

# GOETHE'S FAUST

*IN TWO PARTS.*

TRANSLATED BY

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TRANSLATOR OF ÆSCHYLUS, ETC.

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The good and the fair he misprizes;  
 What lies beyond him he doth contemn;  
 Snarleth the poodle at it, like men? 860

But ah! E'en now I feel, howe'er I yearn for rest,  
 Contentment welletth up no longer in my breast.  
 Yet wherefore must the stream, alas, so soon be dry,  
 That we once more athirst should lie? 865  
 This sad experience oft I've approv'd!  
 The want admitteth of compensation;  
 We learn to prize what from sense is remov'd,  
 Our spirits yearn for revelation,

Which nowhere burneth with beauty blent, 870  
 More pure than in the New Testament.  
 To the ancient text an impulse strong  
 Moves me the volume to explore,  
 And to translate its sacred lore,  
 Into the tones belovèd of the German tongue. 875  
*(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;  
 I must translate it otherwise,  
 If by the spirit guided as I read. 880

"In the beginning was the Sense!" Take heed,  
 The import of this primal sentence weigh,  
 Lest thy too hasty pen be led astray!  
 Is force creative then of Sense the dower?  
 "In the beginning was the Power!" 885

Thus should it stand: yet, while the line I trace,  
 A something warns me, once more to efface.  
 The spirit aids! from anxious scruples freed,  
 I write, "In the beginning was the Deed!"

Am I with thee my room to share, 890  
 Poodle, thy barking now forbear,  
 Forbear thy howling!

Comrade so noisy, ever growling,  
 I cannot suffer here to dwell. 895  
 One or the other, mark me well,  
 Forthwith must leave the cell.

I'm loath the guest-right to withhold;  
 The door's ajar, the passage clear;  
 But what must now mine eyes behold!  
 Are nature's laws suspended here? 900