

Відповідає

вимогам чинної програми з англійської мови.

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Ця книга містить адаптований текст філософської драми «Фауст» (1808) видатного німецького письменника та мислителя Йоганна Вольфганга фон Гете (1749–1832), над яким він працював упродовж 60 років.

Прототип головного героя – доктор Йоганн Фауст – жив у XVI ст., його вважали магом і чорнокнижником, який продав душу дияволу. Дія починається на небесах, де злий дух Мефістофель і Господь укладають парі про те, чи зможе Фауст врятувати свою душу.

Текст супроводжується системою вправ, метою яких є перевірити розуміння змісту прочитаного, відпрацювати та закріпити лексику й граматичні конструкції, сприяти розвитку мовленнєвих навичок і творчих здібностей у дітей. Вправи розроблено з урахуванням сучасних вимог методики викладання іноземних мов.

До книги додаються підсумковий тест і англо-український словник.

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## PART I

## SCENE: NIGHT (I)

*Faust: (Sitting in a chair at the desk in a Gothic chamber.)* I have done Philosophy, finished Law and Medicine, even Theology from end to end. But I am not wiser and cleverer now as before and might be said a fool for sure! And up to now, I have spent ten years to teach the students who called me Doctor, Master and so on. I lead them by the nose, and it showed me that I knew nothing! It always makes my heart burning.

However, I'm cleverer than all these teachers – Doctors, Masters, Scribes and Preachers! I'm scared by neither Hell nor Devil! But I can't say what my students should be taught to make them better or convert each. Then I don't have the goods and gold, and worldly honour – it's not about me. So I decided to give myself to Magic art! I want to see if I, through spirit powers, might have all secrets clear for myself.

And then I shouldn't pretend to be wiser and I will understand these bindings that join the world's core together and see how it works.

Oh, full moon, that shines and always sees me among the books and papers at my desk, on my work without sleeping and my pain as well! If only, my saddest friend, you saw me here for the last time. And then we'll meet each other on the mountain height and I will stand in your sweet light there; near the mountain cave I'll swim in your twilight's waves, in meadows' health-giving dew and leave my knowledge at the entrance.

But how? I am still here – in my prison – this hollow and darkened hole of the bricks and light can't reach me through the stained glass and where everything is dull, not bright! There are the heaps of books that pill up to the ceiling. Dust is the host for everywhere here and everything is surrounded by smoke-blackened paper, stuffed with instruments and packed with ancestral lumber. And this is my world! What a world!

And then you'd like to ask me how my heart suffers this scare. And why all my energy is chocked by some unknown distress? And how did I endure all those things and did not smoke? Why I surrounded myself by skeletons instead of living Nature where God once created Man!

Stand up! Upwards and fly into space! And took the only book with secrets crammed from Nostradamus – enough to be my guide. And then all the roads will be clear for my mind and Nature will instruct me every time. My soul will be powerful and free and I will hear the spirits and understand their signs. Oh, spirits that are here, near me, and if you hear, please, then

answer! (*He opens the book and sees the Symbol of the Macrocosm.*)

Ah! What an amazing thing! I feel my strength rises when I see this Sign! It makes me feel the life's holy and its joy! This symbol was not written by a man but God for sure! These lines fill my poor heart with fresh and delightful, and this mysterious mark makes everything clear as on the picture. And in a moment ... am I a God? I look at the symbol and see the deepest work of Nature, it opens my soul and now I understand that some wise man had noticed the time before: «The world of spirits is not closed!»

(*He gazes at the Symbol.*) There is a complete order in the Whole! One in other works and lives! And Heavenly forces – the creatures with the wings, they fall and rise, and penetrate from Heaven to the Earth to keep a harmony through the Universe! What a picture! What a view! Oh, Nature, I am again aside of you! Where is your breast, my endless Nature, that pours out Life entire to grasp it? But everything in vain...

(*He turns the page and sees the Symbol of the Earth-Spirit.*)

You, the Spirit of the Earth, you are the nearest for me. I like this symbol most. I feel my power is greater when I watch it! Due to the Spirit of this Symbol, I glow as with fresh wine, I feel such courage that I am ready to protect the whole world against of pain, shipwrecks, and storms – I will be afraid of nothing. Meanwhile, there are clouds swirling above my head, the moon hides its light, the candle dies; just crimson rays are near me, round my head and a smell of death grips me tightly. Oh, Spirit, I feel you are floating around me and I'm praying you – appear and speak to me! Appear, please, with heavy heart and tears I'm

asking. You must! You must! In spite of it even costs my Life!

(He grips the book and says the mysterious name of the Spirit. A crimson flame flashes and the Spirit appears in the flame.)

Spirit: Who's calling me?

Faust: (Looking away.) It's terrible to gaze at!

Spirit: You've just asked me to appear, you've drawn me to yourself and now...

Faust: Your image makes me fear!

Spirit: You've just begged me to show myself, wished to hear my voice and to see my face, haven't you? Wasn't it your pray? And I am here! You, Superman, where is your soul's calling and heart, that made a world inside, who's ready to protect it... Did you consider that you might be one of us - that you are Spirit too? But now you see me and what? Where is that Faust with ringing voice and all your force? Oh, Faust is here but he is trembling in fear and writhing like a worm!

Faust: Shall I fear you? I mean - your form of fire? I don't hide my face of you, I am that Faust, who was your prayer!

Spirit: I am an eternal flow, a glow of Being that floats up and down in life's waves and storms from birth and to the tomb.

Faust: I feel so close to you, Spirit!

Spirit: You are like the spirit, and that's all, you are not me - you understand! (It vanishes.)

Faust: (Overwhelmed.) Not you? But why? I am the image of the Godhead and not even like you?

(A knock.) Oh, whom is the devil bringing here? I know the sound - it's my attendant - an intolerable and narrow-minded schoolboy-pedant! He will ruin all my greatest fortune.

## EXERCISES

### I. Match the words to make up word combinations.

1. the image of	powers
2. full	the Godhead
3. understand	lumber
4. spirit	the binds
5. the saddest	moon
6. ancestral	friend

### II. Write down the verbs according to their definitions.

Choose the verbs from the box.

consider    call    gaze    writhe    grasp    float

1. To say something in a loud voice, especially in order to attract someone's attention - \_\_\_\_\_
2. To move easily through or along the surface of a liquid, or to move easily through the air - \_\_\_\_\_
3. To give attention to a particular subject or fact when judging something else - \_\_\_\_\_
4. To make large twisting movements with the body - \_\_\_\_\_
5. To look at something or someone for a long time, especially in surprise or admiration - \_\_\_\_\_
6. To quickly take something in your hands and hold it firmly - \_\_\_\_\_

### III. Find in the text the adjectives according to their transcription.

1. [mɪ'stɔ:riəs] - \_\_\_\_\_

2. ['nærəʊ] – \_\_\_\_\_
3. [grɛt] – \_\_\_\_\_
4. ['hevi] – \_\_\_\_\_
5. [di:p] – \_\_\_\_\_
6. [ə'meɪzɪŋ] – \_\_\_\_\_

**IV. Write down the Comparative and the Superlative forms of the adjectives from the Ex. III.**

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_
5. \_\_\_\_\_
6. \_\_\_\_\_

**V. Rewrite the sentences into Past Perfect.**

1. You've just begged me to show myself.  
\_\_\_\_\_
2. He will ruin all my greatest fortune.  
\_\_\_\_\_
3. Your image makes me fear.  
\_\_\_\_\_
4. These lines fill my poor heart with fresh and delight.  
\_\_\_\_\_
5. I took the only book with secrets.  
\_\_\_\_\_
6. I look at the symbol. \_\_\_\_\_

**SCENE: NIGHT (II)**

(Wagner enters in a gown with a nightcap and a lamp in his hand. Faust turns to him impatiently.)

Wagner: I beg your pardon, Master, but I heard your declaim. Was it from the Greek tragedy, wasn't it? I bared to enter to ask you for the lesson to teach me to declaim. The most question for the priest is how to lead the men when you are far off them!

Faust: Oh, my lesson won't help you! It should be in your soul, and you should feel it – every word!

Wagner: But diction and style are important to bring success to the orators too. I feel that I am far enough from my aim and not good at it.

Faust: You have to reach your aim honestly. Don't forget about it! Nobody needs the fraud. Anyway, when you give yourself to something serious, you will not hunt for the words; the speech that glitters so much is dead and dull as the wind that blow through the dried-up leaves of the autumn.

Wagner: Oh, God! But life is so short and the way to art is long enough! And you may see I sweat over this study that makes me anxious, *in my head and heart*<sup>1</sup>. You know how hard it may be for a man to reach and understand the very source and that sometimes the man may travel half this course and goes to see the devil – die!

Faust: Parchments won't slake your thirst and you'll never find the key to the eternal wisdom on the book pages! It pours itself from your own soul.

<sup>1</sup>in my head and heart – *пихтіти над предметом*

Wagner: Oh, Master, pardon me but it's a great thing – to move by the spirit of the ages to watch and understand the wise men's thoughts from their works.

Faust: My friend! Don't disturb all of them of the ages that have already passed – we can't make up the book with seven seals. And that the spirit of the ages, as people call it, in the end, is just the spirit of Humankind – a mirror where all the ages are revealed. How do we imagine ancient times? A lumber room, a pile of sweepings, a puppet show maybe – and, by the way, somebody thinks that our ancestors were not people but the dolls.

Wagner: But the world, but humans! They are adult enough to know all the clues to all these puzzles.

Faust: What do you mean – to know? My friend, the few who knew that might be learned were fool enough to show their knowledge to the crowd. And what then happened with these foolish ones? Mankind has crucified and burned them! I beg you, friend, it's too late now, so we must break up this interesting discussion.

Wagner: Oh, yes, it's time to sleep but I'll speak with you till dawn to learn in oration. Tomorrow is Easter's holy first day, and I'll ask you many questions then if you allow me. You know I'm all in studying and I've known lots of things, but I'd like to get to know everything! (*He leaves.*)

Faust: (*Alone.*) This man never loses hope, he searches the wealth grabbing with eager hands in rubbish and rejoices the worm! He dared to ruin the quiet of that place where the Spirit had surrounded me. But anyway, my thanks to him, he's saved me by his knock. He tore me away from that despair that would soon overwhelm my senses. That Spirit was so huge, that I felt like a dwarf in front of him. I, the

image of the Godhead, considered myself as equal to the Heaven, of course in vain. I thought the spirit of eternal truth is very near, I enjoyed its light that was heavenly and clear and felt myself even more than Angel, that I'm ready to flow through Nature's veins... The Spirit's words, like thunder, swept me away. I had the power to make the Spirit appear but not the power to make it stay. I felt so small in that blissful moment so great it was! The Spirit threw me back cruelly – into Man's dark vale.

But what we should do with dreams – to follow them or leave? Shall we obey the learnings? What are the difficulties we can meet on our life's journey unless we trouble ourselves? The splendid feelings that give us life, they fade among the crowd's fuss. In our imagination sometimes we, full of hope, flow very high and wide but then – we fall down very fast because of the weight of the free-will poises. We nest carefully our cowardice, laziness and our weak sides in the heart's depths. We wear masks, we show spoiling joy ever and again, we tremble for that never strikes us and cry for that has not yet done.

I'm not God for sure! I'm the Nature's stepson, I'm the blind worm that lives in the dust, seeks to eat there and may be crushed and buried by the passing feet. My life is dust, isn't it? I spend my life among these hundreds of the bookshelves with lots of volumes on, where I feel as in a prison. And if I take one of them I'll read the Mankind always torments itself everywhere and only some men felt happy and were the exceptions of the rule. What do you say to me, the bare grinning skull? That I, like some man – your former owner – whirled in sadness looking for joy.