

And verily, O my soul! Who could see thy smiling and not melt into tears? The angels themselves melt into tears through the over-graciousness of thy smiling.

Thy graciousness and over-graciousness, is it which will not complain and weep: and yet, O my soul, longeth thy smiling for tears, and thy trembling mouth for sobs.

"Is not all weeping complaining? And all complaining, accusing?" Thus speakest thou to thyself; and therefore, O my soul, wilt thou rather smile than pour forth thy grief--

--Than in gushing tears pour forth all thy grief concerning thy fulness, and concerning the craving of the vine for the vintager and vintage-knife!

But wilt thou not weep, wilt thou not weep forth thy purple melancholy, then wilt thou have to SING, O my soul!--Behold, I smile myself, who foretell thee this:

--Thou wilt have to sing with passionate song, until all seas turn calm to hearken unto thy longing,--

--Until over calm longing seas the bark glideth, the golden marvel, around the gold of which all good, bad, and marvellous things frisk:--

--Also many large and small animals, and everything that hath light marvellous feet, so that it can run on violet-blue paths,--

--Towards the golden marvel, the spontaneous bark, and its master: he, however, is the vintager who waiteth with the diamond vintage-knife,--

--Thy great deliverer, O my soul, the nameless one--for whom future songs only will find names! And verily, already hath thy breath the fragrance of future songs,--

--Already glowest thou and dreamest, already drinkest thou thirstily at all deep echoing wells of consolation, already reposithest thy melancholy in the bliss of future songs!--

O my soul, now have I given thee all, and even my last possession, and all my hands have become empty by thee:--THAT I BADE THEE SING, behold, that was my last thing to give!

That I bade thee sing,--say now, say: WHICH of us now--oweth thanks?-- Better still, however: sing unto me, sing, O my soul! And let me thank thee!--

Thus spake Zarathustra.

LIX. THE SECOND DANCE-SONG.

1.

"Into thine eyes gazed I lately, O Life: gold saw I gleam in thy night-eyes,--my heart stood still with delight:

--A golden bark saw I gleam on darkened waters, a sinking, drinking, reblinking, golden swing-bark!

At my dance-frantic foot, dost thou cast a glance, a laughing, questioning, melting, thrown glance:

Twice only movedst thou thy rattle with thy little hands--then did my feet swing with dance-fury.--

My heels reared aloft, my toes they hearkened,--thee they would know: hath not the dancer his ear--in his toe!

Unto thee did I spring: then fledst thou back from my bound; and towards me waved thy fleeing, flying tresses round!

Away from thee did I spring, and from thy snaky tresses: then stoodst thou there half-turned, and in thine eye caresses.

With crooked glances--dost thou teach me crooked courses; on crooked courses learn my feet--crafty fancies!

I fear thee near, I love thee far; thy flight allureth me, thy seeking secureth me:--I suffer, but for thee, what would I not gladly bear!

For thee, whose coldness inflameth, whose hatred misleadeth, whose flight enchaineth, whose mockery--pleadeth:

--Who would not hate thee, thou great bindress, inwindress, temptress, seekress, findress! Who would not love thee, thou innocent, impatient, wind-swift, child-eyed sinner!

Whither pullest thou me now, thou paragon and tomboy? And now foolest thou me fleeing; thou sweet romp dost annoy!

I dance after thee, I follow even faint traces lonely. Where art thou? Give me thy hand! Or thy finger only!

Here are caves and thickets: we shall go astray!--Halt! Stand still! Seest thou not owls and bats in fluttering fray?

Thou bat! Thou owl! Thou wouldst play me foul? Where are we? From the dogs hast thou learned thus to bark and howl.

Thou gnashest on me sweetly with little white teeth; thine evil eyes shoot out upon me, thy curly little mane from underneath!

This is a dance over stock and stone: I am the hunter,--wilt thou be my hound, or my chamois anon?

Now beside me! And quickly, wickedly springing! Now up! And over!--Alas! I have fallen myself overswinging!

Oh, see me lying, thou arrogant one, and imploring grace! Gladly would I walk with thee--in some lovelier place!

--In the paths of love, through bushes variegated, quiet, trim! Or there along the lake, where gold-fishes dance and swim!

Thou art now a-weary? There above are sheep and sun-set stripes: is it not sweet to sleep--the shepherd pipes?

Thou art so very weary? I carry thee thither; let just thine arm sink! And art thou thirsty--I should have something; but thy mouth would not like it to drink!--

--Oh, that cursed, nimble, supple serpent and lurking-witch! Where art thou gone? But in my face do I feel through thy hand, two spots and red blotches itch!

I am verily weary of it, ever thy sheepish shepherd to be. Thou witch, if I have hitherto sung unto thee, now shalt THOU--cry unto me!

To the rhythm of my whip shalt thou dance and cry! I forget not my whip?--Not I!"--

2.

Then did Life answer me thus, and kept thereby her fine ears closed:

"O Zarathustra! Crack not so terribly with thy whip! Thou knowest surely that noise killeth thought,--and just now there came to me such delicate thoughts.

We are both of us genuine ne'er-do-wells and ne'er-do-ills. Beyond good and evil found we our island and our green meadow--we two alone! Therefore must we be friendly to each other!

And even should we not love each other from the bottom of our hearts,--must we then have a grudge against each other if we do not love each other perfectly?

And that I am friendly to thee, and often too friendly, that knowest thou: and the reason is that I am envious of thy Wisdom. Ah, this mad old fool, Wisdom!

If thy Wisdom should one day run away from thee, ah! then would also my love run away from thee quickly."--

Thereupon did Life look thoughtfully behind and around, and said softly: "O Zarathustra, thou art not faithful enough to me!

Thou lovest me not nearly so much as thou sayest; I know thou thinkest of soon leaving me.

There is an old heavy, heavy, booming-clock: it boometh by night up to thy cave:--

--When thou hearest this clock strike the hours at midnight, then thinkest thou between one and twelve thereon--

--Thou thinkest thereon, O Zarathustra, I know it--of soon leaving me!"--

"Yea," answered I, hesitatingly, "but thou knowest it also"--And I said something into her ear, in amongst her confused, yellow, foolish tresses.

"Thou KNOWEST that, O Zarathustra? That knoweth no one--"

And we gazed at each other, and looked at the green meadow o'er which the cool evening was just passing, and we wept together.--Then, however, was Life dearer unto me than all my Wisdom had ever been.--

Thus spake Zarathustra.

3.

One!

O man! Take heed!

Two!

What saith deep midnight's voice indeed?

Three!

"I slept my sleep--

Four!

"From deepest dream I've woke and plead:--

Five!

"The world is deep,

Six!

"And deeper than the day could read.

Seven!

"Deep is its woe--

Eight!

"Joy--deeper still than grief can be:

Nine!

"Woe saith: Hence! Go!

Ten!

"But joys all want eternity--

Eleven!

"Want deep profound eternity!"

Twelve!

LX. THE SEVEN SEALS.

(OR THE YEA AND AMEN LAY.)

1.

If I be a diviner and full of the divining spirit which wandereth on high mountain-ridges, 'twixt two seas,--

Wandereth 'twixt the past and the future as a heavy cloud--hostile to sultry plains, and to all that is weary and can neither die nor live: