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This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



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img: 1-a

img: 1-b

sig: A1r

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

THE
TRAGICAL
History of Doctor Faustus.

ln 0004

ln 0005

*As it hath been Acted by the Right
Honorable the Earl of Nottingham his servants.*

ln 0006

Written by Christopher Marlowe

ln 0007

ln 0008

LONDON
Printed by V. S. for Thomas Bushell. 1604.

img: 2-a

img: 2-b

sig: A2r

wln 0001

wln 0002

*The tragical History
of Doctor Faustus.*

wln 0003

Enter Chorus.

wln 0004

wln 0005

wln 0006

wln 0007

wln 0008

wln 0009

wln 0010

wln 0011

wln 0012

wln 0013

wln 0014

wln 0015

wln 0016

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wln 0018

wln 0019

wln 0020

wln 0021

wln 0022

wln 0023

wln 0024

wln 0025

wln 0026

wln 0027

NOt marching now in fields of *Thrasimene*,
Where *Mars* did mate the Carthaginians,
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of Kings where state is overturned,
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to daunt his heavenly verse:
Only this (Gentlemen) we must perform,
The form of *Faustus* ' fortunes good or bad.
To patient Judgements we appeal our plaud,
And speak for *Faustus* in his infancy:
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In *Germany*, within a town called *Rhodes*:
Of riper years to *Wertenberg* he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up,
So soon he profits in Divinity,
The fruitful plot of Scholarism graced,
That shortly he was graced with Doctor's name,
Excelling all, whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of *Theology*,
Till swoll'n with cunning of a self conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And melting heavens conspired his overthrow.
For falling to a devilish exercise,
And gluttoned more with learning's golden gifts,

img: 3-a
sig: A2v

wln 0028
wln 0029
wln 0030
wln 0031
wln 0032
wln 0033
wln 0034
wln 0035
wln 0036
wln 0037
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wln 0060
wln 0061
wln 0062
wln 0063
wln 0064

He surfeits upon cursed Necromancy,
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss,
And this the man that in his study sits.

Exit.

Enter Faustus in his Study.

Faustus Settle thy studies *Faustus*, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:
Having commenced, be a Divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every Art,
And live and die in *Aristotle's* works:
Sweet *Analytiks* 'tis thou hast ravished me,
Bene disserere est finis logices,
Is, to dispute well, Logic's chiefest end
Affords this Art no greater miracle:
Then read no more, thou hast attained the end:
A greater subject fitteth *Faustus*' wit,
Bid *On kai me on* farewell, *Galen* come:
Seeing, *ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus*.
Be a physician *Faustus*, heap up gold,
And be eternized for some wondrous cure,
Summum bonum medicinae sanitas,
The end of physic is our body's health:
Why *Faustus*, hast thou not attained that end?
Is not thy common talk sound Aphorisms?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
whereby whole Cities have escaped the plague,
And thousand desp'rate maladies been eased,
Yet art thou still but *Faustus*, and a man.
wouldst thou make man to live eternally?
Or being dead, raise them to life again?
Then this profession were to be esteemed.
Physic farewell, where is Justinian?
Si una eademque res legatus duobus,
Alter rem alter valorem rei, etc.
A pretty case of paltry legacies:
Exhaereditare filium non potest pater nisi:
Such is the subject of the institute

img: 3-b
sig: A3r

wln 0065
wln 0066
wln 0067
wln 0068
wln 0069
wln 0070
wln 0071
wln 0072

And universal body of the Church:
His study fits a mercenary drudge,
who aims at nothing but external trash,
The devil and illiberal for me:
when all is done, Divinity is best.
Jerome's Bible, Faustus, view it well.
Stipendium peccati mors est: ha, Stipendium, etc.
The reward of sin is death: that's hard.

wln 0073
wln 0074
wln 0075
wln 0076
wln 0077
wln 0078
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wln 0081
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wln 0100
wln 0101

img: 4-a
sig: A3v

wln 0102

wln 0103
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wln 0110
wln 0111
wln 0112
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wln 0116
wln 0117
wln 0118
wln 0119

Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas.
If we say that we have no sin,
We deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us.
Why then belike we must sin,
And so consequently die.
Ay, we must die an everlasting death:
What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera*,
What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu,
These Metaphysics of Magicians,
And Necromantic books are heavenly
Lines, circles, scenes, letters and characters:
Ay, these are those that *Faustus* most desires.
O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honor, of omnipotence
Is promised to the studious Artisan?
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command. Emperors and Kings,
Are but obeyed in their several provinces:
Nor can they raise the wind, or rend the clouds:
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man.
A sound Magician is a mighty god:
Here *Faustus* try thy brains to gain a deity.
Enter Wagner.
Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
The German *Valdes*, and *Cornelius*,
Request them earnestly to visit me.
Wagner I will sir. *exit.*
Faustus Their conference will be a greater help to me,

Than all my labors, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter the good Angel and the evil Angel.
Good Angel O *Faustus*, lay that damned book aside,
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head,
Read, read the scriptures, that is blasphemy.
Evil Angel Go forward *Faustus* in that famous art,
Wherein all nature's treasury is contained:
Be thou on earth as *Jove* is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these Elements. *Exeunt.*
Faustus How am I glutt'd with conceit of this?
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to *India* for gold,
Ransack the Ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates:

wln 0120
wln 0121
wln 0122
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wln 0124
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wln 0127
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wln 0131
wln 0132
wln 0133
wln 0134

I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings,
I'll have them wall all *Germany* with brass,
And make swift *Rhine* circle fair *Wertenberg*,
I'll have them fill the public schools with skill.
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad:
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of *Parma* from our land,
And reign sole king of all our provinces:
Yea stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at *Antwerp's* bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent:
Come *German Valdes* and *Cornelius*,
And make me blessed with your sage conference,
Valdes, sweet *Valdes*, and *Cornelius*,

wln 0135

Enter Valdes and Cornelius.

wln 0136

Know that your words have won me at the last,

img: 4-b
sig: A4r

wln 0137
wln 0138
wln 0139
wln 0140
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wln 0163
wln 0164
wln 0165

To practice Magic and concealed arts:
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,
That will receive no object for my head,
But ruminates on Necromantic skill,
Philosophy is odious and obscure,
Both Law and Physic are for petty wits,
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible and vild,
'Tis Magic, Magic that hath ravished me,
Then gentle friends aid me in this attempt,
And I that have with Concise syllogisms
Gravelled the Pastors of the German Church,
And made the flow'ring pride of *Wertenberg*
Swarm to my Problems as the infernal spirits
On sweet *Musaeus* when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as *Agrippa* was,
Whose shadows made all *Europe* honor him.
Valdes Faustus these books thy wit and our experience
Shall make all nations to us,
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish Lords,
So shall the subjects of every element
Be always serviceable to us three,
Like Lions shall they guard us when we please,
Like *Almain* Rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland Giants trotting by our sides,
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows,
Than in their white breasts of the queen of Love:
For *Venice* shall they drag huge Argosies,

wln 0166
wln 0167
wln 0168
wln 0169
wln 0170
wln 0171
wln 0172
wln 0173

img: 5-a
sig: A4v

And from *America* the golden fleece,
That yearly stuffs old *Philip's* treasury
If learned *Faustus* will be resolute.

Faustus *Valdes* as resolute am I in this
As thou to live, therefore object it not.

Cornelius The miracles that Magic will perform,
Will make thee vow to study nothing else,
He that is grounded in Astrology,

wln 0174
wln 0175
wln 0176
wln 0177
wln 0178
wln 0179
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wln 0207
wln 0208
wln 0209
wln 0210

Enriched with tongues well seen minerals,
Hath all the principles Magic doth require,
Then doubt not (*Faustus*) but to be renowned,
And more frequented for this mystery,
Than heretofore the Delphian Oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wracks,
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth.
Then tell me *Faustus*, what shall we three want?

Faustus Nothing *Cornelius*, O this cheers my soul,
Come show me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some lusty grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

Valdes Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise *Bacon's* and *Albanus's* works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and new Testament,
And whatsoever else is requisite
we will inform thee ere our conference cease.

Cornelius *Valdes*, first let him know the words of art,
And then all other ceremonies learned,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

Valdes First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

Faustus Then come and dine with me, and after meat
We'll canvas every quiddity thereof:
For ere I sleep I'll try what I can do,
This night I'll conjure though I die therefore.

Exeunt.

Enter two Scholars.

1 Scholar I wonder what's become of *Faustus*, that was
wont to make our schools ring with, *sic probo*.

2 Scholar That shall we know, for see here comes his boy.

Enter Wagner.

1. Scholar How now sirrah, where's thy master?

Wagner God in heaven knows.

2. Scholar Why, dost not thou know?

img: 5-b
sig: B1r

wln 0211
wln 0212
wln 0213
wln 0214
wln 0215
wln 0216
wln 0217
wln 0218
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img: 6-a
sig: B1v

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wln 0249
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wln 0253
wln 0254
wln 0255
wln 0256
wln 0257
wln 0258

Wagner Yes I know, but that follows not.

1. *Scholar* Go to sirrah, leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

Wagner That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you being licentiate should stand upon 't, therefore acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

2. *Scholar* Why, didst thou not say thou knewest?

Wagner Have you any witness on 't?

1. *Scholar* Yes sirrah, I heard you.

Wagner Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

2. *Scholar* Well, you will not tell us.

Wagner Yes sir, I will tell you, yet if you were not dunces you would never ask me such a question, for is not he *corpus naturale*, and is not that *mobile*, then wherefore should you ask me such a question: but that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery, (to love I would say) it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hanged the next Sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus: truly my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner with *Valdes* and *Cornelius*, as this wine if it could speak, it would inform your worships, and so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you my dear brethren, my dear brethren.

exit.

1. *Scholar* Nay then I fear he is fall'n into that damned art, for which they two are infamous through the world.

2. *Scholar* Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him: but come let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

1. *Scholar* O but I fear me nothing can reclaim him.

2. *Scholar* Yet let us try what we can do.

Exeunt.

Enter Faustus to conjure.

Faustus Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view *Orion's* drizzling look,

Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath:
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast prayed and sacrificed to them.
Within this circle is *Jehovah's* name,
Forward and backward, and **Agramithist**,
The breviated names of holy Saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars.
By which the spirits are enforced to rise,

wln 0259
wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264
wln 0265
wln 0266

Then fear not *Faustus*, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost Magic can perform.
*Sint mihi dei acherontis propitii, valeat numen triplex Jehovae, ignei,
aerii, Aquatani spiritus salvete, Orientis princeps Beelzebub, inferni
ardentis monarcha et demigorgon, propitiamus vos, ut apariat et
surgat Mephistopheles, quod tumeraris, per Jehovam gehennam et
consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quodnunc
facio, et per vota nostra ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatis Mephistopheles.*

wln 0268
wln 0269
wln 0270
wln 0271
wln 0272
wln 0273
wln 0274
wln 0275
wln 0276
wln 0277
wln 0278
wln 0279
wln 0280

Enter a Devil.

I charge thee to return and change thy shape,
Thou art too ugly to attend on me,
Go and return an old Franciscan Friar,
That holy shape becomes a devil best. *Exit devil.*
I see there's virtue in my heavenly words,
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this *Mephistopheles*?
Full of obedience and humility,
Such is the force of Magic and my spells,
No *Faustus*, thou art Conjuror laureate
That canst command great *Mephistopheles*,
Quin regis Mephistopheles fratris imagine.

wln 0281
wln 0282
wln 0283

Enter Mephistopheles.

Mephistopheles Now *Faustus*, what wouldst thou have me do?
Faustus I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,

img: 6-b
sig: B2r

wln 0284
wln 0285
wln 0286
wln 0287
wln 0288
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wln 0301
wln 0302
wln 0303
wln 0304
wln 0305

To do whatever *Faustus* shall command,
Be it to make the Moon drop from her sphere,
Or the Ocean to overwhelm the world.
Mephistopheles I am a servant to great *Lucifer*,
And may not follow thee without his leave,
No more than he commands must we perform.
Faustus Did not he charge thee to appear to me?
Mephistopheles No, I came now hither of mine own accord.
Faustus Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? speak.
Mephistopheles That was the cause, but yet per accident,
For when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the scriptures, and his Savior Christ,
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul,
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damned:
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.
Faustus So *Faustus* hath already done, and holds this principle
There is no chief but only *Beelzebub*,
To whom *Faustus* doth dedicate himself,
This word damnation terrifies not him,

wln 0306
wln 0307
wln 0308
wln 0309
wln 0310
wln 0311
wln 0312
wln 0313
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wln 0315
wln 0316
wln 0317
wln 0318
wln 0319
wln 0320

img: 7-a
sig: B2v

For he confounds hell in *Elysium*,
His ghost be with the old Philosophers,
But leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that *Lucifer* thy Lord?

Mephistopheles Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

Faustus Was not that *Lucifer* an Angel once?

Mephistopheles Yes *Faustus*, and most dear loved of God.

Faustus How comes it then that he is prince of devils?

Mephistopheles O by aspiring pride and insolence,
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

Faustus and what are you that live with *Lucifer*?

Mephistopheles Unhappy spirits that fell with *Lucifer*,
Conspired against our God with *Lucifer*,

And are for ever damned with *Lucifer*.

Faustus Where are you damned?

wln 0321
wln 0322
wln 0323
wln 0324
wln 0325
wln 0326
wln 0327
wln 0328
wln 0329
wln 0330
wln 0331
wln 0332
wln 0333
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wln 0352
wln 0353

Mephistopheles In hell.

Faustus How comes it then that thou art out of hell?

Mephistopheles Why this is hell, nor am I out of it:

Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God,

And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,

Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,

In being deprived of everlasting bliss:

O *Faustus*, leave these frivolous demands,
which strike a terror to my fainting soul.

Faustus What, is great *Mephistopheles* so passionate,

For being deprived of the joys of heaven?

Learn thou of *Faustus* manly fortitude,

And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.

Go bear those tidings to great *Lucifer*,

Seeing *Faustus* hath incurred eternal death,

By desp'rate thoughts against *Jove's* deity:

Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,

So he will spare him 24. years,

Letting him live in all voluptuousness,

Having thee ever to attend on me,

To give me whatsoever I shall ask,

To tell me whatsoever I demand,

To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,

And always be obedient to my will:

Go and return to mighty *Lucifer*,

And meet me in my study at midnight,

And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

Mephistopheles I will *Faustus*.

exit.

Faustus Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for *Mephistopheles*:

By him I'll be great Emperor of the world,

And make a bridge through the moving air,

To pass the *Ocean* with a band of men,

wln 0354
wln 0355
wln 0356
wln 0357

img: 7-b
sig: B3r

I'll join the hills that bind the *Afric* shore,
And make that land continent to *Spain*,
And both contributory to my crown:
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,

wln 0358
wln 0359
wln 0360
wln 0361
wln 0362
wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368
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wln 0393
wln 0394

Nor any Potentate of *Germany*:
Now that I have obtained what I desire,
I'll live in speculation of this Art,
Till *Mephistopheles* return again. *exit.*

Enter Wagner and the Clown.

Wagner Sirrah boy, come hither.

Clown How, boy? 'swounds boy, I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadevaunts as I have. Boy quotha?

Wagner Tell me sirrah, hast thou any comings in?

Clown Ay, and goings out too, you may see else.

Wagner Alas poor slave, see how poverty jesteth in his nakedness, the villain is bare, and out of service, and so hungry, that I know he would give his soul to the Devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood raw.

Clown How, my soul to the Devil for a shoulder of mutton though 'twere blood raw? not so good friend, by 'r lady I had need have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

Wagner well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus?*

Clown How, in verse?

Wagner No sirrah, in beaten silk and stavesacre .

Clown how, how, knave's acre? Ay, I thought that was all the land his father left him: Do ye hear, I would be sorry to rob you of your living.

Wagner Sirrah, I say in stavesacre.

Clown Oho, oho, stavesacre, why then belike, if I were your man, I should be full of vermin.

Wagner So thou shalt, whether thou beest with me, or no: but sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind yourself presently unto me for seven years, or I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and they shall tear thee in pieces.

Clown Do you hear sir? you may save that labor, they are too familiar with me already, 'swounds they are as bold with my flesh, as if they had paid for my meat and drink.

Wagner well, do you hear sirrah? hold, take these gilders.

Clown Gridirons, what be they?

img: 8-a
sig: B3v

wln 0395
wln 0396
wln 0397
wln 0398

Wagner Why french crowns.

Clown Mass but for the name of french crowns a man were as good have as many english counters, and what should I do with these?

wln 0399
wln 0400
wln 0401
wln 0402
wln 0403
wln 0404
wln 0405
wln 0406
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wln 0426
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wln 0429

img: 8-b
sig: B4r

wln 0430
wln 0431
wln 0432
wln 0433
wln 0434
wln 0435
wln 0436
wln 0437
wln 0438
wln 0439
wln 0440
wln 0441
wln 0442
wln 0443
wln 0444

Wagner Why now sirrah thou art at an hour's warning
whensoever or wheresoever the devil shall fetch thee.

Clown No, no, here take your gridirons again.

Wagner Truly I'll none of them.

Clown Truly but you shall.

Wagner Bear witness I gave them him.

Clown Bear witness I give them you again.

Wagner Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch
thee away *Balioll* and *Belcher*.

Clown Let your *Balio* and your *Belcher* come here, and I'll
knock them, they were never so knocked since they were devils,
say I should kill one of them what would folks say? do
ye see yonder tall fellow in the round slop, he has killed the devil,
so I should be called kill devil all the parish over.

*Enter two devils, and the clown runs up
and down crying.*

Wagner *Balioll* and *Belcher*, spirits away. *Exeunt.*

Clown what, are they gone? a vengeance on them, they
have vild long nails, there was a he devil and a she devil,
I'll tell you how you shall know them, all he devils has
horns, and all she devils has clefts and cloven feet.

Wagner Well sirrah follow me.

Clown But do you hear? if I should serve you, would you
teach me to raise up *Banios* and *Belcheos*?

Wagner I will teach thee to turn thy self to anything, to
a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything.

Clown How? a Christian fellow to a dog or a cat, a
mouse or a rat? no, no sir, if you turn me into any thing,
let it be in the likeness of a little pretty frisking flea, that I
may be here and there and everywhere, O I'll tickle the pretty
wenches' plackets I'll be amongst them i' faith.

Wagner Well sirrah, come.

Clown But do you hear *Wagner*?

Wagner How *Balioll* and *Belcher*.

Clown O Lord I pray sir, let *Banio* and *Belcher* go sleep.

Wagner Villain, call me Master *Wagner*, and let thy left
eye be diametrically fixed upon my right heel, with *quasi vestigias
nostras infistere* *exit*

Clown God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian: well,
I'll follow him, I'll serve him, that's flat. *exit*

Enter Faustus in his Study.

Faustus Now Faustus must thou needs be damned,
And canst thou not be saved?
what boots it then to think of God or heaven?
Away with such vain fancies and despair,
Despair in God, and trust in Beelzebub:

wln 0445
wln 0446
wln 0447
wln 0448
wln 0449
wln 0450
wln 0451
wln 0452
wln 0453
wln 0454
wln 0455
wln 0456
wln 0457
wln 0458
wln 0459
wln 0460
wln 0461
wln 0462
wln 0463
wln 0464
wln 0465
wln 0466

img: 9-a
sig: B4v

wln 0467
wln 0468
wln 0469
wln 0470
wln 0471
wln 0472
wln 0473
wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
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wln 0480
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wln 0487
wln 0488
wln 0489
wln 0490
wln 0491
wln 0492

Now go not backward: no Faustus, be resolute,
why waverest thou? O something soundeth in mine ears:
Abjure this Magic, turn to God again,
Ay and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God? he loves thee not,
The god thou servest is thine own appetite,
wherein is fixed the love of Beelzebub,
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new born babes.

Enter good Angel, and Evil.

Good Angel Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

Faustus Contrition, prayer, repentance: what of them?

Good Angel O they are means to bring thee unto
heaven.

Evil Angel Rather illusions fruits of lunacy,
That makes men foolish that do trust them most.

Good Angel Sweet Faustus think of heaven, and heavenly
things.

Evil Angel No Faustus, think of honor and wealth.

Faustus Of wealth,

exeunt.

Why the signory of Emden shall be mine,
when *Mephistopheles* shall stand by me,

What God can hurt thee Faustus? thou art safe,
Cast no more doubts, come *Mephistopheles*,
And bring glad tidings from great *Lucifer*:

Is 't not midnight? come *Mephistopheles*,

Veni veni Mephistophile

enter Mephistopheles

Now tell, what says *Lucifer* thy Lord?

Mephistopheles That I shall wait on Faustus whilst I live,
So he will buy my service with his soul.

Faustus Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Mephistopheles But Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood,
For that security craves great *Lucifer*:

If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

Faustus Stay *Mephistopheles*, and tell me, what good will
my soul do thy Lord?

Mephistopheles Enlarge his kingdom.

Faustus Is that the reason he tempts us thus?

Mephistopheles *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

Faustus Have you any pain that tortures others?

Mephistopheles As great as have the human souls of men:
But tell me Faustus, shall I have thy soul,
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

Faustus Ay *Mephistopheles*, I give it thee.

Mephistopheles Then stab thine arm courageously,
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day

wln 0493
wln 0494
wln 0495
wln 0496
wln 0497
wln 0498
wln 0499
wln 0500
wln 0501
wln 0502
wln 0503

img: 9-b
sig: C1r

wln 0504
wln 0505
wln 0506
wln 0507
wln 0508
wln 0509
wln 0510
wln 0511

wln 0512
wln 0513
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wln 0532
wln 0533
wln 0534
wln 0535
wln 0536
wln 0537
wln 0538

Great *Lucifer* may claim it as his own,
And then be thou as great as *Lucifer*.
Faustus Lo *Mephistopheles*, for love of thee,
I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
Assure my soul to be great *Lucifer's*,
Chief Lord and regent of perpetual night,
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.
Mephistopheles But *Faustus*, thou must write it in manner of a
deed of gift.
Faustus Ay so I will, but *Mephistopheles* my blood congeals

and I can write no more.
Mephistopheles I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. *Exit.*
Faustus What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?
Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?
Faustus gives to thee his soul: ah there it stayed,
Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul thine own?
Then write again, *Faustus* gives to thee his soul.

Enter Mephistopheles with a chaffer of coals.
Mephistopheles Here's fire, come *Faustus*, set it on.
Faustus So now the blood begins to clear again,
Now will I make an end immediately.
Mephistopheles O what will not I do to obtain his soul?
Faustus *Consummatum est*, this Bill is ended,
And *Faustus* hath bequeathed his soul to *Lucifer*.
But what is this inscription on mine arm?
Homo fuge, whither should I fly?
If unto God he'll throw thee down to hell,
My senses are deceived, here's nothing writ,
I see it plain, here in this place is writ,
Homo fuge, yet shall not *Faustus* fly.
Mephistopheles I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind. *exit.*
*Enter with devils, giving crowns and rich apparel to
Faustus, and dance, and then depart.*

Faustus Speak *Mephistopheles*, what means this show?
Mephistopheles Nothing *Faustus*, but to delight thy mind withal,
And to show thee what Magic can perform.
Faustus But may I raise up spirits when I please?
Mephistopheles Ay *Faustus*, and do greater things than these.
Faustus Then there's enough for a thousand souls,
Here *Mephistopheles* receive this scroll,
A deed of gift of body and of soul:
But yet conditionally, that thou perform
All articles prescribed between us both.

img: 10-a
sig: C1v

wln 0539
wln 0540
wln 0541
wln 0542
wln 0543
wln 0544
wln 0545
wln 0546
wln 0547
wln 0548
wln 0549
wln 0550
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wln 0569
wln 0570
wln 0571
wln 0572
wln 0573
wln 0574

Mephistopheles Faustus, I swear by hell and *Lucifer*
To effect all promises between us made.
Faustus Then hear me read them: on these conditions
following.
First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance.
Secondly, that Mephistopheles shall be his servant, and at
his command.
Thirdly, that Mephistopheles shall do for him, and bring
him whatsoever.
Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house
invisible.
Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus at all
times, in what form or shape soever he please.
I John Faustus of Wertenberg, Doctor, by these presents, do
give both body and soul to Lucifer prince of the East, and his
minister Mephistopheles, and furthermore grant unto them,
that 24. years being expired, the articles above written inviolate,
full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus body
and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation
wheresoever.

By me John Faustus.

Mephistopheles Speak *Faustus*, do you deliver this as your deed?
Faustus Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good on 't.
Mephistopheles Now Faustus ask what thou wilt.
Faustus First will I question with thee about hell,
Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?
Mephistopheles Under the heavens.
Faustus Ay, but where about?
Mephistopheles Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortured and remain for ever,
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In self place, for where we are is hell,
And where hell is, must we ever be:
And to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that is not heaven.

img: 10-b
sig: C2r

wln 0575
wln 0576
wln 0577
wln 0578
wln 0579
wln 0580
wln 0581
wln 0582
wln 0583

Faustus Come, I think hell's a fable.
Mephistopheles Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.
Faustus Why? thinkst thou then that Faustus shall be
damned?
Mephistopheles Ay of necessity, for here's the scroll,
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to *Lucifer*.
Faustus Ay, and body too, but what of that?
Thinkst thou that Faustus is so fond,
To imagine, that after this life there is any pain?

wln 0584
wln 0585
wln 0586
wln 0587
wln 0588
wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591
wln 0592
wln 0593
wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596

Tush these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.

Mephistopheles But Faustus I am an instance to prove the contrary
For I am damned, and am now in hell.

Faustus How? now in hell? nay and this be hell, I'll willingly
be damned here: what walking, disputing, etc. But
leaving off this, let me have a wife, the fairest maid in *Germany*,
for I am wanton and lascivious, and can not live
without a wife.

Mephistopheles How, a wife? I prithee *Faustus* talk not of a wife.

Faustus Nay sweet *Mephistopheles* fetch me one, for I will
have one.

Mephistopheles Well thou wilt have one, sit there till I come, I'll
fetch thee a wife in the devil's name.

*Enter with a devil dressed like a woman,
with fireworks.*

Mephistopheles Tell Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

Faustus A plague on her for a hot whore.

Mephistopheles Tut Faustus, marriage is but a ceremonial toy, if
thou lovest me, think more of it.

I'll cull thee out the fairest courtesans,
And bring them every morning to thy bed,
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,
Be she as chaste as was *Penelope*,
As wise as *Saba*, or as beautiful
As was bright *Lucifer* before his fall.
Hold, take this book, peruse it thoroughly,
The iterating of these lines brings gold,

wln 0597
wln 0598
wln 0599
wln 0600
wln 0601
wln 0602
wln 0603
wln 0604
wln 0605
wln 0606
wln 0607
wln 0608
wln 0609
wln 0610

img: 11-a
sig: C2v

wln 0611
wln 0612
wln 0613
wln 0614
wln 0615
wln 0616
wln 0617
wln 0618
wln 0619
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wln 0624
wln 0625
wln 0626
wln 0627
wln 0628
wln 0629
wln 0630

The framing of this circle on the ground,
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder and lightning.
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in armor shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

Faustus Thanks *Mephistopheles*, yet fain would I have
a book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations,
that I might raise up spirits when I please.

Mephistopheles Here they are in this book. *There turn to them*

Faustus Now would I have a book where I might see all
characters and planets of the heavens, that I might know
their motions and dispositions.

Mephistopheles Here they are too. *Turn to them*

Faustus Nay let me have one book more, and then I have
done, wherein I might see all plants, herbs and trees that
grow upon the earth.

Mephistopheles Here they be.

Faustus O thou art deceived.

Mephistopheles Tut I warrant thee. *Turn to them*

Faustus When I behold the heavens, than I repent,

wln 0631
wln 0632
wln 0633
wln 0634
wln 0635
wln 0636
wln 0637
wln 0638
wln 0639
wln 0640
wln 0641
wln 0642
wln 0643
wln 0644
wln 0645
wln 0646
wln 0647

img: 11-b
sig: C3r

And curse thee wicked *Mephistopheles*,
Because thou hast deprived me of those joys.
Mephistopheles why Faustus,
Thinkst thou heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee 'tis not half so fair as thou,
Or any man that breathes on earth.
Faustus How provest thou that?
Mephistopheles It was made for man, therefore is man more
excellent.
Faustus If it were made for man, 'twas made for me:
I will renounce this magic, and repent.
Enter good Angel, and evil Angel.
Good Angel Faustus, repent yet, God will pity thee.
evil Angel Thou art a spirit, God cannot pity thee.
Faustus who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me,
Ay God will pity me, if I repent.

wln 0648
wln 0649
wln 0650
wln 0651
wln 0652
wln 0653
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wln 0656
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wln 0659
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wln 0671
wln 0672
wln 0673
wln 0674
wln 0675
wln 0676
wln 0677
wln 0678

evil Angel Ay but Faustus never shall repent. *exeunt*
Faustus My heart's so hardened I cannot repent,
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,
But fearful echoes thunders in mine ears,
Faustus, thou art damned, then swords and knives,
Poison, guns, halters, and envenomed steel
Are laid before me to dispatch myself,
And long ere this I should have slain myself,
Had not sweet pleasure conquered deep despair.
Have not I made blind *Homer* sing to me,
Of *Alexander's* love, and *Oenone's* death,
And hath not he that built the walls of *Thebes*,
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp
Made music with my *Mephistopheles*,
Why should I die then, or basely despair?
I am resolved *Faustus* shall ne'er repent,
Come *Mephistopheles*, let us dispute again,
And argue of divine *Astrology*,
Tell me, are there many heavens above the Moon?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?
Mephistopheles As are the elements, such are the spheres,
Mutually folded in each other's orb,
And *Faustus* all jointly move upon one axletree,
Whose terminine is termed the world's wide pole,
Nor are the names of *Saturn*, *Mars*, or *Jupiter*
Feigned, but are erring stars.
Faustus But tell me, have they all one motion? both *situ et*
tempore.
Mephistopheles All jointly move from East to West in 24. hours
upon the poles of the world, but differ in their motion upon

wln 0679
wln 0680
wln 0681
wln 0682
wln 0683
wln 0684

img: 12-a
sig: C3v

the poles of the Zodiac.

Faustus Tush, these slender trifles *Wagner* can decide,
Hath *Mephistopheles* no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion of the planets?
The first is finished in a natural day,
The second thus, as *Saturn* in 30. years, *Jupiter* in 12.

wln 0685
wln 0686
wln 0687
wln 0688
wln 0689
wln 0690
wln 0691
wln 0692
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wln 0719
wln 0720
wln 0721

Mars in 4. the Sun, *Venus*, and Mercury in a year: the
Moon in 28. days. Tush these are freshmen's suppositions,
but tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or *Intelligentij*?

Mephistopheles Ay.

Faustus How many heavens or spheres are there?

Mephistopheles Nine, the seven planets, the firmament, and the imperial
heaven.

Faustus Well, resolve me in this question, why have we
not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one
time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

Mephistopheles *Per inaequalem motum respectu totius.*

Faustus Well, I am answered, tell me who made the world?

Mephistopheles I will not.

Faustus Sweet Mephistopheles tell me.

Mephistopheles Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

Faustus Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me any thing?

Mephistopheles Ay, that is not against our kingdom, but this is,
Think thou on hell *Faustus*, for thou art damned.

Faustus Think Faustus upon God that made the world.

Mephistopheles Remember this.

Exit.

Faustus Ay, go accursed spirit to ugly hell,
'Tis thou hast damned distressed *Faustus*' soul:
Is 't not too late?

Enter good Angel and evil.

evil Angel Too late.

good Angel Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

evil Angel If thou repent devils shall tear thee in pieces.

good Angel Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin. *Exeunt.*

Faustus Ah Christ my Savior, seek to save distressed Faustus'
soul.

Enter Lucifer, Beelzebub, and Mephistopheles.

Lucifer Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just,
There's none but I have interest in the same.

Faustus O who art thou that look'st so terrible?

Lucifer I am *Lucifer*, and this is my companion Prince in
hell.

Faustus O Faustus, they are come to fetch away thy soul.

img: 12-b
sig: C4r

wln 0722
wln 0723

Lucifer we come to tell thee thou dost injure us,
Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise

wln 0724
wln 0725
wln 0726
wln 0727
wln 0728
wln 0729
wln 0730
wln 0731
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img: 13-a
sig: C4v

wln 0759
wln 0760
wln 0761
wln 0762
wln 0763
wln 0764
wln 0765
wln 0766
wln 0767
wln 0768
wln 0769
wln 0770
wln 0771

Thou shouldst not think of God, think of the devil,
And of his dame too.

Faustus Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,
Never to name God, or to pray to him,
To burn his Scriptures, slay his Ministers,
And make my spirits pull his churches down.

Lucifer Do so, and we will highly gratify thee:
Faustus, we are come from hell to show thee some pastime:
sit down, and thou shalt see all the seven deadly sins appear
in their proper shapes.

Faustus That sight will be as pleasing unto me, as paradise
was to *Adam*, the first day of his creation.

Lucifer Talk not of paradise, nor creation, but mark this
show, talk of the devil, and nothing else: come away.

Enter the seven deadly sins.

Now Faustus, examine them of their several names and
dispositions.

Faustus: What art thou? the first.

Pride I am *Pride*, I disdain to have any parents, I am
like to *Ovid's* flea, I can creep into every corner of a wench,
sometimes like a periwig, I sit upon her brow, or like a fan
of feathers, I kiss her lips, indeed I do, what do I not?
but fie, what a scent is here? I'll not speak another word,
except the ground were perfumed and covered with cloth of
arras.

Faustus What art thou? the second.

Covetousness I am *Covetousness*, begotten of an old churl, in
an old leathern bag: and might I have my wish, I would
desire, that this house, and all the people in it were turned to
gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest, O my
sweet gold

Faustus What art thou? the third.

Wrath I am *Wrath*, I had neither father nor mother, I
leapt out of a lion's mouth, when I was scarce half an hour

old, and ever since I have run up and down the world,
with this case of rapiers wounding myself, when I had nobody
to fight withal: I was born in hell, and look to it, for
some of you shall be my father.

Faustus what art thou? the fourth.

Envy I am *Envy*, begotten of a Chimney-sweeper, and
an Oyster wife, I cannot read, and therefore wish all books
were burnt: I am lean with seeing others eat, O that
there would come a famine through all the world, that all
might die, and I live alone, then thou shouldst see how fat I
would be: but must thou sit and I stand? come down with
a vengeance.

Faustus Away envious rascal: what art thou? the fifth.

wln 0772
wln 0773
wln 0774
wln 0775
wln 0776
wln 0777
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wln 0795

img: 13-b
sig: D1r

wln 0796
wln 0797
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wln 0819

Gluttony who I sir, I am *Gluttony*, my parents are all dead,
and the devil a penny they have left me, but a bare pension,
and that is 30. meals a day, and ten bevers, a small
trifle to suffice nature, O I come of a royal parentage, my
grandfather was a gammon of bacon, my grandmother a
hogshead of Claret-wine: My godfathers were these, Peter
Pickle-herring, and Martin Martlemas beef, O but
my godmother she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well-beloved
in every good town and City, her name was mistress
Margery March-beer: now *Faustus*, thou hast heard all my
Progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faustus No, I'll see thee hanged, thou wilt eat up all my
victuals.

Gluttony Then the devil choke thee.

Faustus Choke thyself glutton: what art thou? the sixth.

Sloth. I am sloth, I was begotten on a sunny bank,
where I have lain ever since, and you have done me great
injury to bring me from thence, let me be carried thither again
by *Gluttony* and *Lechery*, I'll not speak another
word for a King's ransom.

Faustus What are you mistress minks? the seventh
and last.

Lechery Who I sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw
Mutton better than an ell of fried stock-fish, and the first

letter of my name begins with lechery.

Away, to hell, to hell. *exeunt the sins.*

Lucifer Now *Faustus*, how dost thou like this?

Faustus O this feeds my soul.

Lucifer But *Faustus*, in hell is all manner of delight.

Faustus O might I see hell, and return again, how happy
were I then?

Lucifer Thou shalt, I will send for thee at midnight, in mean
time take this book, peruse it throughly, and thou shalt turn
thyself into what shape thou wilt.

Faustus Great thanks mighty *Lucifer*, this will I keep as
chary as my life.

Lucifer Farewell *Faustus*, and think on the devil.

Faustus Farewell great *Lucifer*, come *Mephistopheles*.

exeunt omnes.

enter Wagner solus.

Wagner Learned *Faustus*,
To know the secrets of *Astronomy*,
Graven in the book of *Jove's* high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale *Olympus'* top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks,
He now is gone to prove *Cosmography*,
And as I guess, will first arrive at *Rome*,

wln 0820
wln 0821
wln 0822
wln 0823
wln 0824
wln 0825
wln 0826
wln 0827
wln 0828
wln 0829
wln 0830
wln 0831
wln 0832

img: 14-a
sig: D1v

wln 0833
wln 0834
wln 0835
wln 0836
wln 0837
wln 0838
wln 0839
wln 0840
wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847
wln 0848
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wln 0852
wln 0853
wln 0854
wln 0855
wln 0856
wln 0857
wln 0858
wln 0859
wln 0860
wln 0861
wln 0862
wln 0863
wln 0864
wln 0865
wln 0866
wln 0867

To see the Pope, and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy *Peter's* feast,
That to this day is highly solemnized.

exit Wagner

Enter Faustus and Mephistopheles.

Faustus Having now, my good Mephistopheles,
Passed with delight the stately town of *Trier*,
Environed round with airy mountain tops,
With walls of flint, and deep entrenched lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince,
From *Paris* next coasting the Realm of France,
We saw the river *Maine* fall into *Rhine*,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines.
Then up to *Naples*, rich *Campania*,

Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and paved with finest brick,
Quarters the town in four equivalence.
There saw we learned *Maro's* golden tomb,
The way he cut an English mile in length,
Through a rock of stone in one night's space.
From thence to *Venice*, *Padua* and the rest,
In midst of which a sumptuous Temple stands,
That threatens the stars with her aspiring top.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time,
But tell me now, what resting place is this?
Hast thou as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of *Rome*?

Mephistopheles Faustus I have, and because we will not be unprovided,
I have taken up his holiness' privy chamber for
our use.

Faustus I hope his holiness will bid us welcome.

Mephistopheles Tut, 'tis no matter man, we'll be bold with his good cheer,
And now my Faustus, that thou mayst perceive
What *Rome* containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this City stands upon seven hills
That underprops the groundwork of the same,
Over the which four stately bridges lean,
That makes safe passage to each part of *Rome*.
Upon the bridge called *Ponto Angelo*,
Erected is a Castle passing strong,
Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,
And double Canons, framed of carved brass,
As match the days within one complete year,
Besides the gates and high pyramids,
Which *Julius Caesar* brought from *Africa*.

Faustus Now by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of *Styx*, *Acheron*, and the fiery lake
Of ever burning *Phlegeton* I swear,
That I do long to see the monuments

wln 0868

wln 0869

img: 14-b
sig: D2r

And situation of bright splendent *Rome*,
Come therefore let's away.

wln 0870

wln 0871

wln 0872

wln 0873

wln 0874

wln 0875

wln 0876

wln 0877

wln 0878

wln 0879

wln 0880

wln 0881

wln 0882

wln 0883

wln 0884

wln 0885

wln 0886

wln 0887

wln 0888

wln 0889

wln 0890

wln 0891

wln 0892

wln 0893

wln 0894

wln 0895

wln 0896

wln 0897

wln 0898

wln 0899

wln 0900

wln 0901

wln 0902

wln 0903

wln 0904

wln 0905

wln 0906

Mephistopheles Nay Faustus stay, I know you'd fain see the Pope,
And take some part of holy *Peter's* feast,
Where thou shalt see a troop of baldpate Friars,
Whose *summum bonum* is in belly-cheer.

Faustus Well, I am content, to compass then some sport,
And by their folly make us merriment,
Then charm me that I may be invisible, to do what I
please unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.

Mephistopheles So Faustus, now do what thou wilt, thou shalt not
be discerned.

*Sound a Sennet, enter the Pope and the Cardinal of Lorraine
to the banquet, with Friars attending.*

Pope My Lord of *Lorraine*, wilt please you draw near.

Faustus Fall to, and the devil choke you and you spare.

Pope How now, who's that which spoke? Friars look
about.

Friar Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

Pope. My Lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from
the Bishop of *Milan*.

Faustus I thank you sir.

Snatch it.

Pope. How now, who's that which snatched the meat
from me? will no man look?

My Lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of
Florence.

Faustus You say true, I'll hate.

Pope. What again? my Lord I'll drink to your grace

Faustus I'll pledge your grace.

Lorraine My Lord, it may be some ghost newly crept out of
Purgatory come to beg a pardon of your holiness.

Pope It may be so, Friars prepare a dirge to lay the fury
of this ghost, once again my Lord fall to.

The Pope crosseth himself.

Faustus What, are you crossing of yourself?
Well use that trick no more, I would advise you.

Cross again.

Faustus Well, there's the second time, aware the third,
I give you fair warning.

img: 15-a
sig: D2v

wln 0907

wln 0908

wln 0909

wln 0910

wln 0911

wln 0912

*Cross again, and Faustus hits him a box of the ear,
and they all run away.*

Faustus Come on Mephistopheles, what shall we do?

Mephistopheles Nay I know not, we shall be cursed with bell, book,
and candle.

Faustus How? bell, book, and candle, candle, book, and bell,

wln 0913
wln 0914
wln 0915
wln 0916
wln 0917
wln 0918
wln 0919
wln 0920
wln 0921
wln 0922
wln 0923
wln 0924
wln 0925
wln 0926
wln 0927
wln 0928
wln 0929

Forward and backward, to curse *Faustus* to hell.
Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an
ass bray, because it is Saint *Peter*'s holy day.

Enter all the Friars to sing the Dirge.

Friar. Come brethren, let's about our business with good
devotion.

*Sing this. Cursed be he that stole away his holiness meat
from the table. maledicat dominus.*

*Cursed be he that struck his holiness a blow on the face.
maledicat dominus.*

*Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate.
male, etc.*

*Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy Dirge.
male, etc.*

*Cursed be he that took away his holiness' wine.
maledicat dominus.*

Et omnes sancti. Amen.

wln 0930
wln 0931

*Beat the Friars, and fling fireworks among
them, and so Exeunt.*

wln 0932
wln 0933
wln 0934
wln 0935
wln 0936
wln 0937
wln 0938
wln 0939
wln 0940
wln 0941

Enter Chorus.

When *Faustus* had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
He stayed his course, and so returned home,
Where such as bear his absence, but with grief,
I mean his friends and nearest companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his journey through the world and air,
They put forth questions of Astrology,

img: 15-b
sig: D3r

wln 0942
wln 0943
wln 0944
wln 0945
wln 0946
wln 0947
wln 0948
wln 0949
wln 0950
wln 0951
wln 0952
wln 0953
wln 0954
wln 0955
wln 0956
wln 0957
wln 0958

Which *Faustus* answered with such learned skill,
As they admired and wondered at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land,
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noble men.
What there he did in trial of his art,
I leave untold, your eyes shall see performed.

Exit.

Enter Robin the Ostler with a book in his hand

Robin O this is admirable! here I ha' stol'n one of doctor
Faustus' conjuring books, and i' faith I mean to search some
circles for my own use: now will I make all the maidens in
our parish dance at my pleasure stark naked before me, and
so by that means I shall see more than e'er I felt, or saw yet.

Enter Rafe calling Robin.

Rafe Robin, prithee come away, there's a Gentleman
tarries to have his horse, and he would have his things rubbed

wln 0959
wln 0960
wln 0961
wln 0962
wln 0963
wln 0964
wln 0965
wln 0966
wln 0967
wln 0968
wln 0969
wln 0970
wln 0971
wln 0972
wln 0973
wln 0974
wln 0975
wln 0976
wln 0977
wln 0978

img: 16-a
sig: D3v

wln 0979
wln 0980
wln 0981
wln 0982
wln 0983
wln 0984
wln 0985
wln 0986
wln 0987
wln 0988
wln 0989
wln 0990
wln 0991
wln 0992
wln 0993
wln 0994
wln 0995
wln 0996
wln 0997
wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001
wln 1002
wln 1003
wln 1004
wln 1005
wln 1006

and made clean: he keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it, and she has sent me to look thee out, prithee come away.

Robin Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up, you are dismembered *Rafe*, keep out, for I am about a roaring piece of work.

Rafe Come, what dost thou with that same book thou canst not read?

Robin Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read, he for his forehead, she for her private study, she's born to bear with me, or else my Art fails.

Rafe Why *Robin* what book is that?

Robin What book? why the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil.

Rafe Canst thou conjure with it?

Robin I can do all these things easily with it: first, I can make thee drunk with hippocrase at any tavern in Europe for nothing, that's one of my conjuring works.

Rafe Our master Parson says that's nothing.

Robin True *Rafe*, and more *Rafe*, if thou hast any mind

to *Nan Spit* our kitchen maid, then turn her and wind her to thy own use, as often as thou wilt, and at midnight.

Rafe O brave *Robin*; shall I have *Nan Spit*, and to mine own use? On that condition I'll feed thy devil with horsebread as long as he lives, of free cost.

Robin No more sweet *Rafe*, let's go and make clean our boots which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring in the devil's name.

exeunt.

Enter Robin and Rafe with a silver Goblet.

Robin Come *Rafe*, did not I tell thee, we were for ever made by this doctor Faustus' book? *ecce signum*, here's a simple purchase for horsekeepers, our horses shall eat no hay as long as this lasts.

enter the Vintner.

Rafe But *Robin*, here comes the vintner.

Robin Hush, I'll gull him supernaturally: Drawer, I hope all is paid, God be with you, come *Rafe*.

Vintner Soft sir, a word with you, I must yet have a goblet paid from you ere you go.

Robin I a goblet *Rafe*, I a goblet? I scorn you: and you are but a etc. I a goblet? search me.

Vintner I mean so sir with your favor.

Robin How say you now?

Vintner I must say somewhat to your fellow, you sir.

Rafe Me sir, me sir, search your fill: now sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth.

Vintner Well, t' one of you hath this goblet about you.

Robin You lie Drawer, 'tis afore me: sirrah you, I'll teach ye to impeach honest men: stand by, I'll scour you for a goblet,

wln 1007
wln 1008
wln 1009
wln 1010
wln 1011
wln 1012
wln 1013
wln 1014
wln 1015

img: 16-b
sig: D4r

stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of Beelzebub:
look to the goblet *Rafe*.

Vintner what mean you sirrah?

Robin I'll tell you what I mean.

He reads.

Sanctobulorum Periphrasticon: nay I'll tickle you *Vintner*,
look to the goblet *Rafe*, *Polypragmos Belyeborams framanto pacostiphos*
tostu Mephistopheles, etc.

Enter Mephistopheles: sets squibs at their backs:
they run about.

wln 1016
wln 1017
wln 1018
wln 1019

Vintner *O nomine Domine*, what meanst thou *Robin* thou? hast
no goblet.

Rafe *Peccatum peccatorum*, here's thy goblet, good
Vintner.

wln 1020
wln 1021
wln 1022

Robin *Misericordia pro nobis*, what shall I do? good devil
forgive me now, and I'll never rob thy Library more.

Enter to them Mephistopheles

wln 1023
wln 1024
wln 1025

Mephistopheles Vanish villains, th' one like an Ape, another like
a Bear, the third an Ass, for doing this enterprise.

wln 1026
wln 1027
wln 1028

Monarch of hell, under whose black survey

Great Potentates do kneel with awful fear,

Upon whose altars thousand fowls do lie,

How am I vexed with these villains' charms?

wln 1029
wln 1030
wln 1031

From *Constantinople* am I hither come,

Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.

wln 1032
wln 1033
wln 1034

Robin How, from *Constantinople*? you have had a great
journey, will you take six pence in your purse to pay for your
supper, and be gone?

wln 1035
wln 1036
wln 1037

Mephistopheles well villains, for your presumption, I transform
thee into an Ape, and thee into a Dog, and so be gone. *exit.*

wln 1038
wln 1039
wln 1040

Robin How, into an Ape? that's brave, I'll have fine sport
with the boys, I'll get nuts and apples enow.

Rafe And I must be a Dog.

Robin I' faith thy head will never be out of the pottage pot. *exeunt.*

wln 1041
wln 1042
wln 1043

Enter Emperor, Faustus, and a Knight,
with Attendants.

wln 1044
wln 1045
wln 1046

Emperor Master doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report
of thy knowledge in the black Art, how that none in

wln 1047
wln 1048
wln 1049

my Empire, nor in the whole world can compare with thee,

for the rare effects of Magic: they say thou hast a familiar

spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list, this

therefore is my request that thou let me see some proof of thy

wln 1050
wln 1051
wln 1052

skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine

ears have heard reported, and here I swear to thee, by the

honor of mine Imperial crown, that whatever thou dost,

thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged.

Knight I' faith he looks much like a conjurer.

aside.

img: 17-a
sig: D4v

wln 1053
wln 1054
wln 1055
wln 1056
wln 1057
wln 1058
wln 1059
wln 1060
wln 1061
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wln 1080
wln 1081
wln 1082
wln 1083
wln 1084
wln 1085
wln 1086
wln 1087
wln 1088
wln 1089

img: 17-b
sig: E1r

wln 1090
wln 1091
wln 1092
wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095
wln 1096
wln 1097
wln 1098
wln 1099

Faustus My gracious Sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable to the honor of your Imperial majesty, yet for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me.

Emperor Then doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say, As I was sometime solitary set, within my Closet, sundry thoughts arose, about the honor of mine ancestors, how they had won by prowess such exploits, got such riches, subdued so many kingdoms, as we that do succeed, or they that shall hereafter possess our throne, shall (I fear me) never attain to that degree of high renown and great authority, amongst which kings is *Alexander* the great, chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence,
The bright shining of whose glorious acts
Lightens the world with his reflecting beams,
As when I hear but motion made of him,
It grieves my soul I never saw the man:
If therefore thou, by cunning of thine Art,
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
where lies entombed this famous Conqueror,
And bring with him his beauteous Paramour,
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
They used to wear during their time of life,
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

Faustus My gracious Lord, I am ready to accomplish your request, so far forth as by art and power of my spirit I am able to perform.

Knight I' faith that's just nothing at all. *aside.*

Faustus But if it like your Grace, it is not in my ability to present before your eyes, the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes which long since are consumed to dust.

Knight Ay marry master doctor, now there's a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth. *aside.*

Faustus But such spirits as can lively resemble *Alexander* and his Paramour, shall appear before your Grace, in that

manner that they best lived in, in their most flourishing estate, which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your Imperial majesty.

Emperor Go to master Doctor, let me see them presently.

Knight Do you hear master Doctor? you bring *Alexander* and his paramour before the emperor?

Faustus How then sir?

Knight I' faith that's as true as *Diana* turned me to a stag.

Faustus No sir but when *Actaeon* died, he left the horns for you: *Mephistopheles* be gone. *exit Mephistopheles*

wln 1100
wln 1101
wln 1102

Knight Nay, and you go to conjuring, I'll be gone. *exit Knight:*
Faustus I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so:
here they are my gracious Lord.

wln 1103

Enter Mephistopheles with Alexander and his paramour.

wln 1104
wln 1105
wln 1106

emperor Master Doctor, I heard this Lady while she lived
had a wart or mole in her neck, how shall I know whether
it be so or no?

wln 1107

Faustus Your highness may boldly go and see. *exit Alexander:*

wln 1108

emperor Sure these are no spirits, but the true substantial
bodies of those two deceased princes.

wln 1109

Faustus wilt please your highness now to send for the knight
that was so pleasant with me here of late?

wln 1110

wln 1111

wln 1112

emperor One of you call him forth.

wln 1113

Enter the Knight with a pair of horns on his head.

wln 1114

emperor How now sir Knight? why I had thought thou
hadst been a bachelor, but now I see thou hast a wife, that
not only gives thee horns, but makes thee wear them, feel
on thy head.

wln 1115

wln 1116

wln 1117

wln 1118

Knight Thou damned wretch, and execrable dog,

wln 1119

Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock:

wln 1120

How dar'st thou thus abuse a Gentleman?

wln 1121

Villain I say, undo what thou hast done.

img: 18-a
sig: E1v

wln 1122

Faustus O not so fast sir, there's no haste but good, are you
remembered how you crossed me in my conference with the
emperor? I think I have met with you for it.

wln 1123

wln 1124

wln 1125

emperor Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him,
he hath done penance sufficient.

wln 1126

wln 1127

Faustus My gracious Lord, not so much for the injury he
offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with some
mirth, hath *Faustus* worthily requited this injurious knight,
which being all I desire, I am content to release him of his
horns: and sir knight, hereafter speak well of Scholars:
Mephistopheles, transform him straight. Now my good Lord
having done my duty, I humbly take my leave.

wln 1128

wln 1129

wln 1130

wln 1131

wln 1132

wln 1133

emperor Farewell master Doctor, yet ere you go, expect
from me a bounteous reward. *exit Emperor.*

wln 1134

wln 1135

wln 1136

Faustus Now Mephistopheles, the restless course that time
doth run with calm and silent foot,

wln 1137

wln 1138

Short'ning my days and thread of vital life,

wln 1139

Calls for the payment of my latest years,

wln 1140

Therefore sweet Mephistopheles, let us make haste to

wln 1141

Wertenberg.

wln 1142

Mephistopheles what, will you go on horseback, or on foot?

wln 1143

Faustus Nay, till I am past this fair and pleasant green, I'll

wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150
wln 1151
wln 1152
wln 1153
wln 1154
wln 1155
wln 1156
wln 1157

img: 18-b
sig: E2r

wln 1158
wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162
wln 1163
wln 1164
wln 1165
wln 1166
wln 1167
wln 1168
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wln 1170
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wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176

wln 1177

wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187
wln 1188
wln 1189

walk on foot. *enter a Horse-courser*

Horse-courser I have been all this day seeking one master Fustian: mass see where he is, God save you master doctor.

Faustus What horse-courser, you are well met.

Horse-courser Do you hear sir? I have brought you forty dollars for your horse.

Faustus I cannot sell him so: if thou lik'st him for fifty, take him.

Horse-courser Alas sir, I have no more, I pray you speak for me.

Mephistopheles I pray you let him have him, he is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.

Faustus Well, come give me your money, my boy will deliver him to you: but I must tell you one thing before you have

him, ride him not into the water at any hand.

Horse-courser why sir, will he not drink of all waters?

Faustus O yes, he will drink of all waters, but ride him not into the water, ride him over hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

Horse-courser Well sir, Now am I made man for ever, I'll not leave my horse for forty: if he had but the quality of hey ding, ding, hey, ding, ding, I'd make a brave living on him; he has a buttock as slick as an Eel: well goodbye sir, your boy will deliver him me: but hark ye sir, if my horse be sick, or ill at ease, if I bring his water to you you'll tell me what it is?

Exit Horse-courser.

Faustus Away you villain: what, dost think I am a horse-doctor? what art thou Faustus but a man condemned to die? Thy fatal time doth draw to final end, Despair doth drive distrust unto my thoughts, Confound these passions with a quiet sleep: Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the Cross, Then rest thee Faustus quiet in conceit. *Sleep in his chair.*

Enter Horse-courser all wet, crying.

Horse-courser Alas, alas, Doctor Fustian quoth 'a, mass Doctor *Lopus* was never such a Doctor, has given me a purgation, has purged me of forty Dollars, I shall never see them more: but yet like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water; now, I thinking my horse had had some rare quality that he would not have had me known of, I like a venturous youth, rid him into the deep pond at the town's end, I was no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vanished away, and I sat upon a bottle of hay, never so near drowning in my life: but I'll seek out my Doctor, and have my forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest horse: O yonder is his snipper-snapper,

wln 1190
wln 1191

img: 19-a
sig: E2v

do you hear? you, hey, pass, where's your
master?

wln 1192
wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196
wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203
wln 1204
wln 1205
wln 1206
wln 1207

Mephistopheles why sir, what would you? you cannot speak
with him.
Horse-corser But I will speak with him.
Mephistopheles Why he's fast asleep, come some other time.
Horse-corser I'll speak with him now, or I'll break his glass-windows
about his ears.
Mephistopheles I tell thee he has not slept this eight nights.
Horse-corser And he have not slept this eight weeks I'll speak
with him.
Mephistopheles See where he is fast asleep.
Horse-corser Ay, this is he, God save ye master doctor, master
doctor, master doctor Fustian, forty dollars, forty dollars
for a bottle of hay.
Mephistopheles Why, thou seest he hears thee not.
Horse-corser So, ho, ho: so, ho, ho. *Hallow in his ear.*
No, will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go.

wln 1208

Pull him by the leg, and pull it away.

wln 1209
wln 1210
wln 1211
wln 1212
wln 1213
wln 1214
wln 1215
wln 1216
wln 1217
wln 1218
wln 1219
wln 1220
wln 1221

Alas, I am undone, what shall I do:
Faustus O my leg, my leg, help *Mephistopheles*, call the
Officers, my leg, my leg.
Mephistopheles Come villain to the Constable.
Horse-corser O Lord sir, let me go, and I'll give you forty dollars
more.
Mephistopheles Where be they?
Horse-corser I have none about me, come to my Hostry and I'll
give them you.
Mephistopheles Be gone quickly. *Horse-courser runs away.*
Faustus What is he gone? farewell he, *Faustus* has his leg
again, and the *Horse-courser* I take it, a bottle of hay for his
labor; well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

wln 1222

Enter Wagner.

wln 1223

How now *Wagner*, what's the news with thee?

img: 19-b
sig: E3r

wln 1224
wln 1225
wln 1226
wln 1227
wln 1228

Wagner Sir, the Duke of *Vanholt* doth earnestly entreat
your company.
Faustus The Duke of *Vanholt*! an honorable gentleman,
to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning, come *Mephistopheles*,
let's away to him. *exeunt.*

wln 1229
wln 1230

*Enter to them the Duke, and the Duchess,
the Duke speaks.*

wln 1231
wln 1232
wln 1233
wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236
wln 1237

Duke Believe me master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

Faustus My gracious Lord, I am glad it contents you so well: but it may be Madam, you take no delight in this, I have heard that great bellied women do long for some dainties or other, what is it Madam? tell me, and you shall have it.

wln 1238
wln 1239
wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242

Duchess Thanks, good master doctor, And for I see your courteous intent to pleasure me, I will not hide from you the thing my heart desires, and were it now summer, as it is January, and the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

wln 1243
wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247

Faustus Alas Madam, that's nothing, *Mephistopheles*, be gone: *exit Mephistopheles* were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it *enter Mephistopheles* here they be madam, wilt please you taste *with the grapes.* on them.

wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250

Duke Believe me master Doctor, this makes me wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter, and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes.

wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257

Faustus If it like your grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in *India, Saba*, and farther countries in the East, and by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had them brought hither, as ye see, how do you like them Madam, be they good?

Duchess Believe me Master doctor, they be the best grapes

img: 20-a
sig: E3v

wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262
wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275

that e'er I tasted in my life before.

Faustus I am glad they content you so Madam.

Duke Come Madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath showed to you.

Duchess And so I will my Lord, and whilst I live, Rest beholding for this courtesy.

Faustus I humbly thank your Grace.

Duke Come, master Doctor follow us, and receive your reward.

exeunt.

enter Wagner solus.

Wagner I think my master means to die shortly, For he hath given to me all his goods, And yet methinks, if that death were near, He would not banquet, and carouse, and swill Amongst the Students, as even now he doth, who are at supper with such belly-cheer, As *Wagner* ne'er beheld in all his life.

wln 1276

See where they come: belike the feast is ended.

wln 1277

Enter Faustus with two or three Scholars

wln 1278

1. Scholar Master Doctor *Faustus*, since our conference about fair Ladies, which was the beautiful'st in all the world, we have determined with ourselves, that *Helen* of *Greece* was the admirablest Lady that ever lived: therefore master Doctor, if you will do us that favor, as to let us see that peerless Dame of *Greece*, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

wln 1279

wln 1280

wln 1281

wln 1282

wln 1283

wln 1284

wln 1285

wln 1286

Faustus Gentlemen, for that I know your friendship is unfeigned, and *Faustus'* custom is not to deny the just requests of those that wish him well, you shall behold that peerless dame of *Greece*, no otherways for pomp and majesty, than when sir *Paris* crossed the seas with her, and brought the spoils to rich *Dardania*. Be silent then, for danger is in words.

wln 1287

wln 1288

wln 1289

wln 1290

wln 1291

img: 20-b
sig: E4r

wln 1292

Music sounds, and Helen passeth over the Stage.

wln 1293

2. Scholar Too simple is my wit to tell her praise, Whom all the world admires majesty.

wln 1294

wln 1295

3. Scholar No marvel though the angry Greeks pursued With ten years' war the rape of such a queen, Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

wln 1296

wln 1297

wln 1298

1. Scholar Since we have seen the pride of nature's works, And only Paragon of excellence, *Enter an old man.* Let us depart, and for this glorious deed Happy and blessed be *Faustus* evermore.

wln 1299

wln 1300

wln 1301

Faustus Gentlemen farewell, the same I wish to you.

wln 1302

wln 1303

Exeunt Scholars.

wln 1304

Old. Ah Doctor *Faustus*, that I might prevail, To guide thy steps unto the way of life, By which sweet path thou mayst attain the goal That shall conduct thee to celestial rest. Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears, Tears falling from repentant heaviness Of thy most vild and loathsome filthiness, The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul With such flagitious crimes of heinous sins, As no commiseration may expel, But mercy *Faustus* of thy Savior sweet, Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

wln 1305

wln 1306

wln 1307

wln 1308

wln 1309

wln 1310

wln 1311

wln 1312

wln 1313

wln 1314

wln 1315

Faustus Where art thou *Faustus*? wretch what hast thou done?

wln 1316

wln 1317

Damned art thou *Faustus*, damned, despair and die, Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice

wln 1318

wln 1319

Says, *Faustus* come, thine hour is come, *Mephistopheles* gives

wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326

img: 21-a
sig: E4v

wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
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wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
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wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362

img: 21-b
sig: F1r

wln 1363
wln 1364

And Faustus will come to do thee right. *him a dagger.*

Old. Ah stay good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps,
I see an Angel hovers o'er thy head,
And with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul,
Then call for mercy and avoid despair.

Faustus Ah my sweet friend, I feel thy words

To comfort my distressed soul,
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

Old. I go sweet Faustus, but with heavy cheer,
fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul.

Faustus Accursed Faustus, where is mercy now?
I do repent, and yet I do despair:

Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast,
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Mephistopheles Thou traitor Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign Lord,
Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.

Faustus Sweet *Mephistopheles*, entreat thy Lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to *Lucifer*.

Mephistopheles Do it then quickly, with unfeigned heart,
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

Faustus Torment sweet friend, that base and crooked age,
That durst dissuade me from thy *Lucifer*,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Mephistopheles His faith is great, I cannot touch his soul,
But what I may afflict his body with,
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faustus One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee
To glut the longing of my heart's desire,
That I might have unto my paramour,
That heavenly *Helen* which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
These thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep mine oath I made to *Lucifer*.

Mephistopheles *Faustus*, this, or what else thou shalt desire,
Shall be performed in twinkling of an eye. *enter Helen.*

Faustus Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?
And burnt the topless Towers of *Ilium*?
Sweet *Helen*, make me immortal with a kiss:
Her lips sucks forth my soul, see where it flies:

Come *Helen*, come give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven be in these lips,

wln 1365

And all is dross that is not *Helena*:

enter old man

wln 1366

I will be *Paris*, and for love of thee,

wln 1367

Instead of *Troy* shall *Wertenberg* be sacked,

wln 1368

And I will combat with weak *Menelaus*,

wln 1369

And wear thy colors on my plumed Crest:

wln 1370

Yea I will wound *Achilles* in the heel,

wln 1371

And then return to *Helen* for a kiss.

wln 1372

O thou art fairer than the evening air,

wln 1373

Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars,

wln 1374

Brighter art thou then flaming *Jupiter*,

wln 1375

When he appeared to hapless *Semele*,

wln 1376

More lovely than the monarch of the sky

wln 1377

In wanton *Arethusa*'s azured arms,

wln 1378

And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

Exeunt.

wln 1379

Old man Accursed *Faustus*, miserable man,

wln 1380

That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of heaven,

wln 1381

And fliest the throne of his tribunal seat,

wln 1382

Enter the Devils.

wln 1383

Satan begins to sift me with his pride,

wln 1384

As in this furnace God shall try my faith,

wln 1385

My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee,

wln 1386

Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smiled

wln 1387

At your repulse, and laughs your state to scorn,

wln 1388

Hence hell, for hence I fly unto my God.

Exeunt.

wln 1389

Enter Faustus with the Scholars.

wln 1390

Faustus Ah Gentlemen!

wln 1391

1. *Scholar* what ails *Faustus*?

wln 1392

Faustus Ah my sweet chamber-fellow! had I lived with

wln 1393

thee, then had I lived still, but now I die eternally: look,

wln 1394

comes he not? comes he not?

wln 1395

2. *Scholar* what means *Faustus*?

wln 1396

3. *Scholar* Belike he is grown into some sickness, by

img: 22-a
sig: F1v

wln 1397

being ever solitary.

wln 1398

1. *Scholar* If it be so, we'll have Physicians to cure him,

wln 1399

'tis but a surfeit, never fear man.

wln 1400

Faustus A surfeit of deadly sin that hath damned both body

wln 1401

and soul.

wln 1402

2. *Scholar* Yet *Faustus* look up to heaven, remember god's

wln 1403

mercies are infinite.

wln 1404

Faustus But *Faustus*' offense can ne'er be pardoned,

wln 1405

The Serpent that tempted *Eve* may be saved,

wln 1406

But not *Faustus*: Ah Gentlemen, hear me with patience,

wln 1407

and tremble not at my speeches, though my heart pants and

wln 1408

quivers to remember that I have been a student here these

wln 1409

thirty years, O would I had never seen *Wertenberg*, never

wln 1410

read book: and what wonders I have done, all *Germany*

wln 1411
wln 1412
wln 1413
wln 1414
wln 1415
wln 1416
wln 1417
wln 1418
wln 1419
wln 1420
wln 1421
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wln 1426
wln 1427
wln 1428
wln 1429
wln 1430
wln 1431
wln 1432

img: 22-b
sig: F2r

wln 1433
wln 1434
wln 1435
wln 1436
wln 1437
wln 1438
wln 1439
wln 1440
wln 1441
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wln 1449
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wln 1451
wln 1452
wln 1453
wln 1454
wln 1455
wln 1456
wln 1457
wln 1458

can witness, yea all the world, for which Faustus hath lost both *Germany*, and the world, yea heaven itself, heaven the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy, and must remain in hell for ever, hell, ah hell for ever, sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell forever?

3. *Scholar* Yet Faustus call on God.

Faustus On God whom Faustus hath abjured, on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed, ah my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears gush forth blood instead of tears, yea life and soul, Oh he stays my tongue, I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold them, they hold them.

All Who Faustus?

Faustus *Lucifer* and *Mephistopheles*.

Ah Gentlemen! I gave them my soul for my cunning.

All God forbid.

Faustus God forbade it indeed, but Faustus hath done it: for vain pleasure of 24. years, hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity, I writ them a bill with mine own blood, the date is expired, the time will come, and he will fetch me.

1. *Scholar* why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that Divines might have prayed for thee?

Faustus Oft have I thought to have done so, but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God, to fetch both body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late: Gentlemen away, lest you perish with me.

2. *Scholar* O what shall we do to **Faustus**?

Faustus Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

3. *Scholar* God will strengthen me, I will stay with Faustus.

1. *Scholar* Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

Faustus Ay pray for me, pray for me, and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2. *Scholar* Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faustus Gentlemen farewell, if I live till morning, I'll visit you: if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All Faustus, farewell.

Exeunt Scholars

The clock strikes eleven.

Faustus Ah Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually:
Stand still you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come:
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day, or let this hour be but a year,

wln 1459
wln 1460
wln 1461
wln 1462
wln 1463
wln 1464
wln 1465
wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468

img: 23-a
sig: F2v

wln 1469
wln 1470
wln 1471
wln 1472
wln 1473
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wln 1497
wln 1498
wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501
wln 1502
wln 1503
wln 1504

img: 23-b
sig: F3r

A month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul,
O lente lente curite noctis equi:
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
O I'll leap up to my God: who pulls me down?
See see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament,
One drop would save my soul, half a drop, ah my Christ,
Ah rend not my heart for naming of my Christ,
Yet will I call on him, o spare me *Lucifer!*

Where is it now? 'tis gone:
And see where God stretcheth out his arm,
And bends his ireful brows:
Mountains and hills, come come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God.
No no, then will I headlong run into the earth:
Earth gape, O no, it will not harbor me:
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon lab'ring cloud,
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven:
Ah, half the hour is past: *The watch strikes.*
'Twill all be past anon:
Oh God, if thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransomed me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain,
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be saved.
O no end is limited to damned souls,
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or, why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah *Pythagoras metempsychosis* were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Unto some brutish beast: all beasts are happy, for when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements,
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell:
Cursed be the parents that engendered me:
No Faustus, curse thyself, curse *Lucifer*,
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven:
The clock striketh twelve.
O it strikes, it strikes, now body turn to air,
Or *Lucifer* will bear thee quick to hell:
Thunder and lightning.

wln 1505
wln 1506
wln 1507
wln 1508
wln 1509
wln 1510

Oh soul, be changed into little water drops,
And fall into the *Ocean*, ne'er be found:
My God, my God, look not so fierce on me:
Adders, and Serpents, let me breathe a while:
Ugly hell gape not, come not *Lucifer*,
I'll burn my books, ah *Mephistopheles*.

Enter devils.

exeunt with him

wln 1511

Enter Chorus.

wln 1512
wln 1513
wln 1514
wln 1515
wln 1516
wln 1517
wln 1518
wln 1519

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is *Apollo's* Laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man:
Faustus is gone, regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
whose deepness doth entice such forward wits,
To practice more than heavenly power permits.

wln 1520

Terminat hora diem, Terminat Author opus.

Textual Notes

1. **60 (3-a)**: The regularized reading *eademque* is supplied for the original *e[.]dem[que]*.
2. **60 (3-a)**: The Latin is problematic throughout and is not corrected. For example, here *legatus* is likely meant to be "legatur."
3. **63 (3-a)**: The regularized reading *non* is supplied for the original *n[*]n*.
4. **254 (6-a)**: The regularized reading *Agramithist* comes from the original *Agramithist*, though possible variants include *Anagrammatized*.
5. **550 (10-a)**: The regularized reading *shall* is supplied for the original *[*]hall*.
6. **1437 (22-b)**: Other editions add the word *save* to give the reading: *to save Faustus*.