

Prologue

Enter CHORUS

CHORUS

Not marching now in fields of Trasimene
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, 5
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 Fautus in his infancy. 10
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town called Rhode.
Of riper years to Wittenberg he went,
Wheras his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity, 15
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, 20
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,
He surfeits upon cursèd necromancy; 25
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.

Act 1

Scene 1

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. 5
Sweet *Analytiks* 'tis thou has ravished me!
(*He reads*) *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. 10
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 eternised for some wondrous cure. 15
(*He reads*) *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, 20
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? 25
Then this profession were to be esteemed.
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian?
(*He reads*) *Si una eademque res legatur duobus,*
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, etc.
A pretty case of paltry legacies! 30
(*He reads*) *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 – 35
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best.
Jerome's Bible, Faustus, view it well.
(*He reads*) *Stipendium peccati mors est.* Ha!

Stipendium, etc. 40
 The reward of sin is death. That's hard.
 (*He reads*) *Si peccasse negamus, fallimur*
Et nulla est in nobis veritas.
 If we say that we have no sin,
 We deceive our selves, and there's no truth in us. 45
 Why then belike we must sin,
 And so consequently die.
 Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
 What doctrine call you this, *Che serà, serà,*
 What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu! 50
 (*He picks up a book of magic*)
 These metaphysics of magicians
 And necromantic books are heavenly,
 Lines, circles, signs, letters, and characters –
 Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
 O what a world of profit and delight, 55
 Of power, of honour, 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, 60
 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. 65
 Wagner!

Enter 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 labours, plod I ne'er so fast. 70

Enter the GOOD ANGEL and the EVIL ANGEL.

GOOD ANGEL

O Faustus, lay that damnèd 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. 75

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 ANGELS.

FAUSTUS

How am I glutted with conceit of this! 80
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, 85
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 90
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, 95
And reign sole king of all our provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war
Then was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.
Come, German Valdes and Cornelius, 100
And make me blest with your sage conference!

Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS

Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practice magic and concealèd arts.
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy, 105
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, 110
 Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible and vile,
 'Tis magic, magic that hath ravished me.
 Then, gentle friends, aide me in this attempt,
 And I, that have with concise syllogisms
 Gravelled the pastors of the German church 115
 And made the flow'ring pride of Wittenberg
 Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
 On sweet Musaeus when he came to hell,
 Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
 Whose shadows made all Europe honour him. 120

VALDES

Faustus, these books, thy wit and our experience
 Shall make all nations to canonise us.
 As Indian Moors obey their Spanish Lords,
 So shall the subjects of every element 125
 Be always serviceable to us three.
 Like lions shall they guard us when we please,
 Like Almaine 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 130
 Than in the 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 learnèd Faustus will be resolute. 135

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. 140
 He that is grounded in astrology,
 Enriched with tongues, well seen in minerals,
 Hath all the principles magic doth require.
 Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renowned,
 And more frequented for this mystery,
 Then heretofore the Delphian oracle. 145
 The spirits tell me they can dry the sea
 And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks –
 Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid

Within the massy entrails of the earth.
 Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want? 150

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, 155
 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, 160
 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 165
 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.

Scene 2

Enter two SCHOLARS.

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

SECOND SCHOLAR That shall we know, for see, here comes his boy.

Enter WAGNER, carrying wine.

FIRST SCHOLAR How now, sirrah, where's thy master?

WAGNER God in heaven knows. 5

SECOND SCHOLAR	Why, dost not thou know?	
WAGNER	Yes, I know, but that follows not.	
SECOND 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.	10
SECOND SCHOLAR	Why, didst thou not say thou knew'st?	
WAGNER	Have you any witness on't?	
FIRST SCHOLAR	Yes, sirrah, I heard you.	15
WAGNER	Ask my fellow if I be a thief.	
SECOND 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 <i>corpus naturale</i> ? And is not that <i>mobile</i> ? Then, wherefore should you ask me such a question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery – to love, I would say – it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus, having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian and begin to speak thus: Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, it would inform your worships. And so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren.	20 25 30
		<i>Exit.</i>
FIRST SCHOLAR	Nay, then, I fear he is fall'n into that damned art, for which they two are infamous through the world.	35

**SECOND
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.

**FIRST
SCHOLAR**

O, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him.

40

**SECOND
SCHOLAR**

Yet let us try what we can do.

Exeunt.

Scene 3

Enter FAUSTUS to conjure, holding a book.

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.

5

(He draws a circle)

Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward, anagrammatised,
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.

10

15

*Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex
Jehovae! Ignei, aerii, aquatici, terreni, spiritus, salvete!
Orientis princeps Lucifer, Beelzebub, inferni ardentis
monarcha et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat
et surgat Mephistopheles! Quid tu moraris? Per Jehovam,
Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo,
signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra,
ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistopheles!*

FAUSTUS sprinkles holy water and makes a sign of the cross.

Enter a Devil (MEPHISTOPHELES).

I charge thee to return and change thy shape.
Thou art too ugly to attend on me, 25
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best.

Exit Devil (MEPHISTOPHELES)

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words.
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistopheles, 30
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells.
Now, Faustus, thou art conjurer laureate,
That canst command great Mephistopheles,
Quin redis Mephistopheles, fratris imagine! 35

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES disguised as a friar.

MEPHISTOPHELES Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?

FAUSTUS I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do what ever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the Moon drop from her sphere
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world. 40

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. 45

FAUSTUS Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? Speak.

MEPHISTOPHELES 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, 50
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. 55

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, 60
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. 65

FAUSTUS Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

MEPHISTOPHELES Yes, Faustus, and most dearly 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. 70

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? 75

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, 80
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? 85

Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shall possess.
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurred eternal death, 90
By desp'rate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four-and-twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness,
Having thee ever to attend on me, 95
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies and aide my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go and return to mighty Lucifer, 100
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

MEPHISTOPHELES I will, Faustus.

Exit.

FAUSTUS Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistopheles. 105
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;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore
And make that land continent to Spain, 110
And both contributory to my crown.
The Emp'ror shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtained what I desire,
I'll live in speculation of this art,
'Til Mephistopheles return again.

Exit.

Scene 4

Enter WAGNER and ROBIN the Clown.

WAGNER Sirrah, boy, come hither.

ROBIN How, 'boy'? 'Swounds, 'boy'! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickedeuants as I have. 'Boy', quotha?

WAGNER Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in? 5

ROBIN 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. 10

ROBIN 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. 15

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

ROBIN How, in verse?

WAGNER No, sirrah, in beaten silk and stavesacre.

ROBIN How, how, knave's acre? (*Aside*) Ay, I thought that was all the land his father left him. (*To WAGNER*) Do ye hear? I would be sorry to rob you of your living. 20

WAGNER Sirrah, I say in stavesacre.

ROBIN Oho, oho, 'stavesacre'! Why then, belike, if I were your man, I should be full of vermin. 25

WAGNER So thou shalt, whether thou beest with me or no. But sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind your self presently unto me for seven years, or I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and they shall tear thee in pieces. 30

ROBIN Do you hear, sir? You may save that labour. 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. 35

WAGNER Well, do you hear, sirrah? Hold, take these guilders.
(*Offering money*)

ROBIN Gridirons? What be they?

WAGNER Why, French crowns.

ROBIN Mass, but for the name of French crowns, a man
were as good have as many English counters. And 40
what should I do with these?

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

ROBIN No, no, here, take your gridirons again. (*He attempts
to return the money*) 45

WAGNER Truly, I'll none of them.

ROBIN Truly but you shall.

WAGNER (*To the audience*) Bear witness I gave them him.

ROBIN Bear witness I give them you again.

WAGNER Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee 50
Away. – Baliol and Belcher!

ROBIN 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 55
round slop? He has killed the devil.' So I should be
called 'Kill devil' all the parish over.

Enter two DEVILS, and ROBIN the Clown runs up and down crying.

WAGNER Balioll and Belcher! Spirits away!

Exeunt DEVILS.

ROBIN What, are they gone? A vengeance on them! They
have vile long nails. There was a he devil and a she 60
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.	
ROBIN	But do you hear? If I should serve you, would you teach me to raise up Banios and Belcheos?	65
WAGNER	I will teach thee to turn thyself to anything, to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything.	
ROBIN	How! A Christian fellow to a dog or a cat, a mouse or a rat? No, no, sir, if you turn me into anything, 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.	70
WAGNER	Well, sirrah, come.	75
ROBIN	But, do you hear, Wagner?	
WAGNER	How? – Balioll and Belcher!	
ROBIN	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 <i>quasi vestigiis nostras insistere</i> .	80
		<i>Exit.</i>
ROBIN	God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian. Well, I'll follow him, I'll serve him, that's flat.	
		<i>Exit.</i>

Act 2

Scene 1

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. 5
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. 10
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 ANGEL.

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. 20
EVIL ANGEL No, Faustus; think of honour and wealth.

Exeunt ANGELS

FAUSTUS Of wealth?
Why, the signiory of Emden shall be mine.
When Mephistopheles shall stand by me,
What God can hurt thee, Faustus? Thou art safe; 25
Cast no more doubts. Come, Mephistopheles,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer.
Is't not midnight? Come, Mephistopheles!
Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

- Now tell, what says Lucifer thy Lord? 30
- MEPHISTOPHELES** 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.
- MEPHISTOPHELES** But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood, 35
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. 40
- FAUSTUS** Is that the reason he tempts us thus?
- MEPHISTOPHELES** *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*
- FAUSTUS** Have you any pain, that tortures other?
- MEPHISTOPHELES** As great as have the human souls of men.
But tell me Faustus, shall I have thy soul? 45
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 50
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own,
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.
- FAUSTUS** (*Cutting his arm*) Lo, Mephistopheles, for love of thee
I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's, 55
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. 60

FAUSTUS Ay, so I will. (*He writes*) But Mephistopheles,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

MEPHISTOPHELES I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight.

Exit.

FAUSTUS What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill? 65
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 chafer of coals.

MEPHISTOPHELES Here's fire. Come, Faustus, set it on. 70

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

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Aside*) 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. 75
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 deceived; here's nothing writ:–
I see it plain. Here in this place is writ, 80
'*Homo fuge!*' Yet shall not Faustus fly.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Aside*) I'll fetch him somewhat to delight
his mind.

Exit.

*Enter MEPHISTOPHELES 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. 85

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 – 90
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. 95
'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. 100
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 105
at all times, in what form or shape 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 Mephistopheles;
and furthermore grant unto them that four-and- 110
twenty 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.' 115

MEPHISTOPHELES Speak, Faustus. Do you deliver this as your
deed?

FAUSTUS (*Giving the deed*) Ay, take it, and the devil give thee
good on't.

MEPHISTOPHELES Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt. 120

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 whereabouts?

MEPHISTOPHELES Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortured and remain for ever. 125
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one 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, 130
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, think'st thou then that Faustus shall be
damned?

MEPHISTOPHELES Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll 135
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

FAUSTUS Ay, and body too. But what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond,
To imagine that after this life there is any pain?
Tush, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales. 140

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 an this be hell, I'll willingly
be damned here. What? Walking, disputing, etc.?
But leaving off this, let me have a wife, the fairest 145
maid in Germany, for I am wanton and lascivious
and cannot 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 150
have one.

MEPHISTOPHELES Well, thou wilt have one. Sit there 'til I come.
I'll fetch thee a wife, in the devil's name.

Exit

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES with a DEVIL dressed like a woman, with fire works.

MEPHISTOPHELES Tell, Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

FAUSTUS A plague on her for a hot whore! 155

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

Exit DEVIL

I'll cull thee out the fairest courtesans,
And bring them ev'ry morning to thy bed.
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have, 160
Be she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.

(Presenting a book)

Hold, take this book. Peruse it thoroughly.
The iterating of these lines brings gold; 165
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder, and lightning.
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in armour shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou desir'st. 170

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)* 175

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. 180

MEPHISTOPHELES Here they be. (*Turn to them*)

FAUSTUS O, thou art deceived.

MEPHISTOPHELES Tut, I warrant thee. 185

Exeunt.

Scene 2

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. 5

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 had sent me to look thee out. Prithee, come away. 10

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. 15

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? 20

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? 15
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.

Exeunt.

FAUSTUS My heart's so hardened I cannot repent.
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven 20
But fearful echoes thunder 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 25
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 30
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. 35
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 others' orb; 40
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*? 45

MEPHISTOPHELES All jointly move from east to west in four-and-twenty 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. 50
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 thirty years,
Jupiter in twelve, Mars in four, the Sun, Venus, and 55
Mercury in a year, the Moon in twenty-eight days.
Tush, these are freshmen's suppositions. But tell me,
hath every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia*?

MEPHISTOPHELES Ay.

FAUSTUS How many heavens or spheres are there? 60

MEPHISTOPHELES Nine: the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal 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? 65

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. 70

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. 75

MEPHISTOPHELES Remember this!

Exit.

FAUSTUS Ay, go, accursèd spirit, to ugly hell!
'Tis thou hast damned distressèd Faustus' soul.
Is't not too late?

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

EVIL ANGEL Too late. 80

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 ANGELS

FAUSTUS Ah, Christ my Saviour,
seek to save distressèd Faustus' soul. 85

Enter LUCIFER, BEELZEBUB, and MEPHISTOPHELES.

LUCIFER Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just.
There's none but I have int'rest 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. 90

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. 95

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. 100

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 105
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. – (*Calling
Offstage*) Come away!

FAUSTUS sits. Enter the SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names 110
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 115
brow, or like a fan of feathers I kiss her lips. Indeed
I do – what do I not? But fie, what a scent is here!
I'll not speak another word, except the ground were
perfumed and covered with cloth of arras.

FAUSTUS What art thou, the second? 120

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! 125

FAUSTUS What art thou, the third?

WRATH I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother. I
leaped 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 130
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 thirty 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 other word for a king's ransom.

FAUSTUS 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 stockfish, and the first letter of my name begins with lechery.

LUCIFER Away, to hell, to hell!

Exeunt the SINS.

Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

FAUSTUS O, this feeds my soul! 170

LUCIFER Tut, 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.
(Presenting a book) In meantime, take this book. 175
Peruse it thoroughly, and thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

FAUSTUS *(Taking the book)* Great thanks, mighty Lucifer.
This will I keep as chary as my life.

LUCIFER Farewell, Faustus, and think on the devil. 180

FAUSTUS Farewell, great Lucifer. Come, Mephistopheles.

Exeunt omnes, different ways

Act 3

Chorus

Enter WAGNER solus.

WAGNER

Learnèd 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 5
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 10
That to this day is highly solemnised.

Exit WAGNER

Scene 1

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; 5
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, 10
The streets straight forth and paved with finest brick,
Quarters the town in four equivalent.
There saw we learnèd Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut an English mile in length
Thorough a rock of stone in one night's space. 15
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? 20
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. 25

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, 30
Know that this city stands upon seven hills
That underprops the groundwork of the same.
Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream,
With winding banks that cut it in two parts,
Over the which four stately bridges lean, 35
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 ordinance are,
And double canons, framed of carvèd brass, 40
As match the days within one complete year –
Besides the gates and high pyramides
Which Julius Caesar brought from Africa.

FAUSTUS Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, Acheron, and the fiery lake 45
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!

MEPHISTOPHELES Nay, Faustus, stay. I know you'd fain see the
Pope 50
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
Where thou shalt see a troupe of bald-pate friars
Whose *summum bonum* is in belly cheer.

FAUSTUS Well, I am content, to compass then some sport,
And by their folly make us merriment. 55
Then charm me that I may be invisible, to do what I
please unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Placing a robe on FAUSTUS*) 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, will't please you draw near? 60

FAUSTUS Fall to, and the devil choke you an you spare.

POPE How now, who's that which spake? 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. (*He presents a dish*) 65

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 (*Snatching the dish*) You say true, I'll ha't. 70

POPE What again? – My lord, I'll drink to your Grace.

FAUSTUS (*Snatching the cup*) 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*) 75

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

The POPE crosses himself again.

Well, there's the second time. Aware the third, I give you fair warning. 80

The POPE crosses himself again and FAUSTUS hits him a box of the ear, and they all run away.

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. 85
Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and
an ass bray,
Because it is Saint Peter's holy day.

Enter all the FRIARS to sing the dirge.

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

The FRIARS sing this:

Cursèd be he that stole away his Holiness' meat
from the table. 90

Maledicat Dominus!

Cursèd be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the
face.

Maledicat Dominus!

Cursèd be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the
pate.

Maledicat Dominus! 95

Cursèd be he that disturbeth our holy dirge.

Maledicat Dominus!

Cursèd be he that took away his Holiness' wine.

Maledicat Dominus!

Et omnes sancti. Amen. 100

FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHELES beat the FRIARS, and fling firework among them, and so exeunt.

Scene 2

Enter ROBIN with a conjuring book and RAFE with a silver goblet.

ROBIN Come, Rafe, did not I tell thee we were for ever made by this Doctor Faustus' book? *Ecce signum!* Here's a simple purchase for horse-keepers. Our horses shall eat no hay as long as this lasts.

Enter the VITNER

RAFE	But Robin, here comes the Vitner.	5
ROBIN	Hush, I'll gull him supernaturally. – Drawer, I hope all is paid. God be with you. Come, Rafe. <i>(They start to go)</i>	
VITNER	<i>(To ROBIN)</i> Soft, sir, a word with you. I must yet have a goblet paid from you ere you go.	
ROBIN	I, a goblet? Rafe, I a goblet? I scorn you, and you are but a etc. I, a goblet? Search me.	10
VITNER	I mean so, sir, with your favour. <i>(The VINTNER searches ROBIN)</i>	
ROBIN	How say you now?	
VINTNER	I must say somewhat to your fellow – you, sir.	
RAFE	Me, sir? Me, sir? Search your fill. <i>(He gives the goblet to ROBIN; then the VINTNER searches RAFE)</i> Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth.	15
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. Stand aside, you had best, I charge you in the name of Beelzebub. <i>(Tossing the goblet to RAFE)</i> Look to the goblet, Rafe.	20
VINTNER	What mean you, sirrah?	25
ROBIN	I'll tell you what I mean. <i>(He reads)</i> <i>Sanctobulorum Periphrasticon!</i> Nay, I'll tickle you, Vintner. Look to the goblet, Rafe. <i>Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphos tostus Mephistopheles!</i> etc.	

Enter to them MEPHISTOPHELES

Exit the VINTNER, running

MEPHISTOPHELES Monarch of hell, under whose black survey 30
Great potentates do kneel with awful fear,
Upon whose alters thousand souls do lie,
How am I vexed with these villains' charms!
From Constantinople am I hither come
Only for pleasure of these damnèd slaves. 35

ROBIN How, from Constantinople? You have had a great
journey. Will you take sixpence in your purse to pay
for your supper and be gone?

MEPHISTOPHELES Well, villains, for your presumption I 40
transform thee (*To ROBIN*) into an ape and thee
(*To RAFE*) into a dog. And so, begone!

Exit

ROBIN How, into an ape? That's brave. I'll have fine sport
with the boys; I'll get nuts and apples enough.

RAFE And I must be a dog.

ROBIN I'faith, thy head will never be out of the pottage pot. 45

Exeunt

Act 4

Chorus

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS

When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things and royal courts of kings,
He stayed his course and so returnèd home,
Where such as bear his absence but with grief –
I mean his friends and nearest companions – 5
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 learnèd skill 10
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 noblemen. 15
What there he did in trial of his art
I leave untold, your eyes shall see performed

Exit

Scene 1

*Enter EMPEROR, FAUSTUS, MEPHISTOPHELES, 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 5
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 honour of mine imperial crown, that 10
whatever thou dost, thou shalt be no ways
prejudiced or endamaged.

KNIGHT

(Aside) I'faith, he looks much like a conjuror.

FAUSTUS	My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable to the honour of your Imperial Majesty, yet, for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me.	15
EMPEROR	Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say. As I was sometime solitary set Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose About the honour 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.	20 25 30 35 40
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.	45
KNIGHT	<i>(Aside)</i> 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.	50

KNIGHT (Aside) 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 55 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? 60

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. (Aside to *MEPHISTOPHELES*) Mephistopheles, begone! 65

Exit MEPHISTOPHELES.

KNIGHT Nay, an you go to conjuring, I'll be gone.

Exit KNIGHT.

FAUSTUS (Aside) I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so. – Here they are, my gracious lord.

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? 70

FAUSTUS Your Highness may boldly go and see.

The EMPEROR makes an inspection, and then exeunt ALEXANDER and his PARAMOUR

EMPEROR Sure these are no spirits, but the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes. 75

FAUSTUS Will't 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.

An ATTENDANT goes to summon the KNIGHT.

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

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. 80

KNIGHT *(To FAUSTUS)* Thou damnèd wretch, and execrable dog,
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,
How dar'st thou thus abuse a gentleman? 85
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. 90

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. *(Aside to MEPHISTOPHELES)* Mephistopheles, transform him straight. *(The horns are removed)* Now my good lord, having done my duty, I humbly take my leave. 95 100

EMPEROR Farewell, Master Doctor. Yet, ere you go, expect from me a bounteous reward.

Exit EMPEROR, KNIGHT and ATTENDANTS.

FAUSTUS Now, Mephistopheles, the restless course That time doth run with calm and silent foot, 105

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 Wittenberg.

MEPHISTOPHELES What, will you go on horseback or on foot? 110

FAUSTUS Nay, till I am past this fair and pleasant green,
I'll walk on foot.

Enter a HORSE-COURSER.

**HORSE-
COURSER** I have been all this day seeking one Master Fustian
Mass, see where he is – God save you, Master Doctor.

FAUSTUS What, Horse-courser! You are well met. 115

**HORSE-
COURSER** (*Offering money*) 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. (*To MEPHISTOPHELES*) 120
I pray you, speak for me.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*To FAUSTUS*) 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. (*He takes the* 125
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 130
into the water. Ride him over hedge, or ditch, or
where thou wilt, but not into the water.

**HORSE-
COURSER** Well, sir. (*Aside*) 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 135

a brave living on him; he has a buttock so slick as an eel. (*To Faustus*) 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? 140

FAUSTUS Away, you villain! What, dost think I am a horse-doctor?

Exit HORSE-COURSER

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. 145
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, quotha! Mass, Doctor Lopus was never such a Doctor. H'as given me a purgation, h'as 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? 150
155
160

MEPHISTOPHELES Why, sir, what would you? You cannot speak with him. 165

HORSE-COURSER But I will speak with him.

MEPHISTOPHELES Why, he's fast asleep. Come some other time.

HORSE-COURSER I'll speak with him now, or I'll break his glass windows about his ears. 170

MEPHISTOPHELES I tell thee he has not slept this eight nights.

HORSE-COURSER An he have not slept this eight weeks, I'll speak with him.

MEPHISTOPHELES See where he is, fast asleep.

HORSE-COURSER Ay, this is he. – God save ye, Master Doctor, Master
175
Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian! Forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay!

MEPHISTOPHELES Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

HORSE-COURSER (*Holler in his ear*) So-ho, ho! So-ho, ho! No, will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go. 180

Pull him by the leg, and pull it away.

Alas, I am undone! What shall I do?

FAUSTUS O my leg, my leg! Help Mephistopheles! Call the officers! My leg, my leg!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Seizing the HORSE-COURSER*) Come, villain, to the constable. 185

HORSE-COURSER O Lord, sir, let me go, and I'll give you forty dollars more.

MEPHISTOPHELES Where be they?

HORSE-COURSER I have none about me. Come to my hostry, and I'll give them you. 190

MEPHISTOPHELES Be gone quickly.

HORSE-COURSER runs away.

FAUSTUS What, is he gone? Farewell, he! Faustus has his leg again, and the Horse-courser, I take it, a bottle of hay for his labour. Well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more. 195

Enter WAGNER.

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

WAGNER Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

FAUSTUS The Duke of Vanholt! An honourable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning. Come, Mephistopheles, let's away to him. 200

Exeunt.

Scene 2

Enter FAUSTUS with MEPHISTOPHELES. Enter to them the DUKE OF VANHOLT and the pregnant 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. 5

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 then a dish of ripe grapes. 10

FAUSTUS Alas, madam, that's nothing. (*Aside to MEPHISTOPHELES*) Mephistopheles, begone! 15

Exit MEPHISTOPHELES.

Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES with the grapes.

Here they be, madam. Will't please you taste on them?

The DUCHESS tastes 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. 20
- 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? 25
- DUCHESS** Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that e'er I tasted in my life before. 30
- FAUSTUS** I am glad they content you so, madam.
- DUKE** Come, madam, let us in,
Where you must well reward this learnèd man
For the great kindness he hath showed to you. 35
- 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. 40

Exeunt.

ACT 5

Scene 1

Enter WAGNER solus.

WAGNER

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

5

Exit

Enter FAUSTUS, with two or three SCHOLARS AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

**FIRST
SCHOLAR**

Master Doctor Faustas, since our conference
about fair ladies – which was the beautifull'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 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.

10

15

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.

20

25

MEPHISTOPHELES goes to the door.

Music sounds. MEPHISTOPHELES returns, and HELEN passeth over the stage.

**SECOND
SCHOLAR**

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

THIRD SCHOLAR No marvel though the angry Greeks pursued
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare. 30

FIRST SCHOLAR Since we have seen the pride of nature's works
And only paragon of excellence,

Enter an OLD MAN.

Let us depart; and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

FAUSTUS Gentlemen, farewell. The same I wish to you. 35

Exeunt SCHOLARS.

OLD MAN 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 – 40

Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sins
As no commiseration may expel 45
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour 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 50
Says, 'Faustus, come! Thine hour is come'.

MEPHISTOPHELES gives him a dagger.

And Faustus will come to do thee right.

FAUSTUS prepares to stab himself.

OLD MAN 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. 60

OLD MAN I go, sweet Faustus, but with heavy cheer,
Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul.
Exit.

FAUSTUS Accursèd Faustus, where is mercy now?
I do repent, and yet I do despair.
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast. 65
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 70
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 unfeignèd heart,
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift. 75

FAUSTUS cuts his arm and writes with his blood.

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 80
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, 85
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
These thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

MEPHISTOPHELES Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,
Shall be performed in twinkling of an eye. 90

Enter HELEN, brought in by MEPHISTOPHELES.

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.

They kiss.

Her lips suck forth my soul. See where it flies!
Come, Helen, come give me my soul again. 95

They kiss again.

Here will I dwell, for heaven be in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.

Enter OLD MAN.

I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy shall Wittenberg be sacked,
And I will combat with weak Menelaus, 100
And wear thy colours on my plumèd 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. 105
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele,
More lovely then the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azured arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

Exeunt FAUSTUS and HELEN.

OLD MAN Accursèd Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of heaven
And fliest the throne of His tribunal seat!

Enter the DEVILS. They menace the OLD MAN

Satan begins to sift me with his pride.
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,

	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 for ever?	25
THIRD 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. O, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold them, they hold them.	30 35
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 four-and-twenty 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.	40
FIRST SCHOLAR	Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?	45
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.	50
SECOND SCHOLAR	O, what shall we do to save Faustus?	
FAUSTUS	Talk not of me, but save yourselves and depart.	
THIRD SCHOLAR	God will strengthen me. I will stay with Faustus.	

FIRST SCHOLAR (To the *THIRD SCHOLAR*) Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room, and there pray for him. 55

FAUSTUS Ay, pray for me, pray for me! And what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me. 60

SECOND 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. 65

Exeunt SCHOLARS.

The clock strikes eleven.

FAUSTUS Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually.
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease and midnight never come! 70

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! 75

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! 80

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, 85
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 harbour me.
You stars that reigned at my nativity, 90
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud,
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths, 95
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven.

The watch strikes.

Ah, half the hour is past!
'Twill all be past anon.
Oh God,
if thou wilt not have mercy on my soul, 100
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 damnèd souls. 105
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. 110
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.
Curst be the parents that engendered me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself. Curse Lucifer, 115
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

The clock striketh twelve.

O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.

Thunder and lightning.

O soul, be changed into little waterdrops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found! 120
My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!

Enter LUCIFER, MEPHISTOPHELES and other DEVILS.

Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
Ugly hell, gape not. Come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books. Ah, Mephistopheles!

Exeunt DEVILS with him.

Epilogue

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS

Cut is the branch that might have grown full
straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough
That sometime grew within this learnèd 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.

5

Exit.

Terminat hora diem; terminat author opus.