

**FAUST. A  
TRAGEDY**

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Faust. A Tragedy by Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe & William Dalton Scoones

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JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE & WILLIAM DALTON SCOONES

# FAUST. A TRAGEDY



FAUST.

# F A U S T .

A TRAGEDY.

By GOETHE.

*TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE*

BY

WILLIAM DALTON SCOONES, B.A.



LONDON :

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1879.

288. c. 14.



QUESTION 1

1.1 The following table shows the number of children in a family and the number of books read by the children in the family.

Number of children	Number of books read
0	0
1	10
2	20
3	30
4	40
5	50
6	60
7	70
8	80
9	90
10	100

1.2 Draw a line of best fit through the points in the table above.

## DEDICATION.

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Ye come again! Dim visions of the past!  
That charmed in life's young morn these weary eyes.  
Shall I essay this time to hold ye fast?  
Still clings my heart to empty fantasies?  
Ye throng around! Well! Be your glamour cast  
Upon me, as from shadowy mist ye rise!  
Youth trembles through me, while I breathe again  
The magic airs that whisper round your train.

Ye bring with ye the forms of happier days,  
And many dearest shadows rise to view;  
Like tones of old and half-remembered lays,  
Come early Love, and Friendship tried and true:  
Thought wanders back through Life's bewildering maze,  
The passion and the plaint burst forth anew,  
And call the Good, who, by injurious Time  
Of fair hours cheated, perished ere their prime.

They cannot hear this last and ripest song,  
The souls to whom I sang my opening lay;  
Dispersed and vanished is the friendly throng;  
Th' applauding echoes sadly died away.  
To strangers now these later notes belong,  
Whose very praises this sad heart diamay;  
And those who heard my strain with joy and pride,  
If yet they live, are scattered far and wide.



There comes on me a yearning, long unknown,  
For that still spirit-land, so fair, so dear ;  
My numbers, lisped in scarce articulate tone,  
Steal, like Æolian harp-notes, on the ear ;  
This stubborn heart has soft and tender grown,  
A tremor thrills me, tear falls fast on tear ;  
The Present as in distance dim I see,  
The Past is now my sole reality.

# FAUST.

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## PROLOGUE FOR THE THEATRE.

MANAGER.—STAGE-POET.—MERRYMAN.

MANAGER.

Ye two ! In whom I oft have found  
At time of need a trusty stay,  
What are your expectations, say !  
Of our success on German ground ?  
I fain would please the people, if I can,  
At least while live and let live is their plan.  
Our posts and planks now rise in order meet,  
And every soul anticipates a treat.  
They're sitting now, brows raised in expectation,  
All gravely looking for a strong sensation,  
I know how one should rouse their interest,  
And yet about our prospects I am pensive ;  
'Tis true they're not accustomed to the best,  
But then their reading's terribly extensive.  
What's to be done, to have all fresh and new ?  
Imparting pleasure and instruction too ?  
So that with joy we may the crowds survey  
As like a deluge to our booth they rush,

And pushing, elbowing, jostling, make their way,  
 Till through the narrow gate of grace they crush ;  
 When, in broad day, before the stroke of four,  
 They fight to pay their money down, nor reck,  
 Like starving people round a baker's door,  
 That for a ticket they must risk their neck.  
 This wonder on such crowds we all allow  
 The Poet only works—O work it now !

## POET.

Nay, tell me not of that gross multitude !  
 Whose very look puts Poesy to flight ;  
 Defend me from the concourse, blind and rude,  
 Whose vortex whelms us in our own despite :  
 Give me that nook of calm beatitude !  
 Where only may the Poet drink delight,  
 Where Love and Friendship fashion for the heart  
 With hand divine a Bower of bliss apart.

Ah ! what within the breast is meditated,  
 What scarce the stammering lip preluding speaks,  
 Abortive now, now nearly consummated,  
 The rude distraction of a moment breaks ;  
 Yet oft, when through long years the thought hath waited,  
 In form perfected sudden it awakes :  
 What glitters takes the passing time alone,  
 The True will last to future ages known.

## MERRYMAN.

How long must I with future times be baited ?  
 Suppose that I on future times dilated ?  
 Who would cut jokes to pleasure this ?  
 And laughter, mind ye ! must, and shall be had :