

**FAUST: A  
DRAMATIC POEM**

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Faust: a dramatic poem by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe & Theodore Martin

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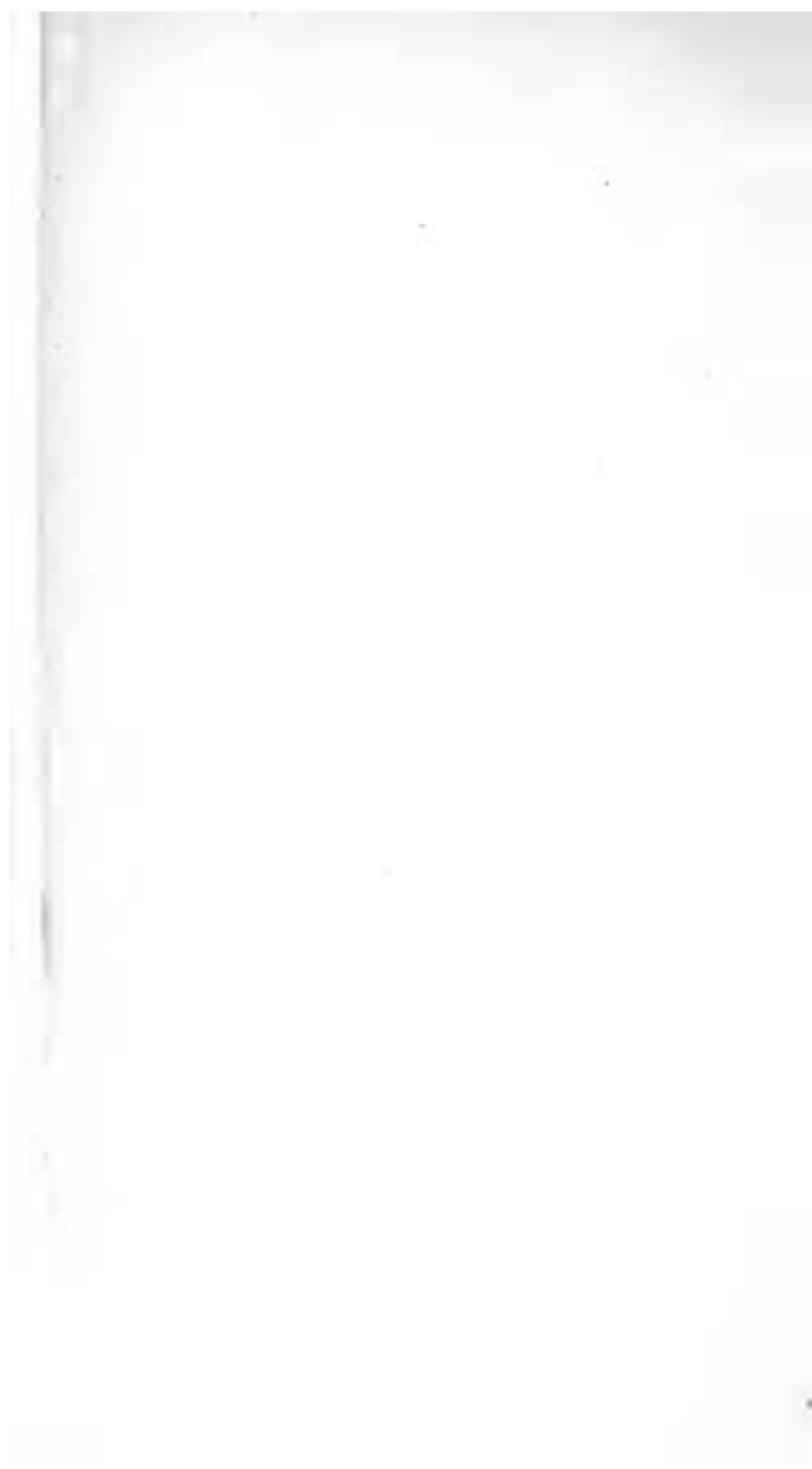
**JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE & THEODORE MARTIN**

# **FAUST: A DRAMATIC POEM**



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BY GOETHE



F A U S T

A DRAMATIC POEM

BY GOETHE

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

THEODORE MARTIN

Third Edition

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## DEDICATION.

Ye come, dim forms, as in youth's early day  
Ye blessed 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 bewildered maze,  
And pangs, long laid to sleep, awake anew,  
And named 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 is that loving band of friends so dear,  
The echoes hushed, 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 still is mine seems far, far off to be,  
And what has flown becomes reality for me.

PRELUDE AT THE THEATRE