Charles Gounod (1818 – 1893)

Faust

Libretto by Jules Barbier and Michel Carré, based on Carré's play <u>*Faust et Marguerite*</u>*, which is based on Goethe's play* <u>*Faust, part one*</u>

First performance: Théâtre Lyrique, Paris March 19, 1859

English translation by James Meena

Characters

Marguerite, soprano
Dr. Faust, tenor
Méphistophélès, bass
Valentin, baritone
Siebel, soprano
Marthe Swerlein, contralto
Wagner, baritone

Act I, scene I
Faust's study - 16th century Heidelberg

Faust
Emptiness. In vain –
another sleepless night
considering nature, and God.
Not a single voice of consolation
passes my ears.
I languish alone, powerless to
break the bonds that keep me in
this world.
I see nothing. I know nothing.

The sky grows pale;
another night fades away!
Another hopeless day! Oh death!
When will your wings surround
me?
Very well. Since death avoids me,
why not rush to her side?

I drink to you, my last morning.
I arrive at the end of my life's
journey without fear.
And with this poison
I alone am master of my destiny!

(*voices of young girls come from the street)*

Girls
Lazy girl, who is still sleeping,
The golden day is breaking.
The birds are singing,
and dawn smiles on the fields.
All of nature awakens to love.

Faust
Empty echoes of man's joy.
Away! Far away!
Cup of my father's,
that was once so rich and full
Why do you tremble in my hand ?

(*voices of workers are now heard)*

Men
At dawn we work in the fields,
and the swallow flies to the blue
sky.
The day is fair, the Earth is good.
Blessed is God!
Praise be to God!

Faust
And what can this God do for me?
Can he give me love – My youth –
Restore my faith?
Cursed are human passions!
Cursed are the chains that hold me
here!
Cursed is everything alluring –
Vain hope that passes so quickly.
Dreams of love, or glory!
I curse all joy! –
And I curse even you, science!
Cursed be prayer and faith!
I can bear no more!
I call upon you, Satan! Appear!

(*Méphistophélès appears, elegantly dressed)*

Meph.
I am here.
Why so surprised?
Why stare at me so?
Is it the sword at my side?
The feather in my cap?
The purse full of gold at my side,
or this elegant cloak I wear?
In brief - a true gentleman!
Well, doctor. What do you want?
Come - speak up! Are you afraid?

Faust
No.

Meph. Do you doubt my power?

Faust Perhaps.

Meph. Then I shall give you proof.

Faust Away with you!

Meph. Phew! This is how you show gratitude?
You will learn that with Satan one must take a different tone.
And not summon him from beyond, only to quickly show him the door.

Faust And what do you want of me?

Meph. Everything.
But first, what do you desire?
Do you want gold?

Faust What need have I for riches?

Meph. Good. I see your point.
You desire glory, then?

Faust Something greater!

Meph. Ah yes -- power?

Faust No. I desire a treasure
that includes them all.
I want my youth!
Give me youthful pleasure,
a maiden's caress and desires.
Give me the glowing strength of youth, the foolish orgies of the senses!
Ardent youth!
Give me its desires, its intoxication, and its pleasures!

Meph. Well, well. I see.
I can grant your wish.

Faust And what must I give in return?

Meph. Practically nothing.
In this world, I shall be your servant.
But below, you shall be mine!

Faust Below?

(*Méphistophélès takes out a contract)*

Meph. Yes. Come now. Sign!
What's this? Your hand trembles?
Youth awaits you;
if you only dare to behold!

(*A vision of a beautiful girl appears)*

Very well, then.
How does it seem to you?

Faust I will sign!

Meph. As you wish!
And now, master.
'Tis I who invite you to drink from this cup, which bubbles no longer with poison and death; but with life.

Faust To you, charming and adored vision.

(*Faust drains the cup)*

Meph. Come!

Faust I will see her?

Meph. Indeed.

Faust When?

Meph. Today. Let's be off.

Both To me (you) youthful pleasure,
a maiden's caress and desires.
To me (you) the glowing strength of youth, the foolish orgies of the senses!
To me (you) ardent youth!
Its intoxication and pleasures!

Act I, scene ii
Afternoon - At the city gates.

Men Fill my glass with beer or wine!
One glass after another without shame!
Pass the glasses 'round!
Drink to glory - drink to love.
Fill my glass with beer or wine!
One glass after another without shame!
Yes. Drink to glory - drink to love.
Only water do we disdain!

On Sundays I love to reminisce
about days of war and battle;
Sitting on the side of the hill
that overlooks the river,
Watching the crowd pass by,
while I empty my glass!

All Viva to wine!
Drink to glory in battle!

Valentin Oh blessed medallion,
given to me by my sister;
To protect me in battle,
rest here by my heart.

Wagner Ah! Here is Valentin
who we've been waiting for.

Valentin A final drink, my friends,
And we must be on our way.

Wagner But why such a sad farewell?

Valentin Like you I am eager to leave!
But I leave behind Marguerite
With no one to watch over her
since my mother has passed away.

Siebel I will be more than a friend to her;
as brother in your stead I will stand.

Valentin Thank you.

Siebel & Men You can count on us all.

Valentin *aria*

Before leaving the place of my
birth, I entrust my sister to you, O Lord.
Deign to protect my precious sister
from every danger.
Enough sad thoughts.
I will find glory in the enemy's
cold breast.
I will be the first, and strongest in battle.
I will fight for my homeland.
And if God should call me to Him,
I will watch over you,
Marguerite, from heaven.
Before leaving the place of my
birth, I entrust my sister to you, O Lord.
O Lord of Hosts, look down on us,
and protect Marguerite.

Wagner Come friends.
Drown our sorrows in wine!
With a happy song we'll raise our spirits.

Men Agreed! Drink your fill.
And with a happy song raise our spirits!

Wagner (*beginning to tell a story)*
"A cowardly, ugly rat once lived
under an old wine cask…
A cat . . ."

Meph. Pardon me.
May I join you?
And once your friend is done,
I have a song of my own to offer.

Wagner One song is enough,
provided it's a good one!

Meph. I shall endeavor not to bore you.

aria

The Golden Calf reigns above all.
Burn incense at its altar from

one end of the world to the other.
King and commoner come together
to dance wildly 'round its pedestal;
And 'tis Satan who leads this
dance.

Men And Satan leads this dance.

Meph. The Gold Calf conquers God!
Its derisive glory insults the
heavens.
Men throw themselves at its feet.
In blood and mud -- wherever it
shines.
And 'tis Satan who leads this
dance.

Men And Satan leads this dance.

Our thanks for your song!

Valentin An unusual person to be sure.

Wagner Will you honor us by joining in a
drink?

Meph. But of course. (*Reading his palm*)
I see here that sadness awaits you.
Do you see this line?
It is a troublesome omen.
You will soon be killed in battle.

Siebel Then you are a sorcerer?

Meph. Sorcerer enough to read in your
palm that you are cursed. Every
flower you touch will wither and
die.
No more bouquets for Marguerite!

Valentin My sister? You dare speak her
name?

Meph. Take care, my brave one.
You will be killed by someone I
know.
(*taking a cup of wine*)
To your health!
This is wretched wine!
Permit me to offer some from my
own cellar.
Hola! Bacchus! Your finest!

(*with a wave of his hand, wine
flows from the casks)*
Come, everyone may drink as he
wants.
Here's to the health of the fairest
maid of all -- to Marguerite!
Enough! If you do not hold your
tongue I will kill you!

Meph. But why do you tremble?
So brave in your threats!
(*Valentin's sword magically
breaks in two)*

Valentin My sword -- broken in two
at the wave of his hand.

Men This fiend of hell has blunted our
swords.
We are powerless to break his
spell.

Valentin But, since you have broken our
swords –
Behold! (*holding the hilt as a
cross)*
His cross will defend us from evil.

(*the soldiers exit, leaving
Méphistophélès alone)*

Meph. We will meet again, my friends.
Of that you can be sure.

Faust (*entering*)
What are you doing?

Meph. Not much.
And now, dear doctor,
where shall we begin?

Faust Where will I find the beautiful
maiden that you showed me?
Was she just an empty illusion?

Meph. Not at all. . .
But, you should know
that Heaven itself protects her.

Faust What of it? I want her!
Take me to her or our pact is done.

Meph. Say no more. And, so you will
not doubt my sincerity - observe!
(*a waltz begins. The scene is transformed with townspeople dancing and celebrating)*

At the sound of the waltz, the
beauty you dream of will appear.

Chorus We dance like a summer breeze,
circling lightly in the air.
The music sweeps us away
with the beauty of the waltz.

Meph. Such lovely women!
Don't you want to offer your arm
to the prettiest?

Faust No. Don't mock me.
Let my heart dream of her!

Siebel (*entering*)
I will wait here.
Marguerite is sure to pass by.

Women (*to Siebel*)
Will you ask one of us to dance?

Siebel No, no. I do not want to dance.

Chorus We dance like a summer breeze,
circling lightly in the air.
The music sweeps us away
with the beauty of the waltz.

Faust (*seeing Marguerite*)
There. It's her!

Meph. Well, well. At last.

Siebel (*trying to approach her, but Méphistophélès blocks his path*)
Margeurite . . .
Cursed meddler -- you here?

Meph. Of course, my little friend.
As for you -- on your way!

Faust (*approaching Marguerite*)
Permit me, my fair young lady,
to escort you on your walk.

Mar. No, monsieur.
I am neither fair nor young . . .
And have no need of an escort.
(*exit)*

Faust By the stars!
Such grace and modesty.
Oh my lovely girl, I love you.

Siebel She must have gone already.

Meph. And so?

Faust I have been rejected.

Meph. Very well, dear doctor,
I will assist you in pursuing your
love.

Women What's this? Margeurite has
refused that handsome gentleman?

All On with the dance!
We dance like a summer breeze,
circling lightly in the air.
The music sweeps us away
with the beauty of the waltz.
We dance until we can dance no
more.
Pleasure carries us away.

Act II
Evening - Marguerite's garden.

Siebel *aria*
Lovely flowers: speak for me!
Tell her she is beautiful, and that I
long for her.
Lovely flowers: Tell her my soul
sighs for her, like your sweet
fragrance.
(*gathering flowers into a bouquet*)

They wither! That sorcerer,
who God has cursed, has cursed
me!
I can no longer touch a flower

without it dying.
What if I were to place my hand
in this holy water ?

This is where Marguerite
comes every evening to pray.
I'll try again.
(*gathers more flowers*)
Will it live, or die?
It lives! Satan, I laugh at you!

On you, lovely flowers,
I place my trust -- speak for me;
Tell her of the joy she brings
to my shy, troubled heart.
On you, lovely flowers,
I place my trust -- if love startles
her let you be the first to give her
one sweet kiss.
Yes. One sweet kiss.

Faust Will I see her here?

Meph. Follow me.

Faust What is it?

Meph. Siebel, your rival. Observe.
(*they hide behind the bushes)*

Siebel My bouquet is so charming.
Victory!
Tomorrow I will tell her
everything;
And if she wants to know the
secret in my heart, a kiss will
speak for me.

Meph. A Don Juan, this one!
Wait for me over there, dear
doctor.
I will procure a present
to match these lovely flowers.
One more rich and marvelous
than you can imagine.

Faust (*brooding*)
Leave me alone!

Meph. I will obey. Wait for me here.

Faust What new emotion troubles my
heart?
True love is capturing my soul.
Oh, Marguerite, see me lying at
your feet.

Aria
So pure and chaste this modest
home, where an innocent soul
resides.
Such wealth in such poverty;
in such a place, so much
happiness.
Indeed. Such joy in such a modest
place.

Here nature protected her
childhood, and watched over her as
she slept.
Here nature's breath enveloped her
soul, and a woman came from an
angel.
So fair -- So rare.

So pure and chaste this modest
home,
where an innocent soul resides.
So pure and chaste this modest
home.
Blessed by Heaven itself,
and her divine, innocent soul.

Meph. (*re-entering, carrying a jewel box*)
Wake up! She is here.
If this bouquet outdoes this box
it's time for me to retire.

Faust Be gone. I will not see her again!

Meph. Such scruples! We'll place the
box on her doorstep. You'll see --
have hope.

(*they again hide in the bushes*)

Mar. I would truly like to know
who that young man was;
Perhaps he is a noble lord;
I wonder what his name is.

(*she sings a song from her childhood)*
"Once there was a King,
faithful to his lady until death.
Kept in remembrance of her,
by his side a chalice of gold."
(*breaking off the song*)
The young man
seemed kind and gracious.

"No other treasure he so prized,
on feast days alone it served him.
And with each sip,
his eyes would fill with tears."

"One day, death was upon him.
The King, lying on his cold deathbed,
With a supreme effort,
raised the cup one last time."

(*again breaking her daydream*)
I did not know what to say to him;
and I was blushing so.

"And then, in honor of his love,
a final toast he made.
The cup trembled in his hands,
In peace he closed his eyes."

Only a King would be so resolute;
yet with such sadness.
Enough daydreaming. Dear Valentin;
if God hears me I will see you again.
I shall be here all alone.

A bouquet ! It is from Siebel
I am sure -- poor boy.
(*noticing the jewel box*)

What is this? Where did this
beautiful little chest come from?
Do I dare touch it?
Perhaps -- here is the key.
Should I? Why not!
What harm is there in just opening it?
Goodness! Such jewels!
Is it a dazzling dream, or is it real?
I have never seen such riches before.

If I dare, only for a moment,
to try on these earrings!
Here at the bottom is a mirror.
Who could resist such temptation?

Aria
How beautiful my reflection is.
Tell me -- Is it really you, Marguerite?
No. It's not you.
It's the daughter of a king.
Yes; a princess greets me as she passes by in all her splendor.

Ah. If only he were here
to see me like this.
Like a true lady.
He would surely find me beautiful.

Now to finish the metamorphosis.
I'll try on this bracelet and necklace.

Goodness. It's as though
a hand is pressing on my arm.
Ah. How beautiful my reflection is.
Is it you, Marguerite? Tell me quickly.
If only he were here to see me.
He would surely find me beautiful.

Marguerite, it is no longer you.
It is no longer your reflection.
No. I am the princess greeting
her subjects as she passes by.

Marthe (*entering from her house*)
Heavens; how beautiful you are, my angel.
Where did these riches come from?

Mar. I'm sorry to say they were
left on my doorstep by mistake.

Marthe I think not.

These jewels were meant for you,
my dear.
Indeed. This is the gift of a man in love.
My husband never gave me such things.

Meph. (*coming out from the bushes*)
Madam Martha Schwerlein, I believe.

Marthe Who wants to know?

Meph. Pardon me for coming to your home.
Aside to Faust
(Observe what a box of jewels can do.)

Are you Martha Schwerlein?

Marthe I am.

Meph. I am the bearer of sad news.
Your husband, dear lady,
is dead - and sends his greetings.

Marthe Dear God, no!

Mar. What has happened?

Marthe An unforeseen calamity.

Mar. My heart trembles at seeing him.

Marthe Did he send me anything?

Meph. Nothing.
And as revenge, you should
take another husband right away.

Faust (*to Marguerite*)
But why take off these jewels?

Mar. It's wrong to wear them; they aren't mine.

Meph. (*continuing his conversation with Marthe*)
Who would not joyfully exchange
wedding rings with you?

Marthe Then you're... not married?

Meph. Alas. I've never been so lucky.

Quartet

Faust Shall we walk arm in arm?

Mar. I beg you, no.

Faust Your arm, madam?

Marthe (He is so charming.)

Meph. (She's a bit of a man-eater,
I must say)

Mar. (How charming he is)

Faust (Marguerite has such a pure spirit.)

Marthe (*continuing her conversation with Méphistophélès*)
So then. You travel all the time?

Meph. I do. My job demands it.
And with no friends,
no family, no wife - Ah!

Marthe That's fine when you're young.
But to be a lonely old bachelor . . .

Meph. I do often shudder at such a horrid thought.

Marthe And so, before more time passes,
you must think about the future.

Meph. I shall think about it.

Marthe You must plan for your old age.

Faust (*continuing his conversation with Marguerite*)
You say you are all alone?

Mar. My brother is away at war,
and I lost my mother.
An even greater sorrow
was when I lost my little sister.

Poor angel. I loved her dearly,
And cared for her through pain and affliction.
It seems death calls us when our souls are filled with woe.
Every morning she would call me.
What I would not give to see her again.

Faust If Heaven smiled on her as it has on you, she truly was an angel.

Mar. Now you're making fun of me.
I do not believe you.
Under your breath, you laugh at me.
(I am wrong to stay; still, I listen to him).

Faust No; I admire you.
Allow me to take your arm
You doubt God has led me to you?
My heart speaks to you - hear it.

Mar. It is late. You must go now.

Faust No, my angel.

Mar. Leave me!

Faust How cruel of you.

Meph. (*running away from Marthe*)
She's too frisky. Time to escape.

Marthe (What to say?) What. He's gone!
Seigneur! My dear!

Meph. She's chasing after me! Ouff!!!
This old shrew, by force of will,
would marry the devil himself!

Marthe Dear seigneur!

Meph. Good night !

(*Faust and Marguerite have gone into the garden; Marthe has left, thinking she is chasing after Méphistophélès. Méphistophélès is left alone*)

Meph. It is time. Under the branches' darkness, our lovers return.
Let us not interrupt such a lovely couple.

Oh night:
Embrace them with your shadow.
Love:
Guard their souls against all remorse.
And you, fragrant flowers:
Bloom in my satanic hands,
And succeed in seducing the heart of Marguerite.

(*Faust and Marguerite re-enter*)

Mar. It is late. Good night.

Faust No, I implore you -- stay.
Allow my hand to lose itself in thine.
Let me marvel at your beauty,
As the pale splendor of the stars and moon caresses your face.

Mar. How quiet the night;
how sublime this mystery.
An intoxicating peace;
I hear it, and understand it;
This one voice that sings
to my heart.

Wait there a moment.

Faust What is it?

Mar. A simple game. Wait there.

Faust What are you doing?

Mar. (*taking a flower*)
"He loves me - he loves me not
he loves me - not - he loves me !"

Faust Yes, believe the petals at your feet;
they are the oracle of Heaven itself.
"He loves you."
Do you know these sweet words?
Love carries us to a joy so new,
and eternal.

Together Eternally.

Faust Oh radiant night of love,
oh sweet flame of silent joy.
Our souls ascend together to the sky.

Mar. I want to love you;
to cherish you.
Say it again and I will be yours.
I adore you, and live only for you.
Say you love me. I adore you.
I would die for you.

(*he goes to kiss her, she breaks away*)

Faust Marguerite! To be so cruel!

Mar. Ah! You must leave!
Leave me at once. I tremble.
Do not break my heart.
You must leave at once!

Faust See my anguish at leaving.
Divine beauty, pure and innocent,
You overcome my passion!
I will obey you. But, tomorrow . . .

Mar. Yes, until tomorrow.

Faust One word more.
Say you love me.

Mar. (*nodding 'yes'*)
Adieu.

Faust Heavenly joy. Ah; I leave you.

(*Marguerite goes into her house, Faust is about to leave when he is stopped by Méphistophélès*)

Meph. What a blockhead you are!

Faust You were listening to us?

Meph. Why of course.
I think you should be sent back to school, doctor.
At least stay and hear what she tells the stars, dear master.

(*Marguerite opens her window and gazes at the stars*)

See. She opens her window.

Mar. He loves me. My heart trembles.
The birds sing; the breeze murmurs.
All nature's voices repeat the words: "he loves you."
How sweet to live.
The sky itself smiles on me.
Do the very leaves tremble from the pleasure of love ?
Tomorrow. Ah. If his return would only be sooner. Come, my love.

Faust (*rushing to her, climbing the vine to her balcony*)

Marguerite!

(*She falls into his arms, and they enter her bedroom together as the curtain falls*)

Act III, scene i
Several months later, *the city square*

Soldiers Victorious warriors.
Our forefather's glory has guided our path.
To protect our motherland,
her sons bled on the battlefield,
Following her holy cry:
"Onward with swords held high !"

Valentin (*in front of his house*)
Come, join me in my home, Siebel.
We will toast our victory.

Siebel No. I can't enter.

Valentin But why? Look at me! What is wrong?

Siebel Very well. No I can't tell you.

Valentin Tell me!

Siebel Be merciful to her, Valentin.

Valentin Let me go!

Siebel Forgive her, Valentin! Dear God,
I implore your mercy for
Marguerite.

Meph. (*entering with Faust*)
What are you waiting for? Enter!

Faust Take care, damn you.
I am afraid to confront
the shame I have caused her.

Meph. Why see her at all?
You deserted her.
Come, the Witch's Sabbath awaits us.
(*Faust ignores him*)

I see my advice is in vain.
Love has carried you away.
But I shall lend my voice
to help you open her door.

Aria
"Do you feign slumber, lovely *Catherine*;
or do you ignore my song?
Let not thy lover languish,
waiting for thy heart.
Open not thy door, my beauty,
lest the ring is on thy finger."

"Adored *Catherine*, why refuse
a kiss to thy imploring lover ?
Hear thy lover beg thee,
waiting for thy heart.
Give not thy kiss, my beauty,
lest the ring is on thy finger.

Valentin (*leaving the house*)
What do you want, gentlemen?

Meph. Forgive us, dear friend.
But, this song is not meant for you.

Valentin My sister would listen well, I know.

Meph. What's the bee in your bonnet?
Are you not a lover of music?

Valentin Enough of this outrage.
Which of you will satisfy my honor?
Which of you will die today?

Meph. Why not you? Go on, doctor!

Trio
Valentin Lord, strengthen me to defend my honor.

Meph. Such outrage. I laugh at his bravado.

Faust How ruthless, to shed his blood,
when I am the transgressor.

Valentin And you that protected my days
at war - a gift from Marguerite,
I ask your protection no more,
cursed medallion.

Meph. (You will come to regret that.)

Valentin Lord, strengthen me to defend my honor.

Meph. Such outrage. I laugh at his bravado.

Faust How ruthless, to shed his blood,
when I am the transgressor.

Valentin (*drawing his sword*)
En garde! Defend yourself.

Meph. (Stay close, doctor. I shall guide you.)

Faust and Valentin duel. Méphistophélès uses his power to open Valentin's defense, allowing Faust to mortally wound him.

See our hero, dying at your feet.
Away from here!

People (*rushing to Valentin*)
Come here, friends. Over here.
See, one of them is struck down.
He's still alive.
Quickly, he needs help.

Valentin Do not weep for me.
I have faced death before,
and am not afraid.

Mar. (*coming from the house*)
Valentin! Valentin!

Valentin Marguerite, my sister. Get away!
I die by her doing.
I was fool enough to challenge her
lover.

People (Her lover!)

Siebel Have pity on her.

Mar. Oh endless sorrow,
and bitter chastisement.

Valentin Mark my last words well,
Marguerite.
Death comes to us all,
when sent from on high.
But you, with your evil ways,
can never undo what you've done.
You renounced all that is good,
for a moment's pleasure.
Now shame overcomes you.
Remorse will fill all your days.
Perhaps God will forgive you.
But I curse you.

People Terrible curse -- blasphemous
words from the lips of one dying.
You will soon meet God.
Forgive her and be forgiven.

Valentin Marguerite. I curse you.
Death awaits on your bed of sin.
I . . . a soldier . . .die by your hand.

People May God take his soul,
and grant forgiveness.

Act III, scene ii
The village church

Mar. Lord, allow Thy humble servant
to kneel before Thee.

Meph. No. You will not pray.
Come! Strike terror in her,
my spirits of Hell.

Spirits Marguerite!

Mar. Who calls me? I'm terrified!
Merciful God, is this the day of
Judgment?

Meph. Remember the happy days when
you came here to sing His praises?
You quietly prayed, holding your
mother's kiss, and God's love in
your heart.
Now you hear the clamorous
voices of Hell in your soul.
The voice of eternal anguish,
and eternal night!

Mar. Almighty God - what is this voice,
and this shadow that descends on
me?

Spirits When God sends His Judgment
His cross will shine in the heavens.
And the Universe itself shall
crumble.

Mar. Alas. This chant of devotion
strikes terror in my heart.

Meph. No. For you God has no mercy.
For you the heavens shine no
more.

Spirits What will you say to God?
Who will be your protector?
When even the innocent will stand
in fear?

Mar. This chant suffocates me.
I am encircled by fire.

Meph. Adieu, nights of love's intoxication.
For you damnation. For you Hell!

Mar. O Lord, hear the prayers
of this tortured soul,
That one single ray of Thy light
may descend on me.

Meph. Marguerite. For you damnation!
For you the fires of Hell!

Act III, scene iii
The Witch's Sabbath

Faust No further!

Meph. Did you not promise to be silent?

Faust I want to know where we are.

Meph. Within my empire!
Here doctor, all submit to my will.
Behold the Walpurgis Night.

Spirits Behold the Walpurgis Night.

Faust My blood freezes with fear.

Meph. At my command, darkness
becomes radiant.
'Til morning's glow, as guest of
honor, you shall feast with queens
and whores.

Spirits Fill the cup and drink to ancient
gods.
Fill the air with songs of delight.

Meph. Beautiful Queens of yore:
Cleopatra - most beautiful of all.
Thaïs, whose charms none can
resist.
Let us all take our place at the
feast -- live for the moment.
Now, to soothe your love-stricken
heart, drink from this cup,
and you will forget the past !

(*Faust suddenly stops, and stares at a vision*)

Have you gone mad?

Faust Do you not see her pale image
before us?
With a scarlet ribbon, tight as a
knife about her throat!
Marguerite! I can't bear this
vision.
I must see her. Take me to her!

(*he rushes off*)

Act III, scene iv
Prison

Meph. Day is near. The scaffold is
prepared.
Persuade her to escape with you.
The guard's asleep. Here is the
key.
Your hand alone can deliver her.

Faust Leave us.

Meph. I shall wait out there. Quickly
now.

Faust My heart is filled with pity.
Such torture.
Such eternal remorse.
Yes, it's her. The sweet creature,
thrown in prison like a vile
criminal.
Despair took her reason.
Our poor child. Oh God.
Murdered by her own hand.
Marguerite!

Mar. Ah. The voice of my beloved.
At his call my heart is reborn.
Above the laughter of the demons
that surround me, I hear his voice.
His gentle hand takes mine.
I am free - he is here!

It's really you, my beloved.
Not even death can frighten me
again.
You found me, and will save me!
I am still in your heart!

Faust Yes, it is me, my love.
In spite of the demons
I found you, and will save you.
You are ever in my heart.

Mar. (*as if hallucinating*)
Wait. Do you see?
This is street where we first met.
Where your hand first lightly
touched mine.

"Permit me, my fair young lady,
to escort you on your walk."

"No, monsieur.
I am neither fair nor young . . .
And have no need of an escort."

Faust Yes, my heart also remembers,
but we must go -- quickly.

Mar. And here is the charming garden,
perfumed with myrtle.
Where every evening, secretly,
you would come to me.

Faust Come, Marguerite! Come!

Mar. No. Stay a moment more.

Faust Heaven. She has lost her mind.

Meph. (*rushing in*)
Away then, or you are lost.
Quickly, or don't count on my
help!

Mar. The demon! Do you see him?
His burning eyes staring at us!
What do you want of us?
Drive him from this holy place!

Meph. Leave this dungeon. Day is
breaking.
Our horses are waiting outside.
Come. Save her!
Perhaps there is still time.

Mar. O Lord, protect us.
O Lord, I implore you.

Trio
Radiant angels above,
take my soul to Heaven's breast.
God of justice, I submit to Thy
will.
God of mercy, forgive me.
Radiant angels above,
take my soul to Heaven's breast.

Faust Come. Follow me. You must!
Marguerite!

Mar. (*to Faust*)
Why glare at me with such malice?
Why are your hands stained with
blood?
Get away! You fill me with
horror!

Meph. She is damned!

Choir She is saved.

At this, Marguerite dies. She is illumined with light, and her spirit ascends to Heaven, as Méphistophélès drags Faust to Hell.

Christ is risen.
Christ comes to save.
Peace and joy
To all the Master's disciples.
Christ comes to save.
Christ is risen.

End