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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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Enter Chorus.

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 glutted more with learning’s golden gifts,
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 Analytics ’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

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.
Enter Wagner.

exit.

Enter the good Angel and the evil Angel.

Exeunt.

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 glutted 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:
Enter Valdes and Cornelius.

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,

Enter Valdes and Cornelius.

Know that your words have won me at the last,

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 
Sway 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,
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,  

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' 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?
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 worship, and so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you my dear brethren, my dear brethren.

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.

Exit.

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,
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, Aquatanis 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.*

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 Conjurer laureate
That canst command great *Mephistopheles*,
*Quin regis Mephistopheles fratris imagine*.

Enter Mephistopheles.

*Mephistopheles* Now *Faustus*, what wouldst thou have me do?

*Faustus* I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,

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,
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?

*Mephistopheles* In hell.

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

*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*.

*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,
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?

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

Wagner    Why now sirrah thou art at an hour’s warning
whenever so 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

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

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:
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,

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 Mephastophile 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.

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.

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
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.   

*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’l’ 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.
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.

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

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,

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,
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.

evil Angel  Ay but Faustus never shall repent.

  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
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.

*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 *Intelligenti*?

*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. 

**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.

**Lucifer** we come to tell thee thou dost injure us,
Thou talk’st of Christ, contrary to thy promise
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,
extcept 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.
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.

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 thoroughly, 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,
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.

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

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 sumnum 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.

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,
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.

*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._

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

*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,

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.

*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
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.

Enter Robin and Rafe with a silver Goblet.

Rafe 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.

Robin I have 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,
He reads.

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

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

aside.

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

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

Rafe  Peccatum peccatorum, here’s thy goblet, good Vintner.

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

Mephistopheles  Vanish villains, th’ one like an Ape, another like a Bear, the third an Ass, for doing this enterprise. 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? From Constantinople am I hither come, Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.

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?

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

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

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

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.

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
Enter Mephistopheles with Alexander and his paramour.

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?
Faustus Your highness may boldly go and see. exit Alexander:
emperor Sure these are no spirits, but the true substantial
bodies of those two deceased princes.
Faustus wilt please your highness now to send for the knight
that was so pleasant with me here of late?
emperor One of you call him forth.

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

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.
Knight Thou damned wretch, and execrable dog,
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock:
How dar’st thou thus abuse a Gentleman?
Villain I say, undo what thou hast done.

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.
emperor Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him,
he hath done penance sufficient.
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.
emperor Farewell master Doctor, yet ere you go, expect
from me a bounteous reward. exit Emperor.
Faustus Now Mephistopheles, the restless course that time
doth run with calm and silent foot,
Short’ning my days and thread of vital life,
Calls for the payment of my latest years,
Therefore sweet Mephistopheles, let us make haste to
Wertenberg.
Mephistopheles what, will you go on horseback, or on foot?
Faustus Nay, till I am past this fair and pleasant green, I’ll
walk on foot.  

_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,
do you hear? you, hey, pass, where’s your master?

  \[\textit{Mephistopheles}\] why sir, what would you? you cannot speak with him.
  \[\textit{Horse-corser}\] But I will speak with him.
  \[\textit{Mephistopheles}\] Why he’s fast asleep, come some other time.
  \[\textit{Horse-corser}\] I’ll speak with him now, or I’ll break his glass-windows about his ears.
  \[\textit{Mephistopheles}\] I tell thee he has not slept this eight nights.
  \[\textit{Horse-corser}\] And he have not slept this eight weeks I’ll speak with him.
  \[\textit{Mephistopheles}\] See where he is fast asleep.
  \[\textit{Horse-corser}\] Ay, this is he, God save ye master doctor, master doctor, master doctor Fustian, forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay.
  \[\textit{Mephistopheles}\] Why, thou seest he hears thee not.
  \[\textit{Horse-corser}\] So, ho, ho: so, ho, ho. \emph{Hallow in his ear.}

No, will you not wake? I’ll make you wake ere I go.

  \textit{Pull him by the leg, and pull it away. }

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

  \textit{Enter Wagner.}

How now \textit{Wagner}, what’s the news with thee?

  \[\textit{Wagner}\] Sir, the Duke of \textit{Vanholt} doth earnestly entreat your company.
  \[\textit{Faustus}\] The Duke of \textit{Vanholt}! an honorable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning, come \textit{Mephistopheles}, let’s away to him.
  \textit{exeunt.}
Enter to them the Duke, and the Duchess,
the Duke speaks.

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.
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.
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 here they be madam, wilt please you taste with the grapes.
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.
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 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 swim 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.
See where they come: belike the feast is ended.

Enter Faustus with two or three Scholars

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.

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.

Music sounds, and Helen passeth over the Stage.

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

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.

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

Faustus Gentlemen farewell, the same I wish to you.

Exeunt Scholars.

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.

Faustus Where art thou Faustus? wretch what hast thou done?
Damned art thou Faustus, damned, despair and die,
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
Says, Faustus come, thine hour is come,

Mephistopheles gives
And Faustus will come to do thee right.  

    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 embraces may extinguish clean  
These thoughts s 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.  

    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,
And all is dross that is not *Helena*:

I will be *Paris*, and for love of thee,
Instead of *Troy* shall *Wertenberg* be sacked,
And I will combat with weak *Menelaus*,
And wear thy colors on my plumed Crest:
Yea I will wound *Achilles* in the heel,
And then return to *Helen* for a kiss.

O thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars,
Brighter art thou then flaming *Jupiter*,
When he appeared to hapless *Semele*,
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton *Arethusa*’s azured arms,
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

*Old man* Accursed *Faustus*, miserable man,
That from thy soul exclu’dst the grace of heaven,
And fleest the throne of his tribunal seat,

*Enter the Devils.*

Satan begins to sift me with his pride,
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee,
Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smiled
At your repulse, and laughs your state to scorn,
Hence hell, for hence I fly unto my God.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Faustus with the Scholars.*

*Faustus* Ah Gentlemen!

1. *Scholar* what ails *Faustus*?

*Faustus* Ah my sweet chamber-fellow! had I lived with thee, then had I lived still, but now I die eternally: look,
comes he not? comes he not?

2. *Scholar* what means *Faustus*?

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

being ever solitary.

1. *Scholar* If it be so, we’l have Physicians to cure him,
’tis but a surfeit, never fear man.

*Faustus* A surfeit of deadly sin that hath damned both body and soul.

2. *Scholar* Yet *Faustus* look up to heaven, remember god’s mercies are infinite.

*Faustus* But *Faustus*’ offense can ne’er be pardoned,
The Serpent that tempted *Eve* may be saved,
But not *Faustus*: Ah Gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches, though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O would I had never seen *Wertenberg*, never read book: and what wonders I have done, all *Germany*
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.
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:
’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 watch strikes.

O it strikes, it strikes, now body turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell:

Thunder and lightning.
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 Chorus.

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.

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.*