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,
Intends our muse to daunt his heavenly verse.
Only this, gentlemen: we must perform
The form of Faustus’ fortunes, good or bad.
To patient judgements we appeal our plaud,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town called Rhode.
Of riper years to Wittenberg he went,
Wheras his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism graced,
That shortly he was graced with doctor’s name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till, swoll’n with cunning of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And melting heavens conspired his overthrow.
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted more with learning’s golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursèd necromancy;
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiepest 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.
Sweet Analytics '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.
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.
(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,
Whereby whole cities have escaped the plague
And thousand desp'rate maladies been eased?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Wouldst thou make man to live eternally?
Or, being dead, raise them to life again?
Then this profession were to be esteemed.
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian?
(He reads) Si una eademque res legatur duobus,
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, etc.
A pretty case of paltry legacies!
(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 –
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!
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.
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!

(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,
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,
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.
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.

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.

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!
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 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,
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,
That will receive no object, for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physic are for petty wits;
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible and 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
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.

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
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
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 learned Faustus will be resolute.

FAUSTUS
Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live. Therefore object it not.

CORNELIUS
The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enriched with tongues, well seen 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.
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?

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

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

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

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

FAUSTUS
Then come and dine with me, and after meat
We'll 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.
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.

SECOND SCHOLAR  Why, didst thou not say thou knew'st?

WAGNER  Have you any witness on't?

FIRST SCHOLAR  Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

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 corpus naturale? And is not that mobile? Then, wherefore should you ask me such a question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery – to love, I would say – it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus, having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian and begin to speak thus: Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, it would inform your worships. And so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren.  

FIRST SCHOLAR  Nay, then, I fear he is fall’n into that damned art, for which they two are infamous through the world.

Exit.
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. (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. Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovae! Ignei, aerii, aquatici, terreni, spiritus, salvete! Orientis princeps Lucifer, Beelzebub, inferni ardens 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,
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,
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!

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.

MEPHISTOPHELES  I am a servant to great Lucifer
And may not follow thee without his leave.
No more than he commands must we perform.

FAUSTUS  Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

MEPHISTOPHELES  No, I came now hither of mine own accord.

FAUSTUS  Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? Speak.

MEPHISTOPHELES  That was the cause, but yet per 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 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,
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,
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, 85
For being deprived of the joys of heaven?
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,
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,
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,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

Mephistopheles

I will, Faustus.

Exit.

Faustus

Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistopheles.
By him I'll be great emperor of the world
And make a bridge through the moving air
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore
And make that land continent to Spain,
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 pickledevants 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.

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 what should I do with these?

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

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

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 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 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 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?

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, 'faith.

WAGNER    Well, sirrah, come.

ROBIN     But, do you hear, Wagner?

WAGNER    How? – Blioll 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 quasi vestigiis nostras insistere.

Exit.

ROBIN     God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian. Well, I'll follow him, I'll serve him, that's flat.

Exit.
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.
Now go not backward. No, Faustus, be resolute.
Why waverest thou? O, something soundeth in
mine ears:
‘Abjure this magic, turn to God again!’
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God? He loves thee not.
The God thou servest is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fixed the love of Beelzebub.
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter GOOD ANGEL, and EVIL 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.

EVIL ANGEL

No, Faustus; think of honour and wealth.

Exeunt ANGELS

FAUSTUS

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

Now tell, what says Lucifer thy Lord?

MEPHISTOPHELES  That I shall wait on Faustus whilst 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, For that security craves great Lucifer. If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

FAUSTUS  Stay, Mephistopheles, and tell me, what good will my soul do thy lord?

MEPHISTOPHELES  Enlarge his kingdom.

FAUSTUS  Is that the reason he tempts us thus?

MEPHISTOPHELES  *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

FAUSTUS  Have you any pain, that tortures other?

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

FAUSTUS  Ay, Mephistopheles, I give it thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES  Then stab thine arm courageously, And bind thy soul that at some certain day Great Lucifer may claim it as his own, And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

FAUSTUS  (*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, Chief Lord and regent of perpetual night, View here the blood that trickles from mine arm, And let it be propitious for my wish.

MEPHISTOPHELES  But Faustus, thou must write it in manner of a deed of gift.
FAUSTUS Ay, so I will. (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? 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.

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. 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, ‘Homo fuge!’ Yet shall not Faustus fly.

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

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.
FAUSTUS  But may I raise up spirits when I please?

MEPHISTOPHELES  Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

FAUSTUS  Then there's enough for a thousand souls.
Here, Mephistopheles, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift of body and of soul –
But yet conditionally, that thou perform
All articles prescribed between us both.

MEPHISTOPHELES  Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us made.

FAUSTUS  Then hear me read them.
‘On these conditions following:
First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and
substance.
Secondly, that Mephistopheles shall be his servant,
and at his command.
Thirdly, that Mephistopheles shall do for him and
bring him whatsoever.
Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house
invisible.
Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus
at all times, in what form or shape soever he please.
I John Faustus of 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-
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.’

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.

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 whereabout?

MEPHISTOPHELES  Within the bowels of these elements,  
Where we are tortured and remain for ever.  
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,  
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  
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.

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 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 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!

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,  
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;  
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.

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

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

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

Mephistopheles    Here they are too. (Turn to them)
FAUSTUS  Nay, let me have one book more – and then I have done – wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees that grow upon the earth.

MEPHISTOPHELES  Here they be. (Turn to them)

FAUSTUS  O, thou art deceived.

MEPHISTOPHELES  Tut, I warrant thee.

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.

Enter RAFÉ, calling ROBIN.

RAFÉ  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.

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.

RAFÉ  Come, what dost thou with that same book? Thou canst not read.

ROBIN  Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read – he for his forehead, she for her private study. She’s born to bear with me, or else my art fails.

RAFÉ  Why, Robin, what book is that?
ROBIN  What book? Why the most intolerable book for conjuring that e’er was invented by any brimstone devil.

RAFE  Cas’st thou conjure with it?

ROBIN  I can do all these things easily with it: first, I can make thee drunk with hippocras at any tavern in Europe for nothing. That’s one of my conjuring works.

RAFE  Our Master Parson says that’s nothing.

ROBIN  True, Rafe; and more, Rafe, if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchen maid, then turn her and wind her to thy own use as often as thou wilt, and at midnight.

RAFE  O brave, Robin! Shall I have Nan Spit, and to mine own use? On that condition I’ll feed thy devil with horse-bread as long as he lives, of free cost.

ROBIN  No more, sweet Rafe. Let’s go and make clean our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring, in the devil’s name.

Exeunt

Scene 3
Enter FAUSTUS in his study and MEPHISTOPHELES

FAUSTUS  When I behold the heavens, then I repent
And curse thee, wicked Mephistopheles,
Because thou hast deprived me of those joys.

MEPHISTOPHELES  Why Faustus,
Think’st thou heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, ‘tis not half so faire as thou
Or any man that breathes on earth.

FAUSTUS  How provest thou that?

MEPHISTOPHELES  It was made for man; therefore is man more excellent.
FAUSTUS

If it were made for man, 'twas made for me. I will renounce this magic, and repent.

Enter GOOD ANGEL, and EVIL ANGEL.

GOOD ANGEL

Faustus, repent yet, God will pity thee.

EVIL ANGEL

Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

FAUSTUS

Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit? Be I a devil, yet God may pity me; Ay, God will pity me if I repent. 15

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 Had not sweet pleasure conquered deep despair. Have not I made blind Homer sing to me Of Alexander's love, and Oenone's death? And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes With ravishing sound of his melodious harp Made music with my Mephistopheles? Why should I die, then, or basely despair? I am resolved Faustus shall ne'er repent, Come, Mephistopheles, let us dispute again, And argue of divine astrology. 30 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*?

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.  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 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?

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?

Mephistopheles  *Per inaequalem motum respectu totius*.

FAUSTUS  Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world.

Mephistopheles  I will not.

FAUSTUS  Sweet Mephistopheles, tell me.

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

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

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

FAUSTUS  Think, Faustus, upon God, that made the world.
MEPHISTOPHELES   Remember this!

Exit.

FAUSTUS   Ay, go, 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 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 and dispositions.

FAUSTUS  What art thou, the first?

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

FAUSTUS  What art thou, the second?

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

FAUSTUS  What art thou, the third?

WRATH  I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother. I 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 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!

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. 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.

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
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks.
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast
That to this day is highly 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 entrenchèd lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines.
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings, fair and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth and paved with finest brick,
Quarters the town in four equivalents.
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.
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In midst of which a sumptuous temple stands
That threatens the stars with her aspiring top.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time,
But tell me now, what resting place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?
MEPHISTOPHELES  Faustus, I have. And because we will not be unprovided, I have taken up his Holiness' privy chamber for our use.  

FAUSTUS  I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.  

MEPHISTOPHELES  Tut, 'tis no matter, man. We'll be bold with his good cheer. And now, my Faustus, that thou mayst perceive What Rome containeth to delight thee with, Know that this city stands upon seven hills That underprops the groundwork of the same. Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream, With winding banks that cut it in two parts, Over which four stately bridges lean, That makes safe passage to each part of Rome. Upon the bridge called Ponto Angelo, Erected is a castle passing strong, Within whose walls such store of ordinance are, And double canons, framed of carved brass, As match the days within one complete year – Besides the gates and high pyramids Which Julius Caesar brought from Africa.  

FAUSTUS  Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule, Of Styx, Acheron, and the fiery lake Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear That I do long to see the monuments And situation of bright splendid Rome. Come, therefore, let's away!  

MEPHISTOPHELES  Nay, Faustus, stay. I know you'd fain see the Pope And take some part of holy Peter's feast, Where thou shalt see a 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. 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. 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.  
*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!*

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.*

*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.
RAFE  But Robin, here comes the Vitner.  

ROBIN  Hush, I’ll gull him supernaturally. – Drawer, I hope all is paid. God be with you. Come, Rafe. *(They start to go)*

VITNER  *(To ROBIN)* 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.

VITNER  I mean so, sir, with your favour. *(The VINTNER searches ROBIN)*

ROBIN  How say you now?

VINTNER  I must say somewhat to your fellow – you, sir.

RAFE  Me, sir? Me, sir? Search your fill. *(He gives the goblet to ROBIN; then the VINTNER searches RAFE)* Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth.

VINTNER  Well, t’one of you hath this goblet about you.

ROBIN  You lie, drawer, ‘tis afore me. Sirrah, you, I’ll teach ye to impeach honest men. Stand by. I’ll scour you for a goblet. Stand aside, you had best, I charge you in the name of Beelzebub. *(Tossing the goblet to RAFE)* Look to the goblet, Rafe.

VINTNER  What mean you, sirrah?

ROBIN  I’ll tell you what I mean. *(He reads* *Sanctobulorum Periphrasticon!* Nay, I’ll tickle you, Vintner. Look to the goblet, Rafe. *Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphs tostu Mephistopheles!* etc.

Enter to them MEPHISTOPHELES

Exit the VINTNER, running
MEPHISTOPHELES  Monarch of hell, under whose black survey
   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.  

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
   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.

   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 –
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
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.
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
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
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.

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.

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

KNIGHT (Aside) I'faith, that's just nothing at all.

FAUSTUS But if it like your Grace, it is not in my ability to present before your eyes, the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes, which long since are consumed to dust.
KNIGHT    (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 manner that they best lived in, in their most flourishing estate – which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your Imperial Majesty.

EMPEROR    Go to, Master Doctor. Let me see them presently.

KNIGHT    Do you hear, Master Doctor? You bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor?

FAUSTUS    How then, sir?

KNIGHT    I'faith, that's as true as Diana turned me to a stag.

FAUSTUS    No, sir, but when Actaeon died, he left the horns for you. (Aside to MEPHISTOPHELES) Mephistopheles, begone!

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?

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.
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.

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? Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done.

FAUSTUS  O, not so fast, sir. There's no haste but good. Are you remembered how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperor? I think I have met with you for it.

EMPEROR  Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him. He hath done penance sufficient.

FAUSTUS  My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he offered me here in your presence as to delight you with some mirth hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight; which being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns. - And, sir knight, hereafter speak well of scholars. *(Aside to MEPHISTOPHELES)* Mephistopheles, transform him straight. *(The horns are removed)* Now my good lord, having done my duty, I humbly take my leave.

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

*Exit EMPEROR, KNIGHT and ATTENDANTS.*

FAUSTUS  Now, Mephistopheles, the restless course That time doth run with calm and silent foot,
Short’ning my days and thread of vital life,
Calls for the payment of my latest years.
Therefore, sweet Mephistopheles, let us make haste
To Wittenberg.

**Mephistopheles**

What, will you go on horseback or on foot?

**Faustus**

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

*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.

(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)* I pray you, speak for me.

(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 money)* My boy will deliver him to you. But I must tell you one thing before you have him: ride him not into the water, at any hand.

**Horse-Courser**

Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters?

**Faustus**

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

**Horse-Courser**

Well, sir. *(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
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?

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.

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?

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

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.  

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 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.

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.

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.

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.
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.

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.

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.

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

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.

**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?

**PECTORAL**
Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that e'er I tasted in my life before.

**FAUSTUS**
I am glad they content you so, madam.

**DUKE**
Come, madam, let us in,
Where you must well reward this Learnèd man
For the great kindness he hath showed to you.

**DUCHESS**
And so I will, my lord, and whilst I live
Rest beholding for this courtesy.

**FAUSTUS**
I humbly thank your Grace.

**DUKE**
Come, Master Doctor, follow us and receive your reward.

*Exeunt.*
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.

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'est 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.

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.

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 –
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
Says, ‘Faustus, come! Thine hour is come’.  50

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.

FAUSTUS
Accurséd Faustus, where is mercy now?
I do repent, and yet I do despair.
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast.
What shall I do to shun the snares of death? 65

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

FAUSTUS
Sweet Mephistopheles, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer. 70

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
I will attempt, which is but little worth. 80

FAUSTUS
One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee
To glut the longing of my heart's desire:
That I might have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish clean
These thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer. 85
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 topl ess 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,
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.
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,
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smiles
At your repulse and laughs your state to scorn!
Hence, hell! For hence I fly unto my God.

_Exeunt different ways._

**Scene 2**

_Enter FAUSTUS with the SCHOLARS._

**FAUSTUS** Ah, gentlemen!

**FIRST SCHOLAR** What ails Faustus?

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

**SECOND SCHOLAR** What means Faustus?

**THIRD SCHOLAR** Belike he is grown into some sickness, by being over-solitary.

**FIRST SCHOLAR** If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him. _To FAUSTUS_ 'Tis but a surfeit. Never fear man.  

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

**SECOND SCHOLAR** Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven. Remember God's mercies are infinite.

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

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.

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.

FIRST
SCHOLAR

Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

FAUSTUS

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

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.  

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

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.  

Exeunt SCHOLARS.  

The clock strikes eleven.  

FAUSTUS  
Ah, Faustus,  
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,  
And then thou must be damned perpetually.  
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,  
That time may cease and midnight never come!  
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make Perpetual day; or let this hour be but A year, 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 damned.  
O, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?  
See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!  
One drop would save my soul, half a drop. Ah, my Christ!  
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!  
Yet will I call on him. O, spare me, Lucifer!  
Where is it now? Tis gone; and see where God Stretcheth out his arm and bends his ireful brows!  
Mountains and hills, come, come and fall on me,  
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!  
No, no!
Then will I headlong run into the earth.
Earth, gape! O, no, it will not harbour me.
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud,
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven.

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,
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.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me and I be changed
Unto some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Curst be the parents that engendered me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself. Curse Lucifer,
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

The clock striketh twelve.

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

Thunder and lightning.

O soul, be changed into little waterdrops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!
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._
Chorus

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.

Exit.

Terminat hora diem; terminat author opus.