Should we delay a moment they will be before the castle —(Exeunt LERSE and GEORGE)—I must send out a scout This begins to grow warm —If we had but brave foemen to deal with! But these fellows are only formidable through their number [Exit

*Enter SICKINGEN and MARIA*

MARIA I beseech thee dear Sickingen do not leave my brother! His horsemen your own and those of Selbitz all are scattered he is alone Selbitz has been carried home to his castle wounded I fear the worst

SICKINGEN Be comforted I will not leave him

*Enter GOETZ*

GOETZ Come to the chapel the priest waits, in a few minutes you shall be united

SICKINGEN Let me remain with you

GOETZ You must come now to the chapel

SICKINGEN Willingly!—and then—

GOETZ Then you go your way

SICKINGEN Goetz!

GOETZ Will you not to the chapel?

SICKINGEN Come, come!

[Exeunt

SCENE XV *Camp*

CAPTAIN and OFFICERS

CAPTAIN How many are we in all?

OFFICER A hundred and fifty—

CAPTAIN Out of four hundred —That is bad Set out for Jaxthausen at once, before he collects his forces and attacks us on the way

SCENE XVI *Jaxthausen*GOETZ ELIZABETH MARIA *and* SICKINGEN

GOETZ God bless you give you happy days, and keep those for your children which he denies to you!

ELIZABETH And may they be virtuous as you—then let come what will

SICKINGEN I thank you—And you my Maria! As I led you to the altar so shall you lead me to happiness

MARIA Our pilgrimage will be together towards that distant and promised land

GOETZ A prosperous journey!

MARIA That was not what I meant—We do not leave you

GOETZ You must sister

MARIA You are very harsh brother

GOETZ And you more affectionate than prudent

*Enter* GEORGE

GEORGE (*aside to* GOETZ) I can collect no troopers One was inclined to come but he changed his mind and refused

GOETZ (*to* GEORGE) 'Tis well George Fortune begins to look coldly on me I foreboded it however [*Aloud* Sickingen I entreat you depart this very evening Per suade Maria—You are her husband—let her feel it—When women come across our undertakings our enemies are more secure in the open field than they would else be in their castles

*Enter a* TROOPER

TROOPER (*aside to* Goetz) The Imperial squadron is in full and rapid march hither

GOETZ I have roused them with stripes of the rod! How many are they?

TROOPER About two hundred—They can scarcely be six miles from us

GOETZ Have they passed the river yet?

TROOPER No my lord!

GOETZ Had I but fifty men, they should not cross it Hast thou seen Lerse?

TROOPER No my lord!

GOETZ Tell all to hold themselves ready—We must part,

dear friends Weep on my gentle Maria—Many a moment of happiness is yet in store for thee—It is better thou shouldst weep on thy wedding day than that present joy should be the fore runner of future misery—Farewell Maria!—Farewell brother!

MARIA I cannot leave you sister Dear brother let us stay Dost thou value my husband so little as to refuse his help in thy extremity?

GOETZ Yes—it is gone far with me Perhaps my fall is near You are but beginning life and should separate your lot from mine I have ordered your horses to be saddled you must away instantly!

MARIA Brother! brother!

ELIZABETH (to SICKINGEN) Yield to his wishes Speak to her

SICKINGEN Dear Maria! we must go

MARIA Thou too? My heart will break!

GOETZ Then stay In a few hours my castle will be surrounded

MARIA (*weeping bitterly*) Alas! alas!

GOETZ We will defend ourselves as long as we can

MARIA Mother of God have mercy upon us!

GOETZ And at last we must die or surrender Thy tears will then have involved thy noble husband in the same misfortune with me

MARIA Thou torturest me!

GOETZ Remain! Remain! We shall be taken together! Sickingen thou wilt fall into the pit with me, out of which I had hoped thou shouldst have helped me

MARIA We will away—Sister—sister!

GOETZ Place her in safety and then think of me

SICKINGEN Never shall I repose a night till I know thou art out of danger

GOETZ Sister! dear sister! (*Kisses her*)

SICKINGEN Away! away!

GOETZ Yet one moment! I shall see you again Be comforted we shall meet again (*Exeunt SICKINGEN and MARIA*) I urged her to depart—yet when she leaves me what would I not give to detain her Elizabeth thou stayest with me

ELIZABETH I'll death!

GOETZ Whom God loves, to him may He give such a wife [*Exit*]

*Enter* GEORGE

GEORGE They are near! I saw them from the tower  
The sun is rising and I perceived their lances glitter I  
cared no more for them than a cat would for a whole army of  
mice 'Tis true *we* play the mice at present

GOETZ Look to the fastenings of the gates, barricade  
them with beams and stones (*Exit* GEORGE) We'll exercise  
their patience and they may chew away their valour in  
biting their nails (*A trumpet from without* GOETZ goes to  
*the window*) Aha! Here comes a red coated rascal to ask  
me whether I will be a scoundrel! What says he? (*The voice  
of the HERALD is heard indistinctly as from a distance  
GOETZ mutters to himself*) A rope for thy throat! (*Voice  
again*) Offended majesty!—Some priest has drawn up  
that proclamation (*Voice concludes and GOETZ answers  
from the window*) Surrender—surrender at discretion!  
With whom speak you? Am I a robber? Tell your captain  
that for the emperor I entertain as I have ever done all  
due respect but as for him he may—(*Shuts the window  
with violence*)

SCENE XVII *The Kitchen*

ELIZABETH *preparing food—Enter* GOETZ

GOETZ You have hard work my poor wife!

ELIZABETH Would it might last! But you can hardly  
hold out long

GOETZ We have not had time to provide ourselves

ELIZABETH And so many people as you have been wont  
to entertain The wine is well nigh finished

GOETZ If we can but hold out a certain time, they must  
propose a capitulation We are doing them some damage I pro-  
mise you They shoot the whole day and only wound our  
walls and break our windows Larse is a gallant fellow He  
slips about with his gun if a rogue comes too nigh—  
Pop! there he lies! (*Firing*)

*Enter* TROOPER

TROOPER We want live coals, gracious lady!

GOETZ For what?

TROOPER Our bullets are spent, we must cast some new  
ones

GOETZ How goes it with the powder ?

TROOPER There is as yet no want we save our fire  
(*Firing at intervals*) [*Exeunt* GOETZ and ELIZABETH  
*Enter* LERSE with a bullet mould *Servants with coals*

LERSE Set them down and then go and see for lead about the house meanwhile I will make shift with this (*Goes to the window and takes out the leaden frames*) Everything must be turned to account So it is in this world—no one knows what a thing may come to the glazier who made these frames little thought that the lead here was to give one of his grandsons his last headache and the father that begot me little knew whether the fowls of heaven or the worms of the earth would pick my bones

*Enter* GEORGE with a leaden spout

GEORGE Here's lead for thee ! If you hit with only half of it not one will return to tell his Majesty, Thy servants have sped ill !

LERSE (*cutting it down*) A famous piece !

GEORGE The rain must seek some other way I'm not afraid of it—a brave trooper and a smart shower will always find their road (*They cast balls*)

LERSE Hold the ladle (*Goes to the window*) Yonder is a fellow creeping about with his rifle he thinks our fire is spent He shall have a bullet warm from the pan (*He loads his rifle*)

GEORGE (*puts down the mould*) Let me see

LERSE (*Fires*) There lies the game !

GEORGE He fired at me as I stepped out on the roof to get the lead He killed a pigeon that sat near me, it fell into the spout I thanked him for my dinner, and went back with the double booty (*They cast balls*)

LERSE Now let us load, and go through the castle to earn our dinner

*Enter* GOETZ

GOETZ Stay Lerse I must speak with thee I will not keep thee George from the sport [*Exit* GEORGE

GOETZ They offer terms

LERSE I will go and hear what they have to say

GOETZ They will require me to enter myself into ward in some town on my knightly parole

LERSE That won't do Suppose they allow us free:

liberty of departure? for we can expect no relief from Sickingen We will bury all the valuables where no divining rod shall find them, leave them the bare walls, and come out with flying colours

GOETZ They will not permit us

LERSE It is worth the asking We will demand a safe-conduct and I will sally out

### SCENE XVIII *A Hall*

GOETZ, ELIZABETH GEORGE and TROOPERS *at table*

GOETZ Danger unites us my friends! Be of good cheer don't forget the bottle! The flask is empty Come, another dear wife! (ELIZABETH *shakes her head*) Is there no more?

ELIZABETH (*aside*) Only one which I have set apart for you

GOETZ Not so my love! Bring it out, they need strengthening more than I for it is my quarrel

ELIZABETH Fetch it from the cupboard

GOETZ It is the last and I feel as if we need not spare it It is long since I have been so merry (*They fill*) To the health of the emperor!

ALL Long live the emperor!

GOETZ Be it our last word when we die! I love him for our fate is similar, but I am happier than he To please the princes he must direct his imperial squadrons against mice while the rats gnaw his possessions—I know he often wishes himself dead rather than to be any longer the soul of such a crippled body (*They fill*) It will just go once more round And when our blood runs low like this flask, when we pour out its last ebbing drop (*empties the wine drop by drop into his goblet*) what then shall be our cry?

GEORGE Freedom for ever!

GOETZ Freedom for ever!

ALL Freedom for ever!

GOETZ And if that survive us we can die happy, for our spirits shall see our children's children and their emperor happy! Did the servants of princes show the same filial attachment to their masters as you to me—did their masters serve the emperor as I would serve him—

GEORGE Things would be widely different

GOETZ Not so much so as it would appear Have I not known worthy men among the princes? And can the race be extinct? Men happy in their own minds and in their subjects who could bear a free noble brother in their neighbourhood without harbouring either fear or envy, whose hearts expanded when they saw their table surrounded by their free equals and who did not think the knights unfit companions till they had degraded themselves by courtly homage

GEORGE Have you known such princes?

GOETZ Ay truly As long as I live I shall recollect how the Landgrave of Hanau made a grand hunting party and the princes and free feudatories dined under the open heaven and the country people all thronged to see them, it was no selfish masquerade instituted for his own private pleasure or vanity — To see the great round headed peasant lads and the pretty brown girls the sturdy hinds and the venerable old men a crowd of happy faces all as merry as if they rejoiced in the splendour of their master which he shared with them under God's free sky!

GEORGE He must have been as good a master as you

GOETZ And may we not hope that many such will rule together some future day to whom reverence to the emperor peace and friendship with their neighbours and the love of their vassals shall be the best and dearest family treasure handed down to their children's children? Every one will then keep and improve his own instead of reckoning nothing as gain that is not stolen from his neighbours

GEORGE And should we have no more forays?

GOETZ Would to God there were no restless spirits in all Germany! — we should still have enough to do! We would clear the mountains of wolves and bring our peaceable laborious neighbour a dish of game from the wood and eat it together Were that not full employment we would join our brethren, and like cherubims with flaming swords defend the frontiers of the empire against those wolves the Turks, and those foxes the French and guard for our beloved emperor both extremities of his extensive empire That would be a life George! To risk one's head for the safety of all Germany (GEORGE *springs up*) Whither away?



GEORGE Alas ! I forgot we were besieged—besieged by that very emperor and before we can expose our lives in his defence, we must risk them for our liberty

GOETZ Be of good cheer

*Enter LERSE*

LERSE Freedom ! freedom ! The cowardly poltroons—the hesitating irresolute asses You are to depart with men, weapons horses, and armour, provisions you are to leave behind

GOETZ They will hardly find enough to exercise their jaws

LERSE (*aside to GOETZ*) Have you hidden the plate and money ?

GOETZ No ! Wife, go with Lerse, he has something to tell thee [*Exeunt*

SCENE XIA *The Court of the Castle*

GEORGE (*in the stable* *Sings*)

An urchin once as I have heard

Ha ! ha !

Had caught and caged a little bird

Sa ! sa !

Ha ha !

Sa ! sa !

He viewed the prize with heart elate

Ha ! ha !

Thrust in his hand—ah treacherous fate !

Sa ! sa !

Ha ! ha !

Sa ! sa !

Away the titmouse wing d its flight,

Ha ! ha !

And laugh d to scorn the silly wight

Sa ! sa !

Ha ! ha !

Sa ! sa !

*Enter GOETZ*

GOETZ How goes it ?

GEORGE (*brings out his horse*) All saddled !

GOETZ Thou art quick

GEORGE As the bird escaped from the cage

*Enter all the besieged*

GOETZ Have you all your rifles? Not yet! Go take the best from the armoury 'tis all one, we'll ride on in advance

GEORGE (*sings*)

Ha' ha'

Sa' sa

Ha' ha'

SCENE XX *The Armoury*

*Two TROOPERS choosing guns*

FIRST TROOPER I'll have this one

SECOND TROOPER And I this—but yonder's a better

FIRST TROOPER Never mind—make haste

[*Tumult and firing without*

SECOND TROOPER Hark!

FIRST TROOPER (*springs to the window*) Good heavens they are murdering our master! He is unhorsed! George is down!

SECOND TROOPER How shall we get off? Over the wall by the walnut tree and into the field [*Exit*

FIRST TROOPER Lerse keeps his ground, I will to him If they die, I will not survive them [*Exit*

END OF THE THIRD ACT

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I *An Inn in the city of Heilbronn*

GOETZ (*solus*)

GOETZ I am like the evil spirit whom the capuchin conjured into a sack I fret and labour but all in vain The perjured villains! (*Enter ELIZABETH*) What news, Elizabeth of my dear, my trusty followers?

ELIZABETH Nothing certain some are slain some are prisoners, no one could or would tell me further particulars

GOETZ Is this the reward of fidelity of filial obedience?  
 — That it may be well with thee and that thy days may be long in the land!

ELIZABETH Dear husband, murmur not against our heavenly Father They have their reward It was born with them—a noble and generous heart Even in the dungeon they are free Think now of appearing before the imperial commissioners, their heavy gold chains become them—

GOETZ As a necklace becomes a sow! I should like to see George and Lerse in fetters!

ELIZABETH It were a sight to make angels weep

GOETZ I would not weep—I would clench my teeth and gnaw my lip in fury What! in fetters! Had ye but loved me less dear lads! I could never look at them enough — What! to break their word pledged in the name of the emperor!

ELIZABETH Put away these thoughts Reflect, you must appear before the council—you are in no mood to meet them and I fear the worst

GOETZ What harm can they do me?

ELIZABETH Here comes the scribe

GOETZ What! the ass of justice that carries the sacks to the mill and the dung to the field? What now?

*Enter SERJEANT*

SERJEANT The lords commissioners are at the Council House and require your presence

GOETZ I come

SERJEANT I am to escort you

GOETZ Too much honour

ELIZABETH Be but cool

GOETZ Fear nothing

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *The Council-House at Heilbronn*

*The IMPERIAL COMMISSIONERS seated at a table The CAPTAIN and the MAGISTRATES of the city attending*

MAGISTRATE In pursuance of your order, we have col

lected the stoutest and most determined of our citizens They are at hand, in order at a nod from you, to seize Berlichingen

COMMISSIONER We shall have much pleasure in communicating to his imperial majesty the zeal with which you have obeyed his illustrious commands —Are they artizans?

MAGISTRATE Smiths, coopers and carpenters, men with hands hardened by labour, and resolute here

[Points to his breast

COMMISSIONER Tis well!

Enter SERJEANT

SERJEANT Goetz von Berlichingen waits without

COMMISSIONER Admit him

Enter GOETZ

GOETZ God save you sirs! What would you with me?

COMMISSIONER First that you consider where you are, and in whose presence

GOETZ By my faith I know you right well sirs

COMMISSIONER You acknowledge allegiance

GOETZ With all my heart

COMMISSIONER Be seated [Points to a stool

GOETZ What down there? I'd rather stand That stool smells so of poor sinners as indeed does the whole apartment

COMMISSIONER Stand then

GOETZ To business if you please

COMMISSIONER We shall proceed in due order

GOETZ I am glad to hear it Would you had always done so

COMMISSIONER You know how you fell into our hands, and are a prisoner at discretion

GOETZ What will you give me to forget it?

COMMISSIONER Could I give you modesty I should better your affairs

GOETZ Better my affairs! could you but do that? To repair is more difficult than to destroy

SECRETARY Shall I put all this on record?

COMMISSIONER Only what is to the purpose

GOETZ As far as I'm concerned you may print every word of it

COMMISSIONER You fell into the power of the emperor, whose paternal goodness got the better of his justice, and, instead

of throwing you into a dungeon ordered you to repair to his beloved city of Heilbronn. You gave your knightly parole to appear and await the termination in all humility.

GOETZ Well I am here and await it.

COMMISSIONER And we are here to intimate to you his Imperial Majesty's mercy and clemency. He is pleased to forgive your rebellion to release you from the ban and all well merited punishment, provided you do with becoming humility, receive his bounty and subscribe to the articles which shall be read unto you.

GOETZ I am his majesty's faithful servant as ever. One word ere you proceed. My people—where are they? What will be done with them?

COMMISSIONER That concerns you not.

GOETZ So may the emperor turn his face from you in the hour of your need. They were my comrades and are so now. What have you done with them?

COMMISSIONER We are not bound to account to you.

GOETZ Ah! I forgot that you are not even pledged to perform what you have promised—much less—

COMMISSIONER Our business is to lay the articles before you. Submit yourself to the emperor and you may find a way to petition for the life and freedom of your comrades.

GOETZ Your paper.

COMMISSIONER Secretary read it.

SECRETARY (*reads*) I Goetz of Berlichingen, make public acknowledgment by these presents that I having lately risen in rebellion against the emperor and empire—

GOETZ 'Tis false! I am no rebel. I have committed no offence against the emperor, and with the empire I have no concern.

COMMISSIONER Be silent and hear further.

GOETZ I will hear no further. Let any one arise and bear witness. Have I ever taken one step against the emperor or against the house of Austria? Has not the whole tenor of my conduct proved that I feel better than any one else what all Germany owes to its head, and especially what the free knights and feudatories owe to their liege lord the emperor? I should be a villain could I be induced to subscribe that paper.

COMMISSIONER Yet we have strict orders to try and per-

suade you by fair means, or, in case of your refusal to throw you into prison

GOETZ Into prison!—Me?

COMMISSIONER Where you may expect your fate from the hands of justice since you will not take it from those of mercy

GOETZ To prison! You abuse the imperial power! To prison! That was not the emperor's command! What ye traitors to die, a pit for me and hang out your oath your knightly honour as the bait! To promise me permission to ward myself on parole and then again to break your treaty!

COMMISSIONER We owe no faith to robbers

GOETZ Wert thou not the representative of my sovereign whom I respect even in the vilest counterfeit thou shouldst swallow that word or choke upon it I was engaged in an honourable feud Thou mightest thank God and magnify thyself before the world hadst thou ever done as gallant a deed as that with which I now stand charged (*The Commissioner makes a sign to the MAGISTRATE of Heilbronn who rings a bell*) Not for the sake of paltry gain not to wrest followers or lands from the weak and the defenceless have I sallied forth to rescue my page and defend my own person—see ye any rebellion in that? The emperor and his magnates reposing on their pillows would never have felt our need I have God be praised one hand left and I have done well to use it

*Enter a party of Artisans armed with halberds and swords*

GOETZ What means this?

COMMISSIONER You will not listen—Seize him!

GOETZ Let none come near me who is not a very Hungarian ox One salutation from my iron fist shall cure him of head ache tooth ache and every other ache under the wide heaven! (*They rush upon him He strikes one down and snatches a sword from another They stand aloof*) Come on! come on! I should like to become acquainted with the bravest among you

COMMISSIONER Surrender!

GOETZ With a sword in my hand! Know ye not that it depends but upon myself to make way through all these hares and gain the open field? But I will teach you how a man should keep his word Promise me but free ward, and I will give up my sword, and am again your prisoner

COMMISSIONER How! Would you treat with the emperor, sword in hand?

GOETZ God forbid!—only with you and your worthy fraternity! You may go home good people, you are only losing your time, and here there is nothing to be got but bruises

COMMISSIONER Seize him! What! does not your love for the emperor supply you with courage?

GOETZ No more than the emperor supplies them with plaster for the wounds their courage would earn them

*Enter SERJEANT hastily*

OFFICER The warder has just discovered from the castle tower a troop of more than two hundred horsemen hastening towards the town Unperceived by us they have pressed forward from behind the hill and threaten our walls

COMMISSIONER Alas! alas! What can this mean?

A SOLDIER *enters*

SOLDIER Francis of Sickingen waits at the drawbridge and informs you that he has heard how perfidiously you have broken your word to his brother in law, and how the Council of Heilbronn have aided and abetted in the treason He is now come to insist upon justice and if refused it threatens within an hour to fire the four quarters of your town and abandon it to be plundered by his vassals

GOETZ My gallant brother!

COMMISSIONER Withdraw Goetz (*Exit GOETZ*) What is to be done?

MAGISTRATE Have compassion upon us and our town! Sickingen is inexorable in his wrath he will keep his word

COMMISSIONER Shall we forget what is due to ourselves and the emperor?

CAPTAIN If we had but men to enforce it but situated as we are a show of resistance would only make matters worse It is better for us to yield

MAGISTRATE Let us apply to Goetz to put in a good word for us I feel as though I saw the town already in flames!

COMMISSIONER Let Goetz approach (*Enter GOETZ*)

GOETZ What now?

COMMISSIONER Thou wilt do well to dissuade thy brother in law from his rebellious interference Instead of

rescuing thee he will only plunge thee deeper in destruction, and become the companion of thy fall !

GOETZ (*sees Elizabeth at the door and speaks to her aside*)  
Go tell him instantly to break in and force his way hither but to spare the town As for these rascals if they offer any resistance let him use force I care not if I lose my life, provided they are all knocked on the head at the same time

SCENE III *A large hall in the Council House, beset  
by SICKINGEN'S troops*

*Enter SICKINGEN and GOETZ*

GOETZ That was help from heaven How camest thou so opportunely and unexpectedly brother ?

SICKINGEN Without witchcraft I had dispatched two or three messengers to learn how it fared with thee when I heard of the perjury of these fellows I set out instantly, and now we have them safe

GOETZ I ask nothing but knightly ward upon my parole

SICKINGEN You are too noble Not even to avail yourself of the advantage which the honest man has over the perjurer ! They are in the wrong and we will not give them cushions to sit upon They have shamefully abused the imperial authority and if I know anything of the emperor, you might safely insist upon more favourable terms You ask too little

GOETZ I have ever been content with little

SICKINGEN And therefore that little has always been denied thee My proposal is that they shall release your servants and permit you all to return to your castle on parole—you can promise not to leave it till the emperor's pleasure be known You will be safer there than here

GOETZ They will say my property is escheated to the emperor

SICKINGEN Then we will answer thou canst dwell there, and keep it for his service till he restores it to thee again Let them wriggle like eels in the net they shall not escape us ! They may talk of the imperial dignity—of their commission We will not mind that I know the emperor and have some influence with him He has ever wished to



have thee in his service You will not be long in your castle without being summoned to serve him

GOETZ God grant it ere I forget the use of arms'

SICKINGEN Valour can never be forgotten as it can never be learnt Fear nothing' When thy affairs are settled I will repair to court where my enterprises begin to ripen Good fortune seems to smile on them I want only to sound the emperors mind The towns of Triers and Pfalz as soon expect that the sky should fall as that I shall come down upon their heads But I will come like a hail storm' and if I am successful thou shalt soon be brother to an elector I had hoped for thy assistance in this undertaking

GOETZ (*looks at his hand*) O' that explains the dream I had the night before I promised Maria to Weislingen I thought he vowed eternal fidelity and held my iron hand so fast that it loosened from the aim Alas' I am at this moment more defenceless than when it was shot away Weislingen' Weislingen'

SICKINGEN Forget the traitor' We will thwart his plans and undermine his authority till shame and remorse shall gnaw him to death I see I see the downfall of our enemies—Goetz—only half a year more'

GOETZ Thy soul soars high' I know not why but for some time past no fair prospects have dawned upon me I have been ere now in sore distress—I have been a prisoner before—but never did I experience such a depression

SICKINGEN Fortune gives courage Come let us to the bigwigs They have had time enough to deliberate let us take the trouble upon ourselves [Exeunt

#### SCENE IV *The Castle of Adelaide—Augsburg*

ADELAIDE and WEISLINGEN *discovered*

ADELAIDE This is detestable

WEISLINGEN I have gnashed my teeth So good a plan—so well followed out—and after all to leave him in possession of his castle' That cursed Sickingen'

ADELAIDE The council should not have consented

WEISLINGEN They were in the net What else could

they do ? Sickingen threatened them with fire and sword — the haughty vindictive man ! I hate him ! His power waxes like a mountain torrent—let it but gain a few brooks, and others come pouring to its aid

ADELAIDE Have they no emperor ?

WEISLINGEN My dear wife he waxes old and feeble he is only the shadow of what he was When he heard what had been done and I and the other counsellors murmured indignantly Let them alone ! said he, I can spare my old Goetz his little fortress and if he remains quiet there what have you to say against him ? We spoke of the welfare of the state Oh said he that I had always had counsellors who would have urged my restless spirit to consult more the happiness of individuals !

ADELAIDE He has lost the spirit of a prince !

WEISLINGEN We inveighed against Sickingen !—‘ He is my faithful servant said he and if he has not acted by my express order he has performed what I wished better than my plenipotentiaries and I can ratify what he has done as well after as before

ADELAIDE Tis enough to drive one mad

WEISLINGEN Yet I have not given up all hope Goetz is on parole to remain quiet in his castle Tis impossible for him to keep his promise and we shall soon have some new cause of complaint

ADELAIDE That is the more likely as we may hope that the old emperor will soon leave the world and Charles, his gallant successor will display a more princely mind

WEISLINGEN Charles ! He is neither chosen nor crowned

ADELAIDE Who does not expect and hope for that event ?

WEISLINGEN You have a great idea of his abilities, one might almost think you looked on him with partial eyes

ADELAIDE You insult me Weislingen For what do you take me ?

WEISLINGEN I do not mean to offend, but I cannot be silent upon the subject Charles's marked attentions to you disquiet me

ADELAIDE And do I receive them as if—

WEISLINGEN You are a woman and no woman hates those who pay their court to her

ADELAIDE Thus from you ?

WEISLINGEN It cuts me to the heart—the dreadful thought—Adelaide

ADELAIDE Can I not cure thee of this folly ?

WEISLINGEN If thou wouldst—Thou canst leave the court

ADELAIDE But upon what pretence ? Art thou not here ? Must I leave you and all my friends, to shut myself up with the owls in your solitary castle ? No Weislingen, that will never do, be at rest thou knowest I love thee

WEISLINGEN That is my anchor so long as the cable holds [Exit.

ADELAIDE Ah ! Is it come to this ? This was yet wanting The projects of my bosom are too great to brook thy interruption Charles—the great the gallant Charles—the future emperor—shall he be the only man unrewarded by my favour ? Think not Weislingen to hinder me—else shalt thou to earth, my way lies over thee !

*Enter FRANCIS (with a letter)*

FRANCIS Here gracious lady

ADELAIDE Hadst thou it from Charles own hand ?

FRANCIS Yes

ADELAIDE What ails thee ? Thou lookst so mournful !

FRANCIS It is your pleasure that I should pine away, and waste my fairest years in agonizing despair

ADELAIDE (*aside*) I pity him and how little would it cost me to make him happy (*Aloud*) Be of good courage, youth ! I know thy love and fidelity, and will not be ungrateful

FRANCIS (*with stifled breath*) If thou wert capable of ingratitude I could not survive it There boils not a drop of blood in my veins but what is thine own—I have not a single feeling but to love and to serve thee !

ADELAIDE Dear Francis !

FRANCIS You flatter me (*Bursts into tears*) Does my attachment deserve only to be a stepping stool to another—to see all your thoughts fixed upon Charles ?

ADELAIDE You know not what you wish, and still less what you say

FRANCIS (*stamping with vexation and rage*). No more will I be your slave your go-between !

ADELAIDE Francis you forget yourself

FRANCIS To sacrifice my beloved master and myself—

ADELAIDE Out of my sight !

FRANCIS Gracious lady !

ADELAIDE Go betray to thy beloved master the secret of my soul ! Fool that I was to take thee for what thou art not

FRANCIS Dear lady ! you know how I love you

ADELAIDE And thou who wast my friend—so near my heart—gō betray me

FRANCIS Rather would I tear my heart from my breast ! Forgive me gentle lady ! my heart is too full my senses desert me

ADELAIDE Thou dear affectionate boy ! (*She takes him by both hands draws him towards her and kisses him He throws himself weeping upon her neck*) Leave me !

FRANCIS (*his voice choked by tears*) Heavens !

ADELAIDE Leave me ! The walls are traitors Leave me ! (*Breaks from him*) Be but steady in fidelity and love, and the fairest reward is thine

FRANCIS The fairest reward ! Let me but live till that moment—I could murder my father were he an obstacle to my happiness !

[*Exit*  
[*Exit*

## SCENE V *Jaxthausen*

GOETZ *seated at a table with writing materials* ELIZABETH *beside him with her work*

GOETZ This idle life does not suit me My confinement becomes more irksome every day I would I could sleep, or persuade myself that quiet is agreeable

ELIZABETH Continue writing the account of thy deeds which thou hast commenced Give into the hands of thy friends evidence to put thine enemies to shame, make a noble posterity acquainted with thy real character

GOETZ Alas ! writing is but busy idleness it wearies me While I am writing what I have done, I lament the misspent time in which I might do more

ELIZABETH (*takes the writing*) Be not impatient Thou hast come to thy first imprisonment at Heubronn

That was always an unlucky place to me

ELIZABETH (*reads*) There were even some of the confederates who told me that I had acted foolishly in appearing before my bitterest enemies who as I might suspect would not deal justly with me And what didst thou answer? Write on

GOETZ I said 'Have I not often risked life and limb for the welfare and property of others and shall I not do so for the honour of my knightly word

ELIZABETH Thus does fame speak of thee

GOETZ They shall not rob me of my honour They have taken all else from me—property—liberty—everything

ELIZABETH I happened once to stand in an inn near the Lords of Miltenberg and Singlingen who knew me not Then I was joyful as at the birth of my first born for they extolled thee to each other and said—He is the mirror of knighthood noble and merciful in prosperity dauntless and true in misfortune

GOETZ Let them show me the man to whom I have broken my word Heaven knows my ambition has ever been to labour for my neighbour more than for myself and to acquire the fame of a gallant and unapproachable knight rather than principalities or power and God be praised! I have gained the meed of my labour

*Enter GEORGE and LERSE with game*

GOETZ Good luck to my gallant huntsmen!

GEORGE Such have we become from gallant troopers Boots can easily be cut down into buskins

LERSE The chase is always something—'tis a kind of war

GEORGE Yes, if we were not always crossed by these imperial gamekeepers Don't you recollect my lord how you prophesied we should become huntsmen when the world was turned topsy turvy? We are become so now without waiting for that

GOETZ 'Tis all the same, we are pushed out of our sphere

GEORGE These are wonderful times! For eight days a dreadful comet has been seen—all Germany fears that it portends the death of the emperor, who is very ill

GOETZ Very ill! Then our career draws to a close

LERSE And in the neighbourhood there are terrible commotions, the peasants have made a formidable insurrection

GOETZ Where?

LERSE In the heart of Swabia, they are plundering burning and slaying I fear they will sack the whole country

GEORGE It is a horrible warfare! They have already risen in a hundred places and daily increase in number A hurricane too has lately torn up whole forests and in the place where the insurrection began two fiery swords have been seen in the sky crossing each other

GOETZ Then some of my poor friends and neighbours no doubt suffer innocently

GEORGE Alas! that we are pent up thus!

END OF THE FOURTH ACT

## ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I *A Village plundered by the insurgent Peasantry Shrieks and tumult Women old Men and Children fly across the Stage*

OLD MAN Away! away! let us fly from the murdering dogs

WOMAN Sacred heaven! How blood red is the sky! how blood red the setting sun!

ANOTHER That must be fire

A THIRD My husband! my husband!

OLD MAN Away! away! To the wood! [*Exeunt*

*Enter LINK and Insurgents*

LINK Whoever opposes you down with him! The village is ours Let none of the booty be injured none be left behind Plunder clean and quickly We must soon set fire—

*Enter METZLER coming down the hill*

METZLER How do things go with you, Link?

LINK Merrily enough as you see, you are just in time for the fun —Whence come you?

METZLER From Weinsberg There was a jubilee

LINK How so?

METZLER We stabbed them all, in such heaps, it was a joy to see it!

LINK All whom?

METZLER Dietrich von Weiler led up the dance The fool! We were all raging round the church steeple He looked out and wished to treat with us —Baf! A ball through his head! Up we rushed like a tempest and the fellow soon made his exit by the window

LINK Huzza!

METZLER (*to the peasants*) Ye dogs must I find you legs? How they gape and loiter the asses!

LINK Set fire! Let them roast in the flames! forward! Push on ye dolts

METZLER Then we brought out Helfenstein Eltershofen thirteen of the nobility,—eighty in all They were led out on the plain before Heilbronn What a shouting and jubilee among our lads as the long row of miserable sinners passed by they stared at each other and Heaven and earth! we surrounded them before they were aware, and then dispatched them all with our pikes

LINK Why was I not there?

METZLER Never in all my life did I see such fun

LINK On! on! Bring all out!

PEASANT All's clear

LINK Then fire the village at the four corners

METZLER I will make a fine bonfire! Hadst thou but seen how the fellows tumbled over one another and croaked like frogs! It warmed my heart like a cup of brandy One Rexinger was there a fellow with a white plume, and flaxen locks who when he went out hunting used to drive us before him like dogs and with dogs I had not caught sight of him all the while when suddenly his fool's visage looked me full in the face Push! went the spear between his ribs and there he lay stretched on all fours above his companions The fellows lay kicking in a heap like the hares that used to be driven together at their grand hunting parties

LINK It smokes finely already !

METZLER Yonder it burns ! Come, let us with the booty to the main body

LINK Where do they halt ?

METZLER Between this and Heilbronn They wish to choose a captain whom every one will respect for we are after all only their equals they feel this and turn restive

LINK Whom do they propose ?

METZLER Maximilian Stumpf or Goetz von Berlichingen

LINK That would be well 'Twould give the thing credit should Goetz accept it He has ever been held a worthy independent knight Away away ! We march towards Heilbronn ! Pass the word

METZLER The fire will light us a good part of the way Hast thou seen the great comet ?

LINK Yes It is a dreadful ghastly sign ! As we march by night we can see it well It rises about one o'clock

METZLER And is visible but for an hour and a quarter, like an arm brandishing a sword and bloody red !

LINK Didst thou mark the three stars at the sword's hilt and point ?

METZLER And the broad haze coloured stripe illuminated by a thousand streamers like lances and between them little swords ?

LINK I shuddered with horror The sky was pale red streaked with ruddy flames and among them grisly figures with shaggy hair and beards

METZLER Did you see them too ? And how they all swam about as though in a sea of blood and struggled in confusion enough to turn one's brain

LINK Away ! away ! [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Open country In the distance two villages and an abbey are burning*

KOHL, WILD MAXIMILIAN STUMPF, *Insurgents*

STUMPF You cannot ask me to be your leader, it were bad for you and for me I am a vassal of the Palsgrave and how shall I make war against my liege lord ? Besides, you would always suspect I did not act from my heart

KOHL We knew well thou wouldst make some excuse



*Enter GEORGE LERSE, and GOETZ*

GOETZ What would you with me ?

KOHL You must be our captain

GOETZ How can I break my knightly word to the emperor I am under the ban, I cannot quit my territory

WILD That s no excuse

GOETZ And were I free and you wanted to deal with the lords and nobles as you did at Weinsberg laying waste the country round with fire and sword and should wish me to be an abettor of your shameless barbarous doings rather than be your captain you should slay me like a mad dog !

KOHL What has been done cannot be undone

STUMF That was just the misfortune that they had no leader whom they honoured and who could bridle their fury I beseech thee Goetz accept the offic ! The princes will be grateful all Germany will thank thee It will be for the weal and prosperity of all The country and its inhabitants will be preserved

GOETZ Why dost not thou accept it ?

STUMF I have given them reasons for my refusal

KOHL We have no time to waste in useless speeches Once for all ! Goetz be our chief or look to thy castle and thy head ! Take two hours to consider of it Guard him !

GOETZ To what purpose ? I am as resolved now as I shall ever be Why have ye risen up in arms ? If to recover your rights and freedom why do you plunder and lay waste the land ? Will you abstain from such evil doings and act as true men who know what they want ? Then will I be your chief for eight days, and help you in your lawful and orderly demands

WILD What has been done was done in the first heat, and thy interference is not needed to prevent it for the future

KOHL Thou must engage with us at least for a quarter of a year

STUMF Say four weeks, that will satisfy both parties

GOETZ Then be it so

KOHL Your hand !

GOETZ But you must promise to send the treaty you have made with me in writing to all your troops, and to punish severely those who infringe it

WILD Well, it shall be done

GOETZ Then I bind myself to you for four weeks

STUMF Good fortune to you! In whatever thou doest, spare our noble lord the Palsgrave

KOHL (*aside*) See that none speak to him without our knowledge

GOETZ Lerse go to my wife Protect her, you shall soon have news of me

[*Exeunt* GOETZ STUMF GEORGE LERSE and some PEASANTS

*Enter* METZLER LINK and their followers

METZLER Who talks of a treaty? What's the use of a treaty?

LINK It is shameful to make any such bargain

KOHL We know as well what we want as you, and we may do or let alone what we please

WILD This raging and burning and murdering must have an end some day or other, and by renouncing it just now we gain a brave leader

METZLER How? An end? Thou traitor! why are we here but to avenge ourselves on our enemies and enrich our selves at their expense? Some prince's slave has been tampering with thee

KOHL Come Wild he is like a brute beast

[*Exeunt* WILD and KOHL

METZLER Aye go your way no band will stick by you The villains! Link we'll set on the others to burn Miltenberg yonder and if they begin a quarrel about the treaty we'll cut off the heads of those that made it

LINK We have still the greater body of peasants on our side

[*Exeunt with Insurgents*

SCENE III *A hill and prospect of the country In the flat scene a Mill A body of horsemen*

WEISLINGEN *comes out of the Mill followed by FRANCIS and a COURIER*

WEISLINGEN My horse! Have you announced it to the other nobles?

COURIER At least seven standards will meet you in the wood behind Miltenberg The peasants are marching in that

direction Couriers are dispatched on all sides, the entire confederacy will soon be assembled Our plan cannot fail, and they say there is dissension among them

WEISLINGEN So much the better Francis!

FRANCIS Gracious sir!

WEISLINGEN Discharge thine errand punctually I bind it upon thy soul Give her the letter She shall from the court to my castle instantly Thou must see her depart and bring me notice of it

FRANCIS Your commands shall be obeyed

WEISLINGEN Tell her she *shall* go *(To the COURIER)*  
Lead us by the nearest and best road

COURIER We must go round, all the rivers are swollen with the late heavy rains

#### SCENE IV *Jaxthausen*

ELIZABETH and LERSE

LERSE Gracious lady be comforted!

ELIZABETH Alas! Lerse, the tears stood in his eyes when he took leave of me It is dreadful dreadful!

LERSE He will return

ELIZABETH It is not that When he went forth to gain honourable victories never did grief sit heavy at my heart I then rejoiced in the prospect of his return, which I now dread

LERSE So noble a man—

ELIZABETH Call him not so There lies the new misery The miscreants! they threatend to murder his family and burn his castle Should he return gloomy most gloomy shall I see his brow His enemies will forge scandalous accusations against him which he will be unable to refute

LERSE He will and can

ELIZABETH He has broken his parole —Canst thou deny that?

LERSE No! he was constrained, what reason is there to condemn him?

ELIZABETH Malice seeks not reasons but pretexts He has become an ally of rebels malefactors and murderers — he has become their chief Say No to that.

LERSE Cease to torment yourself and me Have they not solemnly sworn to abjure all such doings as those at Weinsberg? Did I not myself hear them say in remorse, that, had not that been done already it never should have been done? Must not the princes and nobles return him their best thanks for having undertaken the dangerous office of leading these unruly people in order to restrain their rage, and to save so many lives and possessions?

ELIZABETH Thou art an affectionate advocate Should they take him prisoner deal with him as with a rebel and bring his grey hairs——Lerse I should go mad!

LERSE Send sleep to refresh her body dear Father of mankind if thou deniest comfort to her soul!

ELIZABETH George has promised to bring news but he will not be allowed to do so They are worse than prisoners Well I know they are watched like enemies—The gallant boy! he would not leave his master

LERSE The very heart within me bled as I left him—Had you not needed my help all the terrors of grisly death should not have separated us

ELIZABETH I know not where Sickingen is—Could I but send a message to Maria!

LERSE Write, then—I will take care that she receives it  
[Exit

## SCENE V *A Village*

*Enter GOETZ and GEORGE*

GOETZ To horse George! Quick! I see Miltenberg in flames—Is it thus they keep the treaty?—Ride to them tell them my purpose—The murderous incendiaries—I renounce them—Let them make a thieving gipsy their captain, not me!—Quick George! (*Exit George*) Would that I were a thousand miles hence at the bottom of the deepest dungeon in Turkey!—Could I but come off with honour from them! I have thwarted them every day and told them the bitterest truths, in the hope they might weary of me and let me go

*Enter an Unknown*

UNKNOWN God save you gallant Sir!

GOETZ I thank you! What is your errand? Your name?

UNKNOWN My name does not concern my business I come to tell you that your life is in danger The insurgent leaders are weary of hearing from you such harsh language and are resolved to rid themselves of you Speak them fair or endeavour to escape from them, and God be with you!

GOETZ To quit life in this fashion Goetz to end thus!  
But be it so—My death will be the clearest proof to the world that I have had nothing in common with the miscreants

*Enter Insurgents*

FIRST INSURGENT Captain, they are prisoners, they are slain!

GOETZ Who?

SECOND INSURGENT Those who burned Miltenberg a troop of confederate cavalry suddenly charged upon them from behind the hill

GOETZ They have their reward O George! George! They have taken him prisoner with the cut-throats—My George! my George!

*Enter Insurgents in confusion*

LINK Up sir captain up!—There is no time to lose—The enemy is at hand and in force

GOETZ Who burned Miltenberg?

METZLER If you mean to pick a quarrel, we'll soon show you how we'll end it

KOHL Look to your own safety and ours,—Up!

GOETZ (to Metzler) Darest thou threaten me thou scoundrel—I think thou to awe me because thy garments are stained with the Count of Helfenstein's blood?

METZLER Berlichingen!

GOETZ Thou mayest call me by my name and my children will not be ashamed to hear it

METZLER Out upon thee coward!—Prince's slave!  
(Goetz strikes him down—The others interpose)

KOHL Ye are mad!—The enemy are breaking in on all sides and you quarrel!

LINK Away! Away!—(Cries and tumult—The Insurgents fly across the Stage)

*Enter WEISLINGEN and TROOPERS*

WEISLINGEN Pursue! Pursue! they fly!—Stop neither for darkness nor rain—I hear Goetz is among them, look

that he escape you not Our friends say he is sorely wounded (*Exeunt Troopers*) And when I have caught thee—it will be merciful secretly to execute the sentence of death in prison Thus he perishes from the memory of man, and then, foolish heart, thou mayst beat more freely

SCENE VI *The front of a Gypsy hut in a wild forest — Night — A fire before the hut at which are seated the mother of the gypsies and a girl*

MOTHER Throw some fresh straw upon the thatch, daughter There'll be heavy rain upon us to night

*Enter a GIPSY BOY*

BOY A dormouse mother! and look! two field mice!

MOTHER I'll skin them and roast them for thee and thou shalt have a cap of their skins Thou bleedest!

BOY Dormouse bit me

MOTHER Fetch some dead wood that the fire may burn bright when thy father comes he will be wet through and through

*Another gypsy woman with a child at her back*

FIRST WOMAN Hast thou had good luck?

SECOND WOMAN Ill enough The whole country is in an uproar one's life is not safe a moment Two villages are in a blaze

FIRST WOMAN Is it fire that glares so yonder? I have been watching it long One is so accustomed now to fiery signs in the heavens

*The Captain of the Gypsies enters with three of his gang*

CAPTAIN Heard ye the wild huntsman?

FIRST WOMAN He is passing over us now

CAPTAIN How the hounds give tongue! Wow! Wow!

SECOND MAN How the whips crack!

THIRD MAN And the huntsmen cheer them—Hallo—ho!

MOTHER 'Tis the devil's chase

CAPTAIN We have been fishing in troubled waters The peasants rob each other, there's no harm in our helping them

SECOND WOMAN What hast thou got, Wolf?

WOLF A hare and a capon, a spit, a bundle of linen, three spoons, and a bridle

STICKS I have a blanket and a pair of boots, also a flint and tinder box

MOTHER All wet as mire, I'll dry them give them here!  
(*Trampling without*)

CAPTAIN Hark!—A horse! Go see who it is

*Enter GOETZ on horseback*

GOETZ I thank thee God! I see fire—they are gipsies—My wounds bleed sorely—my foes are close behind me!—Great God this is a fearful end!

CAPTAIN Is it in peace thou comest?

GOETZ I crave help from you—My wounds exhaust me—assist me to dismount!

CAPTAIN Help him!—A gallant warrior in look and speech

WOLF (*aside*) 'Tis Goetz von Berlichingen!

CAPTAIN Welcome! welcome!—All that we have is yours

GOETZ Thanks thanks!

CAPTAIN Come to my hut! [*Exeunt to the hut*]

### SCENE VII *Inside the Hut*

CAPTAIN GIPSIES and GOETZ

CAPTAIN Call our mother—tell her to bring blood wort and bandages (*GOETZ unarms himself*) Here is my holiday doublet

GOETZ God reward you! [*The mother binds his wounds*]

CAPTAIN I rejoice that you are come

GOETZ Do you know me?

CAPTAIN Who does not know you Goetz? Our lives and hearts' blood are yours

*Enter STICKS*

STICKS Horsemen are coming through the wood. They are confederates

CAPTAIN Your pursuers! They shall not harm you Away Sticks, call the others we know the passes better than they We shall shoot them ere they are aware of us

[*Exeunt CAPTAIN and MEN GIPSIES with their guns*]

GOETZ (*alone*) O Emperor! Emperor! Robbers pro-

tect thy children [*A sharp firing*] The wild foresters'  
Steady and true!

*Enter WOMEN*

WOMEN Flee flee! The enemy has overpowered us

GOETZ Where is my horse?

WOMEN Here!

GOETZ (*Grinds on his sword and mounts without his armour*)  
For the last time shall you feel my arm I am not so weak  
yet [*Exit — Tumult*]

WOMEN He gallops to join our party [*Firing*]

*Enter WOLF*

WOLF Away! Away! All is lost—The Captain is  
shot!—Goetz a prisoner

[*The WOMEN scream and fly into the wood.*]

### SCENE VIII ADELAIDE'S *Bed chamber*

*Enter ADELAIDE with a letter*

ADELAIDE He or I! The tyrant—to threaten me!  
We will anticipate him Who glides through the anti-  
chamber? [*A low knock at the door*] Who is there?

FRANCIS (*in a low voice*) Open gracious lady!

ADELAIDE Francis! He well deserves that I should  
admit him [*Opens the door*]

FRANCIS (*Throws himself on her neck*) My dear my  
gracious lady!

ADELAIDE What audacity! If any one should hear you

FRANCIS O—all—all are asleep

ADELAIDE What wouldst thou?

FRANCIS I cannot rest The threats of my master,—  
your fate—my heart

ADELAIDE He was incensed against me when you parted  
from him?

FRANCIS He was as I have never seen him—To my  
castle said he she must—she *shall* go

ADELAIDE And shall we obey?

FRANCIS I know not dear lady!

ADELAIDE Thou foolish infatuated boy! Thou dost not  
see where this will end Here he knows I am in safety



He has long had designs on my freedom and therefore wishes to get me to his castle—there he will have power to use me as his hate shall dictate

FRANCIS He shall not !

ADELAIDE Wilt thou prevent him ?

FRANCIS He shall not !

ADELAIDE I foresee the whole misery of my fate He will tear me forcibly from his castle to immure me in a cloister

FRANCIS Hell and damnation !

ADELAIDE Wilt thou rescue me ?

FRANCIS Anything ! Everything !

ADELAIDE (*Throws herself weeping upon his neck*)

FRANCIS ! O save me !

FRANCIS He shall fall I will plant my foot upon his neck

ADELAIDE No violence ! You shall carry a submissive letter to him announcing obedience—Then give him this vial in his wine

FRANCIS Give it me ! Thou shalt be free !

ADELAIDE Free !—And then no more shalt thou need to come to my chamber trembling and in fear No more shall I need anxiously to say Away, Francis ! the morning dawns

## SCENE IX *Street before the Prison at Heilbronn*

### ELIZABETH and LERSE

LERSE Heaven relieve your distress, gracious lady !  
Maria is come

ELIZABETH God be praised ! Lerse, we have sunk into dreadful misery My worst forebodings are realized ! A prisoner—thrown as an assassin and malefactor into the deepest dungeon

LERSE I know all

ELIZABETH Thou knowest nothing Our distress is too—too great ! His age his wounds a slow fever—and, more than all, the despondency of his mind, to think that this should be his end

LERSE Aye, and that Weislingen should be commissioner !

ELIZABETH Weislingen ?

LERSE They have acted with unheard of severity Metzler has been burnt alive—hundreds of his associates broken upon the wheel beheaded quartered and impaled All the country round looks like a slaughter house where human flesh is cheap

ELIZABETH Weislingen commissioner ! O Heaven ! a ray of hope ! Maria shall go to him he cannot refuse her He had ever a compassionate heart and when he sees her whom he once loved so much whom he has made so miserable—Where is she ?

LERSE Still at the inn

ELIZABETH Take me to her She must away instantly  
I fear the worst [*Exeunt*

## SCENE X *An Apartment in Weislingen's Castle*

WEISLINGEN *alone*

WEISLINGEN I am so ill, so weak—all my bones are hollow—this wretched fever has consumed their very marrow No rest no sleep by day or night ! and when I slumber such fearful dreams ! Last night methought I met Goetz in the forest He drew his sword and defied me to combat I grasped mine but my hand failed me He darted on me a look of contempt sheathed his weapon and passed on He is a prisoner yet I tremble to think of him Miserable man ! Thine own voice has condemned him, yet thou tremblest like a malefactor at his very shadow And shall he die ? Goetz ! Goetz ! we mortals are not our own masters Fiends have empire over us and shape our actions after their own hellish will to goad us to perdition (*Sits down*) Weak ! Weak ! Why are my nails so blue ? A cold clammy, wasting sweat drenches every limb Everything swims before my eyes Could I but sleep ! Alas !

*Enter MARIA*

WEISLINGEN Mother of God ! Leave me in peace—leave me in peace ! This spectre was yet wanting Maria is

dead, and she appears to the traitor Leave me, blessed spirit! I am wretched enough

MARIA Weislingen I am no spirit I am Maria

WEISLINGEN It is her voice!

MARIA I come to beg my brother's life of thee He is guiltless however culpable he may appear

WEISLINGEN Hush! Maria—Angel of heaven as thou art thou bringest with thee the torments of hell! Speak no more

MARIA And must my brother die? Weislingen it is horrible that I should have to tell thee he is guiltless that I should be compelled to come as a suppliant to restrain thee from a most fearful murder Thy soul to its inmost depths is possessed by evil powers Can this be Adelbert?

WEISLINGEN Thou seest—the consuming breath of the grave hath swept over me—my strength sinks in death—I die in misery and thou comest to drive me to despair—Could I but tell thee all thy bitterest hate would melt to sorrow and compassion Oh Maria! Maria!

MARIA Weislingen my brother is pining in a dungeon—The anguish of his wounds—his age—O hadst thou the heart to bring his grey hairs—Weislingen we should despair

WEISLINGEN Enough!—— (*Rings a hand bell*)

*Enter FRANCIS in great agitation*

FRANCIS Gracious sir!

WEISLINGEN Those papers Francis (*He gives them*  
WEISLINGEN *tears open a packet and shows MARIA a paper*)  
Here is thy brother's death warrant signed!

MARIA God in heaven!

WEISLINGEN And thus I tear it He shall live! But can I restore what I have destroyed? Weep not so Francis! Dear youth my wretchedness lies deeply at thy heart

[FRANCIS *throws himself at his feet and clasps his knees*

MARIA (*apart*) He is ill—very ill The sight of him rends my heart I loved him! And now that I again approach him I feel how dearly——

WEISLINGEN Francis arise and cease to weep—I may recover! While there is life there is hope

FRANCIS You cannot! You must die!

WEISLINGEN Must?

FRANCIS (*beside himself*) Poison! poison!—from your wife! I—I gave it  
[*Rushes out*

WEISLINGEN Follow him, Maria—he is desperate

POISON from my wife! Alas! alas! I feel it Torture and death!  
[Exit MARIA]

MARIA (*within*) Help! help!

WEISLINGEN (*Attempts in vain to rise*) God! I cannot

MARIA (*Re entering*) He is gone! He threw himself desperately from a window of the hall into the river

WEISLINGEN It is well with him!—Thy brother is out of danger! The other commissioners especially Seckendorf are his friends They will readily allow him to ward himself upon his knightly word Farewell Maria! Now go

MARIA I will stay with thee—thou poor forsaken one!

WEISLINGEN Poor and forsaken indeed! O God thou art a terrible avenger! My wife!

MARIA Remove from thee that thought Turn thy soul to the throne of mercy

WEISLINGEN Go thou gentle spirit! leave me to my misery! Horrible! Even thy presence Maria even the attendance of my only comforter is agony

MARIA (*aside*) Strengthen me heaven! My soul droops with his

WEISLINGEN Alas! alas! Poison from my wife! My Francis seduced by the wretch! She waits—listens to every horse's hoof for the messenger who brings her the news of my death And thou too Maria wherefore art thou come to awaken every slumbering recollection of my sins? Leave me leave me that I may die!

MARIA Let me stay! Thou art alone think I am thy nurse Forget all May God forgive thee as freely as I do!

WEISLINGEN Thou spirit of love! pray for me! pray for me! My heart is eard

MARIA There is forgiveness for thee—Thou art exhausted

WEISLINGEN I die! I die! and yet I cannot die In the fearful contest between life and death lie the torments of hell

MARIA Heavenly Father have compassion upon him! Grant him but one token of thy love that his heart may be opened to comfort and his soul to the hope of eternal life, even in the agony of death!

SCENE XI *A narrow vault dimly illuminated The Judges of the Secret Tribunal discovered seated all muffled in black cloaks*

ELDEST JUDGE Judges of the Secret Tribunal sworn by the cord and the steel to be inflexible in justice to judge in secret and to avenge in secret like the Deity! Are your hands clean and your hearts pure? Raise them to heaven, and cry,—Woe upon evil doers!

ALL Woe! woe!

ELDEST JUDGE Cryer begin the diet of judgment

CRYER I cry I cry for accusation against evil doers! He whose heart is pure whose hands are clean to swear by the cord and the steel let him lift up his voice and call upon the steel and the cord for vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!

ACCUSER (*comes forward*) My heart is pure from misdeed and my hands are clean from innocent blood God pardon my sins of thought and prevent their execution I raise my hand on high and cry for Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!

ELDEST JUDGE Vengeance upon whom?

ACCUSER I call upon the cord and the steel for vengeance against Adelaide of Weisingen She has committed adultery and murder She has poisoned her husband by the hands of his servant—the servant hath slain himself—the husband is dead

ELDEST JUDGE Dost thou swear by the God of truth, that thy accusation is true?

ACCUSER I swear!

ELDEST JUDGE Dost thou invoke upon thine own head the punishment of murder and adultery should thy accusation be found false?

ACCUSER On my head be it

ELDEST JUDGE Your voices?

[*They converse a few minutes in whispers*]

ACCUSER Judges of the Secret Tribunal what is your sentence upon Adelaide of Weisingen, accused of murder and adultery?

ELDEST JUDGE She shall die!—she shall die a bitter and twofold death! By the double doom of the steel and the cord shall she expiate the double crime Raise your hands

to heaven and cry Woe woe upon her! Be she delivered into the hands of the avenger

ALL Woe! woe!

LEDEST JUDGE Woe! Avenger come forth!

[*A man advances*  
 Here take thou the cord and the steel! Within eight days shalt thou blot her out from before the face of heaven wheresoever thou findest her down with her into the dust Judges ye that judge in secret and avenge in secret like the Deity keep your hearts from wickedness and your hands from innocent blood!  
 [*The Scene closes*]

## SCENL XII *The Court of an Inn*

LERSE and MARIA

MARIA The hoises have rested long enough, we will away Lerse

LERSE Stay till to morrow this is a dreadful night

MARIA Laise I cannot rest till I have seen my brother Let us away the weather is clearing up—we may expect a fair morning

LERSE Be it as you will

## SCENE XIII *The Prison at Heilbronn*

GOETZ and ELIZABETH

ELIZABETH I entreat thee dear husband speak to me Thy silence alarms me thy spirit consumes thee pent up within thy breast Come let me see thy wounds they mend daily In this desponding melancholy I know thee no longer!

GOETZ Seekest thou Goetz? He is long since gone! Piece by piece have they robbed me of all I held dear—my hand my property my freedom my good name! My life! of what value is it to me? What news of George? Is Lerse gone to seek him?

ELIZABETH He is my love! Be of good cheer, things may yet take a favourable turn

GOETZ He whom God hath stricken lifts himself up no more! I best know the load I have to bear —To misfortune I am inured —But now it is not Weislingen alone not the peasants alone not the death of the emperor nor my wounds—it is the whole united—— My hour is come! I had hoped it should have been like my life But His will be done!

ELIZABETH Wilt thou not eat something?

GOETZ Nothing my love! See how the sun shines yonder!

ELIZABETH It is a fine spring day!

GOETZ My love wilt thou ask the keeper's permission for me to walk in his little garden for half an hour that I may look upon the clear face of heaven the pure air and the blessed sun?

ELIZABETH I will—and he will readily grant it

### SCENE THE LAST *The Prison Garden*

LERSE and MARIA

MARIA Go in and see how it stands with them

[*Exit* LERSE

*Enter* ELIZABETH and KELFER

ELIZABETH (*to the* KELFER) God reward your kindness and attention to my husband! (*Exit* KELFER) Maria, how hast thou sped?

MARIA My brother is safe! But my heart is torn asunder Weislingen is dead! poisoned by his wife My husband is in danger—the princes are becoming too powerful for him they say he is surrounded and besieged

ELIZABETH Believe not the rumour, and let not Goetz hear it

MARIA How is it with him?

ELIZABETH I feared he would not survive till thy return the hand of the Lord is heavy on him And George is dead!

MARIA George! The gallant boy!

ELIZABETH When the miscreants were burning Miltenberg his master sent him to check their villany A body

of cavalry charged upon them Had they all behaved as George they must all have had as clear a conscience Many were killed and George among them, he died the death of a warrior

MARIA Does Goetz know it ?

ELIZABETH We conceal it from him He questions me ten times a day concerning him and sends me as often to see what is become of him I fear to give his heart this last wound

MARIA O God ! what are the hopes of this world !

*Enter GOETZ, LERSE and KEEPER*

GOETZ Almighty God ! how lovely it is beneath thy heaven ! How free ! The trees put forth their buds and all the world awakes to hope — Farewell my children ! my roots are cut away my strength totters to the grave

ELIZABETH Shall I not send Lerse to the convent for thy son that thou mayst once more see and bless him ?

GOETZ I let him be he needs not my blessing, he is holier than I — Upon our wedding day Elizabeth could I have thought I should die thus ! — My old father blessed us and prayed for a succession of noble and gallant sons — God thou hast not heard him I am the last — — Lerse thy countenance cheers me in the hour of death more than in our most daring fights then my spirit encouraged thine now thine supports mine — — Oh that I could but once more see George and sun myself in his look ! You turn away and weep He is dead ? George is dead ? — Then die Goetz ! Thou hast outlived thyself outlived the noblest of thy servants — — How died he ? Alas ! they took him among the incendiaries and he has been executed ?

ELIZABETH No ! he was slain at Miltenberg ! while fighting like a lion for his freedom

GOETZ God be praised ! He was the kindest youth under the sun and one of the bravest — — Now release my soul My poor wife ! I leave thee in a wicked world Lerse forsake her not ! Lock your hearts more carefully than your doors The age of fraud is at hand treachery will reign unchecked The worthless will gain the ascendancy by cunning and the noble will fall into their net Maria may God restore thy husband to thee ! may he not fall the deeper for having



risen so high ! Selbitz is dead and the good emperor and  
 my George——Give me a draught of water !——Heavenly  
 air ! freedom ! freedom ! [He *flies*

ELIZABETH Freedom is above ! above—with thee ! { I he  
 world is a prison house

MARIA Noble man ! Woe to this age that rejects { all

LEERSF And woe to the future, that shall misjudge thee ! { her

THE END





