

**FAUST: A DRAMATIC
POEM. TRANSLATED
INTO ENGLISH VERSE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649582006

Faust: A Dramatic Poem. Translated into English Verse by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe & Theodore Martin

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JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE & THEODORE MARTIN

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FAUST: A DRAMATIC POEM,

BY GOETHE.



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F A U S T :

A DRAMATIC POEM,

BY GOETHE.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

THEODORE MARTIN.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS,

EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

MDCCLXV.





DEDICATION.



Ye come, dim forms, as in youth's early day
Ye bless'd these eyes, which now so lonely
grieve !
Still, still, to hold ye fast shall I essay,
Still let my heart to that delusion cleave ?
Ye throng me round ! Well ! lord it how ye may,
As from the mists ye rise, that round me weave !
Ye waft a magic air, that shakes my breast
With youth's tumultuous, yet divine unrest.

Visions ye bring with you of happy days,
And many a dear, dear shade ascends to view ;
Like some faint haunting chime of ancient lays,
Come love, first love, and friendship back with you ;
The heart runs back o'er life's bewilder'd maze,
And pangs long laid to sleep awake anew,
And name the loved ones lost,—before their day
Swept, whilst life yet was beautiful, away.

Alas, alas! These strains they cannot hear,
The souls to whom my earliest lays I sang;
Gone are they all, that band of friends so dear,
The echoes hush'd, that once responsive rang;
My numbers fall upon the stranger's ear,
Whose very praise is to my heart a pang,
And all who in my lays took pride of yore,
Are lost in other lands, or else no more.

And yearnings fill my soul, unwonted long,
To yonder still, sad, spirit-world to go;
Now, like Æolian harp, my faltering song
Rises and falls in fitful cadence low;
A shudder thrills me, as old memories throng,
The strong heart melts, tears fast on tear-drops flow;
What I possess seems far, far-off to be,
And what hath pass'd away becomes reality.





PRELUDE AT THE THEATRE.

