

1854

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W.B.D.<sup>1</sup>

**Faust and Margaret<sup>2</sup>  
In Three Acts[1]<sup>3</sup>**

Royal Princess's Theatre

Dramatis Personae [3]

Faust

Mephistopheles

Valentine

Siebel

Brander

Peters

Anselm

Wagner<sup>4</sup>

Fritz

Students

Students. Citizens. etc.

Margaret

Martha

Gertrude

Helen

Graun [Madeline]<sup>5</sup>

Bertha

Carl<sup>6</sup>

Annette

Charlotte

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<sup>1</sup> This information appears at the top of the first folio page, demonstrating the play examiner W. B. Donne's licensing system. There are two title pages for this manuscript, in two different handwritings from those that consistently appear throughout the manuscript.

<sup>2</sup> Boucicault's name does not appear on the title pages, although it is known that this was his adaption of Michel Carré's French version of Goethe's *Faust*. See Richard Fawkes, *Dion Boucicault: A Biography* (London, Melbourne, New York: Quartet Books, 1979), pp.76, 262.

<sup>3</sup> Foliation appears at the end of the first line of a folio (as opposed to the end of a previous folio). There is an inconsistency in folio numbering throughout the manuscript which is largely due to the pasting of pages over existing pages and a general reluctance by editors to renumber these pages. As such, I shall provide the number given followed by the correct foliation [when applicable] in brackets within the body of the play.

<sup>4</sup> The only character names which repeat in this version from Goethe's original play are Faust, Mephistopheles, Margaret (often called Gretchen), Martha, and Wagner. Wagner is Faust's famulus in the Goethe play but here he is a student and Valentine's friend.

<sup>5</sup> Graun does not actually appear in the play but is instead replaced with the name Madeline.

<sup>6</sup> Bertha and Carl do not appear under dramatis personae but do appear in Act III.

Scene 1<sup>st</sup>: A Laboratory,<sup>7</sup> Night.[4]  
Faust is discovered seated at a table  
on which a lamp is burning. Music.  
Chorus of Students without.<sup>8</sup>

Faust. Hark! the roystering<sup>9</sup> students are up before the dawn, and wake the day with their Carousals /distant chorus repeated. Faust rises and goes to window/<sup>10</sup> Ay! yonder they go; joy is their day\_<sup>11</sup>love is their night\_happy thoughtless souls! /advances, reseats himself opens his books dejectedly/ Here are my loves! my mistresses, Alchymy\_Philosophy, on their pale faces alone I have gazed in search of truth\_Ah Faust! Faust! had it not been better for thee to have studied the pages of the human heart, although thou hadst found nought but falsehood there /meditates. Enter Siebel at door stealthily/

Siebel. There he sits pouring over his books.

Faust. I have squandered my life, the hour of love came and passed, and my heart never awoke

Siebel. /aside/ He mutterst something. I hope he is not mocking the devil!

Faust. I never loved——

Siebel. /standing on tiptoe and looking over the table/ He is deep in some problem

Faust. Love—Love—why does the word haunt my brain when my heart is withered, my limbs decreped

Siebel. X divided by 2 is equal to equal to Y. Z

Faust. Fool! Fool! /closes his book/

Siebel. /Starts/ Oh!

Faust. Ah Siebel!

Siebel. I am a fool master, to break in thus on you

Faust. Nay, I was not speaking to thee boy

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<sup>7</sup> The letters 'ory' of Laboratory is written in blue ink in a different hand.

<sup>8</sup> All scene descriptions, character prompts, and stage directions are underlined in blue ink throughout the manuscript, with the exception of the new material which is underlined in black ink.

<sup>9</sup> 'Roystering' (sometimes spelled 'roistering') is defined as 'swaggering, noisy' by the *OED*.

<sup>10</sup> Stage directions are indicated within two forward slash marks.

<sup>11</sup> The punctuation throughout this manuscript is erratic; it is sometimes used correctly but often neglected completely. For instance, there is a general lack of commas and fullstops, replaced by a subscript en-dash. I have reproduced the punctuation and spelling as it appears in the manuscript.

Siebel. Hey! /looks round alarmed/ To whom then? there's no other fool here but me

Faust. /Approach. Siebel advances and sits at his feet/ A year ago thy mother brought thee to me, and prayed me to take thee for my pupil.

Siebel. And when I talk to her of Botany, and Alchymy, and Geology——

Faust. Of which you know nothing

Siebel. Yes but the old woman knows less \_ and its a great comfort to her to listen to me

Faust. Your fellow students passed my door just now?

Siebel. They were bound for the wine cellar to pass the night with one of our companions who joins his regiment to morrow [5]

Faust. His name?

Siebel. He is the brother of Margaret

Faust. Margaret—who is she?

Siebel. How? you do not know Margaret?

Faust. Yes! She is the fairest girl in the town

Siebel. You have seen her

Faust. Never. You love her?

Siebel. How could you tell that? /recoils/

Faust. Come hither \_ for a year I have been your master but you have learned from other lips than mine——

Siebel. Learned! what?

Faust. To love \_ you shall reply my lessons Siebel \_ I will be your pupil now. Speak tell me of this world in which young hearts exist, this heaven on earth.

Siebel. Not always master, to love is not enough, one must be beloved.

Faust. She loves you then?

Siebel. Her brother Valentine bids me hope

Faust. And that is food enough for happy dreams

Siebel. I dream of nothing else\_ when you teach me Algebra\_ the letters divide and multiply will form themselves into the name of Margaret. When I look through yonder telescope upon the stars, whose names you teach me, her eyes look down upon me: so while you are teaching me philosophy I am only learning love

Faust. Away. be gone——

Siebel. Have I offended?

Faust. No\_ Hark you boy! Knowledge wisdom there is none words. words. None are wise but the young, none are learned but the happy. Go! talk fully to thy mother and content her with big words; but to Margaret speak not of Alchymy, or if so, teach her how to transmute her heart from coldness to love; speak not of Geology, good Siebel, or if so, tell her that in all creation, the most precious earth is that of which her human form is made\_ and if you would shew your skill in Botany lead her into the grove, and let the living flowers with their fragrant voices plead your cause, and she is thine.

Siebel. I will master Thanks! Thanks!

Faust. Away! /Siebel runs off/ Youth! Youth! Oh, is there no spell to bring thee back again. The fire is smouldering in my heart but it shall revive\_ ay! [6] though I work the fiend himself to rekindle it with his breath # #<sup>#12</sup> /Thunder & Storm/<sup>13</sup> Hark! that sudden storm\_ can he have heard my thoughts? The thunder approaches and the Scared winds shriek as if they fled before him can it be he? Have I indeed the power the ignorant ascribe to me? I will try\_ Fiend Demon!\_ I awoke thee; come /The window is burst open, and Mephistopheles leaps in/

Mep. Good evening, doctor.<sup>14</sup>

Faust. Who are thou?

Mep. Your's very truly\_ I heard you call

Faust. Then you are really——

Mep. To a nicety\_ and see the proof. whenever I stir abroad, the elements mock me, like sparrows about a hawk\_ I am drenched to the skin. I shall catch my death of cold have you not a fire?

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<sup>12</sup> These symbols appear in a different handwriting and may have been added to indicate a music cue for the thunder sound.

<sup>13</sup> The & used here resembles a fancy C.

<sup>14</sup> The line 'Your Servant\_ Bon soir' was crossed out, replaced with 'Good evening, doctor'.

Faust. No\_it is extinguished.

Mep. Allow me to light it

Faust. I have no fuel

Mep. Excuse me here is plenty /takes a pitcher of water and throws it on the fire it flames  
up/ come near and warm yourself you are shaking in every limb

Faust. I am not cold

Mep. No you are frightened

Faust. Begone

Mep. That is not civil, my dear sir I assure you when you pay me a visit below, I wont  
say begone; but I will give you the handsome due to a gentleman of your  
iniquities But a truce to compliment and to business, what do you want?<sup>15</sup>

Faust. Nothing

Mep. Thank you

Faust. What for?

Mep. The lie\_I owe you one, but tell me, you are short of cash? eh? in want of money?

Faust. Money\_dust

Mep. Beg pardon Doctor no offence, a literary man, you know the prevailing complaint  
But my time is precious, and my cloak is dry\_I'm off /rises/

Faust. Stay

Mep. /reseats himself/ I thought so

Faust. Can you restore my youth?

Mep. Aho! youth\_what dye<sup>16</sup> want with it [7] You don't want it to repent with do you. I  
am sure you would not take an ungentlemanly advantage of me

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<sup>15</sup> In the left-hand margin next to these lines appears the word 'reception' with a question mark above it. This may have been Boucicault questioning his own work or another person querying how these lines should be performed and received.

<sup>16</sup> Slang abbreviation for 'do you'.

Faust. Can you transform this failing frame, efface these wrinkles from my brow, and fill once more this empty heart with all the fierce emotions, passions, I have lost?

Mep. I can

Faust. You can call back my wasted years

Mep. And give you more to waste

Faust. On what condition\_name the price

Mep. Don't mention it\_tis nominal I assure you /draws out a paper/ Sign this and I'm yours to command

Faust. You mean that I am yours

Mep. The obligation is mutual. Observe this flask it contains an elixir, an internal cosmetic drink\_and presto! you are as fresh as Granymede and stronger than Apollo<sup>17</sup>

Faust. Tempter away

Mep. Pooh\_here's the pen

Faust. Avaunt<sup>18</sup> avoid thee /chorus of Students/ Ah those Voices!

Mep. Sweet, aint they\_happy\_young thoughtless there's the place

Faust. Youth\_Youth\_thou art mine /Signs the paper hastily/

Mep. Same to you Doctor thank you there /hands him the flask Chorus ceases/

Faust. What have I done?

Mep. Drink drink\_how! do you hesitate? here then, must we stimulate you /waives his hand towards the back/ Behold! /The Scene opens and discovers a vision Margaret asleep upon a couch/

Faust. What vision hast thou called up?

Mep. No vision, but a mortal creature, pure innocent and lovely as you see, dare to win her she is thine Dost thou fear?

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<sup>17</sup> Misspelling of Ganymede. In Greek mythology, Ganymede was a handsome Prince of Troy who was abducted by the gods to become Zeus's beloved because of his youth and beauty. Apollo was a Greek god, associated with the sun and prophecy, as well as medicine.

<sup>18</sup> Hence, away.

Faust. No /Drinks, his dress changes and he appears as a youth/

Mep. Brave, how dye feel.

Faust. My veins run fire

Mep. Good, but then the fire burns too violently we will shut out the draught /waives his arm the vision disappears/

Faust. Whither has she fled?

Mep. Come and see

Faust. Fiend! restore the vision to my eyes

Mep. I'll do more\_ I'll give the reality to your arms come \_come\_ [8] (draws off Faust who still gazes on the spot where the vision appeared.)<sup>19</sup>

Scene 2<sup>nd</sup> A Street on the R.H.  
a Tavern practicable, two floors open  
in which are discovered a party of Students  
consisting of Siebel, Peters, Anselm. Wagner  
Fritz playing at dice, Brander, Peter<sup>20</sup>  
and Fritz in 1<sup>st</sup> floor. Wagner Siebel

Peters. /throws/ Six

Anse. /throws/ Eight

Fritz. Bravo.

Peters. The devils in the dice bot! /throws/ Ten! beat that

Anse. /throws/ Twelve

Peters. I'll play no more

Anse. Take your revenge

Peters. ~~Tis more Skill than luck~~<sup>21</sup>

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<sup>19</sup> 'spot' was inserted in the same handwriting.

<sup>20</sup> The spelling of Peter instead of Peters is a singular typo regarding this character. However, the abbreviations for characters' names change throughout the manuscript. I have reproduced them as they appear on the page.

<sup>21</sup> Several sections are crossed out throughout the manuscript; I have reproduced them as they appear.

Peters. No you always win

Anse. I am lucky

Peters. Tis more skill than luck

Anse. Skill, dye mean to say I cheat

Fritz. Hollo! don't quarrel

Anse. Cheat\_ /seizes the dice bot/

Peters. /seizes a flagon/ Ah!

Wagner. /awaking/ Turn them out!

Brand. No quarrelling; fight if you like, but no quarrelling

Siebel. That's a sentiment that deserves a toast. wine

Fritz. Wine

All. /rattling their cups/ Wine wine Gertrude. old girl more wine

*Song and Chorus*  
*Enter Gertrude with a flagon of wine*  
*She serves them*

All. Bravo\_Bravo—

Fritz. /looking from the window/ Ho there\_here, the day is breaking

Brand. Let it break\_ it owes me nothing /drinks/

Siebel. What the sun getting up without our permission?

Wag. Tell him to go to bed again /goes to sleep on the table/

Siebel. Brander, youre very drunk: and I despise a man, who can't become intoxicated without getting drunk /falls off his chair/

Brand. I drunk\_I defy the vineyard of all the Rhineberg's<sup>22</sup> to make me drunk\_If the Rhine ran wine instead of water, I'd drunk it all, and be as sober as the German Ocean\_ [9]

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<sup>22</sup> A German city which lies south of the Rhine river.

Siebel. He! he! the idea of a river of wine

Brand. Here's to realize the notion heads below  
/empties a flagon of wine on Wagner's head/

Wag. /awaking/ Fire! help! murder fire!

Siebel. What's the matter?

Brand. 'Tis an overflow of the Rhine

All. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Enter Valentine, Margaret, Martha

Val. Dearest Margaret daylight has indeed surprised us I must indeed be gone

Marg. Oh Valentine, not yet, leave me not

Val. We must part dear sister, my friends are waiting for me

Marg. When shall we meet again?

Val. In a month or two the war must be concluded<sup>23</sup>

Marg. Till then who will protect and love your Margaret

Siebel. Gentleman /rises/ a toast \_fill\_ and those who can stand up, let them do so (*sits*)  
and more shame for them

All. A toast \_fill

Siebel. Here's to the fair Margaret

All. To Margaret \_to Margaret /they raise their cups/

Brand. Hold \_a glorious campaign, and a speedy return to our dear Valentine

All. Hurrah!<sup>24</sup> Valentine; to Valentine /they drink/

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<sup>23</sup> The specific war which Valentine refers to here and in Act III (page 45) is unclear. One of the presumed inspirations for Goethe was Johann Georg Faust, who lived from the late 1400s to the mid 1500s; however, there was no German war during this time, only a peasants' revolt. The reference may be to the Thirty Years War (1618-48) which was fought on the edges of the German empire and involved several of the major European powers, including France and Spain. Although this is speculative, the Thirty Years War seems most likely given the setting and references, although the war could be fictional.

<sup>24</sup> Hurrah!

Val. You hear\_yonder are those brave hearts who will love and protect you and if you  
lack society there is Siebel

Marg. Poor Siebel.

Val. And Martha

Mart. I warrant ye, we'll find some consolations for her\_bless her heart. she will be as  
safe with me as if she was guarded by a Dragon like a Princess in a tale, which I  
am near her no gallants will dare to come nigh her

Val. No I fear no gallants\_this pure and tender spirit has but one fault\_it is cold and  
insensible to love\_Alas for poor Siebel—

Marg. Indeed dear brother\_for your sake I would love him if I could\_but I confess his  
suit ~~fatigues me~~ wearies me

Val. Bear with it awhile, for love is pictured as a little child, that we may treat it tenderly

Brand. Now I must rouse Valentine, we must be off

Val. You hear

Marg. Farewell. Farewell, dear Valentine Oh come back quickly to me [10]

Val. Adieu\_beloved Margaret

Marg. I will go to Matins<sup>25</sup> and pray our patron saint, to guard your life, and hasten your  
return

Val. And pray that I may bring you back a name that you shall wear with pride

Marg. Heaven watch over you (*embraces*)

Val. Go with her Martha /Margaret and Martha enter the Church, Valentine looks after  
her/ Sweet sister.

Brand. /looking over the Balcony/ Ho\_Valentine are you ready

Val. Ay

Brand. Come then the stirrup cup\_<sup>26</sup> and ten we will be off

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<sup>25</sup> Morning Prayer. 'to Matins and' has been inserted by a second hand. The handwriting used here matches most of changes within the manuscript.

<sup>26</sup> Farewell drink.

Valentine enters the house  
Faust and Mephistophees enter at Back the  
Students welcome Valentine with Shouts

Mep. Come Doctor \_you must not go on in this way there's not a pair of pretty ankles<sup>27</sup>  
trip

by us but your eyes get entangled in them, and you are off in pursuit directly;  
consider my character decorum doctor \_decorum.

Faust. Redeem your promise where is she

Mep. Aho! softly

Faust. The vision you raised up to taunt my passion was but a dream. confess it,

Mep. You shall find her human; why she was here but now——

Faust. Here!

Mep. Ay! where we stand

Faust. The air is full of delight her breath is in it

Valentine. /in the hostelry to Siebel/ Siebel, I bequeath my sister to your care \_you will  
watch over her

Siebel. Rely on me Valentine

All. Rely on all of us

Brand. Were I not your comrade Valentine, I would protect her, and defy the devil  
himself to harm her

Mep. Ho \_I think I am the subject of conversation here /approaches the hostelry/ listeners  
seldom hear any good of themselves I don't expect compliments /The Church  
Belles toll to prayers/ Oh what an abominable melody! ~~Confound those~~ oh those  
[11]<sup>28</sup> bells /stops his ears a crowd of Citizens male and female cross at back and  
enter the Church. Chorus/

Faust. Come.

Mep. Where!

Faust. My heart tells me she is there \_come

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<sup>27</sup> Misspelling of 'ankles'.

<sup>28</sup> 'oh those', inserted by a second hand, replaces the crossed out 'Confound those'.

Mep. Excuse me\_ I had rather not\_ But don't let me keep you She is there /Faust enters the Church

The bells cease to toll/

Val. Now my friends farewell

Brand. One more cup round one more to the health of Margaret

All. Bumpers!

Mep. /leaning against the window/ Would any polite gentleman oblige me with a glass

Brand. Who are you

Mep. Whoever you please

Siebel. What do you want?

Mep. To drink

Brand. We drink with none but friends

Mep. I hope we shall be better acquainted hereafter

Brand. Go to the Devil

Mep. That is a polite invitation to remain: master Brander

Siebel. You have his name

Mep. As pat as his Godfather my dear Siebel

Siebel. He knows my name too!<sup>29</sup> He seems a jolly dog\_ let us give him a glass

/Wagner hands Mephistopheles a glass/

Mep. Thanks!

Siebel. Ho! Gertrude\_ more wine a fresh tap

Mep. No I will be my own drawer and here is my tap /mounts a bench and reaches up to the sign of the Tavern, which represents Bacchus<sup>30</sup> bestrideing a Barrel he strikes on the barrel with cup/ Ho! Friend Bacchus replenish /wine flows from the cask\_ fills his glass/

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<sup>29</sup> Entire sentence inserted by a second hand.

<sup>30</sup> Roman god of wine.

Siebel. The Devil

Mep. Yours truly I look towards you

Brand. You are a conjuror ha! or has our rascally old host a store of Rhenish<sup>31</sup> in yonder sign. let me try /he imitates Mephistopheles and strikes the barrel with his glass but no liquor flows/

Siebel. No effect

Mep. Let me shew you the trick\_ Observe now look /taps the barrel/wine flows into his cup mingled with a stream of fire which reaches Brander/

Brand. Ah! confound your wine, it scalds me [12]

Mep. Tis rather fiery /Drinks/ heres to the fair Margaret

Val. Infernal mountebank<sup>32</sup> dare you pronounce that name /Takes the cup from him and throws the contents on the ground they flame up the students recoil/

Siebel. Sorcery!

Brand. Demonology! and witchcraft!

All. Down with him.

Mep. Gentlemen /Brander raises his arm Mephistopheles passes his hand along it it remains suspended and motionless/

Siebel. Knock him down Brander

Brand. I can't—

Siebel. I can and here goes /draws back his arm to strike Mephistopheles arrests it with a gesture/ Oh!\_ /Mephistopheles steps from between them and leaves them menacing each other/

Mep. Don't quarrel Gentlemen wait till I call the watch ha! ha! ha!

Siebel. Dont be a fool, take my arm down directly

Mep. Will you give me your hands in token of friendship then?

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<sup>31</sup> Name for dry white wines produced in the Rhine river valley.

<sup>32</sup> A charlatan.

Siebel. Yes

Mep. /waives his arm/ recover arms /their arms fall/

Brand. This is down right sorcery.<sup>33</sup>

Mep. Science my dear Brander your hands how do, you fear?

Brand. Not I not if you were the devil himself

Mep. You are a bold man /looks at his hands/ Aho;

Brander. What?

Mep. You are nearer your latter end than you imagine

Brand. I may fall in battle

Mep. No ~~you will die by~~ this your own hand, will cause your own death<sup>34</sup>

Brand. No. I will be shot if I do

Mep. You will be shot in any case. you will get drunk quarrel with your officer, this hand will knock him down military discipline will lock you up a courtmartial will confide you to a file of the guard\_ muffled drums\_ row de row<sup>35</sup>\_one, two, three, and a volley\_<sup>36</sup> good night<sup>37</sup>

Brand. And you think I believe all this?

Mep. No you don't, or you would<sup>38</sup> avoid the catastrophe now Siebel for your hand

Siebel. Oh! Sir don't touch upon my latter end

Mep. Oh dear, oh dear, [13]

Siebel. Am I to be hung or drowned!

Mep. Neither but every flower you pluck with this<sup>39</sup> and will wither beneath your touch

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<sup>33</sup> 'down' inserted by the original hand.

<sup>34</sup> 'this' and 'will cause your death' was added by a second hand.

<sup>35</sup> This should be row-de-dow, which was Irish slang for a riot in the nineteenth century. J. Redding Ware, *Passing English of the Victorian Era: A Dictionary of Hererodox English, Slang, and Phrase* (London: Routledge and Sons; NYC: E.P. Dutton and Co. (n.d.), p.211.

<sup>36</sup> Shots from a musket or canon which are fired simultaneously or several times very quickly.

<sup>37</sup> All the subscript dashes in this dialogue are added in the same blue ink used to underline throughout the manuscript.

<sup>38</sup> 'd' added to 'would' in blue ink.

Siebel. I never discovered that yet

Mep. But you will find it out to morrow, when you gather that bouquet for Margaret

Val. My sisters name again

Mep. Ah Valentine, my hero let me see your palm

Val. There mountebank

Mep. Ho!

Brand. What dye see?

Mep. I see that ere long, this gentleman will fall by the hand of one who is near us now

Val. Do not heed him friends, let us leave him and his dark auguries

Brand. Screech owl—

Siebel. Quack<sup>40</sup>\_imposter

Mep. /bows/ Oh! gentlemen!——

Wag. Bird of ill omen!——

Fritz. Scarecrow——

Siebel. Come Valentine, we will accompany, you and Brander to the city gate Good bye  
mountebank

Anselm. Good bye forever

Brand. Ta. ta \_Beelzebub<sup>41</sup>

Mep. We Shall meet again \_brave boys<sup>42</sup>  
/the Students laugh, sing and go out, arm, in, arm/  
Capital fellows, excellent dogs, that's right, they are coming straight to me.<sup>43</sup>  
wine,

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<sup>39</sup> 'this' added in blue ink.

<sup>40</sup> A quack is a person who claims to have medical knowledge but does not have any formal training. In this context, it is used more loosely to suggest that Mephistopheles is a quack because he is predicting an event which they do not believe he has the skill to foresee, nor do they believe it will happen.

<sup>41</sup> The Christian faith uses Beelzebub interchangeably with the word devil. In the Hebrew faith, it is associated with a specific deity who reigned over flying creatures. Here, it is used in the Christian context.

<sup>42</sup> 'We' inserted by the original hand.

dice, and women. thats the way. ~~Wine that is the blood of Molock:<sup>44</sup> dice they are the eyeballs of Mammon!<sup>45</sup> and women Ah! bless them, dear souls. /Bells begin again/~~ Ah! those bells\_ again. they set my teeth on edge

Enter Faust from the Church

Faust. She is there\_ I have seen her

Mep. Margaret

Faust. There in the remotest corner, kneeling before the image of her patron saint her eyes beaming with a heavenly light. devotion quivering upon her lips\_

Mep. You gazed upon her with a devotion of another sort

Faust. Ay! wrapped in my thoughts, as in a vest of fire, my breath came hot and fast. I stood entranced, my heart swelling amain<sup>46</sup> until it filled my frame and made it one great pulse.

Mep. Bravo: go on and prosper\_ she is yours

Faust. Ay, mine she shall be [14]

Mep. And then mine

Faust. Thine!

Mep. Don't be jealous a mere reversionary interest

Faust. She shall be mine, I tell you, mine for ever, she shall never quit me

Mep. Exactly\_ thats just what I mean.

Faust. Hark she comes,

The crowd enter from the Church  
Enter Margaret and Martha

See\_ there\_ there—

Mep. Speak to her

Faust. I will /speaks to Margaret apart/

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<sup>43</sup> The commas in this line are added in blue ink, presumably by a different hand during a revision.

<sup>44</sup> Molock is a pagan god who is mentioned by name in Acts 7:43 as a warning for the Jews not to worship false gods.

<sup>45</sup> New Testament description of material wealth, which is thought to have an evil influence.

<sup>46</sup> At full speed.

Marg. Pardon Sir\_yonder is my home\_ Thank you for your kindly proffered aid\_ I need it not, /Exit/

Mar. I thank you kindly, handsome Sir but I need it not /turns to Mephistopheles/ Your servant noble cavalier

Mep. /bowing to the ground/ Yours diabolically /bows/ most beauteous super excellent

Mar. Oh Sir /aside/ what a nice man

*Exit*

Faust. Gone\_gone—— /gazes after Margaret/

Mep. Ay but you have clipped her wings she won't hope far.

The bells continue the Chorus recommences  
as the crowd continue to pass out, Chorus repeat

End of Act 1<sup>st</sup>

Act 2<sup>nd</sup><sup>47</sup> Scene The garden A pavillion on one side  
a wall crosses the back in which there is a door  
a large tree .C. with a rustic seat under it  
Margaret is discovered seated at a spinning  
wheel.

*Song*

Marg. /Sings as she works/ I wonder who that stranger could have been, who accosted me as we cam from chapel\_ his manners were not like those of our students here\_ /Sings/ \_ his eyes were blue\_ Martha declares they were black\_ but I am sure they were the softest deepest blue I ever\_ /Sings/ I can't get his eyes out of my head. I wish Martha would not persist in speaking of him\_ why dose she leave me thus alone. I do not know how it is, but when I am alone that stranger starts up in my mind\_ and I tremble as I think but when Martha is near me I can speak of him without fear\_ [15] come I am idling here /Sings/

/Exit into Pavillion  
/The door in the garden wall opens  
Faust and Mephistopheles appear

Mep. Here we are\_ this is the cage\_ did you not hear our bird chirping

Faust. Is that the chamber she inhabits?

Mep. Precisely so, there if you are a skilful general, you'll teach her innocent lips in a short hour or two the first syllables of love

Faust. Why thou art almost a poet

Mep. I have a turn that way.

Faust. Oh what a sweet existence here reveals itself, not even the shadows of an evil thought. Days where the hours are twirred like flowery garlands, and nights where sleep is ever decked with smiles.<sup>48</sup>

Mep. Bravo; you are talking nonsense—keep to that and you will win her/

Faust. Her presence will strike me speechless. Set those flowers speak for me /plucks flowers/

Mep. Flowers; Pooh\_ vegetables\_ look here  
/draws a Casket from under his Cloak opens it/

Faust. Diamonds;—

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<sup>47</sup> 'Act 2<sup>nd</sup>' This was added in blue ink in an apparent revision of the manuscript.

<sup>48</sup> The dialogue from 'Faust. Is that the chamber she inhabits' to here has been pasted over the existing dialogue and was written by a second hand.

Mep. Let these speak for you\_just slip e'm<sup>49</sup> under her observation

Faust. She will prefer the simple Chapel of roses\_to that collar of jewels

Mep. I'll bet you two to one in Archbishops she does nothing of the sort

Faust. No, replace you diamonds in the earth where nature hid them that they might tempt  
the weak and vain; Margarets eyes will dull their lustre\_I will not have them

Mep. Who asked you; I don't think they would become you at all\_but by her\_just slip  
e'm under her observation

Faust. Fiend\_do you think there is no simplicity, no virtue left in human nature?

Mep. I wish there was not\_what dy'e<sup>50</sup> think I'm here for the pleasure of your  
conversation\_no\_business! /opens the Casket/  
just slip em under her observation

Faust. No\_that were to profane my idol

Mep. Stay—some one approaches

Faust. Tis she.

Mep. No it is not\_tis her lover, Siebel

Faust. Siebel my pupil\_but no, she loves him not—he confessed that much to me [17/16]

Mep. Let him try the casket and Ill back his change\_Hush\_step aside a little /he draws  
Faust behind a clump of Shrubbery/ Enter Siebel by the door in the wall at back/

Siebel. That infernal conjuror he has bewitched my fingers\_devil take him—

Mep. /aside/ And you too dear Siebel

Siebel. I laughed at his prediction that every flower I tried to pluck would wither beneath  
my touch\_but look here\_how can I give that bouquet to Margaret\_ /produces a  
faded bouquet/ wither'd\_ stay /throws away the flowers/ perhaps the flowers here  
in Margaret's garden are protected by her innocence\_surely no evil influence  
dares to approach her\_let us try, cautiously\_ /advances on top toe/ Here is a lovely

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<sup>49</sup> This is the same as our modern-day abbreviation of ‘em’ for ‘them’, but with the apostrophe in the wrong position. This is done throughout the manuscript.

<sup>50</sup> Same as the earlier ‘dye’ abbreviation for ‘do you’ but with the apostrophe, which seems to be in the wrong position; we would expect the division to occur between the ‘d’ and ‘ye’. The manuscript alternates between the two spellings (‘dye’ and dy’e’).

rose<sup>51</sup> /he fingers it, the flower withers instantly/ there again withered! I knew it, stay perhaps the witchery is confined to roses, that flower is of a delicate constitution let us try a sturdy honest blossom there's a sunflower staring me in the face /plucks it it withers/ go to the devil;- /He throws the flowers away/Mephistopheles catches it it blooms again he puts it in his buttonhole/ Is there no chance to disenchant my infernalized digits Ah! a good idea! Father Anselm told me if I dipped my fingers in the fountain of St Genevieve yonder, it would dispel the charm. Why didn't I think of this before, but I'll try now /Dips his fingers in the fountain Mephistopheles sneezes/

Faust. Whats the matter with you

Meph. Nothing<sup>52</sup>

Siebel. Now then /plucks a flower/ ah they do not fade I knew it I've done the devil /runs from bush to tree gathering flowers/ [19/17] /Marg reappearing/ There is a vase full of water it will preserve their bloom,

Mep. I will make you pay for your ingenuity master Siebel

Faust. Quick give me the casket—

Mep. Here it is just slip it under her observation,

Faust. Devise some means to get yonder fool away

Mep. I will send a friend of mine to give him a hint

Siebel. /as he places the flowers in the vase/ Why there is some nasty insect buzzing in this tulip Oh what a nasty great wasp! Ugh /throws the tulip away/ get off dont /defends himself against the wasp/ Oh! the devil's in the wasp Oh! keep quiet this wasp has been bitten by a mad dog /retreats/ he'll sting me directly—Oh! /carries his hand to his nose/ there! I knew he would /takes off his hat/ his life shall pay the forfeit /strikes in the air with his hat/ Aha! he's down /runs up and stamps as if to crush the insect it escapes he follows/ no /the wasp escapes by the open door Siebel throws his hat after it/ Ah! /runs out/

Mephistopheles locks the door after him

Faust places the casket on the window

Sill, near the vase of flowers

Mep. Ah! so ~~places the diamonds beside the roses~~—The Court is sitting the cause is called on jewels versus flowers,

<sup>51</sup> 'rose' has been inserted in blue ink.

<sup>52</sup> The dialogue from Siebel's speech beginning with 'digits Ah! a good idea!' to here has been pasted over the existing dialogue and was written by a second hand.

Faust. ~~My life on the result—the flowers~~

Meph. Silence in the court\_ here comes the judge

they retire behind the tree and watch  
Margaret appears at the window

Marg. Martha is a long time absent. The good old soul does love to gossip, that's certain.  
Ah! Siebel has left his usual bouquet, poor fellow /takes up the vase & smells the  
flowers/ how sweet & fresh they are

Faust. Look. Look. she chooses the flowers

Meph. Patience is a virtue. I cant recommend, but hush!\_

Marg. What is this? Oh! what a beautiful casket! How could it come here? Who could  
have brought it? Certainly not Siebel, for he could not afford such a costly  
ornament. I wonder what it contains! There's a key in it\_ a golden key too. I  
wonder if I might look,

Meph. So dear, do.

Marg. Ah! what's that? It's nothing\_ I thought I heard some one talking in the garden. I  
feel afraid\_ Then it it must be wrong /pause/ [21-22/18] What can be inside of it\_ I  
should so like to know

Meph. That's the road to travel

Marg. How came it in my window? Oh! some workman carrying it home has mistaken  
the house. What a scolding he'll get poor fellow. perhaps in the insiade there's a  
card with a name on it. To find that I must open it

Faust. She hesitates

Meph. That's the first step

Marg. I see no other way

Faust. Her hand is on the lock

Meph. That's the second.

Faust. She turns the key\_

Meph. All right

Marg. S!<sup>53</sup> Genevieve! what splendid diamonds!<sup>54</sup>

/Margaret opens the casket utters  
an exclamation of delight. And lets fall  
the case of flowers\_ which is broken/

Mep. Good bye\_innocence\_the cause is decided Verdict for the plaintiff

Faust. How greedily her eyes devour their ~~delight~~ lustre

Marg. Oh! how beautiful\_Oh! let me examine them  
disappears with the casket and reappears at the door of the  
Pavillion\_advances

Mep. ~~She comes!~~

Faust. So beautiful and yet so frail\_

Mep. Evil has a sweet tooth for beauty——

Faust. Ah! Demon\_

Mep. Ah Doctor!

Marg. I never saw anything like these before. They'll will become a Queen; How  
beautiful! If only the earrings were mine\_I have a great mind to try them  
on\_nobody will know it\_oh here's a mirror too! What a difference it makes\_if  
anybody were to speak to me now I feel I could answer with more spirit

Faust. I<sup>55</sup> she not adorable

Meph. She'll do.

Marg. I must try the bracelet too\_Ah! It seems as if a hand were clasping my arm<sup>56</sup>

Mep. She feels my fingers\_so\_so\_now put your pretty neck in the collar

Marg. I'll try the necklace now\_Ah! Margaret Such brilliants are not destined for such  
poor simple girls as you ~~Margaret/puts on the necklace/~~ Ah it feels to burn into  
my neck\_<sup>57</sup> ~~how icy cold it feels\_oh how I wish I could see myself [24/19]-ah!~~

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<sup>53</sup> This should be St. but an exclamation point was written instead of a lower-case t.

<sup>54</sup> The dialogue from 'Marg. Martha is a long time absent' to here has been pasted over the existing dialogue and was written by a second hand at a later time.

<sup>55</sup> Should be 'Is'.

<sup>56</sup> The dialogue from 'Marg. I never saw anything like these before' to here was pasted over the existing dialogue and written by a second hand.

<sup>57</sup> 'I'll try the necklace now\_Ah Margaret' and 'Ah it feels to burn into my neck\_' were added by a second hand.

~~here is a glass in the lid~~ /looks at herself in the mirror/ Oh ha ha Oh! how grand I look~I never thought myself so pretty

Mep. ~~Vanity~~ Vanity! Ah ~~the~~ you duck\_?

Marg. How happy those fine and rich ladies must be who can always wear such jewels?

Mep. Envy! Oh; you dear;

Marg. This glass flatters me I know it does\_I never thought\_I had any pretensions to beauty

Mep. A lie! Oh! I shall fall in love with this girl myself presently<sup>58</sup>‡

Faust. I will speak to her—

Mep. Not yet~let the charm work, the evil now but dares to whisper\_let it burrow\_creeping through every vein until she is possessed! Come,

Faust. I cannot leave her

Mep. Tush<sup>59</sup> you leave a trusty friend behind you come; /Draws Faust off/

Marg. If that young stranger could but see me now.<sup>60</sup>

Enter Martha

Mar. Margaret my child

Marg. Eh! who's there /tries to conceal the jewels/<sup>61</sup>

Mar. Oh! [25/20] my darling\_my beauty\_why your as fine as a starlit sky\_what splendid diamonds. Where did you get them<sup>62</sup>

Marg. I found them in this casket which was left by some one on yonder window sill I presume by mistake

Martha. By mistake! Marry indeed! such diamonds are not placed in the window of a pretty girl like you by mistake

---

<sup>58</sup> A symbol of unknown origin is placed here, which resembles a backwards question mark. This could be a mistake or could be an obscure use of the medieval Punctus Percontativus which represented a rhetorical question.

<sup>59</sup> Now, chiefly.

<sup>60</sup> This line added by a second hand.

<sup>61</sup> This stage direction is underlined in orange.

<sup>62</sup> This last question added by a second hand.

Marg. I don't understand you good ~~Margaret~~ Martha<sup>63</sup>

Marth. I mean my little beauty that it is the present of a lover of some rich nobleman who adores you

Marg. Oh heavens! help me to take them off again

Marth. Are you mad? There's no occasion to be in such a hurry

Marg. I will not wear them another moment, so help me

Marth. I have an idea my angel that this present comes from that young stranger we saw this morning

Marg. Oh do you think so \_there\_ never mind \_I can take them off myself<sup>64</sup>

Mar. What a pity to take them off.<sup>65</sup>

Marg. Well then if you wish it I will wear them a few minutes longer

Mar. My sweet do you know that stranger has been running in my head so that I was obliged to staunch my curiosity by a little enquiry in the town about him

Marg. Indeed

Mar. I just stepped out of the Inn where he is stopping and I learned that his companion

Marg. I did not like his looks at all

Mar. Well; that his companion let fall a few words uncautiously \_this noble incognite is no other than the Young Prince of Trebizond—<sup>66</sup>

Marg. A Prince

Mar. Travelling with his minister

Marg. Martha I have been foolish \_I was wrong to trifle with these jewels\_ away with them /Takes them off hurriedly/

Mar. What the matter

---

<sup>63</sup> 'Margaret' is crossed out in orange, replaced by 'Martha' in orange ink and in a different handwriting.

<sup>64</sup> The dialogue from 'Martha. By mistake!' to here was pasted over the existing dialogue and written by a second hand.

<sup>65</sup> An orange star has been drawn between 'What' and 'a'.

<sup>66</sup> Known today as Trabzon, Trebizond was a Turkish city situated on the Black Sea; it was an important location for both the ancient Greeks and the Romans. Its inclusion in the play may be a reference to the interest shown for it by German historians in the nineteenth century.

Marg. They burn into my neck into my arms\_my blushes seem to gather round off the spot where the jewels touch me\_off\_off\_with them

Siebel. /outside/ Oh! help; help;

Marg. What noise is that

Mar. Tis Siebels voice

Marg. See some one is climbing the wall

Mar. Tis he\_ /Siebel astride of the wall/ [27/21]

Siebel. Murder\_fire\_fire

Mar. What's the matter

Siebel. Hornets\_Ah! Wasps Ah! Dragonflies Dont get off! /jumps down/

Marg. What has happened

Siebel. Happened; look at my nose; /his nose is violently swollen at the tip/ /Martha laughs/ I have escaped\_I thought they would have killed me\_

Marg. Who!

Siebel. That infernal conjurer and his imps-! I have been pursued by every insect that improvident nature has furnished with a sting\_First a wasp stung me in the nose\_here\_I pursued him what a dance he led me and where to, dy'e think?

Marg. I cannot imagine

Siebel. Why to his domicile\_Yes I went head foremost into a wasps nest\_out they flew\_I defended myself\_but after getting another in my nose I ran away then what dy'e think they did the cowards, they attacked me behind

Marg. Poor Siebel you are quite exhausted

Mar. Sit down

Siebel. No thank you

Mar. Do!

Siebel. No\_No\_

Marg. But what conjurer is this you speak of

Siebel. A fellow I saw this morning\_ I tell you these wasps were his imps, for as I fled they were recruited by a gang of hornets\_ and every dranfily turned and gave chase\_ besides their buzzing I heard laughter distinctly\_ ~~and at each kiek~~ fiendish laughter behind me.

Mar. T'was the children who mocked your disaster

Siebel. But besides the laughter, I heard pursuing feet and I felt kicks\_ distinctly\_ and at each kick I flew at least five and twenty feet

Mar. You dreamed; your senses deceived you Poor Siebel\_ I know what a nightmare is I can share your feelings

Siebel. /rubbing his back/ I wish you could now tell me is my sense of sight at fault\_ I could swear I saw before me\_ there in Margarets hand a casket of jewels!

Mar. A What? [28/22]

Marg. Yes Siebel\_ this is a casket of jewels

Siebel. How did you come by them

Mar. I brought them for Margaret to look at

Marg. Yes—yes take them back Martha

Mar. Immediately\_ /aside/ I'll lay e'm by a day or so\_ she may repent /aloud/ good day

M. Siebel\_ /aside/ an ugly prying fellow if he pokes his nose into my business\_ he'll find another wasps nest I can tell him

/Exit/

Siebel. Margaret=Margaret\_ beware of that woman there are strange stories about her

Marg. Indeed!

Siebel. She gives herself out as a widow\_ they say her husband is alive\_ ~~she has~~ disounted

Marg. Indeed! How glad she will be

Sieb. Will she? She led him such a life poor devil, that one fine day he ran away from her & she has never heard from him since. from that time she passed herself off as a widow

Marg. What a strange story.

Sieb. Margaret, I don't like those jewels\_ I saw that young stranger and his ugly friend  
the conjurer prowling about this house. Martha may be in league with them<sup>67</sup>

Marg. In league with them?

Siebel. She was at their abode to day\_ beware Margaret

Marg. Ah! I wish Valentine had not left me thus unprotected\_ what shall I do,

Siebel. Come to my mothers cottage there you will be safe ~~I will remain there to face  
those marauders<sup>68</sup> and only let them offer me their jewels\_ ha. I'll I'll take  
them~~ She will receive you as a daughter<sup>69</sup>

Marg. Yes\_ yes\_ Siebel you are right my heart tells me so!

Siebel. I will be here at ~~nightfall~~ midnight;<sup>70</sup> wrap yourself closely and steal out.

Marg. Yes\_ yes\_

Siebel. You promise me\_

Marg. Come\_ come\_ at all events!

Siebel. Hush\_ I hear footsteps\_ ti's she\_ she returned but who are these with her  
/Enter Martha ushering in  
Mephistopheles and Faust/

Mar. This way my lords?

Marg. Ti's he!

Siebel. The conjuror<sup>71</sup> and his friend /he hides in the shrubbery/

Faust. I fear we intrude  
2 1<sup>72</sup>

Mep. When you are at leisure to receive our devotions [30/23]

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<sup>67</sup> The dialogue from 'Marg. Indeed! How glad she will be' to here has been pasted over the existing dialogue and was written by a second hand.

<sup>68</sup> Raiders or plunderers.

<sup>69</sup> 'She will receive you as a daughter' has been added by a second hand.

<sup>70</sup> 'midnight' inserted by a second hand.

<sup>71</sup> The 'o' in 'conjuror' was added in blue ink.

<sup>72</sup> The addition of the 2 over 'you' and the 1 over 'are' are cues of unknown origin.

Mar. We will receive them now my lords

Mep. This noble damsel, whose beauty is formed through Christendom, borne on the voices of Troubadours,<sup>73</sup> and nestled in their lays of love s

Marg. Indeed, fie, you mistake me I am a poor unknown girl\_ and pardon me if I wish to remain so (*Courtsies and is going*)

Faust. Hold\_ I implore you\_ (*he meets her and speaks aside*)

Mep. In the whole course of chequered existence I never beheld so lovely a form?

Mar. Ah! ~~fie~~ Sir you are too sudden with me

Mep. ~~I thought~~ You were a widow?

Mar. Alas since twelve years I have enjoyed that calamity

Mep. 12 Years! ~~how long the time has seemed?~~ Your husband died only last week; I was charged to communicate to you the pleasing intelligence<sup>74</sup>

Mar. He is dead ~~then?~~

Mep. Very\_ I saw him a short time after his decease

Mar. ~~Poor fellow\_ how did he look~~

Mep. ~~He looked pleased with the change~~

Mar. Oh sir, pray give me all the painful particulars\_ Has he left me anything?

Mep. Yes.

Mart. Is it considerable?

Mep. It don't weight much.

Mart. What is it

Mep. His blessing.

Mart. The shabby scamp.

Mep. Alas Madam what could be expected of a man who could disparage charms like

---

<sup>73</sup> Composers of epic poems and love songs, sung by travelling minstrels.

<sup>74</sup> 'only' and 'I was charged to communicate to you the pleasing intelligence' was added by a second hand.

yours

Mart. Oh Sir! may I request the favour of your arm?

Mep. This woman has intentions, I wish I had not come /Exeunt/

Sieb. What can they be talking about Here they come again<sup>75</sup>  
/Reenter Faust and Margaret/

Marg. Martha told me that you were a Prince<sup>76</sup>

Faust. I am but a miserable, hopeless wretch,

Marg. Wherefore?

Faust. I have seen you!

Marg. Is my presence then so fatal I would not harm you

Siebel. I can't hear a word they say!

Faust. You have made my life a wilderness, every hope every thought, every feeling, has deserted<sup>77</sup> to your image, and you have drawn them after you You have left the past in desolation and turned the future into one hope

Mep. ~~When you are at leisure to receive our devotions [32/24]~~

Martha. ~~We will receive them now my lords~~

Mep. ~~This noble damsel, whose beauty is formed~~

Marg. Your voice trembles, and your eyes are full of tears\_ what have I done; how can I repair my innocent offence?

Faust. Let me teach you to atone it!

/They go out conversing/

Siebel. Oh! Margaret\_Margaret—

/Reenter Mephistopheles and Martha/

Mar. You have travelled a great deal,

---

<sup>75</sup> The dialogue from 'Mep. Yes.' to here was pasted over the existing dialogue and written by a second hand.

<sup>76</sup> 'that' was inserted by a new hand that only occurs here.

<sup>77</sup> The 'r' in 'deserted' was added in blue ink.

Mep. Yes I have seen a good deal of the world

Mar. Yet there's more wickedness in it than you have seen

Mep. It is getting quite beyond me<sup>78</sup> \_ I am scandalized at the progress of iniquity  
2 1<sup>79</sup>

Mar. You are a prime minister, ~~I believe to the~~ to the Prince?

Mep. I do not confine my advice to any particular monarch:

Mart. What is your profession?

Mep. Philosophy.

Marth. Doubtless you have a favourite branch of study

Mep. Yes \_ Demonology

Mart. Delightful! I dabble a little in that myself

Meph. The deuce you do

Mart. We'll assist each other<sup>80</sup>

Meph. This old eater-maran<sup>81</sup> knows more than I do.

Marth. I am sorry to observe that you have something the matter with your foot

Meph. Yes \_ I \_ I have \_ it is observable then \_<sup>82</sup>

Mar. No! oh no! it merely gives a graceful kind of<sup>83</sup> dip to your noble carriage \_ a sort of series of curtsies;

Mep. ~~A peculiarity isn't it~~

Mar. ~~A distinction~~

Mep. ~~/aside/ A sensible old lady this.~~

Mar. The result of an accident ~~this~~

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<sup>78</sup> This is another example of a symbol of unknown origin, resembling that which appears on folio 24.

<sup>79</sup> The insertion of the 2 and 1 are cues of unknown origin which resemble the aforementioned cues.

<sup>80</sup> The dialogue from 'Mar. [...] to the Prince?' to here was pasted over the existing dialogue and written by a second hand.

<sup>81</sup> A maran is a domestic French fowl.

<sup>82</sup> This line of dialogue and the previous one were added by a second hand.

<sup>83</sup> 'of' inserted in blue ink.

Mep. Yes a fall I got\_ some time ago!

Mar. Poor dear foot\_ and nobody to nurse it I dare say you are a bachelor ~~I'd swear~~

Mep. Yes!

Mar. ~~If you could meet with a steady sensible woman now! a widow without any incumberance.~~ You should think of settling yourself. But perhaps you never met with a sympathising spirit. Do you think you could prefer a widow without incumbrance

Mep. ~~/aside/ I wish I was at home~~ Ready made happiness—I wish I was at home<sup>84</sup>

Mar. One who could keep your house in order!

Mep. ~~/aside/~~ She would keep mine in order with a vengeance She would henpeck the devil

Siebel. ~~/creeping out/~~ I'll just creep after them and see what they are about ~~/as he creeps behind he knocks over a chair/~~

Mar. Oh! what is that

Mep. Ah! my friend Siebel! eaves dropping

Siebel. No! Sir! oh no\_oh dear

He is terrified [34/25]

Mar. He will betray us\_ I am lost\_ my reputation is gone

Mep. Begone\_ fly\_ go\_ ~~/advances/~~

Siebel. I\_ Yes! ~~/retreating/~~

Mep. Vanish!

Siebel. Oh! ~~/he sinks into the trunk of the great tree which opens to receives him and closes again/~~

Mep. He is gone.

Mar. ~~Oh! cruel man cruel man\_ my character what shall I do~~ Where has he disappeared? Have you silenced him?

---

<sup>84</sup> This dialogue and the previous were added by a second hand.

Mep. ~~Whats the matter?~~ He is a reasonable little fellow and has entered into my views

Mar. I have lost my character

Mep. ~~Where /looks about/~~

Mar. ~~But happily it is not too late to mend matters~~ Then our secret is locked up\_ <sup>85</sup>

Mep. How! As safely as in a trunk\_

Mar. Hush! here comes your friends ~~come~~ /takes his arm/ ~~Let me tell my plans! To~~  
night you shall fly with me to a farland—To avoid further interruptions, suppose  
we walk among the trees\_ Dare I trust myself?

Mep. ~~I don't see that this would mend matters at all~~

Mar. ~~Hush I care not for the world I despise society I am yours~~

Mep. ~~No! Stop\_ night approaches~~

Meph. On the honor of a gentleman

Exeunt with Martha <sup>86</sup>

Mar. ~~Dear night—it will cast a discreet mantle over our follies~~

Meph. /aside/ She will certainly ruin me I am lost

Siebel. /in the tree/

/goes out with Martha/

Siebel. /in the tree/ Let me out\_ Oh you infernal sorcerer let me out? /reenter Faust &  
Margaret/

Faust. You forgive the boldness\_ dearest Margaret with which I accosted you this  
morning

Marg. I was more angry with myself than with you, and I have passed the day in thinking  
of it

Faust. Sweet Saint—I could pass my life in adoration at your feet /they sit/

Marg. Do not speak this to me I am beneath your notice\_ see this cottage is my birth place  
my home\_ twas here my mother died\_ and now my Brother Valentine has gone to  
the field of battle which proved a tomb to my father I am alone

---

<sup>85</sup> The dialogue from 'Mar. Where has he disappeared?' to here was written by a second hand.

<sup>86</sup> The dialogue from 'Mar. To avoid further interruptions, suppose we walk among the trees\_' to here was written by a second hand.

Faust. Not alone\_Margaret I am here I also am without kindred, like yourself misfortunes  
has united us

/takes her hand/

here\_here\_is the alter upon which I swear /kisses it/

Mar. My lord\_what are you doing

Faust. No! do not leave me hear me we are alone\_ [35/26] nature is hushed to a silence  
that it may hear and bear me witness\_the flowers bending to the night breeze shed  
their incense on our bows while the stately moon attends, robed like a priest in  
nuptial while,<sup>87</sup> to join our hands and bid our lives be one

Marg. No! No! leave me, I will hear no more

Siebel. /in the tree/ let me out

Marg. /starts up/ Oh! some one spoke

Faust. No there is no one, you heard the beating of my heart

Marg. It is late! I must be gone\_I am quite sure I heard some one,

Faust. Stay\_I will search /goes into the shrubbery/

Marg. I am frightened to death\_what shall I do I would go but I cannot tear myself away  
from his presence\_if he were merciful he would leave me\_Ah he returns /She  
hides behind the tree/

Faust. I see no one\_you were mistaken\_Oh! where is she? gone\_no she is here /goes into  
the shrubbery Margaret escapes with a light laugh to L shrubbery/

Faust. /returning/ I heard her laugh\_was here /as he seeks her she avoids him/ no yet she  
is here\_she hides from me escaping like a sylph\_<sup>88</sup> Margaret advances listens he  
appears at back sees her, and picking a wreath of ivy from the ground advances/

Marg. Where is he! I do not hear his footsteps he passed that way /he throws the wreath  
over her/ Ah!

Faust. You are mine now\_caught!

Marg. Non! no! set me free\_

Faust. Traitress, no you are my prisoner.

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<sup>87</sup> A typo; should be white.

<sup>88</sup> An immortal, soulless being that inhabits the air.

Marg. I beseech\_ I implore you \_do\_ release me

Faust. Yield then?

Marg. I do\_ but let me go,

Faust. Unransomed\_ no\_ /he kisses her repeatedly while she exclaims against his embraces/

Marg. Leave me\_ leave me\_ oh!

Faust. /at her feet/ Pardon\_ dearest\_ my own Margaret\_ see\_ I am at our feet hear me give me one syllable of hope one look of love Margaret speak to me

Marg. You terrify me

Faust. Here set your foot upon my bleeding heart crush me to death\_ <sup>89</sup> or lift me with a word that gives me life

Marg. No! No! I dare not\_ I cannot speak farewell /runs to the Pavillion/ Farewell dear stranger\_ I love thee!! /She speaks as she closes the door/

Faust. She loves me!\_ down! down! my heart\_ it throbs as though it would burst\_ Ha who comes /Enter Mephistopheles Martha/

Mar. Stay a moment there\_ and while I gather my few things into a bundle, dominate your Scruples. hush don't make a noise

/by this time the stage is quite dark/

Mep. I'm all over a cold perspiration

Faust. Mephistopheles, I am beloved:

Mep. So am I?

Faust. She had confessed it, ~~I am in Heaven~~ /In/

Mep. ~~I wish I were in the other place~~ I say Doctor let us run.

Faust. Wherefore?

Mep. The old woman has nicked<sup>90</sup> me\_ and if I remain she'll fly with me to night

---

<sup>89</sup> Folio 36, but should be 27.

<sup>90</sup> Imprisoned.

Faust. Let her, what does it ~~matter~~ signify?

Mep. What does it signify? You take my place and you will discover\_ I wonder where she expects to go to when she dies\_ I wont have her that's poz,<sup>91</sup>

Siebel. Let me out

Mep. Oh! I forgot Siebel\_ Hist<sup>92</sup> stand aside

/he makes a signal, the tree opens  
Siebel comes out/

Siebel. Let me out\_ Let me\_ Ah! I am out where was I! How dark it is\_ have I been dreaming the buzzing of tender voices\_ and the chirping of kisses\_ and loves\_ and dearests, and sighs and oh! I must have been sent to sleep oer on this bank by that infernal conjuer but stay this is the hour when Margaret promised to meet me here\_ to fly with me

Faust. With him!

Mep. Hush;

Siebel. To take refuge in my mothers Cottage perhaps she has come already\_ and returned disappointed no I hear footsteps /the door of the Pavillion creaky/

Mar. How dark the night is

Siebel. She comes!

Mar. I hear a voice\_ hist\_ hist\_ [37/28]

Siebel. /whispering/ Here! quick?

Mar. This is very wrong,

Siebel. Come

/they go out hastily by garden door/

Mep. ~~Now! Now! the cage door is open, away man~~

Faust. Oh Mephistopheles\_ I thank thee<sup>93</sup> She is mine

Mep. For the present. ~~/Enters the Pavillion/~~ /Looking up at Pavilion/<sup>94</sup>

---

<sup>91</sup> Abbreviation for positive.

<sup>92</sup> Equivalent to "psst".

<sup>93</sup> This line was inserted by a second hand.

<sup>94</sup> This stage direction is written in a hand which only appears here.

End of Act 2<sup>nd</sup>

This sho<sup>95</sup> either be omitted; or something like the scene in Faust in the Pavilion added to remove, ~~indeleacy~~ covert indelicacy<sup>96</sup>

---

<sup>95</sup> Abbreviation for should.

<sup>96</sup> This statement is written in pencil, potentially by an employee of W.B. Donne.

◇  
Chorus<sup>97</sup>

Enter Carl a Boy /running/ Oh Madeline, sister Madeline, such news, won't you be glad.  
The war is over\_the soldiers are returned\_three or four of them are in advance,  
and they say a whole troop will be here in a quarter of an hour

Gerts. Oh what joy!

Made. Poor Valentine!

Carl. The marketplace is all astir, and the flowers girls have put on their holiday clothes,  
and we are to have dancing, and games and \_oh here come the girls

Dance

Made. No sign of Margaret yet etc.



/Annette to Bertha/ What are you two girls whispering about?

Bertha. Shall I tell them?

Gerts. Oh do \_do \_

Bertha. You promise not to mention it again?

Gerts. Not for the world\_no. no

Carl. Oh\_won't they though

Bertha. What do you think then? The Prince has run away\_my lady's fine lover is gone

Ann. Who told you? When was it?<sup>98</sup>

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<sup>97</sup> I have reproduced the inserted sections from Act Three as they appear on the page. The symbols which accompany the new sections and the existing ones should be used to situate the new material in its correct position. In this instance, the Chorus section should appear after the stage directions 'Helen Graun Madeline<sup>97</sup> Annette Charlotte & group of girls' on the following page. Similarly, the dialogue which begins with the stage direction 'Annette to Bertha' should appear right before the crossed-out stage direction 'Enter Margaret from the House'.

<sup>98</sup> This entire section is new, having been inserted by a second hand.

Act the Third [38/29]  
Scene a Street Church at the back with steps  
& Portico An antique fountain on one side/Music/  
◇Helen ~~Graun~~ Madeline<sup>99</sup> Annette Charlotte & group of girls

Helen. Made. No signs of Margaret ~~this evening~~ yet.

Ann. No, there is her cottage, you see the windows are closed one would think there had been a death in the family

Graun. Helen. What aris<sup>100</sup> she gave herself

Anne. How grand she was with the Prince, and her gold charms, and her jewels

Helen. Made. Come girls, do not be too hard upon poor Margaret If some noble were to smother your consciences in silk and satin and blind you with dazzling diamonds

Anne. Do you mean to insinuate that we should do as Margaret has done

Carl. No. you would have done a good deal worse.

Graun. Helen. ~~Helen~~ Madeline thinks no one can be honest but herself

Helen.<sup>101</sup> No I pity Margaret but I do not rail at her ☼

Enter Margaret from the House

Char. Oh here she comes

Graun. Dear me!

Marg. Ah ~~Graun~~, good morning. ~~Annettee~~—

Anne. How is the Prince this morning!

Graun. And his friend the prime minister?

Marg. What do you mean?

Anne. They do say that His Royal Highness was seen riding gayly from the town

---

<sup>99</sup> The name Madeline has been inserted by a second hand to replace Graun. Any name changes of characters in this act have been done by this second hand.

<sup>100</sup> This should be 'airs'.

<sup>101</sup> This should be Madeline's line.

Char. With the air of a conqueror

Marg. What have I done to injure you? that you should taunt me thus?

Helen. I will tell you Margaret, you have been for weeks the object of their envy

All. Our envy! ha! ha!

Helen. Because you were beloved and happy. But now that you are wretched you see you  
are the course of their delight

Anne. Yes we are glad that her prince should have a fall

Enter Siebel behind

Graun. Good bye Princess!

Anne. My compliments to his Royal Highness

Siebel. Margaret in tears!

Char. Oh here is Siebel

Anne. Propose to her now Siebel

Graun. She will accept you

Siebel. /aside/ They have been taunting her, so thanks to the indiscretions of my fellow  
students, I can Silence these jackdaws<sup>102</sup> /aloud/ Graun

Graun. Eh?

Bert. I don't know when but my cousin brought the news last night [39/30]

Carl. Why she's the greatest story teller in all the village

Anne. I'll box your ears sir if you dont hold your tongue Well

Bert. The Prince was seen leaving the town with that horrid man who follows him  
everywhere

Ann. Now she's finished

Hel. Ha! Ha! She had got no more than her deserts

---

<sup>102</sup> A jackdaw is one of the smallest members of the crow family; it is also used derisively towards a talkative person, which is the meaning used here.

Mad. Poor girl

Anne. Ha! Ha! Madeline must have a fellow feeling

Carl. You had better not abuse my sister

Bert. Have you heard the new song?

Ann. What? have they made a song about it already?

Bert. Yes \_yes\_ I'll sing it to you /Song/

Enter Siebel

Anne. Oh here comes Siebel \_good evening Siebel

Sieb. Good evening

Ann. You are happy at last I suppose, you have got rid of your rival, so now you can marry Margaret

Hel. Wish you joy Siebel

Carl. /to Madeline/ Nasty spiteful things!

Sieb. Margaret even now is better than all of you put together you are only bursting with envy\_

Gerts. Ha! Ha! Envy! Oh! ho!

Made. Hush! she is here, for pity's sake be silent girls  
Enter Margaret

Marg. Ah Helen \_good evening\_ Annettee—

Ann. How is the Prince this evening

Helen. And his friend the Prime Minister

Marg. What do you mean?

Ann. They do say that his royal highness was seen riding gayly from the town

Helen. With the air of a conqueror

Marg. What have I done to injure you that you should taunt me thus

Made. I will tell you Margaret\_ while you were beloved and happy, they envied you, but now that you are wretched, you see you are the cause of their delight

Ann. Yes\_ we are glad that her pride should have a fall

Hel. Good by Princess

Ann. My compliments to his royal Highness\_

Siebel. /aside/ Thanks to the indiscretions of my fellow students, I can silence these jackdaws /aloud/ Helen—

Helen. Eh?<sup>103</sup>

Siebel. Wagner has been telling me /whispers in her ear/ [40/31]

~~Graun.~~ Helen. Tis false /goes up vexed and confused/

Siebel. Hush! ~~Charlotte~~ Bertha.

~~Char.~~ Bertha. What?

Siebel. Peters has bee<sup>104</sup> indiscreet\_ he says /whispers/

~~Char.~~ Bertha. Oh you don't believe him /goes up/

Siebel. Hush! Annette

Anne. Well

Siebel. /Whispers. Annetee slaps his face/

Anne. Take that for prying in M. Imprudence

/goes off with the girls laughing/

~~Helen.~~ Madeline. Good bye dearest Margaret /Exit/

Marg. You have not deserted me Siebel

Siebel. Desert you! what dy'e take me for?

---

<sup>103</sup> The dialogue from 'Bert. I don't know when but my cousin brought the news last night' to here has been added by a second hand as a new page.

<sup>104</sup> This should be 'been'.

Marg. Yet I have made you wretched

Siebel. Only because I saw your grief. I knew the cause This Prince had left you\_ day by day you watched for his return, I saw your eyes grow hollow, and your cheek grow pale ~~and I said to myself "Siebel you must follow this man for whom Margaret pines, you must bring him back to her-Margaret\_I followed him~~<sup>105</sup>

Marg. ~~You said so dear Siebel!~~

Siebel. ~~I traced him from village to town from castle to hut~~

Marg. You saw him, he returns?

Siebel. ~~That conjuror~~ His friend<sup>106</sup> withholds him

Marg. I knew it that man possesses some baneful influence which enchains my love he is gone then\_gone for ever! Ah! why did he not stay me ere he went. did he not send one word to me\_no\_what not one what did he say? how look'd he?

Siebel. He looked so sad<sup>107</sup> that even I could pity him and he spoke but one word\_your name

Marg. ~~As I have heard him speak it~~

Siebel. Tears were in his eyes—

Marg. Ay\_so\_hush\_say no more\_I do Heaven forgive & bless him

Siebel. Margaret

Marg. ~~No. See I am calm\_it is past\_he will return again~~ Siebel.\_but then I shall begone

Siebel. Let me lead you home\_

Marg. Home! what home have I? my brother's roof\_no\_he would spurn me from it. There /points to Chapel/ ~~He that ever dwells beneath that roof will not forbid me,~~ that is the only home for such as I am

/Enters the Chapel/

Siebel. Poor Margaret! ~~Infernal conjuror-Miserable Siebel-~~tis all in vain\_she loves him still\_how shall I relieve my feelings\_crying is of no use\_it makes me worse

Martha. /entering/ Oh\_Siebel\_Siebel<sup>108</sup>

<sup>105</sup> This last sentence was added by a second hand.

<sup>106</sup> 'His friend' was added by a second hand.

<sup>107</sup> 'sad' was added by a second hand.

Sieb. You here? [41/32]

Mart. I know you hate the sight of me, but Margaret must be saved

Sieb. Saved! what danger threatens her now?

Mar. Valentine has returned

Sieb. Valentine!

Mart. I saw him at the end of the street, the sight of him nearly killed me

Sieb. Are you quite sure it was he?

Mart. Am I quite sure it's you? Keep him from the house. In his first passion he might kill poor Margaret.

Sieb. What can be done to save her?

Mart. Perhaps you had better tell him all yourself, but pray don't mention me\_ If he should name me, tell him I have left the town\_ say I am dead & buried Ah. he is coming this way\_ I'm a lost woman

Exit

Sieb. What can I say? I dread to face him

Enter Valentine

Val. Welcome to myself, there stands my nest, & in it the little bird I left there, she little expects to see me back so soon\_ but who is this Ah. Siebel, your hand my friend\_ Does my return astonish you? How is my sister Margaret? Well are you agreed yet? When's the wedding to be

Sieb. The wedding Valentine!

Val. Is Margaret still cruel

Sieb. We'll talk of that another time

Val. What has happened, Is she ill? speak man

Sieb. Do not ask me

---

<sup>108</sup> Siebel's dialogue after the crossed out section and Margaret's dialogue were added by a second hand at a later time.

Val. Some calamity has befallen\_ I am sure of it for as I came along the streets, I saw many who seemed to avoid me, others whose welcome was strangely spoken\_ speak\_ speak\_ I will know all

Sieb. In the name of our friendship\_ on your mother's name Valentine. I conjure you be merciful\_ forgive her

Val. Forgive her\_ forgive whom? Margaret my sister\_ Ah! a horrible suspicion crosses me. I will know all from her own lips.

Sieb. Valentine, be patient

Val. Leave me\_ let me go /Exit/

Sieb. I could not tell him, what will he say or do\_ when he knows the truth\_ I must apprise Margaret while there is yet time

Exit into Chapel<sup>109</sup>

—————how shall I relieve my feeling's craying is of no use it only makes me worse  
[42/33]

Enter Martha hastily

Mar. Ah Siebel\_ Siebel\_ Valentine has returned Thank goodness I have found you<sup>110</sup>

Siebel. Valentine!

Mar. The wars are over the troops have just entered the town, and are disbanding in the market place

Siebel. Valentine!

Mart. I saw him I ran here\_ what shall we do?

Siebel. Valentine!

Valentine. /Sings out side/

Mar. He comes\_ do you hear I dare not meet him

/Exit into House/

Val. Welcome to myself. there stands my nest, and in it the little bird I left there. she little expects to see me back so soon. But who is this? Ah! Siebel, what is the matter with the man? weeping into the fountain, you will poison the Spring

<sup>109</sup> The dialogue from 'Sieb. You here?' to her was added by a second hand as a new page.

<sup>110</sup> 'Thank goodness I have found you' was added by a second hand but then crossed out.

Siebel. I am not weeping

Val. Is Margaret still cruel. why do you look down

Siebel. Oh Valentine!

Val. What has happened? is she ill? speak man

Siebel. Do not ask me

Val. Some calamity has befallen. I am sure of it for as I came along the streets, I saw many who seemed to avoid me, others whose welcome was strangely spoken. Margaret my sister /going to the house/

Sieb. Stay Valentine

Val. No let me learn all /runs in/

Sieb. I could not tell him, what will he say or do when he knows the truth, he will kill somebody I hope it will be me, I deserve it, I don't know what for, but I feel that I deserve it

/Exit/

Enter Faust & Mephistopheles

Mep. Here we are again!

Faust. My poor beloved Margaret I shall see you once more

Mep. You know the penalty if you bind your ~~your~~ life to hers with hers your life becomes extinct

Faust. Be it so /going to the house/

Mep. Stay you will not find her there

Faust. Where is she then?

Mep. There /points to the Church/ [43/34] you see what you have brought her to, but in vain her tears fall. in vain her prayers ascend. she is mine. Behold! /waives his arm the Church wall becomes transparent the Interior is seen illuminated.<sup>111</sup> groups of woman in attitudes of devotion Margaret kneels before a Shrine organ music and chorus<sup>112</sup>

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<sup>111</sup> The comma which appears here was added in blue ink.

<sup>112</sup> 'vain' and 'organ music and chorus' added by a second hand.

Marg. Protecting saints, a miserable wretch bowed down with shame implores thine aid

Mep. Spirits of darkness gather round & claim your victims

Chorus of Demons  
Margaret. Margaret  
Thine hour is come  
Margaret. Margaret  
Despair's thy doom.

Marg. Oh those hideous sounds. kind heaven hear me I am guilty but let me not perish  
/organ music repeats and chorus/then chorus of Demons/ There is no mercy for  
me—none—none /falls/scene changes back/<sup>113</sup>

Mep. None whatever

Faust. And this demon is thy work?

Mep. Mine! come I like that, whenever mortals sin they always lay the sin on the devil  
/Reenter Valentine/

Val. She is gone and my home is in ruins the brand<sup>114</sup> is on my fathers  
roof, she is gone Oh! she did well

Mep. This his<sup>115</sup> her brother, a noble fellow!

Faust. Her brother!

Val. I have torn the truth ~~from yonder the unwilling lips of yonder bag.~~ I saw around me  
jewels, rich robes, gold, all the signs of her dishonor, ~~wealth! My sister then is a thing of~~  
~~purchase~~ These strangers! Who are they?

Mep. Allow me sir to sympathize with you

Val. Who art thou? Ah! the conjuror who foretold how Brander would die

Mep. Did I prophecy aright

Val. Word for word, ay but tell me now as truly Shall I overtake this destroyer of my  
Sister?

Mep. Ay this very day

---

<sup>113</sup> The dialogue from 'Marg. Protecting saints, a miserable wretch bowed down with shame implores thine aid' to here was pasted over the existing dialogue and written by a second hand.

<sup>114</sup> 'the brand' was added in pencil but does not resemble the handwriting at the end of Act Two.

<sup>115</sup> This should be 'is'.

Val. And I shall know him when I behold him?

Mep. Instantly

Val. /to Faust/ Yours? hands sir\_yours\_<sup>116</sup> /Faust withdraws his hand they look at each other/ Tis he!

Mep. Bravo, I told you, you would know him  
/they draw and fight/  
So keep cool, now pink<sup>117</sup> him under his guard

Faust. Away fiend. I need no help from you [45/35]

Mep. Ah! dont you though

Val. I know not what possesses me, my arm has lost its power

Mep. Now, heres a change for you, now whip him through the lungs

Val. This feint never failed me yet

Mep. It will this time, no rule without an exception

Faust. Begone, I command you, leave him to me

Mep. Nonsense, there, so that's the way

/Valentine in a lunge runs upon Faust's sword/

Val. /falling/ Ah I am slain,

Mep. There's not the Slightest doubt of it

Faust. ~~What have I done?~~ This is murder\_ not a duel!

Mep. ~~Fulfilled your destiny, but see the torches are flitting in yonder shed the noise of your combat has aroused the neighbours, Away or we shall be had up before the Majistrate come~~ A distinction without a difference The noise of your combat has aroused the neighbours. The police are coming\_ I have friends among them, but

---

<sup>116</sup> 'hands sir\_yours\_' was added by a second hand at a later time and seem to hover above the line in an attempt to fit in the words.

<sup>117</sup> The word pink means to stab; here Mephistopheles suggests to attack whilst Valentine is off guard.

we'd better escape while we can. I'm afraid of the law, its claws are longer than mine<sup>118</sup>

/drags Faust off  
Enter Citizens with Torches, Wagner  
Fritz Peters Anselm & Siebel

~~Siebel. Valentine! and wounded~~

Val. Oh I am dying

Sieb. What have we here? Valentine and wounded<sup>119</sup>

Val. Ay to death

Enter Margaret

Marg. Who spoke of Margaret?

Val. Margaret!

Marg. My brother\_wounded\_dying\_who has done this

Val. Who ~~your paramour~~\_he who has brought desolation and dishonor to our home

Marg. He!

Val. My executioner was of your choosing

/Faust and Mephistopheles reappear/

listen to me Margaret, hear my dying breath

~~Faust. See where she stands as if turned into stone~~

~~Mep. Yes her heart is broken~~

Val. I left you as I thought pure and free from guile but your life has been long pretence,  
your childhood was a cunning falsehood, your innocence a mockery, or how else  
could you become the thing you are

Wag. He bleeds to death

Mep. So does She.

Val. Away, and let me look upon her Ah! you must have fine robes of silk, you must<sup>120</sup>

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<sup>118</sup> The dialogue which replaces the crossed out material is written in red and by yet another hand which reappears throughout this act.

<sup>119</sup> Siebel's line and the previous one spoken by Valentine have been added by the new handwriting in red.

fare delicately,<sup>121</sup> chains of gold must deck you out  
/Margaret tears off her jewels and casts them away/ [46/36] but mark me,  
my sister the hour will come when shame will not be hidden under silken stuffs.  
When tears have dimmed your eyes, and hunger has seared your beauty, then you  
will remember my dying curse

Marg. No\_no\_my brother

Val. Touch me not\_my blood is on your hands thy lovers sword was aimed by thee\_away

Marg. ~~Valentine! my brother hear me do not curse me, no~~ /Valentine dies/ Ah. /rises/  
dead! I dream, this is not so or am I mad my heart is still no beat

Mep. ~~Speak to her~~

Sieb. Bear him in\_go\_go /Val is taken in/ Dear Margaret\_be yourself Valentine's wound  
is not mortal. she hears me not\_Margaret tis I\_Siebel\_your friend.

Marg. Dead! I dream\_This is not so\_or am I mad?<sup>122</sup>

Faust. Margaret

Marg. Ah! /she turns, looks at him, recoils/  
Tis he! Valentine, help protect—  
/falls dead across Valentines body/

Faust. I have killed her

Mep. Just so\_one word of yours snapped the threat of life\_now she is mine!

/The Church becomes reilluminated/

Voice. ~~Avaunt her sin by tears has been atoned~~  
She is saved!<sup>123</sup>  
"She is saved" in originals<sup>124</sup>  
She is redeemed<sup>125</sup>

Mep. ~~Redeemed, well, tis hard but~~ Then<sup>126</sup> I must be content with the doctor. come  
doctor time's up

---

<sup>120</sup> 'must' was added by a second hand.

<sup>121</sup> The comma appears in blue ink.

<sup>122</sup> This line and Siebel's previous one have been added in red by same handwriting which appeared on the previous page.

<sup>123</sup> This is written in red by same handwriting as above.

<sup>124</sup> This is written in pencil but does not match the other uses of pencil.

<sup>125</sup> The lines that have been crossed out for Voice have been done so in red.

<sup>126</sup> The dialogue was crossed out in red; 'Then' was added in red by the same aforementioned hand.

Faust. /Drawing his sword/ Fiend!

/Mephistopheles disarms him with a gesture/

Mep. This way after you

The fountains<sup>127</sup> becomes a fountain  
of fire, Mephistopheles and Faust  
descend into it, Tableau.<sup>128</sup>

End<sup>129</sup>

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<sup>127</sup> The 's' on 'fountains' is crossed out in blue ink.

<sup>128</sup> Shortened form of tableau vivant. The intention is for the actors to remain still and silent in a final pose to end the play.

<sup>129</sup> Following the end of the play, there is a ghostly pencil drawing of a man's profile. The source of the drawing is unknown. A scan can be viewed by clicking [here](#).