



London Philharmonic Orchestra

BERLIOZ THE DAMNATION OF FAUST

EDWARD GARDNER conductor

LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA & CHOIR

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LONDON YOUTH CHOIRS

HECTOR BERLIOZ

THE DAMNATION OF FAUST

PART ONE

- 1 06:03 **Scene I** 'Le vieil hiver'
- 2 04:27 **Scenes II/III** Ronde de paysans. 'Les bergers laissent ... Mais d'un éclat guerrier'
- 3 04:58 **Scene III** Marche hongroise (Hungarian March)

PART TWO

- 4 05:04 **Scene IV** 'Sans regrets j'ai quitté les riantes campagnes'
- 5 06:09 Chant de la Fête de Pâques. 'Christ vient de ressusciter!'
- 6 01:00 'Hélas! doux chants du ciel'
- 7 02:17 **Scene V** 'Ô pure émotion!'
- 8 02:41 **Scene VI** 'À boire encor!'
- 9 02:00 Chanson de Brander. 'Certain rat, dans une cuisine'
- 10 01:20 Fugue. 'Amen'
- 11 01:12 'Vrai dieu! messieurs'
- 12 01:32 Chanson de Méphistophélès. 'Une puce gentille'
- 13 02:17 'Assez! fuyons ces lieux'
- 14 02:29 **Scene VII** Air de Méphistophélès. 'Voici des roses'
- 15 06:41 Choeur de gnomes et de sylphes. Songe de Faust. 'Dors! heureux Faust'
- 16 02:24 Ballet des sylphes
- 17 01:11 'Margarita!'
- 18 04:48 **Scene VIII** Final. 'Villes entourées' – Chanson d'étudiants. 'Jam nox stellata'

PART THREE

- 1 01:09 **Scene IX** Prélude
- 2 04:44 Air de Faust. 'Merci, doux crépuscule'
- 3 00:56 **Scene X** 'Je l'entends!'
- 4 02:48 **Scene XI** 'Que l'air est étouffant!'
- 5 05:00 Le roi de Thulé. 'Autrefois un roi de Thulé'
- 6 01:52 **Scene XII** Evocation. 'Esprits des flammes inconstantes'
- 7 05:17 Menuet des follets (Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps)
- 8 02:42 'Maintenant, chantons à cette belle' – Sérénade de Méphistophélès. 'Devant la maison'
- 9 05:15 **Scene XIII** Final. 'Grand Dieu! ... Ange adoré'
- 10 04:44 **Scene XIV** 'Allons, il est trop tard! ... Je connais donc enfin'

PART FOUR

- 11 08:36 **Scene XV** Romance. 'D'amour l'ardente flamme'
- 12 02:22 'Au son des trompettes'
- 13 05:20 **Scene XVI** Invocation à la nature. 'Nature immense'
- 14 03:16 **Scene XVII** Récitatif et chasse. 'À la voûte azurée'
- 15 03:29 **Scene XVIII** La course à l'abîme. 'Dans mon coeur retentit sa voix'
- 16 04:42 **Scene XIX** Pandæmonium. 'Has! Irimiru Karabrao! ... Tradioun Marexil'
- 17 01:20 Epilogue. 'Alors, l'enfer se tut'
- 18 05:51 **Scene XX** Dans le ciel. 'Laus! Hosanna!' – Apothéose de Marguerite. 'Remonte au ciel, âme naïve'

BERLIOZ: THE DAMNATION OF FAUST

SYNOPSIS

PART ONE

A spring dawn on the plains of Hungary. Faust revels in the beauty and solitude of the scene. Sounds of distant merrymaking and warlike preparations intrude on his reverie. Peasants dance in honour of spring. Faust, unable to share their emotions, moves to another part of the plain, where soldiers are advancing to battle. He admires their courage and proud bearing but is unmoved by their empty thirst for glory.

PART TWO

Night, in Faust's study in North Germany, to which he has returned, driven by the ennui that still pursues him. He resolves to end it all and is about to drink poison when church bells peal out and voices proclaim the victory of Christ at Easter. He throws away the cup and, reminded of his childhood devotions, imagines he has found a new peace. Mephistopheles appears and mocks his pious hopes. He offers to reveal wonders not imagined in the philosopher's cell. They are swept upwards and the scene moves to Auerbach's cellar in Leipzig, where a noisy crowd of revellers are drinking. One of them, Brander, sings a ballad about a poisoned rat, on which the whole company improvises a blasphemous Amen fugue. Mephistopheles responds

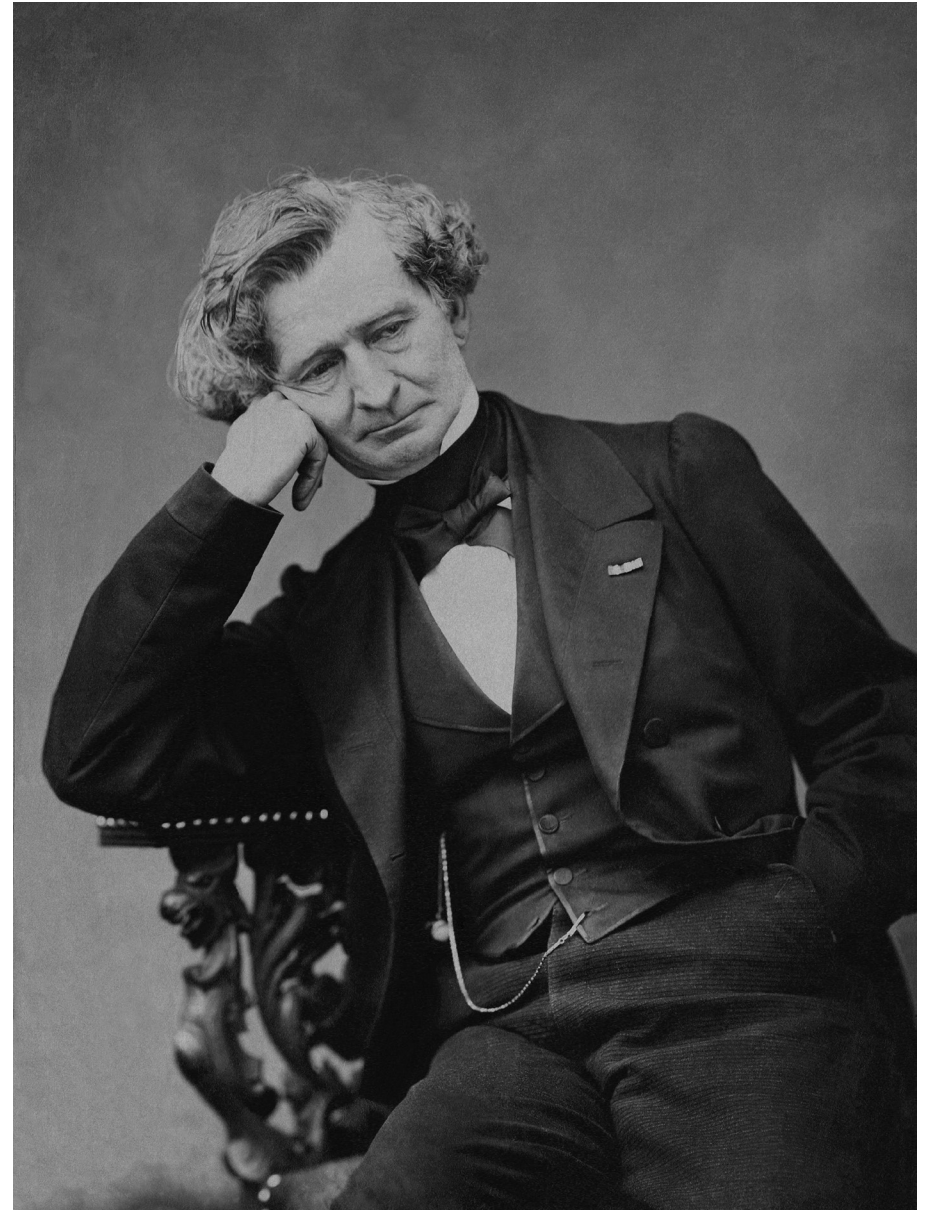
with a song about a flea. The drinkers applaud; but Faust is disgusted, and the scene fades as Mephistopheles transports him to the wooded banks of the Elbe, where he is lulled to sleep by soft voices; sylphs weave the air above him. In a dream he sees Marguerite. Awaking, he begs Mephistopheles to lead him to her. They join a band of soldiers and students who are on their way to the town where she lives.

PART THREE

Evening. Drums and trumpets sound the retreat. Alone in Marguerite's room, Faust drinks in its purity and tranquillity. He hides behind the arras as Marguerite enters, oppressed by a dream in which she saw her future lover. While she braids her hair she sings an old ballad. Outside the house Mephistopheles summons the spirits of fire. They perform a ritual dance of incantation, after which, in a diabolical serenade, Mephistopheles incites Marguerite to the arms of her lover. Faust steps from behind the arras and the lovers, recognising each other, surrender to their passion. They are rudely disturbed by Mephistopheles, warning that Marguerite's mother is awake. The neighbours can be heard banging on the door. Faust and Marguerite take an agitated farewell. Mephistopheles exults that Faust will soon be his.

PART FOUR

Alone, Marguerite longs for Faust, without whom life has no meaning. Distant sounds of trumpets and drums and echoes of the soldiers' and students' songs break through her reverie. But Faust does not come. In deep forests he invokes Nature, whose proud untamed power alone can assuage his longings. Mephistopheles appears and informs him that Marguerite has been condemned for the death of her mother, killed by the sleeping draughts she was given during Faust's visits. In despair, Faust signs a paper agreeing to serve Mephistopheles in return for saving her life. They mount black horses and gallop furiously. Peasants kneeling at a wayside cross flee as they pass. Phantoms pursue Faust; huge birds brush him with their wings. A storm breaks, as with a voice of thunder Mephistopheles commands the legions of hell to begin their revels. Faust falls into the abyss. Demons bear Mephistopheles in triumph. The redeemed soul of Marguerite is received into Heaven by the seraphim.



BERLIOZ: THE DAMNATION OF FAUST

PROGRAMME NOTE

Not all Germans were outraged when Berlioz conducted his *Faust* in Germany in the 1840s and 1850s. Hans von Bülow wrote rapturously to Liszt about it, and Peter Cornelius called it 'one of our greatest musical masterpieces, to be ranked with *The Creation* of Haydn, Handel's oratorios and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony'. But the general reaction was deeply hostile, and not just for the frivolous reason that, as one reviewer put it, Berlioz 'slandered Mephistopheles' by making him trick Faust, and also slandered the morals of German students, who of course never 'roamed the streets in search of girls'. It was far worse. He had vandalised a national monument.

Germany may have responded much more positively than France to Berlioz's music. But this was a special case, a case of fundamentally different Fausts. To the Germans, *Faust* meant both parts of Goethe's play – a Faust purged of the sins and follies committed in Part 1's reckless quest for experience, and scaling the heights in Part 2. To Berlioz it meant Part 1 only, with no real hint of the redeemed hero of Part 2 – on the contrary, a Faust almost as surely damned as in Marlowe's play and the old versions of the legend. That was the text he knew and identified with and took to his heart, when he read and re-read, compulsively, Gérard de Nerval's French translation of Part 1. It became for him a sacred possession, untouched by the as-yet-unpublished Part 2.

In due course the *Eight Scenes from Faust* of 1828–9 grew into *The Damnation* of 1845–6, incorporating the original Scenes, some extensively revised, some hardly changed – though the single guitar accompaniment of Mephistopheles's serenade became the clatter of massed *pizzicato* strings, with wicked choral interjections from the will o' the wisps.

The sheer animation of the completed score, its sardonic humour and dazzling contrasts of mood and colour, have obscured two vital truths: the dramatic and structural logic of the whole, and the deadly seriousness underlying the brilliant surface. The work's philosophy is not stated: it is embodied in the language of the music and in the precisely organised sequence of scenes. Berlioz could not have made *The Damnation* a mere kaleidoscope of picturesque incidents. The subject was too close to him for that. He was dramatising himself, his own inner experiences: his frustrated longings, the ideal of love destined never to find fulfilment, the early religious faith irrevocably lost, the fatal *ennui*, the *mal de l'isolement*, that first seized him as a boy, as he sat reading in a field and heard the Rogation procession pass nearby, chanting the very song that in *The Damnation* accompanies the Ride to the Abyss, the final stage of Faust's road to ruin.

For this hero there can be no salvation. The devil cannot be escaped: He is within. From the first, Faust's shadow, the demon of denial, has him in his grasp, blighting each positive impulse – towards learning, companionship, nature, love. Mephistopheles, a more openly Satanic figure than Goethe's, controls and directs everything that happens. Marguerite herself is his creature (though she escapes him in the end). At the very beginning the tiny worm of consciousness eating away Faust's imagined felicity – the flattened sixth which poisons the serene viola melody (B-flat in the key of D major) – reveals the truth. The rising phrase that spans the notes from E to B flat establishes the tritone, the medieval 'devil in music'. In the classic form of F–B it is a motif of the score, from Mephisto's first entry on a rasping B major (after Faust's illusory recovery of faith, in F) to the same juxtaposition of chords, hissing with tam-tam and cymbals, that opens and closes 'Pandemonium'. The first notes of Marguerite's ballad (transposed from the original G major) are F and B.

It is all there in the music. Listening to it, we are there: in the din and reek of Auerbach's cellar and Brander's drunken belching, the lulling airs of the Elbe valley, the stillness of Marguerite's room. We watch the long column of soldiers and students roistering towards the distant town. We are present as the town goes to its rest, as Mephistopheles (atonally, with F–B prominent) summons his sprites, as the nightmarish shouts of the

neighbours terrify Marguerite, as distant voices hauntingly punctuate her lament, as the roar of the forest and the torrential cascade momentarily soothe Faust's immortal longings. We feel the weariness of the small hours in Faust's study, the emptiness of learning as the stealthy *fugato* fades, the dustiness of the books that give no final answer, the isolation of a baffled soul. Isolation, loneliness, is the subject of the work: the loneliness of Marguerite, her awakened passions deprived of their object, the loneliness of Mephistopheles himself, the being who cannot love or die, the loneliness of Faust, crying out to the vast, indifferent night sky for the meaning that eternally eludes him.

Mephisto's appearance at that moment, with his ironic 'In the azure vault, tell me, do you perceive the star of steadfast love?', completes the pattern of disillusionment that recurs throughout *The Damnation* – the same spirit in which the devil materialised to mock Faust's nostalgic memory of belief and which burst in cynically at the climax of his love-making. The vitality and vibrant imagery that are so striking a feature of the music only make more ironic and more profound the alienation of Berlioz-Faust from a world depicted with such seductive and lifelike vividness.

Programme note & synopsis © David Cairns

BERLIOZ: THE DAMNATION OF FAUST

LIBRETTO

PART ONE

SCÈNE I – LES PLAINES D'HONGRIE

Faust seul, dans les champs au lever du soleil.

FAUST

- 1 Le vieil hiver a fait place au printemps ;
La nature s'est rajeunie ;
Des cieux la coupole infinie
Laisse pleuvoir mille feux éclatants.
Je sens glisser dans l'air la brise matinale ;
De ma poitrine ardente un souffle pur s'exhale.
J'entends autour de moi le réveil des oiseaux,
Le long bruissement des plantes et des eaux ...
Oh ! qu'il est doux de vivre au fond des solitudes,
Loin de la lutte humaine et loin des multitudes ! ...

*De lointaines rumeurs agrestes et guerrières
commencent à troubler le calme de la scène pastorale.*

SCÈNE II – RONDE DES PAYSANS

CHOEUR DE PAYSANS

- 2 Les bergers laissent leurs troupeaux ;
Pour la fête ils se rendent beaux ;
Fleurs des champs et rubans sont leur parure ;

SCENE I – THE PLAINS OF HUNGARY

Faust alone, in the fields at daybreak.

FAUST

Old winter has made way for spring,
Nature has grown young again.
The immense dome of heaven pours down
A glittering rain of light.
I feel the morning breeze stir the air.
From my ardent breast a pure breath breaks.
All around me I hear birds waking,
The steady rustle of plants and streams.
Oh, how sweet it is to live in utter solitude,
Far from human strife and the multitudes of men!

*Distant sounds of rustic life and of war begin to disturb
the calm of the pastoral scene.*

SCENE II – PEASANTS' ROUND-DANCE

CHORUS OF PEASANTS

The shepherds leave their flocks;
They're dressing up for the feast;
Ribbons and wild flowers are their attire;

Sous les tilleuls, les voilà tous,
Dansant, sautant comme des fous.
Ha ! ha ! ha ! Landerira ! Suivez donc la mesure !
Ha ! ha ! ha ! Landerira ! Ho ! Tra la la, *etc.*
Ha ! ha !

FAUST

Quels sont ces cris ? quel est ce bruit lointain ?

CHOEUR DE PAYSANS

Ho ! Tra la la, *etc.* Ha ! ha !

FAUST

Ce sont des villageois, au lever du matin,
Qui dansent en chantant sur la verte pelouse.
De leurs plaisirs ma misère est jalouse.

CHOEUR DE PAYSANS

Ils passaient tous comme l'éclair,
Et les robes volaient en l'air ;
Mais bientôt on fut moins agile ;
Le rouge leur montait au front ;
Et l'un sur l'autre dans le rond,
Ha ! ha ! ha ! Landerira !
Tous tombaient à la file.
Ha ! ha ! ha ! Landerira !
« Ne me touchez donc pas ainsi ! »
« Paix ! ma femme n'est point ici !
Profitons de la circonstance ! »
Dehors il l'emmena soudain,
Et tout pourtant allait son train,

See them all, under the lime trees,
Dancing, leaping like madmen.
Ha! ha! ha! Fa la la la! Follow the beat of the dance!
Ha ha ha ha! Fa la la la! Ho! Tra la la, *etc.*
Ha! ha!

FAUST

What are those cries, what is that distant sound?

CHORUS OF PEASANTS

Ho! Tra la la, *etc.* Ha! ha!

FAUST

They're villagers, who at daybreak
Dance and sing upon the green sward.
My wretchedness grudges them their delights.

CHORUS OF PEASANTS

They all went by like lightning,
And their dresses flew in the air;
But presently they grew clumsy,
Their faces were on fire,
And one by one in the ring –
Ha! ha! ha! Fa la la la! –
They all fell down in a row.
Ha! ha! ha! Fa la la la! –
'Don't touch me like that!'
'Don't worry, my wife's not here,
Let's take our chance!'
He snatched her from the circle,
And everything took its course.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! Landerira !
La musique et la danse.
Ha ! ha ! ha ! Landerira !
Ho ! Tra la la, etc.

SCÈNE III – UNE AUTRE PARTIE DE LA PLAINE

Une armée qui s'avance.

FAUST

Mais d'un éclat guerrier les campagnes se parent.
Ah ! les fils du Danube aux combats se préparent !
Avec quel air fier et joyeux
Ils portent leur armure !
et quel feu dans leurs yeux !
Tout coeur frémit à leur chant de victoire ;
Le mien seul reste froid, insensible à la gloire.

3 MARCHE HONGROISE

Les troupes passent. Faust s'éloigne.

Ha! ha! ha! Fa la la la!
Music and dancing!
Ha! ha! ha! Fa la la la!
Ho! Tra la la, etc.

SCENE III – ANOTHER PART OF THE PLAIN

An army advances.

FAUST

But the plains flash with a warlike gleam.
Ah, the sons of the Danube prepare for combat.
With what joy and pride
They wear their armour!
With what fire their eyes blaze!
All hearts throb to their victory song;
Mine alone remains cold, indifferent to glory.

HUNGARIAN MARCH

The troops pass. Faust moves off.

PART TWO

SCÈNE IV – NORD DE L'ALLEMAGNE

FAUST (*seul dans son cabinet de travail*)

4 Sans regrets j'ai quitté les riantes campagnes
Où m'a suivi l'ennui ;
Sans plaisirs je revois nos altièrès montagnes ;
Dans ma vieille cité je reviens avec lui.
Oh ! je souffre ! et la nuit sans étoiles,
Qui vient d'étendre au loin son silence et ses voiles,
Ajoute encore à mes sombres douleurs.
Ô terre ! pour moi seul tu n'as donc pas de fleurs !
Par le monde, où trouver ce qui manque à ma vie ?
Je chercherais en vain,
tout fuit mon âpre envie !
Allons, il faut finir ! Mais je tremble ... Pourquoi
Trembler devant l'abîme entr'ouvert devant moi ?
Ô coupe trop longtemps à mes désirs ravie,
Viens, viens, noble cristal, verse-moi le poison
Qui doit illuminer ou tuer ma raison.

Il porte la coupe à ses lèvres. Sons des cloches. Chants religieux dans l'église voisine.

SCENE IV – NORTH GERMANY

FAUST (*alone in his study*)

Without regret I left the smiling countryside,
Where my ennui pursued me.
Without pleasure I see again our proud mountains;
I return to my ancient city with my burden still.
Oh, how I suffer! And the starless night,
Which has just spread its veil of silence over the world,
Intensifies my brooding melancholy.
Earth, for me alone do you bear no flowers?
Where in all the world can I find what my life lacks?
Vainly would I search:
everything flies from my yearning grasp!
Come! ... It's time to end it! ... Yet I tremble ...Why
Tremble before the abyss opening before me?
Oh, cup too long denied to my desires,
Come, noble crystal, give me the poison
That must illuminate my reason or destroy it!

He lifts the cup to his lips. Bells sound. There is religious singing in the neighbouring church.

CHANT DE LA FÊTE DE PÂQUES

CHOEUR DE CHRÉTIENS

5 Christ vient de ressusciter ! ...

FAUST

Qu'entends-je ?

CHOEUR DE CHRÉTIENS

Quittant du tombeau

Le séjour funeste,

Au parvis céleste

Il monte plus beau.

Vers les gloires immortelles

Tandis qu'il s'élançe à grands pas,

Ses disciples fidèles

Languissent ici-bas.

Hélas ! c'est ici qu'il nous laisse

Sous les traits brûlants du malheur.

Ô divin maître ! ton bonheur

Est cause de notre tristesse.

Ô divin maître ! tu nous laisses

Sous les traits brûlants du malheur.

FAUST

Ô souvenirs !

CHOEUR DE CHRÉTIENS

Christ vient de ressusciter. Hosanna !

FAUST

Ô mon âme tremblante !

EASTER HYMN

CHORUS OF CHRISTIANS

Christ has risen!

FAUST

What do I hear?

CHORUS OF CHRISTIANS

Leaving the dark confines

Of the tomb,

He rises transfigured

To the courts of heaven.

While He strides

Toward eternal glory,

His faithful disciples

Languish here below.

Alas, He leaves us here

Under the burning arrows of adversity.

Oh divine Master, Thy bliss

Is cause of our sorrow.

Oh divine Master, Though leavest us

Under the burning arrows of adversity.

FAUST

Oh memories!

CHORUS OF CHRISTIANS

Christ has risen! Hosanna!

FAUST

Oh my fluttering soul,

Sur l'aile de ces chants vas-tu voler aux cieux ?
La foi chancelante
Revient, me ramenant la paix des jours pieux,
Mon heureuse enfance,
La douceur de prier ...

CHOEUR DE CHRÉTIENS

Quittant du tombeau, etc. ...
... Vers les gloires immortelles
Tandis qu'il s'élançe à grands pas ...

FAUST

... La pure jouissance
D'errer et de rêver
Par les vertes prairies,
Aux clartés infinies
D'un soleil de printemps ! ...

CHOEUR DE CHRÉTIENS

... Ses disciples fidèles
Languissent ici-bas, ...

FAUST

Ô baiser de l'amour céleste
Qui remplissais mon coeur de doux pressentiments
Et chassais tout désir funeste !

CHOEUR DE CHRÉTIENS

... Mais croyons en sa parole éternelle.
Nous le suivrons un jour,
Au céleste séjour
Où sa voix nous appelle ...

Will you soar to heaven on the wings of these chants?
My wavering faith, renewed,
Returns, bringing me the peace of my days of piety,
My happy childhood,
The sweetness of prayer ...

CHORUS OF CHRISTIANS

Leaving behind the dark confines, etc. ...
... While He strides
Toward eternal glory ...

FAUST

... The pure delight
Of wandering, dreamlike
Through the green meadows
In the infinite light
Of a springtime sun!

CHORUS OF CHRISTIANS

... His faithful disciples
Languish here below, ...

FAUST

Oh kiss of divine love
That filled my heart with sweet presentiments
And banished all fatal desires!

CHORUS OF CHRISTIANS

... But let us believe His eternal word:
One day we shall follow Him
To the heavenly home
Where His voice summons us ...

... Hosanna ! Hosanna ! Hosanna !

FAUST

- 6 Hélas ! doux chants du ciel,
pourquoi dans sa poussière
Réveiller le maudit ?
Hymnes de la prière,
Pourquoi soudain venir ébranler mon dessein ?
Vos suaves accords rafraîchissent mon sein.
Chants plus doux que l'aurore,
Retentissez encore,
Mes larmes ont coulé, le ciel m'a reconquis.

SCÈNE V

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*apparaissant brusquement*)

- 7 Ô pure émotion !
Enfant du saint parvis !
Je t'admire, docteur !
Les pieuses volées de ces cloches d'argent
Ont charmé grandement
Tes oreilles troublées !

FAUST

Qui donc es-tu, toi dont l'ardent regard
Pénètre ainsi que l'éclat d'un poignard,
Et qui, comme la flamme,
Brûle et dévore l'âme ?

... Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!

FAUST

Alas, gentle hymns of heaven,
why awaken
The cursed wretch in his dust?
Songs of prayer,
why have you come to shake my purpose?
Your tender tones refresh my heart.
Songs sweeter than the dawn,
Ring out again!
My tears have flowed, heaven has won me back.

SCENE V

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appearing suddenly*)

Oh innocent emotion!
Child of the holy precincts!
My congratulations, doctor!
The pious peeling of those silver bells
Has marvellously charmed
Your troubled ears!

FAUST

Who are you, whose fierce glance
Pierces like the point of a dagger,
And, like a flame,
Burns and consumes the soul?

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Vraiment, pour un docteur la demande est frivole !
Je suis l'esprit de vie, et c'est moi qui console.
Je te donnerai tout, le bonheur, le plaisir,
Tout ce que peut rêver le plus ardent désir !

FAUST

Eh bien ! pauvre démon,
fais-moi voir tes merveilles.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Certes ! j'enchanterai tes yeux et tes oreilles.
Au lieu de t'enfermer, triste comme le ver
Qui ronge tes bouquins,
Viens, suis-moi, change d'air.

FAUST

J'y consens.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Partons donc pour connaître la vie.
Et laisse le fatras de ta philosophie.
Ils partent.

SCÈNE VI – LA CAVE D'AUERBACH À LEIPZIG

CHOEUR DE BUVEURS

8 À boire encor ! Du vin ! Du Rhin !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Voici, Faust, un séjour de folle compagnie.
Ici vins et chansons réjouissent la vie.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Really, for a learned man the question is not serious!
I am the Spirit of Life, the consoler of men.
I'll give you everything: happiness, pleasure,
All that the wildest desire can dream of.

FAUST

Very well, my poor demon,
show me your marvels!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Done! I'll delight your eyes and ears.
Instead of shutting yourself up, dreary as the
worms that Gnaw your old books,
Come – follow me. A change of air!

FAUST

I consent.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Come, we'll get to know life.
And leave behind your useless philosophy.
They exit.

SCENE VI – AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPZIG

CHORUS OF DRINKERS

More drink! Some wine! Some Rhenish!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Here, Faust, is a den of mad companions;
Here life is gladdened with wine and song.

CHOEUR DE BUVEURS

CHOEUR DE BUVEURS

Oh ! qu'il fait bon, quand le ciel tonne
Rester près d'un bol enflammé,
Et se remplir comme une tonne
Dans un cabaret enfumé !
J'aime le vin et cette eau blonde
Qui fait oublier le chagrin.
Quand ma mère me mit au monde,
J'eus un ivrogne pour parrain.
Oh ! qu'il fait bon, quand le ciel tonne, *etc.*

QUELQUES BUVEURS

Qui sait quelque plaisante histoire ?
En riant le vin est meilleur.

LES AUTRES

A toi, Brander !

CHOEUR DE BUVEURS

Il n'a plus de mémoire !

BRANDER

J'en sais une, et j'en suis l'auteur.

CHOEUR DE BUVEURS

Eh bien donc ! vite !

BRANDER

Puis qu'on m'invite,
Je vais vous chanter du nouveau.

CHORUS OF DRINKERS

CHORUS OF DRINKERS

Oh, it's good when the skies thunder
To sit by a bowl of fiery drink,
And fill yourself like a barrel
In a smokey tavern!
I love wine and that pale spirit
That makes you forget your troubles.
When my mother brought me into the world
She gave me a drunkard for a godfather.
Oh, it's good when the skies thunder, *etc.*

SOME OF THE DRINKERS

Who knows a good story?
Wine is better when you laugh.

THE OTHERS

Brander, it's your turn!

CHORUS OF DRINKERS

He's past remembering anything.

BRANDER

I know one, I thought it up myself.

CHORUS OF DRINKERS

Well, out with it!

BRANDER

Since you press me,
I'll sing you something new.

CHOEUR DE BUVEURS

Bravo ! Bravo !

CHANSON DE BRANDER

BRANDER

9 Certain rat, dans une cuisine,
Etabli, comme un vrai frater,
S'y traitait si bien que sa mine
Eût fait envie au gros Luther.
Mais un beau jour le pauvre diable,
Empoisonné, sauta dehors,
Aussi triste, aussi misérable
Que s'il eût eu l'amour au corps.

CHOEUR DE BUVEURS

Que s'il eût eu l'amour au corps.

BRANDER

Il courait devant et derrière ;
Il grattait, renifflait, mordait,
Parcourait la maison entière ;
La rage à ses maux ajoutait,
Au point qu'à l'aspect du délire
Qui consumait ses vains efforts,
Les mauvais plaisants pouvaient dire :
Ce rat a bien l'amour au corps.

CHOEUR DE BUVEURS

Ce rat a bien l'amour au corps.

CHORUS OF DRINKERS

Bravo! Bravo!

BRANDER'S SONG

BRANDER

A rat once in a kitchen
Set itself up like a real monk,
And did itself so well that the sight of it
Would have moved the fat Luther to envy.
But one fine day the poor devil
Ate poison, and leaped out
Just as wretched and frantic
As if it had been on heat!

CHORUS OF DRINKERS

As if it had been on heat!

BRANDER

It ran up and down,
Scratched, snuffled, gnawed,
And rushed all over the house;
Its rage only made it suffer worse,
Until, at the sight of the frenzy
Which exhausted its useless efforts,
The cruel wits could say:
That rat's really on heat!

CHORUS OF DRINKERS

That rat's really on heat!

BRANDER

Dans le fourneau le pauvre sire
Crut pourtant se cacher très bien ;
Mais il se trompait, et le pire,
C'est qu'on l'y fit rôtir enfin.
La servante, méchante fille,
De son malheur rit bien alors !
« Ah ! » disait-elle, « comme il grille !
Il a vraiment l'amour au corps. »

CHOEUR DE BUVEURS

Il a vraiment l'amour au corps.
Requiescat in pace. Amen.

BRANDER

Pour l'Amen, une fugue ! une fugue, un choral !
Improvisons un morceau magistral !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*bas à Faust*)

Écoute bien ceci ! nous allons voir, Docteur,
La bestialité dans toute sa candeur.

FUGUE SUR LE THÈME DE LA CHANSON DE BRANDER

BRANDER, CHOEUR DE BUVEURS

10 Amen.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

11 Vrai dieu ! messieurs,
votre fugue est fort belle,

BRANDER

The poor brute thought the oven
Would make a good refuge;
But it was wrong, and the worst of it was
That it was roasted in the end.
The nasty kitchen maid
Laughed at its fate.
'Ah-ha!' she said, 'look how it's singed!
It's on heat all right!'

CHORUS OF DRINKERS

It's on heat all right!
Rest in peace. Amen.

BRANDER

For the amen a fugue, a fugue, a chorale;
Let's improvise a first-rate number!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*quietly to Faust*)

Attend carefully, professor; we'll see
brutishness in all its innocence.

FUGUE ON THE THEME OF BRANDER'S SONG

BRANDER, CHORUS OF DRINKERS

Amen.

MEPHISTOPHELES

By heaven, gentlemen,
your fugue is very fine;

Et telle qu'à l'entendre
on se croit aux saints lieux.
Souffrez qu'on vous le dise :
Le style en est savant, vraiment religieux ;
On ne saurait exprimer mieux
Les sentiments pieux
Qu'en terminant ses prières l'Église
En un seul mot résume. Maintenant,
Puis-je à mon tour riposter par un chant
Sur un sujet non moins touchant que le vôtre ?

CHOEUR DE BUVEURS

Ah ça ! mais se moque-t-il de nous ?
Quel est cet homme ?
Oh ! qu'il est pâle, et comme
Son poil est roux.
N'importe ! Volontiers !
Autre chanson ! À vous !

CHANSON DE MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

12

Une puce gentille
Chez un prince logeait.
Comme sa propre fille,
Le brave homme l'aimait,
Et, l'histoire l'assure,
A son tailleur un jour
Lui fit prendre mesure

To hear it one would suppose
one was in some holy place.
If you'll allow me to say so,
Its style is learned, truly religious;
One could not express better
Those pious sentiments
Which the Church, to conclude its prayers,
Sums up in a single word. Now,
May I cap it with another,
On a subject no less touching than yours?

CHORUS OF DRINKERS

What's this, is he making fun of us?
Who is this man?
How pale he is,
What red hair he's got!
No matter! All right –
another song. Your turn!

MEPHISTOPHELES'S SONG

MEPHISTOPHELES

A charming flea
Once lodged with a prince;
The good man loved it
As his own daughter,
And, so the story goes,
One day had it
Measured by his tailor

Pour un habit de cour.
L'insecte, plein de joie
Dès qu'il se vit paré
D'or, de velours, de soie,
Et de croix décoré,
Fit venir de province
Ses frères et ses soeurs,
Qui, par ordre du prince,
Devinrent grands seigneurs.
Mais ce qui fut bien pire,
C'est que les gens de cour,
Sans en oser rien dire,
Se grattaient tout le jour.
Cruelle politique !
Ah ! plaignons leur destin,
Et, dès qu'une nous pique,
Écrasons-la soudain !

CHOEUR DE BUVEURS (*éclats de rire*)
Bravo ! Ha ! ha ! bravo ! bravissimo !
Écrasons-la, oui, écrasons-la soudain !

FAUST

13 Assez ! fuyons ces lieux, où la parole est vile,
La joie ignoble et le geste brutal !
N'as-tu d'autres plaisirs, un séjour plus tranquille
À me donner, toi, mon guide infernal ?

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Ah ! ceci te déplaît ? suis-moi !
Ils partent.

For a court dress.
The insect, overjoyed
At the sight of itself
Dressed in gold, velvet and silk,
And decorated with a cross,
Sent for its brothers and sisters
From the country,
And by order of the prince
They became grandees.
But the tragedy of it was
That the courtiers
Dared not say anything,
And scratched all day long.
Cruel expediency!
Ah, let us bewail their fate,
And as soon as one bites us,
Squash it on the spot!

CHORUS OF DRINKERS (*breaking into laughter*)
Bravo! Ha! ha! bravo! bravissimo!
Squash it, yes, squash it on the spot!

FAUST

Enough! Let's leave this place where speech is vile,
Joy base and action brutal.
Have you no other pleasures, no quieter place
To give me, my satanic guide?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Oh, you don't like it? Then follow me.
They leave.

SCÈNE VII – AIR DE MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Bosquets et prairies du bord de l'Elbe.

14 MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS
Voici des roses,
De cette nuit écloses,
Sur ce lit embaumé,
Ô mon Faust bien-aimé, repose !
Dans un voluptueux sommeil
Où glissera sur toi plus d'un baiser vermeil,
Où des fleurs pour ta couche ouvriront leurs corolles,
Ton oreille entendra de divines paroles.
Écoute ! écoute ! Les esprits de la terre et de l'air
Commencent pour ton rêve un suave concert.

CHOEUR DE GNOMES ET DE SYLPHES :
SONGE DE FAUST

15 CHOEUR DE GNOMES ET DE SYLPHES
Dors ! dors ! heureux Faust ;
Bientôt, oui, bientôt, sous un voile
D'or et d'azur, heureux Faust,
Tes yeux vont se fermer,
Au front des cieux va briller ton étoile,
Songes d'amour vont enfin te charmer.
MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS
Heureux Faust,
Bientôt, sous un voile

SCENE VII – MEPHISTOPHELES'S ARIA

Glades and meadows on the banks of the Elbe.

MEPHISTOPHELES
Here are roses
New blown tonight.
Here on this perfumed bed,
My beloved Faust, take your rest.
In voluptuous sleep,
While crimson kisses steal upon you
And flowers spread their petals for your couch,
Your ear will hear divine utterance.
Listen! Listen! The spirits of earth and air
Begin soft music for your dream.

CHORUS OF GNOMES AND SYLPHS:
FAUST'S DREAM

CHORUS OF GNOMES AND SYLPHS
Sleep, sleep, happy Faust!
Soon beneath a veil
Of gold and azure, happy Faust,
Your eyes will close,
Your star will burn brightly in the heavens;
Dreams of love will at last enchant you.
MEPHISTOPHELES
Happy Faust!
Soon beneath a veil

D'or et d'azur, tes yeux vont se fermer.

CHOEUR DE GNOMES ET DE SYLPHES

De sites ravissants

La campagne se couvre,

Et notre oeil y découvre

Des fleurs, des bois, des champs,

Et d'épaisses feuillées,

Où de tendres amants

Promènent leurs pensées.

Au front des cieux va briller ton étoile,

Mais plus loin sont couverts

Les longs rameaux des treilles

De bourgeons, pampres verts

Et de grappes vermeilles.

FAUST

Ah! sur mes yeux déjà s'étend un voile.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Au front des cieux va briller ton étoile.

CHOEUR DE GNOMES ET DE SYLPHES

Vois ces jeunes amants,

Le long de la vallée,

Ôublier les instants

Sous la fraîche feuillée !

Une beauté les suit

Ingénue et pensive ;

À sa paupière luit

Une larme furtive.

Of gold and azure, your eyes will close.

CHORUS OF GNOMES AND SYLPHS

The country is covered

With exquisite places

And our eye discovers

Flowers, woods, fields,

And dense groves

Where gentle lovers

Walk with their thoughts.

Your star will burn brightly in the heavens;

Further off, the long vine boughs

Are thick with buds,

Green tendrils

And purple grapes.

FAUST

Ah! Over my eyes already a veil is spreading.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Your star will burn brightly in the heavens.

CHORUS OF GNOMES AND SYLPHS

See those young lovers,

Along the valley,

Forgetting time,

Under the green arches!

A lovely girl follows them,

Artless and melancholy;

On her eyelid glistens

A secret tear.

Faust, elle t'aimera.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Une beauté les suit.

Faust, elle t'aimera.

FAUST (*endormi*)

Margarita !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS, CHOEUR DE GNOMES ET DE SYLPHES

Le lac étend ses flots à l'entour des montagnes ;

Dans les vertes campagnes

Il serpente en ruisseaux.

CHOEUR DE GNOMES ET DE SYLPHES

Là, de chants d'allégresse

La rive retentit. Ha !

D'autres chœurs là sans cesse

La danse nous ravit.

Les uns gaiement s'avancent

Autour des côteaux verts. Ha !

De plus hardis s'élancent

Au sein des flots amers.

FAUST (*rêvant*)

Margarita ! Ô Margarita !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS, CHOEUR DE GNOMES ET DE SYLPHES

Le lac étend ses flots à l'entour des montagnes ;

Dans les vertes campagnes

Il serpente en ruisseaux.

Faust, she will love you.

MEPHISTOPHELES

A lovely girl follows them.

Faust, she will love you.

FAUST (*asleep*)

Margarita!

MEPHISTOPHELES, CHORUS OF GNOMES AND SYLPHS

The lake spreads its waters around the mountains:

In the green countryside

It winds in streams.

CHORUS OF GNOMES AND SYLPHS

There, songs of joy

Echo from the bank. Ha!

There the dancing of other troupes

Endlessly delights us.

Some gaily advance

Over the green slopes. Ha!

The boldest plunge

Into the chilly waters.

FAUST (*dreaming*)

Margarita! Oh Margarita!

MEPHISTOPHELES, CHORUS OF GNOMES AND SYLPHS

The lake spreads its waters around the mountains:

In the green countryside

It winds in streams.

CHOEUR DE GNOMES ET DE SYLPHES

Partout l'oiseau timide,
Cherchant l'ombre et le frais,
S'enfuit d'un vol rapide –
Au milieu des marais.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Le charme opère ; il est à nous !

FAUST

Margarita !

CHOEUR DE GNOMES ET DE SYLPHES

Tous, pour goûter la vie,
Tous cherchent dans les cieux
Une étoile chérie
Qui s'alluma pour eux.
C'est elle, si belle,
Qu'amour te destina
Dors, dors, heureux Faust, dors, dors !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

C'est bien, jeunes esprits,
Je suis content de vous.
Bercez, bercez son sommeil enchanté.

16 BALLET DES SYLPHES

*Les esprits de l'air se balancent quelque temps en silence
autour de Faust endormi et disparaissent peu à peu.*

CHORUS OF GNOMES AND SYLPHS

Everywhere timid birds
Seek the cool shade,
Flee with rapid wings –
In the middle of the marshes.

MEPHISTOPHELES

The charm's working; he's ours!

FAUST

Margarita!

CHORUS OF GNOMES AND SYLPHS

To taste life,
Everyone seeks in the skies
A cherished star
Which burns for them.
It's she, so fair,
That love destined for you.
Sleep, sleep, happy Faust, sleep, sleep!

MEPHISTOPHELES

It is well, my young elves,
I am pleased with you.
Rock gently his enchanted sleep.

DANCE OF THE SYLPHS

*The spirits of the air hover for a brief time around the
sleeping Faust then slowly vanish one by one.*

17

FAUST (*s'éveillant en sursaut*)

Margarita !

Qu'ai-je vu !

Quelle céleste image ! quel ange

Au front mortel !

Où le trouver ? Vers quel autel

Traîner à ses pieds ma louange ?

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Eh bien ! il faut me suivre encor

Jusqu'à cette alcôve embaumée

Où repose ta bien-aimée.

À toi seul ce divin trésor !

Des étudiants voici la joyeuse cohorte

Qui va passer devant sa porte ;

Parmi ces jeunes fous, au bruit de leurs chansons,

Vers ta beauté nous parviendrons.

Mais contiens tes transports

et suis bien mes leçons.

SCÈNE VIII – FINAL

Choeur d'étudiants et de soldats marchant vers la ville.

CHOEUR DE SOLDATS

CHOEUR DE SOLDATS

18

Villes entourées

De murs et remparts,

FAUST (*waking abruptly*)

Margarita!

What have I seen?

What heavenly vision, what angel

With mortal countenance!

Where can I find her? At what altar

Lay my homage at her feet?

MEPHISTOPHELES

All right, then, you must follow me once more,

To that perfumed boudoir

Where your beloved lies.

This heavenly treasure is for you alone.

Here's a jovial crowd of students

Which will be passing by her door.

Among these young fools, to the sound of their songs,

We'll make our way to your beauty;

But contain your raptures

and follow my instructions carefully.

SCENE VIII – FINALE

A Chorus of students and soldiers march towards the town.

SOLDIERS' CHORUS

SOLDIERS' CHORUS

Towns girdled

With walls and ramparts,

Fillettes sucrées,
Aux malins regards,
Victoire certaine
Près de vous m'attend ;
Si grande est la peine,
Le prix est plus grand.
Au son des trompettes,
Les braves soldats
S'élancent aux fêtes,
Ou bien aux combats ;
Fillettes et villes
Font les difficiles ;
Bientôt tout se rend, *etc.*

CHANSON D'ÉTUDIANTS

CHOEUR D'ÉTUDIANTS

Iam nox stellata velamina pandit;
Nunc bibendum et amandum est!
Vita brevis fugaxque voluptas.
Gaudeamus igitur, gaudeamus!
Nobis subridente luna,
Per urbem quærentes puellas eamus!
Ut cras, fortunati Cæsares, dicamus:
Veni, vidi, vici!
Gaudeamus igitur!

Demure girls
With sly looks,
Certain victory
Over you will be mine.
However great the effort,
The prize is greater.
At the trumpets' sound,
Brave soldiers
Hurl themselves
Into pleasure or battle.
Young girls and towns
Put up resistance;
But soon they all surrender, *etc.*

SONG OF THE STUDENTS

CHORUS OF THE STUDENTS

Already night draws its starry veil.
Now's the time to drink and make love.
Life is short, pleasure fleeting.
So let's enjoy ourselves!
While the moon winks down at us,
Let's roam the town looking for girls,
So that tomorrow, happy Caesars, we can say:
'I came, I saw, I conquered!'
So let's enjoy ourselves!

CHOEUR DE SOLDATS ET CHANSON DES
ÉTUDIANTS

CHOEUR DE SOLDATS
Villes entourées, *etc.*

CHOEUR D'ÉTUDIANTS, FAUST, MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS
Iam nox stellata, etc.

CHORUS OF THE SOLDIERS AND SONG OF THE
STUDENTS

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS
Towns girdled, *etc.*

CHORUS OF STUDENTS, FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES
Already night, etc.

PART THREE

1 SCÈNE IX – PRÉLUDE – TAMBOURS ET
TROMPETTES SONNANT LA RETRAITE

AIR DE FAUST

Le soir dans la chambre de Marguerite.

2 FAUST
Merci, doux crépuscule !
Oh ! sois le bienvenu !
Éclaire enfin ces lieux, sanctuaire inconnu,
Où je sens à mon front glisser
comme un beau rêve,
Comme le frais baiser d'un matin qui se lève.

SCENE IX – PRELUDE – DRUMS AND TRUMPETS
SOUND THE RETREAT

FAUST'S ARIA

Evening in Marguerite's room.

FAUST
Thanks, gentle twilight,
you are welcome!
Reveal to me at last this secret sanctuary
Where I feel as if a beautiful dream
were stealing over me,
Like the caress of the fresh morning air!

C'est de l'amour, c'est de l'amour, j'espère.
Oh! comme on sent ici
S'envoler le souci !
Que j'aime ce silence, et comme je respire
Un air pur ! ...
Ô jeune fille ! Ô ma charmante !
Ô ma trop idéale amante !
Quel sentiment j'éprouve en ce moment fatal !
Que j'aime à contempler ton chevet virginal !
Quel air pur je respire !
Seigneur ! Seigneur !
Après ce long martyre,
Que de bonheur !

Faust, marchant lentement, examine avec une curiosité passionnée l'intérieur de la chambre de Marguerite.

SCÈNE X

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*accourant*)

3 Je l'entends !
Sous ces rideaux de soie cache-toi.

FAUST

Dieu ! mon coeur se brise dans la joie !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Profite des instants.

Adieu, modère-toi, ou tu la perds.

Il cache Faust sous les rideaux.

It is love, it is love, I hope.
Oh, how one feels
Care vanish in this place!
How I adore this silence, and breathe
A pure air! ...
Oh, sweet girl, my enchanting one,
My too-longed-for lover!
What feelings possess me in this moment of destiny!
What delight to look upon your maiden bed!
What pure air I breathe!
God! God!
After my long martyrdom,
what happiness!

Faust walks around slowly searching Marguerite's room, examining it with passionate curiosity.

SCENE X

MEPHISTOPHELES (*hurrying over*)

I can hear her!
Hide behind these silk curtains.

FAUST

God! My heart is bursting with joy!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Don't waste time.

Farewell, and keep calm or you will lose her.

He conceals Faust behind the curtains.

Bien. Mes follets et moi,
Nous allons vous chanter un bel épithalame.
Il sort.

FAUST
Oh! calme-toi, mon ame.

SCÈNE XI

Entre Marguerite une lampe à la main. Faust caché.

MARGUERITE

4 Que l'air est étouffant !
J'ai peur comme une enfant.
C'est mon rêve d'hier qui m'a toute troublée ...
En songe je l'ai vu ... lui ... mon futur amant.
Qu'il était beau ! Dieu ! j'étais tant aimée !
Et combien je l'aimais !
Nous verrons-nous jamais
Dans cette vie ? Folie !

LE ROI DE THULÉ (CHANSON GOTHIQUE)

MARGUERITE (*en tressant ses cheveux*)

5 Autrefois un roi de Thulé,
Qui jusqu'au tombeau fut fidèle,
Reçut, à la mort de sa belle,
Une coupe d'or ciselé.

Good! Now my Will-o'-the-Wisps and I will
Sing you a fine nuptial song.
He exits.

FAUST
Be still, my soul!

SCENE XI

Marguerite comes in with a lamp in her hand. Faust remains hidden.

MARGUERITE

How heavy the air is!
I'm frightened as a child!
The dream I had last night has quite upset me ...
While I slept I saw him, my future lover.
How handsome he was! God! How I was loved,
And how I loved him!
Shall we ever see one another
In this life? What madness!

THE KING OF THULÉ (GOTHIC SONG)

MARGUERITE (*while plaiting her hair*)

Once a king of Thule,
Who kept faith until the grave,
Received, at his fair one's death,
A cup of chased gold.

Comme elle ne le quittait guère,
Dans les festins les plus joyeux,
Toujours une larme légère
A sa vue humectait ses yeux.
Ce prince, à la fin de sa vie,
Lègue ses villes et son or.
Excepté la coupe chérie
Qu'à la main il conserve encor.
Il fait, à sa table royale,
Asseoir ses barons et ses pairs,
Au milieu de l'antique salle
D'un château que baignaient les mers.
Le buveur se lève et s'avance
Auprès d'un vieux balcon doré ;
Il boit, et soudain sa main lance
Dans les flots le vase sacré.
Le vase tombe ; l'eau bouillonne,
Puis se calme aussitôt après.
Le vieillard pâlit et frissonne :
Il ne boira plus désormais.
Autrefois un roi de Thulé ...
Jusqu'au tombeau ... fut fidèle ...
(*profond soupir*) Ah !

It hardly ever left his hand,
And at the most joyful feasts
Ever at the sight of it
A tear moistened his eye.
This prince, at the end of his life,
Bequeaths his cities and his gold.
But not the cherished cup
Which he still keeps in his hand.
He seats his barons and his peers
At the royal table
In the middle of the antique hall
Of a castle washed by the sea.
The drinker rises and goes
To an ancient gilded balcony.
He drinks, then suddenly his hand flings
The holy goblet into the waves.
The goblet sinks, the water seethes,
Then is calm a moment later.
The old man grows pale and shivers.
He will never drink again.
Once a king of Thule ...
Kept faith ... until the grave ...
(*sighing deeply*) Ah!

SCÈNE XII – EVOCATION

Une rue devant la maison de Marguerite.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

- 6 Esprits des flammes inconstantes,
Accourez ! j'ai besoin de vous.
Accourez ! Accourez !
Follet capricieux, vos lueurs malfaisantes
Vont charmer une enfant et l'amener à nous.
Au nom du Diable, en danse !
Et vous, marquez bien la cadence,
Ménétriers d'enfer, ou je vous éteins tous !

7 MENUET DES FOLLETS

Les follets exécutent des évolutions et des danses bizarres autour de la maison de Marguerite.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*il fait le mouvement d'un homme qui joue de la vielle*)

- 8 Maintenant, chantons à cette belle
une chanson morale,
Pour la perdre plus sûrement.

SCENE XII – EVOCATION

A street in front of Marguerite's home.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Spirits of fickle flame,
Come quickly, I have need of you!
Come quickly!
Wayward Will-o'-the-Wisps, your dubious gleam
Is going to bewitch a young girl and lead her to us.
In the Devil's name, to the dance!
And you, minstrels of hell,
Keep time, or I'll put out all your lights!

MINUET OF THE WILL-O'-THE-WISPS

The Will-o'-the-Wisps dance in bizarre formations around Marguerite's house.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with the gestures of a man playing a hurdy-gurdy*)

Now, let's sing the fair one
a moral song
To damn her the more surely.

SÉRÉNADE DE MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Devant la maison
De celui qui t'adore,
Petite Louison, que fais-tu dès l'aurore ? ...
Au signal du plaisir,
Dans la chambre du drille,
Tu peux bien entrer fille,
Mais non fille en sortir.
Devant la maison, *etc.*
Que fais-tu, que fais-tu, que fais-tu ? Ha !

CHOEUR DE FOLLETS

Que fais-tu ? Ha !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Il te tend les bras :
Près de lui tu cours vite.
Bonne nuit, hélas !
Ma petite, bonne nuit.

CHOEUR DE FOLLETS

Bonne nuit, bonne nuit.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Près du moment fatal ...

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS,

CHOEUR DE FOLLETS

... Fais grande résistance,
S'il ne t'offre d'avance

MEPHISTOPHELES'S SERENADE

MEPHISTOPHELES

Before the house
Of him who adores you,
Little Louisa, what have you been doing since dawn?
When pleasure calls,
Into this fine fellow's room
You may enter a maid
But you'll not come out one.
Before the house, *etc.*
What have you been doing? Ha!

CHORUS OF THE WILL-O'-THE-WISPS

What have you been doing? Ha!

MEPHISTOPHELES

He welcomes you with open arms
And you rush to him.
Good night, alas,
Little one, good night!

CHORUS OF THE WILL-O'-THE-WISPS

Good night! Good night!

MEPHISTOPHELES

As the fatal moment approaches ...

MEPHISTOPHELES,

CHORUS OF THE WILL-O'-THE-WISPS

... Put up a strong resistance
If he doesn't first offer you

Un anneau conjugal.
Il te tend les bras, *etc.* Ha !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS
Chut ! disparaissiez !
Les follets s'abîment.
Silence ! Allons voir roucouler nos tourtereaux.

SCÈNE XIII – FINAL: DUO

La chambre de Marguerite.

9 MARGUERITE (*apercevant Faust*)
Grand Dieu ! Que vois-je ! ... est-ce bien lui ?
Dois-je en croire mes yeux ? ...

FAUST
Ange adoré dont la céleste image
Avant de te connaître illuminait mon cœur,
Enfin, je t'aperçois, et du jaloux nuage
Qui te cachait encor mon amour est vainqueur.
Marguerite, je t'aime !

MARGUERITE
Tu sais mon nom ? Moi-même
J'ai souvent dit le tien :
(*timidement*) Faust ! ...

FAUST
Ce nom est le mien ;
Un autre le sera, s'il te plaît davantage.

A wedding ring.
He welcomes you with open arms, *etc.* Ha!

MEPHISTOPHELES
Sh! Vanish!
The Will-o'-the-Wisps sink into the earth.
Silence! Let's go and see our turtle-doves cooing.

SCENE XIII – FINALE: DUET

Marguerite's room.

MARGUERITE (*noticing Faust*)
Great gods! What do I see! Is it really he?
Can I believe my eyes?

FAUST
Beloved angel, whose heavenly image
Lit up my heart before I ever knew you,
I behold you at last; my love has vanquished
The jealous mists that hid you from me.
Marguerite, I love you!

MARGUERITE
You know my name? I too
Have often spoken yours:
(*timidly*) Faust!

FAUST
That name is mine, but it will be
Any other that pleases you more.

MARGUERITE
En songe, je t'ai vu ...

FAUST
En songe ! ...

MARGUERITE
... Tel que je te revois.

FAUST
... Tu m'as vu ?

MARGUERITE
Je reconnais ta voix,
Tes traits, ton doux langage ...

FAUST
Et tu m'aimais ?

MARGUERITE
Je ... t'attendais.

FAUST
Marguerite adorée !

MARGUERITE
Ma tendresse inspirée
Était d'avance à toi.

FAUST
Marguerite est à moi. Ah !
Ange adoré,
Dont la céleste image ...

MARGUERITE
In dreams I saw you ...

FAUST
In dreams ...

MARGUERITE
... Just as I see you now.

FAUST
... You saw me?

MARGUERITE
I recognise your voice,
Your features, your gentle words!

FAUST
And you loved me?

MARGUERITE
I ... was waiting for you.

FAUST
Beloved Marguerite!

MARGUERITE
My love divined you
And was already yours.

FAUST
Marguerite is mine! Ah!
Beloved angel,
Whose heavenly image ...

MARGUERITE

Mon bien-aimé, ta noble et douce image, ...

MARGUERITE, FAUST

... Avant de te connaître, illuminait mon coeur!
Enfin, je t'aperçois, et du jaloux nuage
Qui te cachait encor
mon / ton amour est vainqueur.

FAUST

Marguerite ! Ô tendresse !

MARGUERITE

Je ne sais quelle ivresse ...

FAUST

Cède à l'ardente ivresse ...

MARGUERITE

... Dans ses bras me conduit.

FAUST

... Qui vers toi m'a conduit.
(avec élan) Marguerite ! Ô tendresse !

MARGUERITE

Je ne sais quelle ivresse ...

FAUST

Cède à l'ardente ivresse ...

MARGUERITE

... Brûlante, enchanteresse, ...
... Dans tes bras me conduit !

MARGUERITE

My beloved, your sweet and noble image, ...

MARGUERITE, FAUST

... Lit up my heart before I ever knew you,
I behold you at last;
your / my love has vanquished
The jealous mists that hid you from me.

FAUST

Marguerite, my love!

MARGUERITE

I know not what passion ...

FAUST

Yield to the burning passion ...

MARGUERITE

... Leads me to his arms!

FAUST

... That has led me to you!
(passionately) Marguerite, my love!

MARGUERITE

I know not what passion ...

FAUST

Yield to the burning passion ...

MARGUERITE

... Devouring, bewitching, ...
... Leads me to your arms!

FAUST

... Qui vers toi m'a conduit.

MARGUERITE

Quelle langueur s'empare de mon être !

FAUST

Au vrai bonheur dans mes bras tu vas naître,
Viens ! Viens ! Viens ! Viens !

MARGUERITE

Dans mes yeux ... des pleurs ...
Tout s'efface ... Je meurs ...
Tout s'efface ... ah ! Je meurs !

SCÈNE XIV – TRIO ET CHOEUR

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*entrant brusquement*)

10 Allons, il est trop tard !

MARGUERITE

Quel est cet homme ?

FAUST

Un sot.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Un ami.

MARGUERITE

Son regard me déchire le coeur.

FAUST

... That has led me to you!

MARGUERITE

What languor seizes my whole being!

FAUST

In my arms you will awake to true happiness!
Come! Come! Come! Come!

MARGUERITE

In my eyes ... tears well ...
Everything's growing faint ...
I'm dying! Ah! I'm dying!

SCENE XIV – TRIO AND CHORUS

MEPHISTOPHELES (*entering quickly*)

Quick! It's too late!

MARGUERITE

What man is this?

FAUST

A fool!

MEPHISTOPHELES

A friend!

MARGUERITE

His glance tears my heart!

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS
Sans doute je dérange ...

FAUST
Qui t'a permis d'entrer ?

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS
Il faut sauver cet ange !
Déjà tous les voisins, éveillés par nos chants,
Accourent, désignant la maison aux passants ;
En raillant Marguerite, ils appellent sa mère.
La vieille va venir ...

FAUST
Que faire ?

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS
Il faut partir.

FAUST
Damnation !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS
Vous vous verrez demain ; la consolation
Est bien près de la peine.

MARGUERITE
Oui, demain, bien-aimé.
Dans la chambre prochaine
Déjà j'entends du bruit.

FAUST
Adieu donc, belle nuit
A peine commencée !

MEPHISTOPHELES
No doubt I intrude ...

FAUST
Who said you could come in?

MEPHISTOPHELES
We must save this angel!
Already all the neighbours, roused by our songs,
Are hurrying here, pointing out the house to passers-by.
They're jeering at Marguerite and calling her mother.
The old woman will be here ...

FAUST
What shall we do?

MEPHISTOPHELES
We must leave.

FAUST
Damnation!

MEPHISTOPHELES
You'll meet again tomorrow; after pain
Soon comes consolation.

MARGUERITE
Yes, tomorrow, beloved.
I can already hear a noise
In the next room.

FAUST
Farewell, then, sweet night,
Hardly begun!

Adieu, festin d'amour
Que je m'étais promis !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS
Partons, voilà le jour !

FAUST
Te reverrai-je encor, heure trop fugitive,
Où mon âme au bonheur allait enfin s'ouvrir ?
Où mon âme, *etc.*

CHOEUR DES VOISINS (*dans la rue*)
Holà ! mère Oppenheim,
Vois ce que fait ta fille !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS
La foule arrive.

CHOEUR DES VOISINS
L'avis n'est pas hors de saison :
Un galant est dans ta maison, ...

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS
Hâtons nous de partir !

CHOEUR DES VOISINS
... Et tu verras dans peu s'accroître ta famille.
Holà !

MARGUERITE
Ciel !

CHOEUR DES VOISINS
Holà !

Farewell, feast of love
That I had promised myself!

MEPHISTOPHELES
Let's be off, daylight is here!

FAUST
Shall I see you again, brief hour,
When my soul was about to open to happiness?
When my soul, *etc.*

CHORUS OF NEIGHBOURS (*in the street*)
Hey there, Mother Oppenheim!
Look what your daughter's up to!

MEPHISTOPHELES
The crowd's arriving.

CHORUS OF NEIGHBOURS
It's true what we're saying:
A gallant's in your house, ...

MEPHISTOPHELES
Make haste to be gone!

CHORUS OF NEIGHBOURS
... And you'll soon be seeing an addition to the family.
Hey there!

MARGUERITE
Heavens!

CHORUS OF NEIGHBOURS
Hey there!

MARGUERITE

Ciel ! entends-tu ces cris ?
Devant Dieu, je suis morte
Si l'on te trouve ici !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Viens, on frappe à la porte !

FAUST

Ô fureur !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Ô sottise !

MARGUERITE

Adieu, adieu, par le jardin
Vous pouvez échapper.

FAUST

Ô mon ange ! à demain !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

À demain ! à demain !

MARGUERITE

Ô mon Faust !

Je te donne ma vie !
L'amour s'est emparé de mon âme ravie,
Il m'entraîne vers toi.
Te perdre, c'est mourir.
Ô mon Faust bien-aimé, je te donne ma vie !

FAUST

Je connais donc enfin tout le prix de la vie,

MARGUERITE

Heavens! Do you hear those shouts?
Before God, I'm lost
If they find you here!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Come! They're knocking at the door.

FAUST

Fury!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Folly!

MARGUERITE

Farewell, farewell!
You can escape by the garden.

FAUST

Till tomorrow, my angel!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Tomorrow, tomorrow!

MARGUERITE

Oh my Faust!

I give my life to you.
Love has taken possession of my ecstatic soul.
It draws me to you.
To lose you is to die.
Oh my beloved Faust, I give my life to you.

FAUST

So at last I know life's prize and value.

Le bonheur m'apparaît,
il m'appelle et je vais le saisir.
L'amour s'est emparé de mon âme ravie,
Il comblera bientôt mon dévorant désir.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Je puis donc te traîner dans la vie,
Fier esprit !
Le moment approche où je vais te saisir.
Sans combler ton dévorant désir,
L'amour en t'enivrant doublera ta folie,
Et le moment approche où je vais te saisir.

CHOEUR DES VOISINS

Un galant est dans ta maison,
Et tu verras dans peu s'accroître ta famille ...

MARGUERITE

Te perdre, c'est mourir, *etc.*

FAUST

Il comblera bientôt, *etc.*

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Le moment approche, *etc.*

CHOEUR DES VOISINS

Holà ! mère Oppenheim,
Vois ce que fait ta fille !
Ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !

Happiness is revealed to me;
it summons me, and I shall seize it.
Love has taken possession of my ecstatic soul;
Soon it will gratify my consuming desire.

MEPHISTOPHELES

So I have you in my grasp,
Proud spirit;
the time is near when I shall seize you.
Without gratifying your consuming desire,
Love, by infatuating you, will redouble your madness,
And the time is near when I shall seize you.

CHORUS OF NEIGHBOURS

A gallant is in your house,
And you'll soon see an addition to your family ...

MARGUERITE

To lose you is to die, *etc.*

FAUST

Soon it will gratify, *etc.*

MEPHISTOPHELES

The time is near, *etc.*

CHORUS OF NEIGHBOURS

... Hey there, Mother Oppenheim!
Look what your daughter's up to!
Ah! ah! ah! ah!

PART FOUR

SCÈNE XV – ROMANCE

La chambre de Marguerite.

MARGUERITE (*seule*)

11 D'amour l'ardente flamme
Consume mes beaux jours.
Ah ! la paix de mon âme
A donc fui pour toujours !
Son départ, son absence,
Sont pour moi le cercueil,
Et, loin de sa présence
Tout me paraît en deuil.
Alors ma pauvre tête
Se dérange bientôt ;
Mon faible coeur s'arrête,
Puis se glace aussitôt.
Sa marche que j'admire,
Son port si gracieux,
Sa bouche au doux sourire,
Le charme de ses yeux.
Sa voix enchante
Dont il sait m'embraser,
De sa main la caresse,
Hélas ! et son baiser,

SCENE XV – ROMANCE

Marguerite's room.

MARGUERITE (*alone*)

The burning flame of love
Consumes my youth away.
Ah, peace has fled
From my soul for ever!
His departure, his absence
Are like the grave for me,
And far away from him
All life seems in mourning.
So my poor head
Soon loses its senses;
My feeble heart stops beating
And turns to ice.
His walk that I marvel at,
His graceful bearing,
His mouth with its gentle smile,
The charm of his eyes.
His bewitching voice
With which he can set me on fire,
The caress of his hand,
And, alas, his kiss,

D'une amoureuse flamme
Consument mes beaux jours.
Ah ! la paix de mon âme
A donc fui pour toujours !
Je suis à ma fenêtre
Ou dehors, tout le jour,
C'est pour le voir paraître
Ou hâter son retour.
Mon coeur bat et se presse
Dès qu'il le sent venir ;
Au gré de ma tendresse
Puis-je le retenir !
Ô caresses de flamme !
Que je voudrais un jour
Voir s'exhaler mon âme
Dans ses baisers d'amour.

CHOEUR DE SOLDATS (*dans le lointain*)

12 Au son des trompettes,
Les braves soldats
S'élancent aux fêtes
Ou bien aux combats.

MARGUERITE

Bientôt la ville entière au repos va se rendre.

CHOEUR DE SOLDATS

Si grande est la peine,
Le prix est plus grand.

In amorous fires
Consume my youth away.
Ah, peace has fled
From my soul for ever!
I'm at my window
Or outside all day,
In case I may see him appear,
Or hasten his return.
My heart beats faster
When it feels him near.
Would that I could keep him here
Just by the power of my love!
Oh caresses of fire!
If only one day
I could see my very soul drawn out
In the flame of his kisses!

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS (*in the distance*)

At the trumpets' sound
Brave soldiers
Hurl themselves
Into pleasure or battle.

MARGUERITE

Soon all the town will be going to its rest.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS

However great the effort,
The prize is greater.

MARGUERITE

Clairons, tambours du soir
déjà se font entendre
Avec des chants joyeux,
Comme au soir où l'amour offrit Faust à mes yeux.

CHOEUR D'ÉTUDIANTS (*encore plus loin*)
Iam nox stellata velamina pandit.

MARGUERITE
Il ne vient pas !

CHOEUR D'ÉTUDIANTS
Per urbem quærentes puellas eamus.

MARGUERITE
Il ne vient pas !
Hélas ! Hélas !

SCÈNE XVI – INVOCATION À LA NATURE

Forêts et cavernes.

FAUST (*seul*)

13 Nature immense, impénétrable et fière,
Toi seule donnes trêve à mon ennui sans fin ;
Sur ton sein tout puissant je sens moins ma misère,
Je retrouve ma force, et je crois vivre enfin.
Oui, soufflez, ouragans ! Criez, forêts profondes !
Croulez, rochers !
Torrents, précipitez vos ondes !

MARGUERITE

Already the sound of the evening bugles
and drums is heard,
With cheerful songs,
As on the evening when love brought Faust to me.

CHORUS OF STUDENTS (*further away*)
Already night draws its starry veil.

MARGUERITE
He comes not!

CHORUS OF STUDENTS
Let's roam the town looking for girls!

MARGUERITE
He comes not!
Alas! Alas!

SCENE XVI – INVOCATION TO NATURE

Forests and caves.

FAUST (*alone*)

Nature vast, unfathomable, proud,
You alone give pause to my unending ennui;
On your omnipotent breast I feel my misery less,
I regain my strength and feel alive at last.
Yes, blow hurricanes! Roar, you mighty forests!
Crash down, you rocks!
Torrents, hurl headlong your waters!

À vos bruits souverains ma voix aime à s'unir.
Forêts, rochers, torrents, je vous adore !
Mondes qui scintillez, vers vous s'élançe le désir
D'un coeur trop vaste et d'une âme altérée
D'un bonheur qui la fuit.

SCÈNE XVII – RÉCITATIF ET CHASSE

14 MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*gravissant les rochers*)
À la voûte azurée aperçois-tu, dis-moi,
L'astre d'amour constant ?
Son influence, ami,
serait fort nécessaire,
Car tu rêves ici,
quand cette pauvre enfant, Marguerite ...

FAUST
Tais-toi !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS
Sans doute il faut me taire,
Tu n'aimes plus !
Pourtant en un cachot traînée,
Et pour un parricide à la mort condamnée ...

FAUST
Quoi !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS
J'entends des chasseurs qui parcourent les bois.

My voice delights to mingle with your majestic sounds.
Forests, rocks, torrents, I worship you!
Glittering worlds above, to you soars up the longing
Of a heart too vast and a soul thirsting
For a happiness it cannot seize.

SCENE XVII – RECITATIVE AND HUNT

MEPHISTOPHELES (*climbing on the rocks*)
Tell me, do you perceive in the azure vault
The star of steadfast love?
My friend,
you badly need its influence;
While you dream here,
that poor child, Marguerite ...

FAUST
Hold your tongue!

MEPHISTOPHELES
No doubt I should hold my tongue,
You are no longer in love.
But, dragged off to a dungeon
And condemned to death as a parricide ...

FAUST
What!

MEPHISTOPHELES
I hear huntsmen moving through the woods.

FAUST

Achève, qu'as-tu dit ?
Marguerite en prison ? ...

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*posément*)

Certaine liqueur brune, un innocent poison,
Qu'elle tenait de toi, pour endormir sa mère
Pendant vos nocturnes amours,
A causé tout le mal.
Caressant sa chimère,
T'attendant chaque soir,
elle en usait toujours.
Elle en a tant usé que la vieille en est morte.
Tu comprends maintenant.

FAUST

Feux et tonnerre !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

En sorte que son amour pour toi la conduit ...

FAUST

Sauve-la. Sauve-la, misérable !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*avec fureur*)

Ah ! je suis le coupable !
On vous reconnaît là,
Ridicules humains !
N'importe !
Je suis le maître encor de t'ouvrir cette porte ;
Mais qu'as-tu fait pour moi
Depuis que je te sers ?

FAUST

Go on! What did you say?
Marguerite in prison?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*calmly*)

A certain brown liquid, an innocent poison,
Which she had from you to keep her mother quiet
During your nights of love
Has caused all the trouble!
Cherishing her idle dream,
Waiting for you each night,
she used the drug constantly,
To such an extent that the old woman died of it.
Now do you understand?

FAUST

Thunder and lightning!

MEPHISTOPHELES

So her love for you is taking her ...

FAUST

Save her. Save her, you wretch!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*furiously*)

Ah, so I am to blame!
How like you,
Ludicrous humans!
No matter.
I still have power to open this door for you;
But what have you done for me
Since I've been serving you?

FAUST

Qu'exiges-tu ?

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

De toi ?

Rien qu'une signature sur ce vieux parchemin.

Je sauve Marguerite à l'instant, si tu jures

Et signes ton serment de me servir demain.

FAUST

Eh ! que me fait demain,
quand je souffre à cette heure ?

Donne.

Il signe.

Voilà mon nom.

Vers sa sombre demeure

Volons donc, maintenant.

Ô douleur insensée !

Marguerite, j'accours !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

À moi, Vortex! Giaour!

Sur ces deux noirs chevaux,

prompts comme la pensée,

Montons, et au galop ...

La justice est pressée.

Ils partent.

FAUST

What do you require?

MEPHISTOPHELES

From you?

Merely a signature on this old parchment.

I'll save Marguerite at once, if you swear

And seal your oath to serve me tomorrow.

FAUST

What is *tomorrow* to me,
when I suffer now?

Give it to me!

He signs.

There is my name!

Let's fly now

To her gloomy dwelling!

Oh grief past bearing!

Marguerite, I'm coming!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Here, Vortex, Giaour!

On these two black steeds,

swift as thought,

Let's mount and be off at a gallop ...

Justice will not wait.

They exit.

SCÈNE XVIII – LA COURSE À L'ABÎME

Plaines, montagnes et vallées. Faust et Méphistophélès galopant sur deux chevaux noirs.

FAUST

15 Dans mon coeur retentit sa voix désespérée ;
Ô pauvre abandonnée !

CHOEUR DE PAYSANS (*agenouillés devant une croix champêtre*)

Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis.

Sancta Magdalena, ora pro nobis.

FAUST

Prends garde à ces enfants, à ces femmes priant
Au pied de cette croix.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Eh, qu'importe ! en avant !

CHOEUR DE PAYSANS

Sancta Margarita ... Ah ! (*cri d'effroi*)

Les femmes et les enfants se dispersent épouvantés.

FAUST

Dieux ! un monstre hideux en hurlant nous poursuit !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Tu rêves !

SCENE XVIII – THE RIDE TO THE ABYSS

Plains, mountains and valleys. Faust and Mephistopheles gallop on two black horses.

FAUST

Her despairing voice rings in my heart.
Oh poor abandoned girl!

CHORUS OF PEASANTS (*kneeling before a wayside cross*)

Holy Mary, pray for us.

Saint Magdalene, pray for us.

FAUST

Be careful of those children, those women praying
At the foot of that cross!

MEPHISTOPHELES

What! What of it? Ride on!

CHORUS OF PEASANTS

Saint Margarita ... Ah! (*scream of terror*)

The women and children scatter in terror.

FAUST

Gods! A hideous, baying beast is pursuing us!

MEPHISTOPHELES

You're dreaming.

FAUST

Quel essaim de grands oiseaux de nuit !
Quels cris affreux ! ... ils me frappent de l'aile !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*retenant son cheval*)

Le glas des trépassés sonne déjà pour elle.
As-tu peur ? retournons !
Ils s'arrêtent.

FAUST

Non, je l'entends, courons !
Les chevaux redoublent de vitesse.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*excitant son cheval*)

Hop ! Hop !
Hop ! ... Hop !

FAUST

Regarde, autour de nous, cette ligne infinie
De squelettes dansant !
Avec quel rire horrible ils saluent en passant !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Hop ! pense à sauver sa vie,
Et ris-toi des morts ! Hop ! Hop !

FAUST (*de plus en plus épouvanté et haletant*)

Nos chevaux frémissent.
Leurs crins se hérissent,
Ils brisent leurs mors !
Je vois onduler
Devant nous la terre ;
J'entends le tonnerre,

FAUST

Huge night birds swarm around me,
Uttering terrible shrieks, beating me with their wings!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*reining in his horse*)

The death knell is already sounding for her.
Are you afraid? Turn back, then.
They stop.

FAUST

No! I can hear it! Hurry!
The horses double their pace.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*urging on his horse*)

Hup! Hup!
Hup! ... Hup!

FAUST

About us see that endless line
Of skeletons dancing!
With what horrid laughter they greet us as they pass!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Hup! Think about saving her life,
And scorn the dead! Hup! Hup!

FAUST (*breathless and evermore terror-filled*)

The horses are shuddering,
Their manes are bristling,
They are breaking their bits.
I can see the earth
Writhing before us;
I hear thunder

Sous nos pieds rouler !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Hop ! Hop ! *etc.*

FAUST

Il pleut du sang !!

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS (*d'une voix tonnante*)

Cohortes infernales !

Sonnez vos trompes triomphales,

Il est à nous !

Ils tombent dans un gouffre.

FAUST

Horreur ! Ah !

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Je suis vainqueur !

SCÈNE XIX – PANDÆMONIUM

CHOEUR DE DAMNÉS ET DE DÉMONS

(*en langue infernale*)

Has ! Irimiru Karabrao !

Has ! Has ! Has !

LES PRINCES DES TÉNÈBRES

De cette âme si fière

A jamais es-tu maître

Et vainqueur, Méphisto ?

Rolling beneath our feet.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Hup! Hup! *etc.*

FAUST

It's raining blood!!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with a roaring voice*)

Cohorts of hell,

Sound your triumphal trumpets! –

He is ours!

They fall into a chasm.

FAUST

Horror! Ah!

MEPHISTOPHELES

I am victorious!

SCENE XIX – PANDEMONIUM

CHORUS OF THE DAMNED AND THE DEMONS

(*in an infernal language*)

Has! Irimiru Karabrao!

Has! Has! Has!

THE PRINCES OF DARKNESS

Mephisto, are you master

And lord over this proud soul

For ever and ever?

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

J'en suis maître à jamais.

LES PRINCES DES TÉNÈBRES

Faust a donc librement

Signé l'acte fatal qui le livre à nos flammes ?

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS

Il signa librement.

CHOEUR DE DAMNÉS ET DE DÉMONS

Has ! Has !

Les démons portent Méphistophélès en triomphe.

Tradioun Marexil fir

Trudinxé burrudixé!

Fory my Dinkorlitz,

Ô merikariu Omévixé merikariba.

Ô merikariu Ô midara Caraibo lakinda,

Merondor Dinkorlitz, merondor.

Tradioun marexil,

Tradioun burrudixé

Trudinxé Caraibo.

Fir omévixé merondor.

Mit aysko, merondor, mit aysko! Oh!

Les démons dansent autour de Méphistophélès.

Diff! Diff! merondor, merondor aysko!

Has! Has! Satan.

Has! Has! Belphégor.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I am master for ever and ever.

THE PRINCES OF DARKNESS

Then Faust freely signed the fatal deed

which consigns him to the flames?

MEPHISTOPHELES

He freely signed.

CHORUS OF THE DAMNED AND THE DEMONS

Has! Has!

The demons bear Mephistopheles in triumph.

Tradioun Marexil fir

Trudinxé burrudixé!

Fory my Dinkorlitz,

Ô merikariu Omévixé merikariba.

Ô merikariu Ô midara Caraibo lakinda,

Merondor Dinkorlitz, merondor.

Tradioun marexil,

Tradioun burrudixé

Trudinxé Caraibo.

Fir omévixé merondor.

Mit aysko, merondor, mit aysko! Oh!

They dance around Mephistopheles.

Diff! Diff! merondor, merondor aysko!

Has! Has! Satan.

Has! Has! Belphégor.

Has! Has! Méphisto.
Has! Has! Kroïx.
Diff! Diff! Astaroth,
Diff! Diff! Belzébuth,
Belphégor, Astaroth, Méphisto!
Sat, sat rayk Irkimour.
Has! Has! Méphisto!
Has! Has! Has! Has! Has!
Irimiru Karabrao!

EPILOGUE – SUR LA TERRE

QUELQUES VOIX

17

Alors l'enfer se tut.
L'affreux bouillonnement
de ses grands lacs de flammes,
Les grincements de dents
de ses tourmenteurs d'âmes,
Se firent seuls entendre ;
et, dans ses profondeurs,
Un mystère d'horreur s'accomplit.
Ô terreurs !

SCÈNE XX – DANS LE CIEL

CHOEUR D'ESPRITS CÉLESTES

18

Laus ! ... Laus ! ... Hosanna ! Hosanna !
Elle a beaucoup aimée, Seigneur ! ...

Has! Has! Méphisto.
Has! Has! Kroïx.
Diff! Diff! Astaroth,
Diff! Diff! Belzébuth,
Belphégor, Astaroth, Méphisto!
Sat, sat rayk Irkimour.
Has! Has! Méphisto!
Has! Has! Has! Has! Has!
Irimiru Karabrao!

EPILOGUE – ON EARTH

SOME VOICES

Then Hell fell silent.
Only the dreadful bubbling
of its great lakes of fire
And the gnashing of teeth
of those who tortured souls
Could then be heard;
and in its depths
A frightful mystery was performed.
Oh dread!

SCENE XX – IN HEAVEN

CHORUS OF THE HEAVENLY SPIRITS

Praise! ... Praise! ... Hosanna! Hosanna!
Lord, she greatly loved ...

UNE VOIX
Margarita !

APOTHÉOSE DE MARGUERITE

CHOEUR D'ESPRITS CÉLESTES
Remonte au ciel, âme naïve
Que l'amour égara ;
Viens revêtir ta beauté primitive
Qu'une erreur altéra.
Viens, les vierges divines,
Tes soeurs, les Séraphines,
Sauront tarir les pleurs
Que t'arrachent encor les terrestres douleurs.
Conserve l'espérance, et souris au bonheur.
Viens, Margarita !

UNE VOIX
Margarita !

CHOEUR D'ESPRITS CÉLESTES
Viens, Margarita !

UNE VOIX
Margarita ! Margarita ! Viens !

CHOEUR D'ESPRITS CÉLESTES
Viens ! Viens ! Viens ! Viens ! Viens !

Text by Gérard de Nerval, Almere Gandonnière
and Hector Berlioz, after Goethe's *Faust*

A LONE VOICE
Margarita!

MARGUERITE'S APOTHEOSIS

CHORUS OF THE HEAVENLY SPIRITS
Rise up to heaven, artless soul
That love led astray;
Put on again your pristine beauty
Which an error marred.
Come, the heavenly virgins,
Your sisters, the Seraphim,
Will dry the tears
That earthly sorrows still exact.
Hope on, and smile on your blessings.
Come, Margarita!

A LONE VOICE
Margarita!

CHORUS OF THE HEAVENLY SPIRITS
Come, Margarita!

A LONE VOICE
Margarita! Margarita! Come!

CHORUS OF THE HEAVENLY SPIRITS
Come! Come! Come! Come! Come!

Translation © David Cairns

EDWARD GARDNER CONDUCTOR



© Benjamin Ealovega

Edward Gardner became Principal Conductor of the London Philharmonic Orchestra in 2021; since 2015 he has also been Chief Conductor of the Bergen Philharmonic. In February 2022 he became Artistic Advisor at the Norwegian Opera & Ballet, and he takes up the position of Music Director in August 2024.

In demand as a guest conductor, Edward has appeared with the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra, New York Philharmonic, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Philadelphia Orchestra, San Francisco Symphony, Rundfunk-Sinfonieorchester Berlin, Royal Stockholm Philharmonic and Vienna Symphony. He also continues his longstanding collaborations with the City of

Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, where he was Principal Guest Conductor from 2010–16, and the BBC Symphony Orchestra, whom he has conducted at both the First and Last Night of the BBC Proms.

Music Director of English National Opera from 2006–15, Edward has an ongoing relationship with New York's Metropolitan Opera, where he has conducted *La damnation de Faust*, *Carmen*, *Don Giovanni*, *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Werther*. He made his debut at London's Royal Opera House in 2019 in a new production of *Káťa Kabanová*, and returned for *Werther* the following season. Elsewhere, he has conducted at the Bayerische Staatsoper, La Scala, Chicago Lyric Opera, Den Norske Opera and Ballet, Glyndebourne Festival Opera and Opéra National de Paris.

Born in Gloucester in 1974, Edward was educated at the University of Cambridge and the Royal Academy of Music. He went on to become Assistant Conductor of the Hallé and Music Director of Glyndebourne Touring Opera. His many accolades include being named Royal Philharmonic Society Award Conductor of the Year (2008), an Olivier Award for Outstanding Achievement in Opera (2009) and receiving an OBE for Services to Music in the Queen's Birthday Honours (2012).

Edward Gardner's position at the LPO is generously supported by Aud Jebsen.

KAREN CARGILL

MARGUERITE MEZZO-SOPRANO

© Nadine Boyd Photography



Scottish mezzo-soprano Karen Cargill is one of the most renowned singers of her generation. Winner of the 2002 Kathleen Ferrier Award, Karen has gone on to be nominated for a Grammy Award for Best Operatic Recording as part of the Metropolitan Opera's recording of Poulenc's *Dialogues des Carmélites*. In 2018 she was awarded an Honorary Doctorate from the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland.

Karen has performed at the world's leading opera houses and festivals including the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; Metropolitan Opera, New York; Deutsche Oper Berlin; English National Opera; Scottish

Opera; the BBC Proms; and the Glyndebourne and Edinburgh International festivals. Also in huge demand on the concert platform, she has sung with renowned ensembles including the Berlin Philharmonic, Rotterdam Philharmonic, Bavarian Radio Symphony, London Symphony and BBC Scottish Symphony orchestras, and the Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin.

In September 2022 she sang the Wood-Dove in Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder* with the London Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir under Edward Gardner at the Southbank Centre's Royal Festival Hall.

JOHN IRVIN FAUST TENOR



© Darya Buben

American tenor John Irvin studied in Georgia, Boston, and at the Opera Center of Chicago Lyric Opera, where his many roles included Almaviva in *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, Percy in *Anna Bolena* and Alfred in *Die Fledermaus*.

Career highlights include the title role of *The Damnation of Faust* at the Deutsche Oper Berlin, in Nice and in Helsinki; Thomas Adès's *The Exterminating Angel* at New York's Metropolitan Opera and the Salzburg Festival; Pirro in *Ermione* at the Teatro San Carlo of Naples; and Cléomène in *Le siège de Corinthe* at the Rossini Opera Festival and in Athens.

In concert, he has appeared in Stravinsky's *Les noces* at the Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia and *Oedipe* at the Spoleto Festival; Franck's *Les Béatitudes* with the Orchestre Philharmonique Royal de Liège; Rossini's *Stabat Mater* with the Polish National Radio Symphony Orchestra and *Petite messe solennelle* with the Stuttgart Philharmonic; Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* with the Warsaw Philharmonic; Berlioz's *Lélio* at the Beethoven Festival; and Berlioz's *Requiem* with the Bochum Symphony Orchestra. This performance was his debut with the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

CHRISTOPHER PURVES

MEPHISTOPHELES BARITONE



© Chris Gloag

British baritone Christopher Purves is renowned for his commanding stage presence and impeccable musicianship, captivating audiences worldwide throughout his illustrious career. He is particularly affiliated with contemporary repertoire and has created roles in a number of notable premieres, including Walt Disney in Philip Glass's *The Perfect American*, and Protector in George Benjamin's *Written on Skin*.

Operatic highlights include Alberich in Wagner's *Ring* for Zurich Opera House, and Father-in-Law in Kaija Saariaho's *Innocence* for the Royal Opera House. Other appearances include Falstaff, Saul and Gamekeeper

(*The Cunning Little Vixen*) for Glyndebourne Festival; Balstrode (*Peter Grimes*) for La Scala, Milan; Alberich (*Ring Cycle*) for Houston Grand Opera, Bavarian State Opera and the Canadian Opera Company; and Don Giovanni, Sharpless (*Madam Butterfly*), Tonio (*Pagliacci*) and Mephistopheles (*The Damnation of Faust*) for English National Opera. He also appears regularly in concert with ensembles worldwide, and in September 2017 sang the role of Créon in Enescu's *Oedipe* with the LPO under Vladimir Jurowski at the Royal Festival Hall.

JONATHAN LEMALU

BRANDER BASS



© Sussie Ahlburg

Jonathan Lemalu is a New Zealand-born Samoan who graduated from London's Royal College of Music, where he has been named an Honorary Fellow.

Jonathan performs at world-renowned opera houses including the Metropolitan Opera, Royal Opera House, English National Opera, Bavarian State Opera, Chicago Lyric Opera, Dallas Opera, San Francisco Opera, Opera Australia and Glyndebourne Festival Opera. He has also performed at the Salzburg Festival. On the concert platform, Jonathan has performed with the Berlin, New York, Rotterdam, Hong Kong, Strasbourg and Los Angeles Philharmonic orchestras, and the New

Zealand, London, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Toronto, Paris and Tokyo symphony orchestras. He made his LPO debut in 2020 as King Sharyaati in Ravi Shankar's opera *Sukanya*, conducted by David Murphy at the Royal Festival Hall.

In 2022 Jonathan was made an RCM Honorary Fellow, a patron of New Zealand Opera, and an ONZM in The Queen's Jubilee Honours for services to opera.

LONDON PHILHARMONIC CHOIR

ARTISTIC DIRECTOR: NEVILLE CREED



© Louise Kragh

The London Philharmonic Choir was founded in 1947 as the chorus for the London Philharmonic Orchestra. It is widely regarded as one of Britain's finest choirs and consistently meets with critical acclaim. Performing regularly with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, the London Philharmonic Choir also works with many other orchestras throughout the United Kingdom and makes annual appearances at the BBC Proms.

The Choir has performed under some of the world's most eminent conductors – among them Marin Alsop, Pierre Boulez, Semyon Bychkov, Mark Elder, John Eliot Gardiner, Edward Gardner, Bernard Haitink, Neeme Järvi,

Vladimir Jurowski, Kurt Masur, Yannick Nézet-Séguin, Roger Norrington, Andrés Orozco-Estrada, Simon Rattle, Georg Solti, Nathalie Stutzmann and Klaus Tennstedt.

The London Philharmonic Choir has made numerous recordings for CD, radio and television. The Choir often travels overseas and in recent years it has given concerts in many European countries, Hong Kong, Malaysia and Australia.

The Choir prides itself on its inclusive culture, achieving first-class performances from its members, who are volunteers from all walks of life.

LONDON SYMPHONY CHORUS

CHORUS DIRECTOR: SIMON HALSEY

The London Symphony Chorus was formed in 1966 to complement the work of the London Symphony Orchestra and is renowned internationally for its concerts and recordings with the LSO.

The LSC has performed under the baton of many leading international conductors including Sir Simon Rattle, François-Xavier Roth, Michael Tilson Thomas and Gianandrea Noseda, and worked with other major orchestras including the Berlin Philharmonic, Vienna Philharmonic, Leipzig Gewandhaus, Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra, Les Siécles, and the Los Angeles and New York Philharmonic orchestras. It has also toured extensively throughout Europe and has visited North America, Israel, Australia and Southeast Asia.

The partnership between the LSC and LSO, particularly under Richard Hickox in the 1980s and 1990s, and later with Sir Colin Davis, led to its large catalogue of recordings which have won nine awards, including five Grammys.

The Chorus is an independent charity run by its members and engages actively in the musical life of London, seeking new members and audiences, and commissioning and performing new works.

LONDON YOUTH CHOIRS

ARTISTIC DIRECTOR: RACHEL STAUNTON

London Youth Choirs (LYC) is a family of choirs for all young Londoners. Since its foundation in 2012 its citywide vision has always promised two things: musical excellence and social change. LYC works constantly to remove barriers to access to ensure that everyone can take part, including free auditions for all and financial assistance to cover all costs of membership.

LYC is made up of ten choirs for young people aged 7–23, based in five different locations, and has a membership of over 400.

In addition to rehearsals and performances, LYC runs an engagement programme, LYC Experience. Through this programme, LYC holds regular workshops in schools in order to bring singing to as many young people as possible.

In 2022/23, LYC celebrated the 10th anniversary of its founding, bringing together its 10 choirs as well as over 1000 children from London primary schools in a celebration concert at the Royal Albert Hall. Throughout their anniversary year, LYC championed three themes which set the tone for the next ten years: Access, Belonging, and Excellence.

LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

The London Philharmonic Orchestra is one of the world's finest orchestras, balancing a long and distinguished history with its present-day position as one of the most dynamic and forward-looking ensembles in the UK. This reputation has been secured by the Orchestra's performances in the concert hall and opera house, its many award-winning recordings, trailblazing international tours and wide-ranging educational work.

Founded by Sir Thomas Beecham in 1932, the Orchestra has since been headed by many of the world's greatest conductors, including Sir Adrian Boult, Bernard Haitink, Sir Georg Solti, Klaus Tennstedt and Kurt Masur. In September 2021 Edward Gardner became the Orchestra's Principal Conductor, succeeding Vladimir Jurowski, who became Conductor Emeritus in recognition of his transformative impact on the Orchestra as Principal Conductor from 2007–21.

The Orchestra is based at the Southbank Centre's Royal Festival Hall in London, where it has been Resident Orchestra since 1992. Each summer it takes up its annual residency at Glyndebourne Festival Opera where it has been Resident Symphony Orchestra for over 50 years. The Orchestra performs at venues around the UK and has made numerous international tours, performing to sell-out audiences in America, Europe, Asia and Australasia.

The London Philharmonic Orchestra made its first recordings on 10 October 1932, just three days after its first public performance. It has recorded and broadcast regularly ever since, and in 2005 established its own record label. These recordings are taken mainly from live concerts given by conductors including those with LPO Principal Conductors from Beecham and Boult, through Haitink, Solti, Tennstedt and Masur, to Jurowski and Gardner.

lpo.org.uk



Recorded at the Southbank Centre's Royal Festival Hall on 4 February 2023.

Producer Andrew Walton, K&A Productions **Engineer** Deborah Spanton, K&A Productions

Executive Producers Elena Dubinets, David Burke, Graham Wood

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