

**FAUST: A LYRIC
DRAMA IN
FIVE ACTS**

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Faust: A Lyric Drama in Five Acts by M. Carré

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M. CARRÉ

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FIVE ACTS**

FAUST

A LYRIC DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS

BOOK BY

J. BARBIER AND M. CARRÉ

MUSIC BY

CHARLES GOUNOD

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CHARACTERS

FAUST <i>Tenor</i> MEPHISTOPHELES <i>Bass-Baritone</i> VALENTINE, MARGUERITE'S BROTHER <i>Baritone</i> WAGNER, A STUDENT <i>Baritone</i>	MARGUERITE <i>Soprano</i> SIEBEL, A YOUTH <i>Soprano</i> MARTHA, FRIEND OF MARGUERITE <i>Mezzo-Soprano</i>
PEASANTS, TOWNSPEOPLE, SOLDIERS, STUDENTS, PRIESTS, BOYS, ETC. The scene is in Germany in the sixteenth century.	

PREFATORY NOTE

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

Innumerable musical works of every form have drawn inspiration from the story of Faust. Wagner's concert-overture, Liszt's symphony, and the beautiful fragments by Schumann are among the noblest of such works. Stage versions of the legend have been numerous, but the first really poetic creation was Spohr's opera of "Faust," composed in 1813. Since its appearance there has been an abundance of Faust operas by English, German, French and Italian composers

down to the imaginative but fragmentary "Mefistofele" of Boito (1868). But of all the stage versions that have claimed the public attention, that of Barbier and Carré, made after Goethe's drama and set to music by Charles Gounod, is far and away the most popular, and may be regarded, in its lyric dress, as the most successful also. There exists scarcely a single rival to the popularity of Gounod's "Faust" among opera-goers.

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

THE STORY OF THE ACTION

ACT I. — Faust, an aged philosopher, who has grown weary of life, and of the vain search for the source of all knowledge, decides, after a night-long vigil, to end his existence by taking poison. In the act of raising the cup to his lips his hand is arrested by the sound of merry voices of maidens singing in the early morning of the joy of living. Again he essays to drink, but pauses

to listen to the song of the reapers on their way to the fields, voicing their gratitude to God. Excited to a frenzy of rage, Faust curses all that is good and calls upon the Evil One to aid him. Mephistopheles appears, and offers gold, glory, boundless power; but the aged doctor craves youth, its passions and delights. The fiend agrees that all shall be his if he but sign a compact, by

which the devil serves Faust on earth, but in the hereafter below the relation is to be reversed. Faust wavers at first, but a vision of Marguerite appears, which inflames his ardor and dispels his hesitation; he drinks the potion and is transformed into a young and handsome man.

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

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

neighbor, Martha, in conversation, while Faust pleads his passion's cause successfully with Marguerite.

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

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

ACT V. — Marguerite, her reason shaken by her misfortunes, has killed her child, and for this crime she is thrown into prison, and condemned to die. Faust, aided by Mephistopheles, obtains access to her cell and urges her to fly with him; but her poor mind cannot grasp the situation, and recurs only to the scenes of their love. When she sees Faust's companion, she turns from him in horror, falls upon her knees, and implores the mercy of heaven. As she sinks in death, Mephistopheles pronounces her damned, but a heavenly voice proclaims her pardoned; and while a celestial choir chants the Easter hymn the soul of Marguerite is seen borne up to heaven by angels. Faust falls to his knees, and the devil crouches beneath the shining sword of an archangel.

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

LE DOCTEUR FAUST	<i>M. M. Barbet</i>
MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS	<i>Balanque</i>
VALENTIN	<i>Reynald</i>
WAGNER	<i>Cibot</i>
MARGUERITE	<i>Mmes. Miolan-Carvalho</i>
SIEBEL	<i>Favore</i>
MARTHA	<i>Duchet</i>

FAUST

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Faust's Study.

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

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

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

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

(Despairingly.)

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

(Seizing a flask on the table.)

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

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

v. of Maidens. Why thy eyes so lustrous
Hidest thou from sight?
Bright Sol now is scatt'ring
Beams of golden light;
The nightingale is warbling
Its carol of love;

ACTE PREMIER.

SCÈNE PREMIÈRE.

Le Cabinet de Faust.

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

Faust. Rien!... — En vain j'interroge, en mon
ardente veille,
La nature et le Créateur;
Pas une voix ne glisse à mon oreille
Un mot consolateur!
J'ai langui triste et solitaire,
Sans pouvoir briser le lien
Qui m'attache encore à la terre!...
Je ne vois rien! — Je ne sais rien!...

(Il ferme le livre et se lève. Le jour commence à naître.)

Le ciel pâlit! — Devant l'aube nouvelle
La sombre nuit
S'évanouit!...

(Avec désespoir.)

Encore un jour! — encore un jour qui
luit!...

O mort, quand viendras-tu m'abriter
sous ton aile?

(Saisissant une fiole sur la table.)

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

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

Chœur de Jeunes Filles. Paresseuse fille
Qui sommeille encor!
Déjà le jour brille
Sous son manteau d'or.
Déjà l'oiseau chante
Ses folles chansons;

Rosy tints of morning
Now gleam from above;
Flow'rs unfold their beauty
To the scented gale;
Nature all awakens—
Of love tells its tale.

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

(Again raising the goblet to his lips.)

Cho. of Laborers

(without.)

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

Cho. of Maidens and Laborers.

Praises to God!

Faust. God! God!

(He sinks into a chair.)

But this God, what will he do for me?

(Rising.)

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

(With rage.)

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

SCÈNE II.

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mep.

(suddenly appearing.)

Here am I! So, I surprise you?
SATAN, Sir, at your service!

L'aube caressante
Sourit aux moissons;
Le ruisseau murmure,
La fleur s'ouvre au jour,
Toute la nature
S'éveille à l'amour!

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

Choeur des Laboureurs

(dehors.)

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

Jeunes Filles et Labs. Béni soit Dieu!

Faust. (reposant la coupe) Dieu!

(Il se laisse retomber dans son fauteuil.)

Mais ce Dieu, que peut-il pour moi!

(Se levant.)

Me rendra-t'il l'amour, l'espérance et
foi?

(Avec rage.)

Maudites soyez-vous, ô voluptés humain
Maudites soient les chaînes
Qui me font ramper ici-bas!
Maudit soit tout ce qui nous leurre,
Vain espoir qui passe avec l'heure,
Rêves d'amour ou de combats!
Maudit soit le bonheur, maudites
science,
La prière et la foi!
Maudite sois-tu, patience!
A moi, Satan! à moi!

SCÈNE II.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mep.

(apparaissant.)

Me voici!... D'où vient ta surprise!
Ne suis-je pas mis à ta guise?

A sword at my side; on my hat a gay
feather; —
A cloak o'er my shoulder; and altogether,
Why, gotten up quite in the fashion!

(Briefly.)

But come, Doctor Faust, what is your will?
Behold! Speak! Are you afraid of me?

Faust. No.

Mep. Do you doubt my power?

Faust. Perhaps.

Mep. Prove it, then.

Faust. Begone!

Mep. Fie! Fie! Is this your politeness!
But learn, my friend, that with Satan
One should conduct in a different way.
I've entered your door with infinite
trouble.

Would you kick me out the very same
day?

Faust. Then what will you do for me?

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

Faust. And what can I do with riches?

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

Faust. Still wrong.

Mep. Power, then.

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

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

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

L'épée au côté, la plume au chapeau,
L'escarcelle pleine, un riche manteau
Sur l'épaulé; — en somme
Un vrai gentilhomme!
Eh bien! que me veux-tu, docteur!
Parle, voyons!... — Te fais-je peur?

Faust. Non.

Mep. Doutes-tu ma puissance?...

Faust. Peut-être!

Mep. Mets-la donc à l'épreuve!...

Faust. Va-t'en!

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

Faust. Et que peux-tu pour moi?

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

Faust. Que ferais-je de la richesse?

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

Faust. Plus encor!

Mep. La puissance!

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

Mep. Fort bien! je puis contenter ton caprice

Faust. Et que te donnerai-je en retour?

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

Faust. Below !

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

(At a sign from MEFISTOPHELES, the scene opens and discloses
MARQUETTE, spinning.)

Faust. Oh, wonder !

Mep. Well, how do you like it ?
(Taking parchment.)

Faust. Give me the scroll !
(Signs.)

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

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

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

Mep. Come, then.

Faust. Say, shall I again behold her ?

Mep. Most surely !

Faust. When ?

Mep. This very day !

Faust. 'Tis well.

Mep. Then let's away.

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

(*Faust.* The curtain falls.)

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

Faust. Là-bas ?...

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

(Il fait un geste. Au fond du théâtre s'ouvre et laisse
couvrir une femme devant son rouet et filant.)

Faust. O merveille !...

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

Faust. Donne !...

Mep. Allons donc !
(Présent la coupe ronde sur la table.)
Et maintenant,
Maître, c'est moi qui te convie
A vider cette coupe où fume en
l'onnant
Non plus la mort, non plus le pois
mais la vie !

Faust.
(Présent la coupe et se tournant vers MARQUETTE.)
A toi, fantôme adorable et charms

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

Mep. Viens !

Faust. Je la reverrai ?

Mep. Sans doute.

Faust. Quand ?

Mep. Aujourd'hui.

Faust. C'est bien !

Mep. En route !

Faust. A moi les plaisirs,
Les jeunes maîtresses !
A moi leurs caresses !
A moi leurs désirs !
A toi la jeunesse,
A toi ses désirs,
A toi son ivresse,
A toi ses plaisirs !

(Ils sortent. — La toile tombe.)