

# The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus

Christopher Marlowe



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*Carlos Slim*

## The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus

Marlowe, Christopher

Play

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THE TRAGICAL HISTORY  
OF  
DOCTOR FAUSTUS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

THE POPE.

CARDINAL OF LORRAIN.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

DUKE OF VANHOLT.

FAUSTUS.

VALDES, ] friends to FAUSTUS.

CORNELIUS, ]

WAGNER, servant to FAUSTUS.

Clown.

ROBIN.

RALPH.

Vintner.

Horse-courser.

A Knight.

An Old Man.

Scholars, Friars, and Attendants.

DUCHESS OF VANHOLT



LUCIFER.

BELZEBUB.

MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Good Angel.

Evil Angel.

The Seven Deadly Sins.

Devils.

Spirits in the shapes of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, of his Paramour  
and of HELEN.

Chorus.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

FROM THE QUARTO OF 1604.

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS. Not marching now in fields of  
Thrasymene,  
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians;

Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,

In courts of kings where state is  
overturn'd;  
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,

Intends our Muse to vaunt her heavenly verse:

Only this, gentlemen,—we must perform

The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:

To patient judgments 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  
call'd Rhodes:

Of riper years, to  
Wertenberg he went,  
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.

So soon he profits in divinity,

The fruitful plot of scholarism  
grac'd,  
That shortly he was  
grac'd with doctor's name,  
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes

In heavenly matters of theology;

Till  
swoln with cunning, of a self-conceit,  
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,

And, melting, heavens  
conspir'd his overthrow;  
For, falling to a devilish exercise,

And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,

He surfeits upon cursed necromancy;

Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,

Which he prefers before his  
chiefest bliss:  
And this the man that in his study sits.

[Exit.]

FAUSTUS discovered in his study.

FAUSTUS. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin

To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:

Having  
commenc'd, be a divine in shew,  
Yet level at the end of every art,

And live and die in Aristotle's works.

Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast  
ravish'd me!

Bene  
disserere est finis logices.

Is, to dispute well, logic's  
chiefest end?

Affords this art no greater miracle?

Then read no more; thou hast  
attain'd that end:

A greater subject  
fitteth Faustus' wit:

Bid Economy farewell, and Galen come,

Seeing, Ubi  
desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus:

Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,

And be  
eterniz'd for some wondrous cure:

Summum  
bonum medicinae sanitas,

The end of physic is our body's health.

Why, Faustus, hast thou not  
attain'd that end?

Is not thy common talk found aphorisms?

Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,

Whereby whole cities have  
escap'd the plague,

And thousand desperate maladies been  
eas'd?

Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.



Couldst thou make men to live eternally,  
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,

Then this profession were to be  
esteem'd.  
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian?

[Reads.]

Si  
una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem,  
alter valorem rei, &c.

A pretty case of paltry legacies!

[Reads.]

Exhoereditare filium non potest pater, nisi, &c.

Such is the subject of the institute,

And universal body of the law:

This study fits a mercenary drudge,

Who aims at nothing but external trash;

Too servile and illiberal for me.

When all is done, divinity is best:

Jerome's Bible, Faustus; view it well.

[Reads.]

Stipendium  
peccati mors est.

Ha!

Stipendium, &c.

The reward of sin is death: that's hard.

[Reads.]

Si  
peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas;

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and  
there's no truth in us. Why, then,  
belike we must sin, and so  
consequently die:

Ay, we must die an everlasting death.

What doctrine call you this, Che sera, sera,

What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu!

These metaphysics of magicians,

And necromantic books are heavenly;

Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters;

Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.

O, what a world of profit and delight,

Of power, of  
honour, of omnipotence,  
Is  
promis'd to the studious artizan!  
All things that move between the quiet poles  
  
Shall be at my command: emperors and kings  
  
Are but obeyed in their several provinces,  
  
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, tire thy brains to gain a deity.

Enter WAGNER.

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

WAGNER. I will, sir.

[Exit.]

FAUSTUS. Their conference will be a greater help to me  
  
Than all my

labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

GOOD ANGEL. O, Faustus, lay that damned book aside,

And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,

And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head!

Read, read the Scriptures:—that is blasphemy.

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

Wherein all Nature's treasure is  
contain'd:

Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,

Lord and commander of these elements.

[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  
Wertemberg;  
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,  
  
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;  
  
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,  
  
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,  
  
And reign sole king of all the provinces;  
  
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,  
  
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,  
  
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS.

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

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  
ravish'd me.  
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;  
And I, that have with concise syllogisms  
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,  
And made the flowering pride of  
Wertenberg  
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits  
On sweet  
Musaeus when he came to hell,  
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,  
Whose shadow made all Europe  
honour him.  
VALDES. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,  
Shall make all nations to canonize us.  
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,

So shall the spirits of every element  
Be always serviceable to us three;  
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;  
Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,  
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;  
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,  
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows  
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love:  
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,  
And from America the golden fleece  
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;  
If learned Faustus will be resolute.

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

CORNELIUS. The miracles that magic will perform  
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.  
He that is grounded in astrology,

Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,

Hath all the principles magic doth require:

Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be  
renowm'd,  
And more frequented for this mystery

Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.

The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,

And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,

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, shew 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 Albertus' works,

The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;

And whatsoever else is requisite

We will inform thee ere our conference cease.



CORNELIUS. Valdes, first let him know the words of art;

And then, all other ceremonies  
learn'd,  
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

VALDES. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,

And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

FAUSTUS. Then come and dine with me, and, after meat,

We'll canvass every quiddity thereof;

For, ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do:

This night I'll conjure, though I die therefore.

[Exeunt.]

Enter 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.

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.

FIRST 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 licentiates, should stand upon: therefore acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

SECOND SCHOLAR. Why, didst thou not say thou knewest?

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,  
would inform your worships: and so, the Lord bless you,  
preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren!

[Exit.]

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

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!

SECOND SCHOLAR. Yet let us try what we can do.

[Exeunt.]

Enter FAUSTUS to conjure.

FAUSTUS. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,

Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,

Leaps from  
th' antartic world unto the sky,  
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,

Faustus, begin thine incantations,

And try if devils will obey thy  
hest,  
Seeing thou hast  
pray'd and sacrific'd to them.  
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,

Forward and backward  
anagrammatiz'd,  
Th' abbreviated names of holy saints,

Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,

And characters of signs and erring stars,

By which the spirits are  
enforc'd to rise:  
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,

And try the uttermost magic can perform.—

Sint mihi  
dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex  
Jehovoe!

Ignei, aerii, aquatani spiritus, salvete! Orientis princeps

Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus

vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis, quod tumeraris:

per  
Jehovam, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo,

signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc

surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape;

Thou art too ugly to attend on me:

Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;

That holy shape becomes a devil best.

[Exit MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words:

Who would not be proficient in this art?

How pliant is this  
Mephistophilis,

Full of obedience and humility!

Such is the force of magic and my spells:

No, Faustus, thou art conjuror  
laureat,  
That canst command great  
Mephistophilis:  
Quin  
regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS like a Franciscan friar.

MEPHIST. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?

FAUSTUS. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,

To do whatever Faustus shall command,

Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,

Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

MEPHIST. I am a servant to great Lucifer,

And may not follow thee without his leave:

No more than he commands must we perform.

FAUSTUS. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

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

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

MEPHIST. That was the cause, but yet per  
accidens;  
For, when we hear one rack the name of God,

Abjure the Scriptures and his  
Saviour Christ,  
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul;

Nor will we come, unless he use such means

Whereby he is in danger to be  
damn'd.

Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring

Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,

And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.

FAUSTUS. So Faustus hath

Already done; and holds this principle,

There is no chief but only  
Belzebub;  
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?

MEPHIST. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

FAUSTUS. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

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

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

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

FAUSTUS. And what are you that live with Lucifer?

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

FAUSTUS. Where are you  
damn'd?

MEPHIST. In hell.

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

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



Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,  
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,  
  
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,  
  
In being  
depriv'd of everlasting bliss?  
O, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,  
  
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!

FAUSTUS. What, is great  
Mephistophilis so passionate  
For being deprived of the joys of heaven?  
  
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,  
  
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.  
  
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:  
  
Seeing Faustus hath  
incurr'd eternal death  
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,  
  
Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,  
  
So he will spare him four and twenty years,  
  
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;  
  
Having thee ever to attend on me,  
  
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,  
  
To tell me whatsoever I demand,

To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,

And always be obedient to my will.

Go and return to mighty Lucifer,

And meet me in my study at midnight,

And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

MEPHIST. I will, Faustus.

[Exit.]

FAUSTUS. Had I as many souls as there be stars,

I'd give them all for

Mephistophilis.

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

And make a bridge thorough the moving air,

To pass the ocean with a band of men;

I'll join the hills that bind the

Afric shore,

And make that country continent to Spain,

And both contributory to my crown:

The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,

Nor any potentate of Germany.

Now that I have

obtain'd what I desir'd,

I'll live in speculation of this art,

Till  
Mephistophilis return again.  
[Exit.]

Enter WAGNER and CLOWN.

WAGNER. Sirrah boy, come hither.

CLOWN. How, boy!  
swowns, boy! I hope you have seen many boys

with such  
pickadevaunts as I have: boy,  
quotha!

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

CLOWN. Ay, and goings out too; you may see else.

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

CLOWN. How! my soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though  
'twere blood-raw! not so, good friend:  
by'r lady, I had need

have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

WAGNER. Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee go like

Qui mihi  
discipulus?

CLOWN. How, in verse?

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

CLOWN. How, how, knaves-acre! ay, I thought that was all the land  
his father left him. Do you hear? I would be sorry to rob you of  
your living.

WAGNER. Sirrah, I say in staves-acre.

CLOWN. Oho, oho, staves-acre! why, then, belike, if I were your  
man, I should be full of vermin.

WAGNER. So thou shalt, whether thou  
beest with me or no. But,

sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind yourself presently unto me  
for seven years, or I'll turn all the lice about thee into  
familiar, and they shall tear thee in pieces.

CLOWN. Do you hear, sir? you may save that labour; they are too familiar with me already: swowns, they are as bold with my flesh as if they had paid for their meat and drink.

WAGNER. Well, do you hear, sirrah? hold, take these guilders.

[Gives money.]

CLOWN. Gridirons! what be they?

WAGNER. Why, French crowns.

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

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

CLOWN. No, no; here, take your gridirons again.

WAGNER. Truly, I'll none of them.

CLOWN. Truly, but you shall.

WAGNER. Bear witness I gave them him.

CLOWN. Bear witness I give them you again.

WAGNER. Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee  
away.—Baliol and Belcher!

CLOWN. Let your Baliol and your Belcher come here, and I'll  
knock them, they were never so knocked since they were devils:  
say I should kill one of them, what would folks say? "Do ye see  
yonder tall fellow in the round slop? he has killed the devil."  
So I should be called Kill-devil all the parish over.

Enter two DEVILS; and the CLOWN runs up and down crying.

WAGNER. Baliol and Belcher,—spirits, away!

[Exeunt DEVILS.]

CLOWN. 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  
clifts and cloven feet.

WAGNER. Well, sirrah, follow me.

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

WAGNER. I will teach thee to turn thyself to  
any thing, to a dog,  
or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or  
any thing.

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

WAGNER. Well, sirrah, come.

CLOWN. But, do you hear, Wagner?

WAGNER. How!—Baliol and Belcher!

CLOWN. O Lord! I pray, sir, let  
Banio and Belcher go sleep.

WAGNER. Villain, call me Master Wagner, and let thy left eye be

diametrically fixed upon my right heel, with quasi vestigiis

nostris insistere.

[Exit.]

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

[Exit.]

FAUSTUS discovered in his study.

FAUSTUS. Now, Faustus, must

Thou needs be  
damn'd, and canst thou not be sav'd:  
What boots it, then, to think of God or heaven?

Away with such vain fancies, and despair;

Despair in God, and trust in  
Belzebub:  
Now go not backward; no, Faustus, be resolute:

Why  
waver'st 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  
serv'st is thine own appetite,



Wherein is  
fix'd the love of Belzebub:  
To him I'll build an altar and a church,

And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

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 make 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 of wealth.

[Exeunt ANGELS.]

FAUSTUS. Of wealth!

Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine.

When  
Mephistophilis shall stand by me,  
What god can hurt thee, Faustus? thou art safe

Cast no more doubts.—Come,  
Mephistophilis,  
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—

Is't not midnight?—come, Mephistophilis,

Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Now tell me what says Lucifer, thy lord?

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

FAUSTUS. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

MEPHIST. But, 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,  
Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good will my soul  
do thy lord?

MEPHIST. Enlarge his kingdom.

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

MEPHIST.

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

FAUSTUS. Why, have you any pain that torture others!

MEPHIST. As great as have the human souls of men.

But, tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?

And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,

And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

FAUSTUS. Ay,

Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

MEPHIST. Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,

And bind thy soul, that at some certain day

Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;

And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

FAUSTUS. [Stabbing his arm] Lo,

Mephistophilis, for love of thee,

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.

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

FAUSTUS. Ay, so I will [Writes]. But,  
Mephistophilis,  
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

MEPHIST. 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  
stay'd!

Why  
shouldst thou not? is not thy soul shine own?  
Then write again, FAUSTUS GIVES TO THEE HIS SOUL.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a chafer of coals.

MEPHIST. Here's fire; come, Faustus, set it on.

FAUSTUS. So, now the blood begins to clear again;

Now will I make an end immediately.

[Writes.]

MEPHIST. O, what will not I do to obtain his soul?

[Aside.]

FAUSTUS.

Consummatum est; this bill is ended,

And Faustus hath

bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer.

But what is this inscription on mine arm?

Homo,

fuge: whither should I fly?

If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.

My senses are

deceiv'd; here's nothing writ:—

I see it plain; here in this place is writ,

Homo,

fuge: yet shall not Faustus fly.

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

[Aside, and then exit.]

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with DEVILS, who give crowns

and rich apparel to FAUSTUS, dance, and then depart.

FAUSTUS. Speak,  
Mephistophilis, what means this show?

MEPHIST. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,  
And to shew thee what magic can perform.

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

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

FAUSTUS. Then there's enough for a thousand souls.

Here,  
Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,  
A deed of gift of body and of soul:

But yet conditionally that thou perform

All articles  
prescrib'd between us both.

MEPHIST. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer

To effect all promises between us made!

FAUSTUS. Then hear me read them. [Reads] ON THESE CONDITIONS  
FOLLOWING. FIRST, THAT FAUSTUS MAY BE A SPIRIT IN FORM AND  
SUBSTANCE. SECONDLY, THAT MEPHISTOPHILIS SHALL BE HIS SERVANT,

AND AT HIS COMMAND. THIRDLY, THAT MEPHISTOPHILIS SHALL DO FOR HIM,  
AND BRING HIM WHATSOEVER HE DESIRES. FOURTHLY, THAT HE SHALL  
BE IN HIS CHAMBER OR HOUSE INVISIBLE. LASTLY, THAT HE SHALL APPEAR  
TO THE SAID JOHN FAUSTUS, AT ALL TIMES, IN WHAT FORM OR SHAPE  
SOEVER HE PLEASE. I, JOHN FAUSTUS, OF WERTENBERG, DOCTOR, BY  
THESE PRESENTS, DO GIVE BOTH BODY AND SOUL TO LUCIFER PRINCE OF  
THE EAST, AND HIS MINISTER MEPHISTOPHILIS; AND FURTHERMORE GRANT  
UNTO THEM, THAT, TWENTY-FOUR YEARS BEING EXPIRED, THE ARTICLES  
ABOVE-WRITTEN INVIOLEATE, 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.

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

FAUSTUS. Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good  
on't!

MEPHIST. 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?

MEPHIST. Under the heavens.

FAUSTUS. Ay, but whereabout?

MEPHIST. Within the bowels of these elements,

Where we are  
tortur'd and remain for ever:

Hell hath no limits, nor is  
circumscrib'd

In one  
self place; for where we are is hell,  
And where hell is, there must we ever be:

And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,

And every creature shall be purified,

All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

FAUSTUS. Come, I think hell's a fable.

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

FAUSTUS. Why,  
think'st thou, then, that Faustus shall be damn'd?

MEPHIST. 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.

MEPHIST. But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the contrary,

For I am  
damn'd, and am now in hell.

FAUSTUS. How! now in hell!

Nay,  
an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd here:  
What! walking, disputing, &c.

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.

MEPHIST. How! a wife!

I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.

FAUSTUS. Nay, sweet  
Mephistophilis, fetch me one, for I will have  
one.

MEPHIST. Well, thou wilt have one? Sit there till I come: I'll

fetch thee a wife in the devil's name.

[Exit.]

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a DEVIL  
drest like a WOMAN,  
with fire-works.

MEPHIST. Tell me, Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

FAUSTUS. A plague on her for a hot whore!

MEPHIST. Tut, Faustus,

Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;

If thou  
lovest me, think no more of it.

I'll cull thee out the fairest  
courtezans,

And bring them every morning to thy bed:

She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,

Be she as chaste as was Penelope,

As wise as Saba, or as beautiful

As was bright Lucifer before his fall.

Hold, take this book, peruse it thoroughly:

[Gives book.]

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,  
Mephistophilis: yet fain would I have a book

wherein I might behold all spells and incantations, that I  
might raise up spirits when I please.

MEPHIST. Here they are in this book.

[Turns 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.

MEPHIST. Here they are too.

[Turns 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.

MEPHIST. Here they be.

FAUSTUS. O, thou art deceived.

MEPHIST. Tut, I warrant thee.

[Turns to them.]

FAUSTUS. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,

And curse thee, wicked  
Mephistophilis,  
Because thou hast  
depriv'd me of those joys.

MEPHIST. Why, Faustus,

Thinkest thou heaven is such a glorious thing?  
I tell thee, 'tis not half so  
fair as thou,  
Or any man that breathes on earth.

FAUSTUS. How  
prov'st thou that?

MEPHIST.  
'Twas made for man, therefore is man more excellent.

FAUSTUS. If it were made for man, 'twas made for me:

I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

GOOD ANGEL. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

EVIL ANGEL. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

FAUSTUS. Who  
buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?  
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;

Ay, God will pity me, if I repent.

EVIL ANGEL. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

[Exeunt ANGELS.]

FAUSTUS. My heart's so  
harden'd, I cannot repent:  
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,

But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears,

"Faustus, thou art  
damn'd!" then swords, and knives,  
Poison, guns, halters, and  
envenom'd steel  
Are laid before me to  
despatch myself;  
And long ere this I should have slain myself,

Had not sweet pleasure

conquer'd deep despair.

Have not I made blind Homer sing to me

Of Alexander's love and  
Oenon's death?

And hath not he, that built the walls of Thebes

With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,

Made music with my  
Mephistophilis?

Why should I die, then, or basely despair?

I am  
resolv'd; Faustus shall ne'er repent.—

Come,  
Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,  
And argue of divine astrology.

Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon

Are all celestial bodies but one globe,

As is the substance of this centric earth?

MEPHIST. As are the elements, such are the spheres,

Mutually folded in each other's orb,

And, Faustus,

All jointly move upon one axletree,

Whose  
terminine is term'd the world's wide pole;  
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter

Feign'd, but are erring stars.

FAUSTUS. But, tell me, have they all one motion, both situ et tempore?

MEPHIST. All jointly move from east to west in twenty-four 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

Mephistophilis no greater skill?

Who knows not the double motion of the planets?

The first is

finish'd 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?

MEPHIST. Ay.

FAUSTUS. How many heavens or spheres are there?

MEPHIST. 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?

MEPHIST. Per  
inoequalem motum respectu totius.

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

MEPHIST. I will not.

FAUSTUS. Sweet  
Mephistophilis, tell me.

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

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

MEPHIST. 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.

MEPHIST. Remember this.



[Exit.]

FAUSTUS. Ay, go, accursed spirit, to ugly hell!

'Tis thou hast  
damn'd distressed Faustus' soul.

Is't not too late?

Re-enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

EVIL ANGEL. Too late.

GOOD ANGEL. Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

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

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

[Exeunt ANGELS.]

FAUSTUS. Ah, Christ, my  
Saviour,  
Seek to save distressed Faustus' soul!

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

LUCIFER. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just:

There's none but I have interest in the same.

FAUSTUS. O, who art thou that  
look'st so terrible?

LUCIFER. I am Lucifer,

And this is my companion-prince in hell.

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

LUCIFER. We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;

Thou  
talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise:  
Thou  
shouldst not think of God: think of the devil,

And of his dam too.

FAUSTUS. Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,

And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,

Never to name God, or to pray to him,

To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,

And make my spirits pull his churches down.

LUCIFER. Do so, and we will highly gratify thee. Faustus, we are  
come from hell to shew thee some pastime: sit down, and thou  
shalt see all the Seven Deadly Sins appear in their proper shapes.

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

LUCIFER. Talk not of Paradise nor creation; but mark this show:  
talk of the devil, and nothing else.—Come away!

Enter the SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

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

FAUSTUS. What art thou, the first?

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

FAUSTUS. What art thou, the second?

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

FAUSTUS. What art thou, the third?

WRATH. I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half-an-hour old; and ever since I have run up and down the world with this case of rapiers, wounding myself when I had nobody to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

FAUSTUS. What art thou, the fourth?

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

come down, with a vengeance!

FAUSTUS. Away, envious rascal!—What art thou, the fifth?

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 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 stock-fish; and the first letter  
of my name begins with L.

FAUSTUS. Away, to hell, to hell!

[Exeunt the SINS.]

LUCIFER. 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.

In meantime take this book; peruse it  
thoroughly,

And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

FAUSTUS. Great thanks, mighty Lucifer!

This will I keep as chary as my life.

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

FAUSTUS. Farewell, great Lucifer.

[Exeunt LUCIFER and BELZEBUB.]

Come,  
Mephistophilis.

[Exeunt.]

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS. Learned Faustus,

To know the secrets of astronomy

Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,

Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,

Being seated in a chariot burning bright,

Drawn by the strength of  
yoky dragons' necks.

He now is gone to prove cosmography,

And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,

To see the Pope and manner of his court,  
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,  
That to this day is highly  
solemniz'd.  
[Exit.]

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

FAUSTUS. Having now, my good  
Mephistophilis,  
Pass'd with delight the stately town of Trier,  
Environ'd round with airy mountain-tops,  
With walls of flint, and deep-entrenched lakes,  
Not to be won by any conquering prince;  
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,  
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,  
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;  
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,  
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,  
The streets straight forth, and  
pav'd with finest brick,  
Quarter the town in four equivalent:  
There saw we learned  
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 one 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?

MEPHIST. 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.

MEPHIST.

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 underprop 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,  
That make safe passage to each part of Rome:  
Upon the bridge  
call'd Ponte Angelo  
Erected is a castle passing strong,  
Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,  
And double cannons  
fram'd of carved brass,  
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, of Acheron, and the fiery lake  
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear  
That I do long to see the monuments  
And situation of bright-splendent Rome:  
Come, therefore, let's away.

MEPHIST. Nay, Faustus, stay: I know you'd fain see the Pope,  
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,

Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars,

Whose summum  
bonum is in belly-cheer.

FAUSTUS. Well, I'm 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.

[  
Mephistophilis charms him.]

MEPHIST. So, Faustus; now

Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be  
discern'd.

Sound a Sonnet. Enter the POPE and the CARDINAL OF

LORRAIN to the banquet, with FRIARS attending.

POPE. My Lord of Lorrain,  
will't please you draw near?

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

POPE. How now! who's that which  
spake?—Friars, look about.

FIRST FRIAR. Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

POPE. My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from the Bishop of Milan.

FAUSTUS. I thank you, sir.

[Snatches the dish.]

POPE. How now! who's that which snatched the meat from me? will no man look?—My lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of Florence.

FAUSTUS. You say true; I'll ha't.

[Snatches the dish.]

POPE. What, again!—My lord, I'll drink to your grace.

FAUSTUS. I'll pledge your grace.

[Snatches the cup.]

C. OF LOR. 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 crosses himself.]

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.

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

Come on,  
Mephistophilis; what shall we do?

MEPHIST. 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 holiday.

Re-enter all the FRIARS to sing the Dirge.

FIRST FRIAR.

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

They sing.

CURSED BE HE THAT STOLE AWAY HIS HOLINESS' MEAT FROM THE

TABLE!

maledicat Dominus!

CURSED BE HE THAT STRUCK HIS HOLINESS A BLOW ON THE FACE!

maledicat Dominus!

CURSED BE HE THAT TOOK FRIAR SANDELO A BLOW ON THE PATE!

maledicat Dominus!

CURSED BE HE THAT DISTURBETH OUR HOLY DIRGE!

maledicat

Dominus!

CURSED BE HE THAT TOOK AWAY HIS HOLINESS' WINE!

maledicat

Dominus? ['?' sic]

Et omnes Sancti! Amen!

[MEPHISTOPHILIS and FAUSTUS beat the FRIARS, and fling

fire-works among them; and so exeunt.]

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS. When Faustus had with pleasure  
ta'en the view  
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,

He  
stay'd his course, and so returned home;  
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,

I mean his friends and  
near'st 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  
answer'd with such learned skill  
As they  
admir'd and wonder'd 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['t]  
perform'd.

[Exit.]

Enter ROBIN the Ostler, with a book in his hand.

ROBIN. O, this is admirable! here I ha' stolen 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 RALPH, calling ROBIN.

RALPH. Robin, prithee, come away; there's a gentleman tarries  
to have his horse, and he would have his things rubbed and made  
clean: he keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it; and  
she has sent me to look thee out; prithee, come away.

ROBIN. Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up, you are  
dismembered, Ralph: keep out, for I am about a roaring piece  
of work.

RALPH. Come, what  
doest 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.

RALPH. 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.

RALPH. Canst thou conjure with it?

ROBIN. I can do all these things easily with it; first, I can make thee drunk with ippocras at any tabern in Europe for nothing; that's one of my conjuring works.

RALPH. Our Master Parson says that's nothing.

ROBIN. True, Ralph: and more, Ralph, 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.

RALPH. 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 Ralph: let's go and make clean our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring in the devil's name.

[Exeunt.]

Enter ROBIN and RALPH with a silver goblet.

ROBIN. Come, Ralph: 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.

RALPH. But, Robin, here comes the Vintner.

ROBIN. Hush! I'll gull him supernaturally.

Enter VINTNER.

Drawer, I hope all is paid; God be with you!—Come, Ralph.

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

ROBIN. I a goblet, Ralph, I a goblet!—I scorn you; and you are  
but a, &c. I a goblet! search me.

VINTNER. I mean so, sir, with your  
favour.

[Searches ROBIN.]

ROBIN. How say you now?

VINTNER. I must say somewhat to your fellow.—You, sir!

RALPH. Me, sir! me, sir! search your fill. [VINTNER searches him.]

Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter  
of truth.

VINTNER. Well, tone of you hath this goblet about you.

ROBIN. You lie, drawer, 'tis afore me [Aside].—Sirrah you, I'll

teach you 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

Belzebub.—Look to the goblet, Ralph [Aside to RALPH].

VINTNER. What mean you, sirrah?

ROBIN. I'll tell you what I mean. [Reads from a book]  
Sanctobulorum

Periphrasticon—nay, I'll tickle you, Vintner.—Look to the goblet,  
Ralph [Aside to RALPH].—[Reads]  
Polypragmos Belseborams framanto

pacostiphos tostu, Mephistophilis, &c.

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, sets squibs at their backs, and then  
exit. They run about.

VINTNER. O,  
nomine Domini! what meanest thou, Robin? thou hast no  
goblet.

RALPH.  
Peccatum peccatorum!—Here's thy goblet, good Vintner.  
[Gives the goblet to VINTNER, who exit.]

ROBIN. Misericordia pro nobis! what shall I do? Good devil, forgive  
me now, and I'll never rob thy library more.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

MEPHIST. Monarch of Hell, under whose black survey  
Great potentates do kneel with awful fear,  
Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie,  
How am I vexed with these villains' charms?

From Constantinople am I hither come,  
Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.

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

MEPHIST. Well, villains, for your presumption, I transform thee  
into an ape, and thee into a dog; and so be gone!

[Exit.]

ROBIN. How, into an ape! that's brave: I'll have fine sport with  
the boys; I'll get nuts and apples enow.

RALPH. And I must be a dog.

ROBIN.  
I'faith, thy head will never be out of the pottage-pot.  
[Exeunt.]

Enter EMPEROR, FAUSTUS, and a KNIGHT, with ATTENDANTS.

EMPEROR. Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report  
of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in my empire

nor in the whole world can compare with thee for the rare effects  
of magic: they say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whom thou canst  
accomplish what thou list. This, therefore, is my request, that  
thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be  
witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported: and here

I swear to thee, by the  
honour of mine imperial crown, that,  
whatever thou  
doest, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged.

KNIGHT.  
I'faith, he looks much like a conjurer.  
[Aside.]

FAUSTUS. My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far  
inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable  
to the  
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,  
subdu'd so many kingdoms,  
As we that do succeed, or they that shall  
  
Hereafter possess our throne, shall  
  
(I fear me) ne'er 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  
entomb'd this famous conqueror,  
And bring with him his beauteous paramour,  
  
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire  
  
They  
us'd to wear during their time of life,  
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,

And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

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

KNIGHT.

I'faith, that's just nothing at all.

[Aside.]

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

KNIGHT. Ay, marry, Master Doctor, now there's a sign of grace in  
you, when you will confess the truth.

[Aside.]

FAUSTUS. But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander and  
his paramour shall appear before your grace, in that manner that  
they both 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.—  
Mephistophilis, be gone.  
[Exit MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

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

FAUSTUS. I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so.

—Here they are, my gracious lord.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with SPIRITS in the shapes of 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.

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

[Exeunt Spirits.]

FAUSTUS. Wilt please your highness now to send for the knight  
that was so pleasant with me here of late?

EMPEROR. One of you call him forth.

[Exit ATTENDANT.]

Re-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. Thou damned wretch and execrable dog,  
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,

How  
dar'st thou thus abuse a gentleman?  
Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done!

FAUSTUS. O, not so fast, sir! there's no haste: but, good, are

you remembered how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperor? I think I have met with you for it.

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

FAUSTUS. My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight; which being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns:—and,

    sir knight, hereafter speak well of scholars.—

Mephistophilis,

    transform him straight. [MEPHISTOPHILIS removes the horns.]

—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.

[Exeunt EMPEROR, KNIGHT, and ATTENDANTS.]

FAUSTUS. Now,

Mephistophilis, the restless course

That time doth run with calm and silent foot,

Shortening my days and thread of vital life,

Calls for the payment of my latest years:

Therefore, sweet  
Mephistophilis, let us  
Make haste to  
Wertemberg.

MEPHIST. What, will you go on horse-back or on foot[?]

FAUSTUS. Nay, till I'm 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.

HORSE-COURSER. Do you hear, sir? I have brought you forty dollars  
for your horse.

FAUSTUS. I cannot sell him so: if thou  
likest him for fifty, take  
him.

HORSE-COURSER. Alas, sir, I have no more!—I pray you, speak for  
me.

MEPHIST. 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 [HORSE-COURSER gives  
FAUSTUS 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.—Now am I made man  
for ever: I'll not

leave my horse for forty: if he had but the quality of

hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding, I'd make a brave living on him:

he has a buttock as slick as an eel [Aside].—Well, God  
b'wi'ye,

sir: your boy will deliver him me: but, hark you, 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  
condemn'd to die?  
Thy fatal time doth draw to final end;

Despair doth drive distrust into 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.

[Sleeps in his chair.]

Re-enter HORSE-COURSER, all wet, crying.

HORSE-COURSER. Alas, alas! Doctor Fustian,  
quoth a? mass, Doctor

Lopus was never such a doctor: has given me a purgation, has

purged me of forty dollars; I shall never see them more. But yet,

like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he bade me

I should ride him into no water: now I, thinking my horse had had

some rare quality that he would not have had me know 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?

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

HORSE-COURSER. But I will speak with him.

MEPHIST. 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.

MEPHIST. 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.

MEPHIST. See, where he is, fast asleep.

HORSE-COURSER. Ay, this is he.—God save you, Master Doctor,  
Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian! forty dollars, forty dollars  
for a bottle of hay!

MEPHIST. Why, thou  
seest he hears thee not.

HORSE-COURSER. So-ho, ho! so-ho, ho! [Hollows in his ear.] No,  
will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go. [Pulls FAUSTUS  
by the leg, and pulls it away.] Alas, I am undone! what shall  
I do?

FAUSTUS. O, my leg, my leg!—Help,  
Mephistophilis! call the  
officers.—My leg, my leg!

MEPHIST. Come, villain, to the constable.

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

MEPHIST. Where be they?

HORSE-COURSER. I have none about me: come to my  
ostry,  
and I'll give them you.



MEPHIST. 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,  
Mephistophilis,  
let's away to him.

[Exeunt.]

Enter the DUKE OF VANHOLT, the DUCHESS, and FAUSTUS.

DUKE. Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased

me.

FAUSTUS. My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well.

—But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that great-bellied women do long for some dainties or other: what is it, madam? tell me, and you shall have it.

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

FAUSTUS. Alas, madam, that's nothing!—  
Mephistophilis, be gone.  
[Exit MEPHISTOPHILIS.] Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with grapes.

Here they be, madam: wilt please you taste on them?

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 you see.

—How do you like them, madam? be they good?

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

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

DUKE. Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath shewed to you.

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

FAUSTUS. I humbly thank your grace.

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

[Exeunt.]

Enter WAGNER.

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 MEPHISTOPHILIS.

FIRST SCHOLAR. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about  
fair ladies, which was the  
beautifulest in all the world, we have  
determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the  
admirablest  
lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us  
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  
unfeign'd,  
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  
cross'd the seas with her,  
And brought the spoils to rich  
Dardania.  
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

[Music sounds, and HELEN  
passeth over the stage.]

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  
pursu'd  
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,

Whose heavenly beauty  
passeth all compare.

FIRST SCHOLAR. Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,

And only paragon of excellence,  
Let us depart; and for this glorious deed  
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore!

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

[Exeunt SCHOLARS.]

Enter an OLD MAN.

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 sin  
As no commiseration may expel,  
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?

Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair and die!  
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice

Says, "Faustus, come; thine hour is almost come;"

And Faustus now will come to do  
thee right.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS gives him a dagger.]

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.

OLD MAN. I go, sweet Faustus; but with heavy cheer,

Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul.

[Exit.]

FAUSTUS. Accursed Faustus, where is mercy now?

I do repent; and yet I do despair:

Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:

What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

MEPHIST. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul

For disobedience to my sovereign lord:

Revolt, or I'll in piece-meal tear thy flesh.

FAUSTUS. Sweet

Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord

To pardon my unjust presumption,

And with my blood again I will confirm

My former vow I made to Lucifer.

MEPHIST. Do it, then, quickly, with unfeigned heart,

Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

FAUSTUS. Torment, sweet friend, that base and crooked age,

That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,

With greatest torments that our hell affords.

MEPHIST. His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul;



But what I may afflict his body with  
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

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

MEPHIST. Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,  
Shall be  
perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter HELEN.

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

Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.—

[Kisses her.]

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

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

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

And all is dross that is not Helena.

I will be Paris, and for love of thee,

Instead of Troy, shall  
Wertenberg be sack'd;  
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,

And wear thy  
colours on my plumed crest;  
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,

And then return to Helen for a kiss.

O, thou art fairer than the evening air

Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;

Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter

When he  
appear'd to hapless Semele;  
More lovely than the monarch of the sky

In wanton Arethusa's  
azur'd arms;  
And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

[Exeunt.]

Enter the OLD MAN.

OLD MAN. Accursed Faustus, miserable man,

That from thy soul  
exclud'st the grace of heaven,  
And  
fly'st the throne of his tribunal-seat!

Enter DEVILS.

Satan begins to sift me with his pride:

As in this furnace God shall try my faith,

My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.

Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smile

At your repulse, and laugh your state to scorn!

Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God.

[Exeunt,—on one side, DEVILS, on the other, OLD MAN.]

Enter FAUSTUS, with 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.

—'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' offence can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Wertenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of

God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must  
remain in hell for ever, hell, ah, hell,  
for ever! Sweet friends,

what shall become of Faustus, being in hell  
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  
Mephistophilis. 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 twenty-four 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. 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  
damn'd perpetually!  
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,

That time may cease, and midnight never come;

Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make

Perpetual day; or let this hour be but

A year, a month, a week, a natural day,

That Faustus may repent and save his soul!

O

*lente, lente currite, noctis equi!*

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,

The devil will come, and Faustus must be  
damn'd.

O, I'll leap up to 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

reign'd at my nativity,

Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,

Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist.

Into the entrails of yon

labouring cloud[s],

That, when you vomit forth into the air,

My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,

So that my soul may but ascend to heaven!

[The clock strikes the half-hour.]



Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon

O God,

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,

Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath  
ransom'd me,

Impose some end to my incessant pain;

Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,

A hundred thousand, and at last be  
sav'd!

O, no end is limited to damned souls!  
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?

Or why is this immortal that thou hast?

Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,

This soul should fly from me, and I be  
chang'd

Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,

For, when they die,

Their souls are soon  
dissolv'd in elements;

But mine must live still to be  
plagu'd in hell.

Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!

No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer

That hath  
depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

[The clock strikes twelve.]

O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,

Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!

[Thunder and lightning.]

O soul, be  
chang'd into little water-drops,  
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

Enter DEVILS.

My God, my god, look not so fierce on me!

Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!

Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!

I'll burn my books!—Ah,  
Mephistophilis!  
[Exeunt DEVILS with FAUSTUS.]

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,

And burned is Apollo's laurel-bough,

That sometime grew within this learned man.

Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,

Whose

fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,  
Only to wonder at unlawful things,

Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits

To practice more than heavenly power permits.

[Exit.]

Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor opus.