

**The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus~ Christopher Marlowe**

**WAGNER.** Ladies and Gentlemen! Welcome to the SHOW!!!!

*Enter CHORUS 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6*

**CHORUS 1.** Not marching in the fields of Thrasymene,  
Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthagens;  
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,  
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd;  
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,  
Intends our Muse to vaunt her heavenly verse:

**CHORUS 2.** Only this, gentles,--we must now perform  
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:

**CHORUS 3.** And now to patient judgments we appeal,  
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.  
Now is he born of parents base of stock,  
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:

**CHORUS 4.** At riper years, to Wittenberg he went,  
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.

**CHORUS 5.** So much he profits in divinity,  
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,  
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute  
In th' heavenly matters of theology;

**CHORUS 2.** Till swoln with cunning, of a self-conceit,  
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,  
And, melting, heavens conspir'd his overthrow;

**CHORUS 1.** For, falling to a devilish exercise,  
And glutt'd now with learning's golden gifts,  
He surfeits upon cursed necromancy;

**ALL.** 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 Chorus.]*

*FAUSTUS discovered in his study.*

**FAUSTUS.** Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin  
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:  
Having commenc'd, 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 ravish'd 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 attain'd that end:  
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:  
Bid Economy farewell, and Galen come:  
Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,  
And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure:  
Summum bonum medicinae sanitas,  
The end of physic is our body's health.  
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?  
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,  
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,  
And thousand desperate maladies been cur'd?  
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.  
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,  
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,  
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.  
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian?

Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem,  
alter valorem rei, &c.  
A petty case of paltry legacies!

Exhoereditare filium non potest pater, nisi, &c.  
Such is the subject of the institute,  
And universal body of the law:  
This study fits a mercenary drudge,  
Who aims at nothing but external trash;  
Too servile 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.

Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas;  
If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there  
is 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 honour, and omnipotence,  
Is promis'd to the studious artizan!  
All things that move between the quiet poles  
Shall be at my command: emperors and kings  
Are but obeyed in their several provinces;  
But his dominion that exceeds in this,  
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man;  
A sound magician is a demigod:  
Here tire, my brains, to gain a deity.

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,  
The German Valdes and Cornelius;  
Request them earnestly to visit me.

**WAGNER.** I will, sir.

*[Exit WAGNER.]*

**FAUSTUS.** Their conference will be a greater help to me  
Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

*Enter GOOD ANGEL and 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 treasure is contain'd:  
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,  
Lord and commander of these elements.

**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;  
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 Wittenberg;  
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,  
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 the provinces;  
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,  
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp-bridge,  
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

*Exit ANGELS*

*Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS.*

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,  
And make me blest with your sage conference.  
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,  
Know that your words have won me at the last  
To practice magic and concealed arts.

**VALDES.** Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,  
Shall make all nations to canonize us.  
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,  
So shall the spirits 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 have the white breasts of the queen of love:  
From 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,  
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,  
Hath all the principles magic doth require:

Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,  
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 wrecks,  
Yea, 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, shew me some demonstrations magical,  
That I may conjure in some bushy grove,  
And have these joys in full possession.

**VALDES.** Then haste thee to some solitary grove,  
And bear wise Bacon's and Albertus' 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 learn'd,  
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 canvass 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 WAGNER.*

**WAGNER.** God in heaven knows, that follows not by force of argument, which  
you,  
being licentiates, should stand upon: therefore acknowledge  
your  
error, and be attentive. You are deceived, for I will tell you: yet, if you were  
not dunces, you would never ask me such a question; for is he not  
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 but to see you both hanged at  
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, would  
inform your worships: and so, the Lord bless you, preserve you,  
and keep you, my dear brethren!

*[Exit.]*

*Enter FAUSTUS.*

**FAUSTUS.** Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,  
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,  
Leaps from th' antartic 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 pray'd and sacrific'd to them.  
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,  
Forward and backward anagrammatiz'd,  
Th' abbreviated names of holy saints,  
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,  
And characters of signs and erring stars,  
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:  
Then fear not, Faustus, to be resolute,  
And try the utmost magic can perform.

**Sint mihi dii Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovoe!  
Ignei, aerii, aquatani spiritus, salvete! Orientis princeps  
Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus  
vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis Dragon, quod tumeraris:  
per Jehovam, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo,  
signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc  
surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!**

*Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.*

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.  
I see there's virtue in my heavenly words.  
Who would not be proficient in this art?  
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,  
Full of obedience and humility!  
Such is the force of magic and my spells.

**MEPHIST.** 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.

**MEPHIST.** 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?

**MEPHIST.** No, I came hither of mine own accord.

**FAUSTUS.** Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? speak!

**MEPHIST.** That was the cause, but yet per accidens;  
For, when we hear one rack the name of God,  
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour 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 damn'd.  
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring  
Is stoutly to abjure all godliness,  
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.

**FAUSTUS.** So Faustus hath  
Already done; and holds this principle,  
There is no chief but only Belzebub;  
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.  
This word "damnation" terrifies not me,  
For I confound hell in Elysium:  
My ghost be with the old philosophers!  
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,  
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

**MEPHIST.** Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

**FAUSTUS.** Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

**MEPHIST.** Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

**FAUSTUS.** How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils?

**MEPHIST.** 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?

**MEPHIST.** Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,  
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,  
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

**FAUSTUS.** Where are you damn'd?

**MEPHIST.** In hell.

**FAUSTUS.** How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell?

**MEPHIST.** Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it:  
Think'st thou that I, that saw the face of God,  
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,  
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,  
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?  
O, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,  
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!

**FAUSTUS.** What, is great Mephistophilis 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 these tidings to great Lucifer:  
Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death  
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,  
Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,  
So he will spare him four and twenty hours,  
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 to 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.

**MEPHIST.** I will, Faustus.

*[Exit MEPHIST.]*

**FAUSTUS.** Had I as many souls as there be stars,  
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.  
By him I'll be great emperor of the world,  
And make a bridge thorough the moving air,  
To pass the ocean with a band of men;



I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,  
And make that country continent to Spain,  
And both contributory to my crown:  
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,  
Nor any potentate of Germany.  
Now that I have obtain'd what I desir'd,  
I'll live in speculation of this art,  
Till Mephistophilis return again.

*[Exit FAUSTUS]*

*Enter WAGNER and DICK.*

**WAGNER.** Come hither, sirrah boy.

**DICK.** Boy! O, disgrace to my person! zounds, boy in your face!  
You have seen many boys with beards, I am sure.

**WAGNER.** Sirrah, hast thou no comings in?

**DICK.** Yes, and goings out too, you may see, sir.

**WAGNER.** Alas, poor slave! see how poverty jests in his nakedness!  
I know the villain's 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.

**DICK.** Not so neither: I had need to have it well roasted, and  
good sauce to it, if I pay so dear, I can tell you.

**WAGNER.** Sirrah, wilt thou be my man, and wait on me, and I will  
make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus?*

**DICK.** What, in verse?

**WAGNER.** No, slave; in beaten silk and staves-acre.

**DICK.** Staves-acre! that's good to kill vermin: then, belike,  
if I serve you, I shall be lousy.

**WAGNER.** Why, so thou shalt be, whether thou dost it or no; for,  
sirrah, if thou dost not presently bind thyself to me for seven  
years, I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and make  
them tear thee in pieces.

**DICK.** Nay, sir, you may save yourself a labour, for they  
are as familiar with me as if they paid for their meat and drink,  
I can tell you.

**WAGNER.** Well, sirrah, leave your jesting, and take these guilders.

**DICK.** Yes, marry, sir; and I thank you too.

**WAGNER.** So, now thou art to be at an hour's warning, whensoever and wheresoever the devil shall fetch thee.

**DICK.** Here, take your guilders again; I'll none of 'em.

**WAGNER.** Not I; thou art pressed: prepare thyself, or I will presently raise up two devils to carry thee away.--Banio! Belcher!

**DICK.** Belcher! an Belcher come here, I'll belch him: I am not afraid of a devil.

*Enter two DEVILS.*

**WAGNER.** How now, sir! will you serve me now?

**DICK.** Ay, good Wagner; take away the devils, then.

**WAGNER.** Spirits, away!

*[Exeunt DEVILS.]*

Now, sirrah, follow me.

**DICK.** I will, sir: but hark you, master; will you teach me this conjuring occupation?

**WAGNER.** Ay, sirrah, I'll teach thee to turn thyself to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or any thing.

**DICK.** A dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat!  
O, brave, Wagner!

**WAGNER.** Villain, call me Master Wagner, and see that you walk attentively, and let your right eye be always diametrically fixed upon my left heel, that thou mayst quasi vestigiis nostris insistere.

**DICK.** Well, sir, I warrant you.

*[Exeunt.]*

*FAUSTUS discovered in his study.*

**FAUSTUS.** Now, Faustus,  
Must thou needs be damn'd, canst thou not be sav'd.  
What boots it, then, to think on God or  
heaven?

**EVIL ANGEL.** Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art.

**FAUSTUS.** Away with such vain fancies, and despair;

**GOOD ANGEL.** Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

**FAUSTUS.** Contrition, prayer, repentance--what of these?

**GOOD ANGEL.** O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

**FAUSTUS.** Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:  
Now, go not backward, Faustus; be resolute:  
Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in mine ear,  
"Abjure this magic, turn to God  
again!"

**EVIL ANGEL.** Rather illusions, fruits of  
lunacy,  
That make men foolish that do use them  
most.

**FAUSTUS.** Why, he loves thee not;  
The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,  
Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub:  
To him I'll build an altar and a church,  
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

**GOOD ANGEL.** Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

**EVIL ANGEL.** No, Faustus; think of honour and of wealth.

**FAUSTUS.** Wealth!  
Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine.  
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,  
What power can hurt me? Faustus, thou art safe:  
Cast no more doubts.--Mephistophilis, come,  
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;--  
Is't not midnight?--come Mephistophilis,  
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;--  
Is't not midnight?--come Mephistophilis,  
Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

*Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.*

Now tell me what saith Lucifer, thy lord?

**MEPHIST.** That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,  
So he will buy my service with his soul.

**FAUSTUS.** Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

**MEPHIST.** But now thou must bequeath it solemnly,  
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;  
For that security craves Lucifer.  
If thou deny it, I must back to hell.

**FAUSTUS.** Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good will my  
soul do thy lord?

**MEPHIST.** Enlarge his kingdom.

**FAUSTUS.** Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

**MEPHIST.** Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

**FAUSTUS.** Why, have you any pain that torture others?

**MEPHIST.** 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, Mephistophilis, I'll give it thee.

**MEPHIST.** Then, Faustus, 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.** [Stabbing his arm] Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,  
Faustus hath cut his arm, and with his proper blood  
Assures his soul to be great Lucifer's,  
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!  
View here this blood that trickles from mine arm,  
And let it be propitious for my wish.

**MEPHIST.** But, Faustus,  
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

**FAUSTUS.** [Writing] Ay, so I do. But, Mephistophilis,  
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

**MEPHIST.** I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight.

*[Exit MEPHIST.]*

**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:** O, there it stay'd!  
Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul thine own?  
Then write again, **FAUSTUS GIVES TO THEE HIS SOUL.**

*Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with the chafer of fire.*

**MEPHIST.** See, Faustus, here is fire; set it on.

**FAUSTUS.** So, now the blood begins to clear again;  
Now will I make an end immediately.

*[Writes.]*

**MEPHIST.** *[Aside.]* What will not I do to obtain his soul?

**FAUSTUS.** Consummatum est; this bill is ended,  
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer.  
But what is this inscription on mine arm?  
Homo, fuge: whither should I fly?  
If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.  
My senses are deceiv'd; here's nothing writ:--  
O, yes, I see it plain; even here is writ,  
Homo, fuge: yet shall not Faustus fly.

**MEPHIST.** I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.

*[Aside, and then exit.]*

*Enter DEVILS led by MEPHIST, "can-can" giving crowns and rich apparel to FAUSTUS.  
They dance, and then depart.*

**FAUSTUS.** Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,  
A deed of gift of body and of soul:  
But yet conditionally that thou perform  
All covenants and articles between us both!

**MEPHIST.** Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer  
To effect all promises between us both!

**FAUSTUS.** Then hear me read it, Mephistophilis.

*[Reads.]*

ON THESE CONDITIONS FOLLOWING. FIRST, THAT FAUSTUS MAY BE A SPIRIT IN FORM AND SUBSTANCE. SECONDLY, THAT MEPHISTOPHILIS SHALL BE HIS SERVANT, AND BE BY HIM COMMANDED. THIRDLY, THAT MEPHISTOPHILIS SHALL DO FOR HIM, AND BRING HIM WHATSOEVER HE DESIRES. 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 SHAPE AND FORM SOEVER HE PLEASE. I, JOHN FAUSTUS, OF WITTENBERG, DOCTOR, BY THESE PRESENTS, DO GIVE BOTH BODY AND SOUL TO LUCIFER PRINCE OF THE EAST, AND HIS MINISTER MEPHISTOPHILIS; AND FURTHERMORE GRANT UNTO THEM, THAT, FOUR-AND-TWENTY HOURS BEING EXPIRED, AND THESE ARTICLES ABOVE-WRITTEN BEING INVIOLETE, FULL POWER TO FETCH OR CARRY THE SAID JOHN FAUSTUS, BODY AND SOUL, FLESH AND BLOOD, INTO THEIR HABITATION WHERESOEVER. BY ME, JOHN FAUSTUS.

**MEPHIST.** Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

**FAUSTUS.** Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good of it!

**MEPHIST.** So, now, Faustus, ask me what thou wilt.

**FAUSTUS.** First I will question with thee about hell.  
Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

**MEPHIST.** Under the heavens.

**FAUSTUS.** Ay, so are all things else; but whereabouts?

**MEPHIST.** Within the bowels of these elements,  
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever:  
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd  
In one self-place; but where we are is hell,  
And where hell is, there must we ever be:  
And, to be short, when all the world dissolves,  
And every creature shall be purified,  
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

**FAUSTUS.** I think hell's a fable.

**MEPHIST.** Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

**FAUSTUS.** Why, dost thou think that Faustus shall be damn'd?

**MEPHIST.** Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll  
In which thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

**FAUSTUS.** Ay, and body too; and what of that?  
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine  
That, after this life, there is any pain?  
No, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.

**MEPHIST.** But I am an instance to prove the contrary,  
For I tell thee I am damn'd and now in hell.

**FAUSTUS.** Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd:  
What! sleeping, eating, walking, and disputing!  
But, leaving this, let me have a wife,  
The fairest maid in Germany;  
For I am wanton and lascivious,  
And cannot live without a wife.

**MEPHIST.** Well, Faustus, thou shalt have a wife.

*[MEPHISTOPHILIS fetches in a WOMAN-DEVIL.]*

**FAUSTUS.** What sight is this?

**MEPHIST.** Now, Faustus, wilt thou have a wife?

**FAUSTUS.** Here's a hot whore, indeed: no, I'll no wife.

**MEPHIST.** Marriage is but a ceremonial toy,  
And, if thou lov'st me, think no more of it.  
I'll cull thee out the fairest courtezans,  
And bring them every morning to thy bed:  
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,  
Were she as chaste as was Penelope,  
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful  
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.  
Here, take this book, peruse it well:  
The iterating of these lines brings gold;  
The framing of this circle on the ground  
Brings thunder, whirlwinds, storm, and lightning;  
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,  
And men in harness shall appear to thee,  
Ready to execute what thou command'st.

**FAUSTUS.** Thanks, Mephistophilis, for this sweet book:  
This will I keep as chary as my life.

**FAUSTUS.** When I behold the heavens, then I repent,  
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,  
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.

**MEPHIST.** 'Twas thine own seeking, Faustus; thank thyself.  
But, think'st thou heaven is such a glorious thing?  
I tell thee, Faustus, it is not half so fair  
As thou, or any man that breathes on earth.

**FAUSTUS.** How prov'st thou that?

**MEPHIST.** 'Twas made for man; then he's more excellent.

**FAUSTUS.** If heaven was 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;  
Yea, God will pity me, if I repent.

**EVIL ANGEL.** Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

**FAUSTUS.** My heart is harden'd, I cannot repent;  
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven:  
Swords, poisons, halters, and envenom'd steel  
Are laid before me to despatch myself;  
And long ere this I should have done the deed,  
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.  
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me  
Of Alexander's love and Oenon's death?  
And hath not he, that built the walls of Thebes  
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,  
Made music with my Mephistophilis?  
Why should I die, then, or basely despair?  
I am resolv'd; Faustus shall not repent.--  
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,  
And reason of divine astrology.  
Speak, are there many spheres above the moon?  
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,  
As is the substance of this centric earth?



**MEPHIST.** As are the elements, such are the heavens,  
Even from the moon unto th' empyreal orb,  
Mutually folded in each other's spheres,  
And jointly move upon one axletree,  
Whose termine is term'd the world's wide pole;  
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter  
Feign'd, but are erring stars.

**FAUSTUS.** Well, I am answered. Now tell me who made the world?

**MEPHIST.** I will not.

**FAUSTUS.** Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

**MEPHIST.** Move me not, Faustus.

**FAUSTUS.** Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me any thing?

**MEPHIST.** Ay, that is not against our kingdom; this is.  
Thou art damned; think thou of hell.

**FAUSTUS.** Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

**MEPHIST.** Remember this.  
[Exit.]

**FAUSTUS.** Ay, go, accursed spirit, to ugly hell! 'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus'  
soul. Is't not too late?

**EVIL ANGEL.** Too late.

**GOOD ANGEL.** Never too late, if Faustus will repent.

**EVIL ANGEL.** If thou repent, devils will tear thee in pieces.

**GOOD ANGEL.** Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin.

*[Exeunt ANGELS.]*

**FAUSTUS.** O Christ, my Saviour, my Saviour  
Help to save distressed Faustus' soul!

*Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.*

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

**FAUSTUS.** O, what art thou that look'st so terribly?

**LUCIFER.** I am Lucifer,  
And this is my companion-prince in hell.

**FAUSTUS.** O Faustus, they are come to fetch thy soul!

**BELZEBUB.** We are come to tell thee thou dost injure us.

**LUCIFER.** Thou call'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise.

**BELZEBUB.** Thou shouldst not think on God.

**LUCIFER.** Think of the devil.

**BELZEBUB.** And his dam too.

**FAUSTUS.** Nor will Faustus henceforth: pardon him for this,  
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven.

**LUCIFER.** So shalt thou shew thyself an obedient servant,  
And we will highly gratify thee for it.

**BELZEBUB.** Faustus, we are come from hell in person to shew thee  
some pastime: sit down, and thou shalt behold the Seven Deadly  
Sins appear to thee in their own proper shapes and likeness.

**FAUSTUS.** That sight will be as pleasant unto me,  
As Paradise was to Adam the first day  
Of his creation.

**LUCIFER.** Talk not of Paradise or creation; but mark the show.--  
Go, Mephistophilis, and fetch them in.

*MEPHISTOPHILIS brings in the SEVEN DEADLY SINS.*

**BELZEBUB.** Now, Faustus, question them of their names and  
dispositions.

**FAUSTUS.** That shall I soon.--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 perriwig, I sit upon her brow; next, like a necklace, I hang  
about her neck; then, like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips;  
and then, turning myself to a wrought smock, do what I list.  
But, fie, what a smell is here! I'll not speak a word more for  
a king's ransom, unless the ground be perfumed, and covered with

cloth of arras.

**FAUSTUS.** Thou art a proud knave, indeed.--What art thou, the second?

**COVETOUSNESS.** I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl, in a leather bag: and, might I now obtain my wish, this house, you, and all, should turn to gold, that I might lock you safe into my chest: O my sweet gold!

**FAUSTUS.** And what art thou, the third?

**ENVY.** I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books burned. I am lean with seeing others eat. O, that there would come a famine over all the world, that all might die, and I live alone! then thou shouldst see how fat I'd be. But must thou sit, and I stand? come down, with a vengeance!

**FAUSTUS.** Out, envious wretch!--But what art thou, the fourth?

**WRATH.** I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce an hour old; and ever since have run up and down the world with this case of rapiers, wounding myself when I could get none to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

**FAUSTUS.** And what art thou, the fifth?

**GLUTTONY.** I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a small pension, and that buys me thirty meals a-day and ten bevers,--a small trifle to suffice nature. I come of a royal pedigree: my father was a Gammon of Bacon, my mother was a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickled-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef; but my godmother, O, she was an ancient gentlewoman; her name was Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny; wilt thou bid me to supper?

**FAUSTUS.** Not I.

**GLUTTONY.** Then the devil choke thee!

**FAUSTUS.** Choke thyself, glutton!--What art thou, the sixth?

**SLOTH.** Heigho! I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank. Heigho! I'll not speak a word more for a king's ransom.

**FAUSTUS.** And what are you, Mistress Minx, 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 L.

**LUCIFER.** Away to hell, away!

*[Exeunt the SINS.]*

**FAUSTUS.** O, how this sight doth delight my soul!

**LUCIFER.** Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

**FAUSTUS.** O, might I see hell, and return again safe,  
How happy were I then!

**LUCIFER.** Faustus, thou shalt; at midnight I will send for thee.  
Meanwhile peruse this book and view it thoroughly,  
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

**FAUSTUS.** Thanks, mighty Lucifer!  
This will I keep as chary as my life.

**LUCIFER.** Now, Faustus, farewell.

**FAUSTUS.** Farewell, great Lucifer.

*[Exeunt LUCIFER and BELZEBUB.]*

Come, Mephistophilis.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter ROBIN, with a book.*

**ROBIN.** What, Dick! look to the horses there, till I come again.  
I have gotten one of Doctor Faustus' conjuring-books; and now  
we'll have such knavery as't passes.

*Enter DICK.*

**DICK.** What, Robin! you must come away and walk the horses.

**ROBIN.** I walk the horses! I scorn't, faith: I have other  
matters in hand: let the horses walk themselves, an they will.--

*[Reads.]*

A per se, a; t, h, e, the; o per se, o; Demy orgon gorgon.--

Keep further from me, O thou illiterate and unlearned hostler!

**DICK.** 'Snails, what hast thou got there? a book! why, thou canst not tell ne'er a word on't.

**ROBIN.** That thou shalt see presently: keep out of the circle, I say, lest I send you into the ostry with a vengeance.

**DICK.** That's like, faith! you had best leave your foolery; for, an my master come, he'll conjure you, faith.

**ROBIN.** My master conjure me! I'll tell thee what; an my master come here, I'll clap as fair a pair of horns on's head as e'er thou sawest in thy life.

**DICK.** Thou need'st not do that, for my mistress hath done it.

**ROBIN.** Ay, there be of us here that have waded as deep into matters as other men, if they were disposed to talk.

**DICK.** A plague take you! I thought you did not sneak up and down after her for nothing. But, I prithee, tell me in good sadness, Robin, is that a conjuring-book?

**ROBIN.** Do but speak what thou'lt have me to do, and I'll do't: if thou'lt dance naked, put off thy clothes, and I'll conjure thee about presently; or, if thou'lt go but to the tavern with me, I'll give thee white wine, red wine, claret-wine, sack, muscadine, malmsey, and whippincrust, hold, belly, hold; and we'll not pay one penny for it.

**DICK.** O, brave! Prithee, let's to it presently, for I am as dry as a dog.

**ROBIN.** Come, then, let's away.

*[Exeunt.]*

INTERMISSION

*Enter CHORUS.*

**CHORUS 1.** Learned Faustus,  
To find the secrets of astronomy  
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,  
Did mount him up to scale Olympus' top;

**CHORUS 2.** Where, sitting in a chariot burning bright,  
Drawn by the strength of yoked dragons' necks,  
He views the clouds, the planets, and the stars,  
The tropic zones, and quarters of the sky,  
From the bright circle of the horned moon  
Even to the height of Primum Mobile;

**CHORUS 3.** And, whirling round with this circumference,  
Within the concave compass of the pole,  
From east to west his dragons swiftly glide,  
And in eight days did bring him home again.

**CHORUS 4.** Not long he stay'd within his quiet house,  
To rest his bones after his weary toil;

**CHORUS 5.** But new exploits do hale him out again:  
And, mounted then upon a dragon's back,  
That with his wings did part the subtle air,  
He now is gone to prove cosmography,

**CHORUS 1.** That measures coasts and kingdoms of the earth;  
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,

**CHORUS 2.** To see the Pope and manner of his court,  
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,  
The which this day is highly solemniz'd.

*[Exit.]*

*Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.*

**FAUSTUS.** 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?

**MEPHIST.** I have, my Faustus; and, for proof thereof,  
This is the goodly palace of the Pope;  
And, 'cause we are no common guests,  
I choose his privy-chamber for our use.

**FAUSTUS.** I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

**MEPHIST.** All's one, for we'll be bold with his venison.

**FAUSTUS.** Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule,  
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake  
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear

That I do long to see the monuments  
And situation of bright-splendent Rome:  
Come, therefore, let's away.

**MEPHIST.** Nay, stay, my Faustus: I know you'd see the Pope,  
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,  
The which, in state and high solemnity,  
This day, is held through Rome and Italy,  
In honour of the Pope's triumphant victory.

**FAUSTUS.** Sweet Mephistophilis, thou pleasest me.  
Whilst I am here on earth, let me be cloy'd  
With all things that delight the heart of man:  
My four-and-twenty hours of liberty  
I'll spend in pleasure and in dalliance,  
That Faustus' name, whilst this bright frame doth stand,  
May be admir'd thorough the furthest land.

**MEPHIST.** 'Tis well said, Faustus. Come, then, stand by me,  
And thou shalt see them come immediately.

**FAUSTUS.** My gentle Mephistophilis,  
Thou know'st, within the compass of eight hours  
We view'd the face of heaven, of earth, and hell;  
So high our dragons soar'd into the air,  
That, looking down, the earth appear'd to me  
No bigger than my hand in quantity;  
There did we view the kingdoms of the world,  
And what might please mine eye I there beheld.  
Then in this show let me an actor be,  
That this proud Pope may Faustus' cunning see.

**MEPHIST.** Let it be so, my Faustus.  
View their triumphs as they pass this way;  
And then devise what best contents thy mind,  
and I'll perform it, Faustus. Hark! they come:  
This day shall make thee be admir'd in Rome.

*POPE, RAYMOND king of Hungary, the ARCHBISHOP  
OF RHEIMS, BRUNO led in chains, and ATTENDANTS.*

**POPE.** Cast down our footstool.

**RAYMOND.** Saxon Bruno, stoop,  
Whilst on thy back his Holiness ascends  
Saint Peter's chair and state pontifical.

**BRUNO.** Proud Lucifer, that state belongs to me;  
But thus I fall to Peter, not to thee.

**POPE.** To me and Peter shalt thou grovelling lie,  
And crouch before the Papal dignity.--  
Sound trumpets, then; for thus Saint Peter's heir,  
From Bruno's back, ascends Saint Peter's chair.  
[A flourish while he ascends.]  
Lord Cardinals of France and Padua,  
Go forthwith to our holy consistory,  
And read, amongst the statutes decretal,  
The sacred synod hath decreed for him  
That doth assume the Papal government  
Without election and a true consent:  
Away, and bring us word with speed.

**CARDINAL OF FRANCE.** We go, my lord.

**CARDINAL OF PADUA.** Si.

*[Exeunt CARDINALS of France and Padua.]*

**POPE.** Lord Raymond.

*[They converse in dumb show.]*

**FAUSTUS.** Go, haste thee, gentle Mephistophilis,  
Follow the cardinals to the consistory;  
And, as they turn their superstitious books,  
Strike them with sloth and drowsy idleness,  
And make them sleep so sound, that in their shapes  
Thyself and I may parley with this Pope,  
This proud confronter of the Emperor;  
And, in despite of all his holiness,  
Restore this Bruno to his liberty,  
And bear him to the states of Germany.

**MEPHIST.** Faustus, I go.

**FAUSTUS.** The Pope shall curse, that Faustus came to Rome.

**BRUNO.** Pope Adrian, let me have right of law:  
I was elected by the Emperor.

**POPE.** We will depose the Emperor for that deed,  
And curse the people that submit to him:  
Both he and thou shall stand excommunicate,  
And interdict from church's privilege



And all society of holy men.  
He grows too proud in his authority,  
Lifting his lofty head above the clouds,  
And, like a steeple, overpeers the church:  
But we'll pull down his haughty insolence;  
And, by authority apostolical,  
Depose him from his regal government.

**BRUNO.** Pope Julius swore to princely Sigismond,  
For him and the succeeding Popes of Rome,  
To hold the Emperors their lawful lords.

**POPE.** Pope Julius did abuse the church's rights,  
And therefore none of his decrees can stand.  
Is not all power on earth bestow'd on us?  
And therefore, though we would, we cannot err.  
Behold this silver belt, whereto is fix'd  
Seven golden seals, fast sealed with seven seals,  
In token of our seven-fold power from heaven,  
To bind or loose, lock fast, condemn or judge,  
Resign or seal, or what so pleaseth us:  
Then he and thou, and all the world, shall stoop,  
Or be assured of our dreadful curse,  
To light as heavy as the pains of hell.

*Re-enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS, in the shapes of the  
CARDINALS of France and Padua.*

**MEPHIST.** Now tell me, Faustus, are we not fitted well?

**FAUSTUS.** Yes, Mephistophilis; and two such cardinals  
Ne'er serv'd a holy Pope as we shall do.  
But, whilst they sleep within the consistory,  
Let us salute his reverend fatherhood.

**RAYMOND.** Behold, my lord, the Cardinals are return'd.

**POPE.** Welcome, grave fathers: answer presently  
What hath our holy council there decreed  
Concerning Bruno and the Emperor,  
In quittance of their late conspiracy  
Against our state and papal dignity?

**FAUSTUS.** Most sacred patron of the church of Rome,  
By full consent of all the synod  
Of priests and prelates, it is thus decreed,--  
That Bruno and the German Emperor  
Be held as Lollards and bold schismatics,

And proud disturbers of the church's peace;  
And if that Bruno, by his own assent,  
Without enforcement of the German peers,  
Did seek to wear the triple diadem,  
And by your death to climb Saint Peter's chair,  
The statutes decretal have thus decreed,--  
He shall be straight condemn'd of heresy,  
And on a pile of faggots burnt to death.

**POPE.** It is enough. Here, take him to your charge,  
And bear him straight to Ponte Angelo,  
And in the strongest tower enclose him fast.  
To-morrow, sitting in our consistory,  
With all our college of grave cardinals,  
We will determine of his life or death.  
Here, take his triple crown along with you,  
And leave it in the church's treasury.  
Make haste again, my good Lord Cardinals,  
And take our blessing apostolical.

**MEPHIST.** So, so; was never devil thus bless'd before.

**FAUSTUS.** Away, sweet Mephistophilis, be gone;  
The Cardinals will be plagu'd for this anon.

*[Exeunt FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS with BRUNO.]*

**POPE.** Go presently and bring a banquet forth,  
That we may solemnize Saint Peter's feast,  
And with Lord Raymond, King of Hungary,  
Drink to our late and happy victory.

*FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS in their own shapes.*

**MEPHIST.** Now, Faustus, come, prepare thyself for mirth:  
The sleepy Cardinals are hard at hand,  
To censure Bruno, that is posted hence,  
And on a proud-pac'd steed, as swift as thought,  
Flies o'er the Alps to fruitful Germany,  
There to salute the woful Emperor.

**FAUSTUS.** The Pope will curse them for their sloth to-day,  
That slept both Bruno and his crown away.  
But now, that Faustus may delight his mind,  
And by their folly make some merriment,  
Sweet Mephistophilis, so charm me here,  
That I may walk invisible to all,

And do whate'er I please, unseen of any.

**MEPHIST.** Faustus, thou shalt: then kneel down presently,  
Whilst on thy head I lay my hand,  
And charm thee with this magic wand.  
First, wear this girdle; then appear  
Invisible to all are here:  
The planets seven, the gloomy air,  
Hell, and the Furies' forked hair,  
Pluto's blue fire, and Hecat's tree,  
With magic spells so compass thee,  
That no eye may thy body see!  
So, Faustus, now, for all their holiness,  
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

**FAUSTUS.** Thanks, Mephistophilis.--Now, friars, take heed,  
Lest Faustus make your shaven crowns to bleed.

**MEPHIST.** Faustus, no more: see, where the Cardinals come!

*Re-enter the CARDINALS of France and Padua with a book.*

**POPE.** Welcome, Lord Cardinals; come, sit down.--  
Lord Raymond, take your seat.--Friars, attend,  
And see that all things be in readiness,  
As best beseems this solemn festival.

**CARDINAL OF FRANCE.** First, may it please your sacred Holiness  
To view the sentence of the reverend synod  
Concerning Bruno and the Emperor?

**CARDINAL OF PADUA.** Si.

**POPE.** What needs this question? did I not tell you,  
To-morrow we would sit i' the consistory,  
And there determine of his punishment?  
You brought us word even now, it was decreed  
That Bruno and the cursed Emperor  
Were by the holy council both condemn'd  
For loathed Lollards and base schismatics:  
Then wherefore would you have me view that book?

**CARDINAL OF FRANCE.** Your grace mistakes; you gave us no such charge.

**CARDINAL OF PADUA.** Si.

**RAYMOND.** Deny it not; we all are witnesses  
That Bruno here was late deliver'd you,  
With his rich triple crown to be reserv'd  
And put into the church's treasury.

**CARDINAL OF FRANCE.** By holy Paul, we saw them not!

**CARDINAL OF PADUA.** Si.

**POPE.** By Peter, you shall die,  
Unless you bring them forth immediately!--  
Hale them to prison, lade their limbs with gyves.--  
False prelates, for this hateful treachery  
Curs'd be your souls to hellish misery!

*[Exeunt Cardinals]*

**FAUSTUS.** So, they are safe. Now, Faustus, to the feast:  
The Pope had never such a frolic guest.

**POPE.** Lord Archbishop of Rheims, sit down with us.

**ARCHBISHOP.** I thank your Holiness.

**FAUSTUS.** Fall to; the devil choke you, an you spare!

**POPE.** Who is that spoke?--Friar, look about.--  
Lord Raymond, pray, fall to. I am beholding  
To the Bishop of Milan for this so rare a present.

**FAUSTUS.** I thank you, sir.  
*[Snatches the dish.]*

**POPE.** How now! who snatch'd the meat from me?  
Villains, why speak you not?--  
My good Lord Archbishop, here's a most dainty dish  
Was sent me from a cardinal in France.

**FAUSTUS.** I'll have that too.  
*[Snatches the dish.]*

**POPE.** What Lollards do attend our holiness,  
That we receive such great indignity?  
Fetch me some wine.

**FAUSTUS.** Ay, pray, do, for Faustus is a-dry.

**POPE.** Lord Raymond,  
I drink unto your grace.

**FAUSTUS.** I pledge your grace.  
*[Snatches the cup.]*

**POPE.** My wine gone too!--Ye lubbers, look about,  
And find the man that doth this villany,  
Or, by our sanctitude, you all shall die!--  
I pray, my lords, have patience at this  
Troublesome banquet.

**ARCHBISHOP.** Please it your Holiness, I think it be some ghost  
crept out of Purgatory, and now is come unto your Holiness for his  
pardon.

**POPE.** It may be so.--  
I command our priests to sing a dirge,  
To lay the fury of this same troublesome ghost.

*[The POPE crosses himself. All Attendants cross themselves.]*

**FAUSTUS.** How now! must every bit be spic'd with a cross?--  
Nay, then, take that.  
*[Strikes the POPE.]*

**POPE.** O, I am slain!--Help me, my lords!  
O, come and help to bear my body hence!--  
Damn'd be his soul for ever for this deed!

*[Exeunt all except FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.]*

**MEPHIST.** Now, Faustus, what will you do now? for I can tell you  
you'll be cursed with bell, book, and candle.

**FAUSTUS.** Bell, book, and candle,--candle, book, and bell,--  
Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell!

*Re-enter the FRIARS, with bell, book, and candle, for the  
Dirge.*

**FRIAR.** Come, brethren, lets about our business with good  
devotion.

**ALL.** CURSED BE HE THAT STOLE HIS HOLINESS' MEAT FROM THE TABLE!  
Maledicat Dominus!

**ALL.** CURSED BE HE THAT STRUCK HIS HOLINESS A BLOW ON THE FACE! Maledicat Dominus!

**ALL.** CURSED BE HE THAT STRUCK FRIAR SANDELO A BLOW ON THE PATE! Maledicat Dominus!

**ALL.** CURSED BE HE THAT DISTURBETH OUR HOLY DIRGE! Maledicat Dominus!

**ALL.** CURSED BE HE THAT TOOK AWAY HIS HOLINESS' WINE! Maledicat Dominus!

*[MEPHISTOPHILIS and FAUSTUS beat the FRIARS.]*

*Enter ROBIN and DICK with a cup and a giant dildo.*

**DICK.** Sirrah Robin, we were best look that your devil can answer the stealing of this same cup, for the Vintner's girl follows us at the hard heels.

**ROBIN.** 'Tis no matter; let her come: an she follow us, I'll so conjure him as he was never conjured in his life, I warrant him. Let me see the cup.

**DICK.** Here 'tis.

*[Gives the cup to ROBIN.]*

Yonder she comes: now, Robin, now or never shew thy cunning.

*Enter VINTNER.*

**VINTNER.** O, are you here? I am glad I have found you. You are a couple of fine companions: pray, where's the cup you stole from the tavern?

**ROBIN.** How, how! we steal a cup! take heed what you say: we look not like cup-stealers, I can tell you.

**VINTNER.** Never deny't, for I know you have it; and I'll search you.

**ROBIN.** Search me! ay, and spare not.  
--Hold the cup, Dick *[Aside to DICK, giving him the cup].*--  
Come, come, search me, search me.

*[VINTNER searches him.]*

**VINTNER.** Come on, sirrah, let me search you now.

**DICK.** Ay, ay, do, do.

--Hold the cup, Robin [*Aside to ROBIN, giving him the cup*].--

I fear not your searching: we scorn to steal your cups,  
I can tell you.

[*VINTNER searches him.*]

**VINTNER.** Never out-face me for the matter; for, sure, the cup  
is between you two.

**ROBIN.** Nay, there you lie; 'tis beyond us both.

**VINTNER.** A plague take you! I thought 'twas your knavery to take  
it away: come, give it me again.

**ROBIN.** Ay, much! when, can you tell?--Dick, make me a circle,  
and stand close at my back, and stir not for thy life.--Vintner,  
you shall have your cup anon.--Say nothing, Dick.--[*Reads from  
a book*] O per se, O; Demogorgon; Belcher, and Mephistophilis!

*Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.*

**MEPHIST.** You princely legions of infernal rule,  
How am I vexed by these villains' charms!  
>From Constantinople have they brought me now,  
Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.

[*Exit VINTNER.*]

**ROBIN.** By lady, sir, you have had a shrewd journey of it!  
will it please you to take a shoulder of mutton to supper,  
and a tester in your purse, and go back again?

**DICK.** Ay, I pray you heartily, sir; for we called you but in jest,  
I promise you.

**MEPHIST.** To purge the rashness of this cursed deed,  
First, be thou turned to this ugly shape,  
For apish deeds transformed to an ape.

**ROBIN.** O, brave! an ape! I pray, sir, let me have the carrying  
of him about, to shew some tricks.

**MEPHIST.** And so thou shalt: be thou transformed to a dog, and  
carry him upon thy back. Away! be gone!

**ROBIN.** A dog! that's excellent: let the maids look well to their  
porridge-pots, for I'll into the kitchen presently.--Come, Dick,

come.

*[Exeunt ROBIN and DICK.]*

**MEPHIST.** Now with the flames of ever-burning fire  
I'll wing myself, and forthwith fly amain  
Unto my Faustus, to the Great Turk's court.

*[Exit.]*

*FAUSTUS ON STAGE*

*Enter WAGNER.*

**FAUSTUS.** How now, Wagner! what news with thee?

**WAGNER.** If it please you, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly  
entreat your company, and hath sent some of his men to attend  
you, with provision fit for your journey.

**FAUSTUS.** The Duke of Vanholt's an honourable gentleman, and one  
to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning. Come, away!

*Enter the DUKE OF VANHOLT, his DUCHESS, FAUSTUS, MEPHISTOPHILIS,  
and ATTENDANTS.*

**DUKE.** Thanks, Master Doctor, for these pleasant sights; nor know  
I how sufficiently to recompense your great deserts in erecting  
that enchanted castle in the air, the sight whereof so  
delighted me as nothing in the world could please me more.

**FAUSTUS.** I do think myself, my good lord, highly recompensed in  
that it pleaseth your grace to think but well of that which  
Faustus hath performed.--But, gracious lady, it may be that you  
have taken no pleasure in those sights; therefore, I pray you  
tell me, what is the thing you most desire to have; be it in the  
world, it shall be yours: I have heard that great-bellied women  
do long for things are rare and dainty.

**DUCHESS.** True, Master Doctor; and, since I find you so kind,  
I will make known unto you what my heart desires to have; and,  
were it now summer, as it is January, a dead time of the winter,  
I would request no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

**FAUSTUS.** This is but a small matter.--Go, Mephistophilis; away!

Madam, I will do more than this for your content.

*MEPHISTOPHILIS throws grapes to WAGNER.*



Here now, taste you these: they should be good, for they come from a far country, I can tell you.

**DUKE.** This makes me wonder more than all the rest, that at this time of the year, when every tree is barren of his fruit, from whence you had these ripe grapes.

**FAUSTUS.** Please it your grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world; so that, when it is winter with us, in the contrary circle it is likewise summer with them, as in India, Saba, and such countries that lie far east, where they have fruit twice a-year; from whence, by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had these grapes brought, as you see.

**DUCHESS.** And, trust me, they are the sweetest grapes that e'er I tasted.

*EXIT ALL*

**WAGNER.** I think my master means to die shortly; he has made his will, and given me his wealth, his house, his goods, and store of golden plate, besides two thousand ducats ready-coined. I wonder what he means: if death were nigh, he would not frolic thus. He's now at supper with the scholars, where there's such belly-cheer as Wagner in his life ne'er saw the like: and, see where they come! belike the feast is ended.

*[Exit.]*

**CHORUS 1.** Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifulest 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 so much favour 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 unfeign'd,  
It is not Faustus' custom to deny  
The just request of those that wish him well:  
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,  
No otherwise for pomp or majesty  
Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,  
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.  
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

*Music sounds. MEPHISTOPHILIS brings in HELEN.*

**CHORUS 2.** Was this fair Helen, whose admired worth  
Made Greece with ten years' war afflict poor Troy?

**CHORUS 3.** Too simple is my wit to tell her worth,  
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

**CHORUS 1.** Now we have seen the pride of Nature's work,  
We'll take our leaves: and, for this blessed sight,  
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore!

**FAUSTUS.** Gentlemen, farewell: the same wish I to you.

*[Exeunt Chorus.]*

*Enter an OLD MAN.*

**OLD MAN.** O gentle Faustus, leave this damned art,  
This magic, that will charm thy soul to hell,  
And quite bereave thee of salvation!  
Though thou hast now offended like a man,  
Do not persevere in it like a devil:  
Yet, yet thou hast an amiable soul,  
If sin by custom grow not into nature;  
Then, Faustus, will repentance come too late;  
Then thou art banish'd from the sight of heaven:  
No mortal can express the pains of hell.  
It may be, this my exhortation  
Seems harsh and all unpleasant: let it not;  
For, gentle son, I speak it not in wrath,  
Or envy of thee, but in tender love,  
And pity of thy future misery;  
And so have hope that this my kind rebuke,  
Checking thy body, may amend thy soul.

**FAUSTUS.** Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?  
Hell claims his right, and with a roaring voice  
Says, "Faustus, come; thine hour is almost come;"  
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

**OLD MAN.** O, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps!  
I see an angel hover 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.** O friend, I feel  
Thy words to comfort my distressed soul!  
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

**OLD MAN.** Faustus, I leave thee; but with grief of heart,  
Fearing the enemy of thy hapless soul.

*[Exit.]*

**FAUSTUS.** Accursed Faustus, wretch, what hast thou done?  
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?

**MEPHIST.** Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul  
For disobedience to my sovereign lord:  
Revolt, or I'll in piece-meal tear thy flesh.

**FAUSTUS.** I do repent I e'er offended him.  
Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord  
To pardon my unjust presumption,  
And with my blood again I will confirm  
The former vow I made to Lucifer.

**MEPHIST.** Do it, then, Faustus, with unfeigned heart,  
Lest greater dangers do attend thy drift.

**FAUSTUS.** Torment, sweet friend, that base and aged man,  
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,  
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

**MEPHIST.** 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 may have unto my paramour  
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,  
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish clean  
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,  
And keep my oath I made to Lucifer.

**MEPHIST.** This, or what else my Faustus shall desire,  
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

**FAUSTUS.** Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?--

Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.--

*[Kisses her.]*

Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies!--

Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.

Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,

And all is dross that is not Helena.

I will be Paris, and for love of thee,

Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack'd;

And I will combat with weak Menelaus,

And wear thy colours 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 than flaming Jupiter

When he appear'd to hapless Semele;

More lovely than the monarch of the sky

In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms;

And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

*[Exeunt.]*

*Thunder. Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.*

**MEPHIST.** And, this gloomy night,

Here, in this room, will wretched Faustus be.

How should he but in desperate lunacy?

Fond worldling, now his heart-blood dries with grief;

His conscience kills it; and his labouring brain

Begets a world of idle fantasies

To over-reach the devil; but all in vain;

His store of pleasures must be sauc'd with pain.

*Enter FAUSTUS and WAGNER.*

**FAUSTUS.** Say, Wagner,--thou hast perus'd my will,--

How dost thou like it?

**WAGNER.** Sir, So wondrous well,

As in all humble duty I do yield

My life and lasting service for your love.

**FAUSTUS.** God grant you mercy, Wagner.

*[Enter Chorus.]*

Welcome, Gentlemen.

*[Exit WAGNER.]*

**CHORUS 1.** Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are chang'd.

**FAUSTUS.** O, gentlemen!

**CHORUS 2.** What ails Faustus?

**FAUSTUS.** Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now must die eternally. Look, sirs, comes he not? comes he not?

**CHORUS 1.** O my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

**CHORUS 2.** Is all our pleasure turn'd to melancholy?

**CHORUS 3.** He is not well with being over-solitary.

**CHORUS 2.** If it be so, we'll have physicians,  
And Faustus shall be cur'd.

**CHORUS 3.** 'Tis but a surfeit, sir; fear nothing.

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

**CHORUS 2.** Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, and remember  
mercy is infinite.

**FAUSTUS.** But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. O gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Wittenberg, 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. O, hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

**CHORUS 2.** Yet, Faustus, call on God.

**FAUSTUS.** On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! O my God, I would weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul! O, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they

hold 'em, they hold 'em? <'?' sic>

**ALL.** Who, Faustus?

**FAUSTUS.** Why, Lucifer and Mephistophilis. O gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

**ALL.** O, God forbid!

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

**ALL.** 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 me body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

**ALL.** O, what may we do to save Faustus?

**FAUSTUS.** Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

**CHORUS 6.** God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

**ALL.** Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and pray for him.

**FAUSTUS.** Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

**ALL.** 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 Chorus to bullpen, becoming devils.]*

**MEPHIST.** Ay, Faustus, now thou hast no hope of heaven; Therefore despair; think only upon hell, For that must be thy mansion, there to dwell.

**FAUSTUS.** O thou bewitching fiend, 'twas thy temptation  
Hath robb'd me of eternal happiness!

**MEPHIST.** I do confess it, Faustus, and rejoice:  
'Twas I that, when thou wert i'the way to heaven,  
Damm'd up thy passage; when thou took'st the book  
To view the Scriptures, then I turn'd the leaves,  
And led thine eye.  
What, weep'st thou? 'tis too late; despair! Farewell:  
Fools that will laugh on earth must weep in hell.

*[Exit.]*

*Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL*

**GOOD ANGEL.** O Faustus, if thou hadst given ear to me,  
Innumerable joys had follow'd thee!  
But thou didst love the world.

**EVIL ANGEL.** Gave ear to me,  
And now must taste hell-pains perpetually.

**GOOD ANGEL.** O, what will all thy riches, pleasures, pomps,  
Avail thee now?

**EVIL ANGEL.** Nothing, but vex thee more,  
To want in hell, that had on earth such store.

**GOOD ANGEL.** O, thou hast lost celestial happiness,  
Pleasures unspeakable, bliss without end  
Hadst thou affected sweet divinity,  
Hell or the devil had had no power on thee:  
Hadst thou kept on that way, Faustus, behold,  
In what resplendent glory thou hadst sit  
In yonder throne, like those bright-shining saints,  
And triumph'd over hell! That hast thou lost;  
And now, poor soul, must thy good angel leave thee:  
The jaws of hell are open to receive thee.

*[Exit]*

**EVIL ANGEL.** Now, Faustus, let thine eyes with horror stare  
*[Hell is discovered briefly.]*  
Into that vast perpetual torture-house:  
There are the Furies tossing damned souls  
On burning forks; there bodies boil in lead;  
There are live quarters broiling on the coals,  
That ne'er can die; this ever-burning chair

Is for o'er-tortur'd souls to rest them in;  
These that are fed with sops of flaming fire,  
Were gluttons, and lov'd only delicates,  
And laugh'd to see the poor starve at their gates:  
But yet all these are nothing; thou shalt see  
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

**FAUSTUS.** O, I have seen enough to torture me!

**EVIL ANGEL.** Nay, thou must feel them, taste the smart of all:  
He that loves pleasure must for pleasure fall:  
And so I leave thee, Faustus, till anon;  
Then wilt thou tumble in confusion.  
[Exit]

**FAUSTUS.** O Faustus,  
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,  
And then thou must be damn'd 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, a month, a week, a natural day,  
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!  
O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!  
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,  
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.  
O, I'll leap up to heaven!--Who pulls me down?—*[devils try to pull him down]*  
See, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!  
One drop of blood will save me: O my Christ!--  
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, a threatening arm, an angry brow!  
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,  
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven!  
No! Then will I headlong run into the earth:  
Gape, earth! O, no, it will not harbour me!  
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,  
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,  
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,  
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud[s],  
That, when you vomit forth into the air,  
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths;  
But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven!  
*[The clock strikes the half-hour. Enter Lucifer and Belzebub]*  
O, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.  
O, if my soul must suffer for my sin,



Impose some end to my incessant pain;  
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,  
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!  
No end is limited to damned souls.  
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?  
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?  
O, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,  
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd  
Into some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,  
For, when they die,  
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;  
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.  
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!  
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer  
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

*[The clock strikes twelve.]*

It strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,  
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!  
O soul, be chang'd into small water-drops,  
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

*Thunder.*

O, mercy, heaven! 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!--O Mephistophilis!

*[Exeunt DEVILS with FAUSTUS.]*

*Enter CHORUS 1, 2 and 3.*

**CHORUS 1.** Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,  
And burned is Apollo's laurel-bough,

**CHORUS 2.** That sometime grew within this learned man.  
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,

**CHORUS 3.** Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,  
Only to wonder at unlawful things,

**CHORUS 1.** Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits  
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

**ALL.** *[in a round starting with Chorus 1]* Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor opus.

*FIN*