

Christopher Marlowe, *The Tragedie of Doctor Faustus* (B text)

(ed. Hilary Binda)

Dramatis Personae

Chorus

Faustus

Wagner

Good Angel

Bad Angel, : (Spirit)

Valdes

Cornelius

First Scholar

Second Scholar

Lucifer

Mephistophilis

a Clown (Robin)

Beelzebub

Sins

Pride

Covetousness

Envy

Wrath

Gluttony

Sloth

Lechery

Dick, a clown

The Pope (Adrian)

Raymond, King of Hungary

Bruno

First Cardinal (of France)

Second Cardinal (of Padua)

The Bishop (of Rheims)

a Friar

a Vintner

Martino

Frederick

Benvolio

The German Emperor

Charles The Duke of Saxony

Darius,

Alexander,

his Paramour

1st Soldier

2nd Soldier

a Horse-courser

a Carter

a Hostess

The Duke of Vanholt

his Duchess

a Servant

Third Scholar

Helen (of Greece)

an Old Man

Devils, Bishops, Monks, Friars, Attendants, Soldiers,

and two Cupids.

<Enter Chorus>

Not marching in the fields of Thrasimene,
Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthagens,
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 vaunt his heavenly verse.
Only this, gentles: we must now perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad.
And now to patient judgments we appeal,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, of parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town called Rhodes.
At riper years to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So much he profits in divinity,
That shortly he was graced with Doctor's name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In th'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 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.

[1.1]

<Faustus in his study.>

Faustus

Settle thy studies Faustus, and begin
to sound the depth of that thou wilt profess.
Having commenced, be a divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravished me.
Bene disserere est finis logices.
Is to dispute well logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attained that end.
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit.
Bid *economy* farewell, and Galen come.
Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be eternized for some wondrous cure.
Summum bonum, medicinae sanitas:
The end of physic is our body's health:
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attained that end?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escaped the plague
And thousand desperate maladies been cured?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Could'st thou make men to live eternally,

Or being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteemed.
Physic farewell. Where is Justinian?
Si una eademque res legatur duobus ,
Alter rem , alter valorem rei , etc.
A petty case of paltry legacies!
Exhaereditare filium non potest pater , nisi--
Such is the subject of the institute,
And universal body of the law.
This study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash,
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, *divinity* is best;
Jerome's Bible, Faustus, view it well.
Stipendium peccati , mors est ." Ha! *Stipendium , &c:*
The reward of sin is death? That's hard.
Si peccasse , negamus , fallimur , et nulla est in nobis
veritas .

If we say that we have no sin
We deceive ourselves, and there is no truth in us.
Why then belike we must sin,
And so consequently die.
Ay, we must die, an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this: *Che sera , sera ,*
What will be, shall be? *Divinity*, adieu.
These metaphysics of magicians,
And necromantic books are heavenly;
Lines, circles, letters, characters.
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, and 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,
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man:
A sound magician is a demi-god.
Here, tire my brains to get 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,
Then all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

<Enter the Good Angel and Evil Angel.>

Good Angel

O Faustus, lay that damned book aside,
And gaze not on it least 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 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 faire Wittenberg.
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad.
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole king of all the provinces.
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp'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 concealed arts.
Philosophy is odious and obscure.
Both law and physic are for petty wits.
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravished me.
Then gentle friends aid me in this attempt,
And I, that have with subtle syllogisms
Gravelled the pastors of the German Church,
And made the flowering pride of Wittenberg
Sworn to my problems, as th'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,

So shall the spirits 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 has the white breasts of the queen of love.
From Venice shall they drag huge *argosies*,
And from America the golden fleece,
That yearly stuffed old Phillip'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 wrackes,
Yea, all the wealth that our fore-fathers hid,
Within the messy 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 bushy grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

Valdes

Then hast 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.>

[1.2]

<Enter two Scholars. >

1. Scholar

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

< Enter Wagner.>

2. Scholar

That shall we presently know, here comes his boy.

1. Scholar

How now, sirrah! Where's thy master?

Wagner

God in heaven knows.

2. Scholar

Why dost not thou know then?

Wagner

Yes, I know, but that follows not.

2. Scholar

Go to, sirrah; leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

Wagner

That follows not by force of argument, which
you, being *licentiates*, should stand upon. Therefore,
acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

2. Scholar

Then you will not tell us?

Wagner

You are deceived, for I will tell you. Yet if you
were not dunces, you would never ask me such a
question. For is he not *Corpus naturale*? And is not
that *mobile*? Then wherefore should you ask me such a
question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to
wrath, and prone to lechery (to love I would say) it
were not for you to come within forty foot of the place
of execution, although I do not doubt but to see you
both hanged the next sessions. Thus, having tri-
umphed over you, I will set my countenance like a
Precisian, and begin to speak thus: truly my dear
brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and
Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would inform
your worships. And so the Lord bless you, preserve
you, and keep you, my dear brethren. < Exit.>

1. Scholar

O Faustus, then I fear it which I have long suspected:
That thou art fallen into that damned art

For which they two are infamous through the world.

2. Scholar

Were he a stranger, not allayed to me,
The danger of his soul would make me mourn.

But come, let us go, and inform the *Rector*.

It may be his grave counsel may reclaim him.

1. Scholar

I fear me, nothing will reclaim him now.

2. Scholar

Yet let us see what we can do. Exeunt.

[1.3]

<Thunder. Enter Lucifer and Four devils, Faustus to them with this speech.>

Faustus

Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th'Antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin, with her pitchy breathe,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast prayed and sacrificed to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward, and backward, anagrammatised:
Th'abbreviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs, and evening stars,
By which the spirits are enforced to rise.
Then fear not, Faustus, to be resolute
And try the utmost magic can perform.

<Thunder.> *Sint mihi Dei Acherontis propitii ! Valeat numen triplex Jehovahae! Ignei aerii , aquatani spiritus , salvete ! Orientis princeps Beelzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha , et Demigorgon, propitiamus vos , ut appareat , et surgat Mephistophilis Dragon, quod tumeraris; per Jehovaham, gehennam , et consecratam aquam , quam nunc spargo ; signumque ; crucis quod nunc facio , et per vota nostra , ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!*

<Enter a Devil.>

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape.
Thou art too ugly to attend on me.
Go and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best. <Exit Devil. >
I see there's virtue in my heavenly words.
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility,
Such is the force of magic, and my spells.

<Enter Mephistophilis.>

Mephistophilis

Now, Faustus, what would'st thou have me do?

Faustus

I charge thee wait upon me whil'st 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.

Mephistophilis

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?

Mephistophilis

No, I came now hither of mine owe accord.

Faustus

Did not my conjuring raise thee? Speak.

Mephistophilis

That was the cause, but yet *per accidens* ;
For when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the scriptures, and his Savior Christ,
We fly in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means,
Whereby he is in danger to be damned.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure all godliness
And pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell.

Faustus

So Faustus hath already done, and holds this principle:

There is no chief but only Beelzebub,
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word Damnation, terrifies not me,
For I confound hell in Elysium;
My ghost be with the old philosophers.
But leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me, what is that Lucifer, thy Lord?

Mephistophilis

Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

Faustus

Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

Mephistophilis

Yes, Faustus, and most dearly loved of God.

Faustus

How comes it then that he is Prince of Devils?

Mephistophilis

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?

Mephistophilis

Unhappy spirits that live with Lucifer,
Conspired against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damned with Lucifer.

Faustus

Where are you damned?

Mephistophilis

--In hell.

Faustus

How comes it then that thou art out of hell?

Mephistophilis

Why this is hell, nor am I out of it.
 Think'st thou that I that saw the face of God,
 And tasted the eternal joys of heaven
 Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
 In being deprived 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 incurred 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 to aid my friends,
 And always be obedient to my will.
 Go, and return to mighty Lucifer,
 And meet me in my study, at midnight,
 And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

Mephistophilis

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, 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 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 obtained what I desired
 I'll live in speculation of this art
 Till Mephistophilis return again. <Exit. >

[1.4]

<Enter Wagner and the Clown. >

Wagner

Come hither sirrah boy.

Clown

Boy? O disgrace to my person. Zounds! Boy in your

face! You have seen many boys with beards I am sure.

Wagner

Sirrah, hast thou no comings in?

Clown

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

Wagner

Alas poor slave. See how poverty jests in his
 nakedness. I know the villain's out of service, and so
 hungry, that I know he would give his soul to the devil,
 for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood raw.

Clown

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

Wagner

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

Clown

What, in verse?

Wagner

No, slave, in beaten silk, and stavesacre.

Clown

Stavesacre? That's good to kill vermin. Then belike if I
 serve you, I shall be lousy.

Wagner

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

Clown

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

Wagner

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

Clown

Yes, marry, sir, and I thank you too.

Wagner

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

Clown

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

Wagner

Not I. Thou art pressed. Prepare thyself, for, I will will
 presently raise up two devils to carry thee away: Banio,
 Belcher!

Clown

Belcher? and Belcher come here. I'll belch him. I am
 not afraid of a devil.< Enter two Devils. >

Wagner

How now, sir, will you serve me now?

Clown

Ay, good Wagner, take away the devil then.

Wagner

Spirits, away! Now, sirrah, follow me.

Clown

I will sir, but hark you master, you teach me this conjuring occupation?

Wagner

Ay, sirrah, I'll teach thee to turn thyself to a dog, Dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything.

Clown

A dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat? O, brave Wagner.

Wagner

Villain, call me master Wagner, and see that you walk attentively, and let your right eye be always Di-
metrically fixed upon my left heel, that thou may'st,
Quasi vesti-
gias nostras insistere .

Clown

Well, sir, I warrant you. Exeunt.

[2.1]

<Enter Faustus in his study. >

Faustus

Now, Faustus, must thou needs be damned?
Can'st thou not be saved?
What boots it then to think on God or heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair,
Despair in God, and trust in Beelzebub,
Now go not backward, Faustus; be resolute.
Why wavers thou? O something soundeth in mine ear.
Abjure this magic, turn to God again.
Why he loves thee not. The God thou serv'st is thine
owe 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 the two Angels. >

Evil Angel

Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art.

Good Angel

Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

Faustus

Contrition, prayer, repentance? What of these?

Good Angel

O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven.

Evil Angel

Rather, illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That make them foolish that do use 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

Wealth? Why the signory of Embden shall be mine.
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What power can hurt me? Faustus, thou art safe.
Cast no more doubts; Mephistophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer
Is't not midnight? Come, Mephistophilis.
Veni veni Mephostophile. < Enter Mephistophilis. >
Now tell me, what saith Lucifer, thy Lord?
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.

Mephistophilis

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

Faustus

Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me,
What good will my soul do thy Lord?

Mephistophilis

Enlarge his Kingdom.

Faustus

Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

Mephistophilis

Solamen miseris , socios habuisse doloris .

Faustus

Why, have you any pain that torture other?

Mephistophilis

As great as have the humane 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 then thou hast wit to ask.

Faustus

I Mephistophilis, I'll give it him.

Mephistophilis

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

Faustus

Lo Mephistophilis: for love of thee Faustus hath cut his
arm,
And with his proper blood assures his soul to be great
Lucifer's,
Chief Lord and Regent of perpetual night.
View here this blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.

Mephistophilis

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

Faustus

Ay, so I do, but, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more

Mephistophilis

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: O there it stayed.
Why should'st thou not? Is not thy soul thine owe?
Then write again: Faustus gives to thee his soul.

<Enter Mephistophilis, with the chafer of fire. >

Mephistophilis

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

Faustus

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

Mephistophilis

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 heaven, he'll throw me down to hell.
My senses are deceived; here's nothing writ:
O yes, I see it plain, even here is writ
Homo fuge, yet shall not Faustus fly.

Mephistophilis

I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.

<Exit. >

<Enter Devils, giving crowns and rich apparel to
Faustus. They dance, and then depart.>

<Enter Mephistophilis. >

Faustus

What means this show? Speak, Mephistophilis.

Mephistophilis

Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind,
And let thee see what magic can perform

Faustus

But may I raise such spirits when I please?

Mephistophilis

Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

Faustus

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

Mephistophilis

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

To effect all promises between us both.

Faustus

Then hear me read it, Mephistophilis,
"On these conditions following.

First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and
substance.

Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and
be by him commanded.

Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him, and bring
him whatsoever.

Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house
invisible.

Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at
all times, in what shape and form soever he please.

I, John Faustus of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these
presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer, Prince
of the East, and his minister Mephistophilis, and
furthermore grant unto them that four and twenty years
being expired, and these articles written being inviolate,
full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus' body
and soul, flesh, blood, into their habitation
wheresoever.

By me John Faustus.

Mephistophilis

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

Faustus

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

Mephistophilis

So, now Faustus, ask me what thou wilt.

Faustus

First, I will question thee about hell:

Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

Mephistophilis

Under the heavens.

Faustus

Ay, so are all things else, but whereabouts?

Mephistophilis

Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortured, and remain forever.
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed,
In one self place, but where we are is hell,
And where hell is there must we ever be.
And to be short, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that is not heaven.

Faustus

I think hell's a fable.

Mephistophilis

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

Faustus

Why, dost thou think that Faustus shall be damned?

Mephistophilis

Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll

In which 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?
No, these are trifles, and mere old wives tales.

Mephistophilis

But I am an instance to prove the contrary,
For I tell thee I am damned, and now in hell.

Faustus

Nay, and this be hell, I'll willingly be damned.
What sleeping, eating, walking and disputing?
But leaving this, let me have a wife, the fairest maid in
Germany, for I am wanton and lascivious, and cannot live
without a wife.

Mephistophilis

Well, Faustus, thou shalt have a wife.
<He fetches in a woman devil [with fireworks]. >

Faustus

What sight is this?

Mephistophilis

Now, Faustus, wilt thou have a wife?

Faustus

Here's a hot whore indeed; no, I'll no wife.

Mephistophilis

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

Faustus

Thanks, Mephistophilis, for this sweet book.
This will I keep as chary as my life. <Exeunt.>

[2.2]

<Enter Faustus in his study, and Mephistophilis. >

Faustus

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

Mephistophilis

'Twas thine owe seeking Faustus, thank thyself.
But think'st thou heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, Faustus, it is not half so fair

As thou, or any man that breath on earth.

Faustus

How prov'st thou that?

Mephistophilis

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

Faustus

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

<Enter the two Angels. >

Good Angel

Faustus, repent yet God will pity thee.

Evil Angel

Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

Faustus

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

Evil Angel

Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

<Exit Angels. >

Faustus

My heart is hardened; I cannot repent.
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven.
Swords, poison, halters, and envenomed steel,
Are laid before me to dispatch my self,
And long ere this, I should have done the deed,
Had not sweet pleasure conquered 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 resolved; Faustus shall not repent.
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again
And reason of divine Astrology.
Speak, are there many spheres above the Moon?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?

Mephistophilis

As are the elements, such are the heavens,
Even from the moon unto the empirial orb,
Mutually folded in each others spheres,
And jointly move upon one axle-tree,
Whose termine, is termed the world's wide pole.
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter,
Fained, but are evening stars.

Faustus

But have they all one motion, both *situ et tempore* ?

Mephistophilis

All move from east to west in four and
twenty hours, upon the poles of the world, but differ in
their motions upon the poles of the zodiac.

Faustus

These slender questions Wagner can decide:
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion of the planets?
That the first is finished in a natural day;
The second thus: Saturn in 30 years;
Jupiter in 12, Mars in 4, the Sun, Venus, and
Mercury in a year; the moon in twenty eight days.
These are freshmen's questions . But tell me, hath every
Sphere a dominion, or *intelligentia*?

Mephistophilis

Ay.

Faustus

How many heavens, or spheres, are there?

Mephistophilis

Nine, the seven planets, the firmament, and the
empyrean heaven.

Faustus

But is there not *coelum igneum , et cristallinum*?

Mephistophilis

No, Faustus, they be but fables.

Faustus

Resolve me then in this one question: Why are not
conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one
time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

Mephistophilis

Perinaequalem motum , respectu totius .

Faustus

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

Mephistophilis

I will not.

Faustus

Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

Mephistophilis

Move me not, Faustus.

Faustus

Villain, have not I bound thee to tell me anything?

Mephistophilis

Ay, that is not against our kingdom.

This is. Thou art damned; think thou of hell.

Faustus

Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

Mephistophilis

Remember this . <Exit. >

Faustus

Ay, go, accursed spirit, to ugly hell.

'Tis thou hast damned distressed Faustus' soul. Is't not
too late?

<Enter the two Angels. >

Evil Angel

Too late.

Good Angel

Never too late, if Faustus will repent.

Evil Angel

If thou repent, devils will tear thee in pieces.

Good Angel

Repent and they shall never raise thy skin. Exit. Angels.

Faustus

O, Christ my Savior, my Savior,

Help to save distressed Faustus' soul.

Enter Lucifer, Beelzebub, and Mephistophilis.

Lucifer

Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just.

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

Faustus

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

Lucifer

I am Lucifer, and this is my companion Prince in hell.

Faustus

O, Faustus, they are come to fetch thy soul.

Beelzebub

We are come to tell thee thou dost injure us.

Lucifer

Thou call'st on Christ contrary to thy promise.

Beelzebub

Thou should'st not think on God.

Lucifer

Think on the devil.

Beelzebub

And his dam too.

Faustus

Nor will Faustus henceforth. Pardon him for this;

And Faustus vows never to look to heaven.

Lucifer

So shalt thou show thy self an obedient servant,

And we will highly gratify thee for it.

Beelzebub

Faustus, we are come from hell in person to show
thee some pastime. Sit down and thou shalt behold the
seven

deadly sins appear to thee in their own proper shapes
and likeness.

Faustus

That sight will be as pleasant to me, as Paradise
was to Adam the first day of his creation.

Lucifer

Talk not of Paradise or creation, but mark
the show. Go, Mephistophilis, fetch them in.

<Enter the Seven Deadly Sins. >

Beelzebub

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

Faustus

That shall I soon. What art thou the first?

Pride.

I am Pride; I disdain to have any parents. I am like to Ovid's Flea; I can creep into every corner of a wench. Sometimes, like a periwig, I sit upon her brow. Next, like a necklace, I hang about her neck. Then, like a fan of feathers, I kiss her, and then turning myself to a wrought smock do what I list. But, fie, fie, what a smell is here? I'll not speak a word more for a king's ransom, unless the ground be perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.

Faustus

Thou art a proud knave indeed. What art thou second?

Covetousness

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

Faustus

And what art thou the third?

Envy

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

Faustus

Out envious wretch. But what art thou the fourth?

Wrath.

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

Faustus

And what art thou the fifth?

Gluttony

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

Faustus

Not I.

Gluttony

Then the devil choke thee.

Faustus

Choke thyself glutton. What art thou the sixth?

Sloth.

Hey ho, I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank. Hey ho, I'll not speak a word more for a king's ransom.

Faustus

And what are you Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

Lechery

Who, I, 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! Away, on, piper!

< Exit the Seven Deadly sins.>

Faustus

O, how this sight doth delight my soul.

Lucifer

But, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

Faustus

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

Lucifer

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

Faustus

Thanks, mighty Lucifer.

This will I keep as chary as my life.

Lucifer

Now, Faustus, farewell.

Faustus

Farewell, great Lucifer. Come, Mephistophilis.

<Exeunt omnes, several ways. >

[2.3]

<Enter the Clown. >

Robin

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

<Enter Dick. >

Dick.

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

Robin

I walk the horses, I scorn't 'faith, I have other matters in hand; let the horses walk themselves and they will. *A per se a, t. h. e – the: o per se – o deny orgon, gorgon.* Keep further from me, O thou illiterate, and unlearned hostler.

Dick.

'Snails, what hast thou got there, a book? Why thou can'st not tell ne'er a word on't.

Robin

That thou shalt see presently. Keep out of the circle

I say, lest I send you into the ostry with a vengeance.

Dick.

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

Robin

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

Dick.

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

Robin

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

Dick.

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

Robin

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

Dick.

O brave, prithee let's to it presently, for I am as dry as a dog.

Robin

Come, then, let's away. <Exeunt. >

[Act 3]

<Enter the Chorus. >

Learned Faustus to find the secrets of Astronomy,
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount him up to scale Olympus' top,
Where sitting in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoked dragons' necks;
He views the clouds, the planets, and the stars,
The tropic, zones, and quarters of the sky,
From the bright circle of the horned moon,
Even to the height of *Primum Mobile* :.
And whirling round with this circumference,
Within the concave compass of the pole,
From east to west his dragons swiftly glide,
And in eight days did bring him home again.
Not long he stayed within his quiet house,
To rest his bones after his weary toil,
But new exploits do hale him out again
And mounted then upon a dragon's back,
That with his wings did part the subtle air.
He now is gone to prove *Cosmography*,
That measures costs, and kingdoms of the earth.
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,
The which this day is highly solemnized. Exit.

[3.1]

Enter Faustus and Mephistophilis.

Faustus

Having now my good Mephistophilis,
Passed with delight the stately town of Trier,
Environed round with airy mountain tops,
With walls of flint, and deep entrenched lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince.
From Paris next, costing the realm of France,
We saw the river Main, 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 paled with finest brick.
There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut an English mile in length,
Through a rock of stone in one night's space.
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the east,
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threatens the stars with her aspiring top,
Whose frame is paved with sundry coloured stones,
And roofed aloft with curious work in gold.
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?

Mephistophilis

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

Faustus

I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

Mephistophilis

All's one, for we'll be bold with his venison.
But now, my Faustus, that thou may'st perceive,
What Rome contains for to delight thine eyes.
Know that this city stands upon seven hills,
That underprop the ground-work of the same.
Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream,
With winding banks that cut it in two parts;
Over the which two stately Bridges lean,
That make safe passage, to each part of Rome.
Upon the Bridge, called Ponto Angelo,
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Where thou shalt see such store of ordinance,
As that the double cannons forged of brass,
Do watch the number of the days contained,
Within the compass of one complete year.
Beside the gates, and high pyramids,
That 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.

Mephistophilis

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

Faustus

Sweet Mephistophilis, thou pleasest me.
Whilst I am here on earth, let me be cloyed
With all things that delight the heart of man.
My four and twenty years of liberty
I'll spend in pleasure and in dalliance,
That Faustus' name, whilst this bright frame doth stand,
May be admired through the furthest land.

Mephistophilis

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

Faustus

Nay, stay my gentle Mephistophilis,
And grant me my request, and then I go.
Thou know'st within the compass of eight days,
We viewed the face of heaven, of earth and hell.
So high our dragons soared into the air,
That looking down the earth appeared to me,
No bigger than my hand in quantity.
There did we view the kingdoms of the world,
And what might please mine eye, I there beheld.
Then in this show let me an actor be,
That this proud Pope may Faustus' cunning see.

Mephistophilis

Let it be so, my Faustus, but first stay,
And view their triumphs, as they pass this way.
And then devise what best contents thy mind,
By coming in thine art to cross the Pope,
Or dash the pride of this solemnity,
To make his monks and abbots stand like apes,
And point like antiques at his triple crown:
To beat the beads about the friars' pates,
Or clap huge horns, upon the cardinals' heads,
Or any villainy thou can'st devise,
And I'll perform it, Faustus. Hark, they come:
This day shall make thee be admired in Rome.
< Enter the Cardinals and Bishops, some bearing
crossiers, some the pillars, Monks and Friars, singing
their procession. Then the Pope, and Raymond, King of
Hungary, with Bruno led in chains.>

Pope.

Cast down our footstool.

Raymond

Saxon Bruno, stoop,

Whilst on thy back his Holiness ascends
Saint Peter's chair and state pontifical.

Bruno

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

Pope.

To me and Peter, shalt thou groveling lie,
And crouch before the papal dignity.
Sound trumpets then, for thus Saint Peter's heir,
From Bruno's back, ascends Saint Peter's chair.
<A flourish while he ascends. >

Thus, as the gods, creep on with feet of wool,
Long ere with iron hands they punish men,
So shall our sleeping vengeance now arise,
And smite with death thy hated enterprise.
Lord cardinals of France and Padua,
Go forthwith to our holy consistory,
And read amongst the statutes decretal,
What by the holy council held at Trent,
The sacred synod hath decreed for him,
That doth assume the papal government,
Without election, and a true consent.
Away, and bring us word with speed.

1 Cardinal

We go, my Lord.<Exeunt [two] Cardinals. >

Pope.

Lord Raymond — [talks to him apart.]

Faustus

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

Mephistophilis

Faustus, I go.

Faustus

Dispatch it soon.
The Pope shall curse that Faustus came to Rome.
<Exit Faustus and Mephistophilis. >

Bruno.

Pope Adrian, let me have some right of law;
I was elected by the Emperor.

Pope.

We will depose the Emperor for that deed,
 And curse the people that submit to him;
 Both he and thou shalt stand excommunicate,
 And interdict from churches privilege,
 And all society of holy men.

He grows too proud in his authority,
 Lifting his lofty head above the clouds,
 And like a steeple overpeers the church.
 But we'll pull down his haughty insolence,
 And as Pope Alexander, our progenitor,
 Trod on the neck of German Frederick,
 Adding this golden sentence to our praise,
 That Peter's heirs should tread on emperors,
 And walk upon the dreadful adder's back,
 Treading the lion, and the dragon down.
 And fearless spurn the killing basilisk,
 So will we quell that haughty schismatic,
 And by authority apostolic
 Depose him from his regal government.

Bruno

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

Pope.

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

<Enter Faustus and Mephistophilis, like the Cardinals. >

Mephistophilis

Now tell me, Faustus, are we not fitted well?

Faustus

Yes, Mephistophilis, and two such cardinals
 Ne'er served a holy Pope, as we shall do.
 But whil'st they sleep within the consistory,
 Let us salute his reverend Fatherhood.

Raymond

Behold, my Lord, the cardinals are returned.

Pope.

Welcome, grave Fathers, answer presently,
 What have our holy council there decreed,
 Concerning Bruno and the Emperor,
 In quittance of their late conspiracy
 Against our state, and papal dignity?

Faustus

Most sacred patron of the Church of Rome,
 By full consent of all the synod
 Of priests and prelates, it is thus decreed:
 That Bruno, and the German Emperor
 Be held as Lollards, and bold schismatics,
 And proud disturbers of the Church's peace.
 And if that Bruno by his own assent,
 Without enforcement of the German peers,
 Did seek to wear the triple diadem,
 And by your death to climb *Saint* Peter's chair,
 The statutes decretal have thus decreed:
 He shall be straight condemned of heresy,
 And on a pile of fagots burnt to death.

Pope.

It is enough. Here, take him to your charge,
 And bear him straight to Ponto Angelo,
 And in the strongest tower enclose him fast.
 Tomorrow, sitting in our consistory,
 With all our college of grave cardinals,
 We will determine of his life or death.
 Here, take his triple crown along with you,
 And leave it in the Church's treasury.
 Make haste again, my good lord cardinals,
 And take our blessing apostolic.

Mephistophilis

So, so, was never devil thus blessed before.

Faustus

Away, sweet Mephistophilis, be gone.
 The cardinals will be plagued for this anon.
 <Exit. Faustus and Mephistophilis.>

Pope.

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

[3.2]

<A sennet while the banquet is brought in, and then
 enter Faustus and Mephistophilis in their own
 shapes.>

Mephistophilis

Now, Faustus, come prepare thyself for mirth;
 The sleepy cardinals are hard at hand,
 To censure Bruno, that is posted hence,
 And on a proud paced steed, as swift as thought,
 Flies o'er the Alps to fruitful Germany,
 There to salute the woeful Emperor.

Faustus

The Pope will curse them for their sloth today.
 That slept both Bruno and his crown away.
 But now, that Faustus may delight his mind,
 And by their folly make some merriment,
 Sweet Mephistophilis, so charm me here,

That I may walk invisible to all,
And do what e'er I please, unseen of any.

Mephistophilis

Faustus, thou shalt. Then kneel down presently.
Whil'st on thy head I lay my hand,
And charm thee with this magic wand,
First wear this girdle, then appear
Invisible to all are here.

The planets seven, the gloomy air,
Hell and the Furies' forked hair,
Pluto's blue fire, and Hecat's tree,
With magic spells so compass thee,
That no eye may thy body see.

So, Faustus, now for all their holiness,
Do what thou wilt; thou shalt not be discerned.

Faustus

Thanks, Mephistophilis. Now, Friars, take heed,
Lest Faustus make your shaven crowns to bleed.

Mephistophilis

Faustus, no more. See where the cardinals come.

<Enter Pope and all the Lords. Enter the Cardinals
with a book. >

Pope.

Welcome, lord cardinals. Come sit down.
Lord Raymond, take your seat; Friars attend,
And see that all things be in readiness,
As best beseems this solemn festival.

1. Cardinal

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

Pope.

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

1. Cardinal

Your Grace mistakes; you gave us no such charge.

Raymond

Deny it not; we all are witnesses
That Bruno here was late delivered you,
With his rich triple crown to be reserved,
And put into the Church's treasury.

Both Cardinals

By holy Paul we saw them not.

Pope.

By Peter, you shall die,
Unless you bring them forth immediately.
Hale them to prison, lade their limbs with gyves.

False prelates, for this hateful treachery,
Cursed be your souls to hellish misery. <Exeunt.>

Faustus

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

Pope.

Lord Archbishop of Reams, sit down with us.

Bishop

I thank your Holiness.

Faustus

Fall to, the Devil choke you an you spare.

Pope.

Who's that spoke? Friars, look about.
Lord Raymond, pray fall to; I am beholding
to the Bishop of Milan, for this so rare a present.

Faustus

I thank you sir. <Snatches it >

Pope.

How now! Who snatched the meat from me?
Villains, why speak you not?
My good Lord Archbishop, here's a most dainty dish,
Was sent me from a cardinal in France.

Faustus

I'll have that too.

Pope.

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

Faustus <aside>

Ay, pray do, for Faustus is a dry.

Pope.

Lord Raymond, I drink unto your Grace.

Faustus

I pledge your Grace.

Pope.

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

Archbishop.

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

Pope.

It may be so.
Go then command our priests to sing a dirge,
To lay the fury of this same troublesome ghost.

Faustus

How now? Must every bit be spiced with a cross?
Nay, then, take that.

Pope.

O, I am slain; help me my lords.
O, come and help to bear my body hence.

Damned be this soul forever, for this deed.

<Exeunt the Pope and his train.>

Mephistophilis

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

Faustus

Bell, book, and candle: candle, book, and bell;
Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell.

<Enter the Friars with bell, book, and candle, for the dirge.>

1 Friar

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

Cursed be he that stole his Holiness' meat from the table.

Maledicat Dominus .

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

Maledicat Dominus . [Faustus strikes a Friar.]

Cursed be he that struck 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 .

<[Faustus and Mephistophilis] Beat the Friars, fling fireworks among them, them, and exeunt.>

[3.3]

[Enter Clown and Dick, with a cup.]

Dick.

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

Robin

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

[Enter Vintner.]

Dick.

Here 'tis. Yonder he comes. Now Robin, now or never, show thy cunning.

Vintner

O, are you here? I am glad I have found you; you are a couple of fine companions. Pray where's the cup you stole from the tavern?

Robin

How, how? We steal a cup? Take heed what you say; we look not like cup-stealers I can tell you.

Vintner

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

Robin

Search me? Ay and spare not. Hold the cup Dick. Come, come, search me, search me.

Vintner

Come on sirrah, let me search you now.

Dick.

Ay, ay, do, do; hold the cup Robin. Ifear not your searching; we scorn to steal your cups I can tell you.

Vintner

Never outface me for the matter, for, sure the cup is between you two.

Robin

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

Vintner.

A plague take you; I thought 'twas your knavery to take it away. Come, give it me again.

Robin

Ay, much. When, can you tell? Dick, make me a circle, and stand close at my back, and stir not for thy life.

Vintner, you shall have your cup anon; say nothing,

Dick. *O per se o, demogorgon.* Belcher and

Mephistophilis.

[Enter Mephistophilis.]

Mephistophilis

You princely legions of infernal rule,

How am I vexed by these villains charms?

From Constantinople have they brought me now,

Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.

Robin

By lady sir, you have had a shroud journey of it. Will it please you to take a shoulder of mutton to supper, and a tester in your purse, and go back again?

Dick

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

Mephistophilis

To purge the rashness of this cursed deed,

First, be thou turned to this ugly shape,

For apish deeds transformed to an ape.

Robin

O brave, an ape? I pray sir, let me have the carrying of him about to show some tricks.

Mephistophilis

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

Robin

A dog? That's excellent. Let the maids look well to their porridge-pots, for I'll into the kitchen presently.

Come, Dick, come. <Exeunt the two Clowns.>

Mephistophilis

Now with the flames of ever-burning fire,

I'll wing myself and forth-with fly amain

Unto my Faustus to the great Turk's court.< Exit. >

[4.1][see Appendix for Chorus omitted from 4.0]
[Enter Martino, and Frederick at several doors.]

Martino

What ho, officers, gentlemen!
Hie to the presence to attend the Emperor,
Good Frederick, see the rooms be voided straight;
His majesty is coming to the hall.
Go back, and see the state in readiness.

Frederick

But where is Bruno, our elected pope,
That on a fury's back came post from Rome.
Will not his grace consort the Emperor?

Martino

O yes, and with him comes the *German* conjuror,
The learned Faustus, fame of Wittenberg,
The wonder of the world for magic art,
And he intends to show great Carolus,
The race of all his stout progenitors,
And bring in presence of his majesty,
The royal shapes and warlike semblances
Of Alexander and his beauteous paramour.

Frederick

Where is Benvolio?

Martino

Fast asleep I warrant you.
He took his rouse with stoups of Rhennish wine,
So kindly yesternight to Bruno's health,
That all this day the sluggard keeps his bed.

Frederick

See, see his window's ope; we'll call to him.

Martino

What ho, Benvolio!
<Enter Benvolio above at a window, in his
nightcap, buttoning.>

Benvolio

What a devil ail you two?

Martino

Speak softly, sir, lest the devil hear you,
For Faustus at the court is late arrived,
And at his heels a thousand furies wait,
To accomplish whatsoever the Doctor please.

Benvolio

What of this?

Martino

Come leave thy chamber first, and thou shalt see
This conjuror perform such rare exploits,
Before the Pope and royal Emperor,
As never yet was seen in Germany.

Benvolio

Has not the Pope enough of conjuring yet?
He was upon the devil's back late enough,
And if he be so far in love with him,
I would he would post with him to Rome again.

Frederick

Speak, wilt thou come and see this sport?

Benvolio

Not I.

Martino

Wilt thou stand in thy window, and see it then?

Benvolio

Ay, and I fall not asleep i'th'mean time.

Martino

The Emperor is at hand; who comes to see
What wonders by black spells may compass be.

Benvolio

Well, go you attend the Emperor. I am content
for this once to thrust my head out at a window, for
they say, if a man be drunk overnight, the Devil cannot
hurt him in the morning. If that be true, I have a charm
in my head, shall control him as well as the conjuror, I
warrant you. <Exit [Martino with Frederick. Benvolio
remains at the window].>

[4.2]

<A sennet. Charles the German Emperor, Bruno
Saxony, Faustus, Mephistophilis, Frederick, Martino,
and Attendants.>

Emperor

Wonder of men, renowned magician,
Thrice-learned Faustus, welcome to our court
This deed of thine, in setting Bruno free
From his and our professed enemy,
Shall add more excellence unto thine art,
Than if by powerful necromantic spells,
Thou could'st command the world's obedience,
Forever be beloved of Carolus.
And if this Bruno thou hast late redeemed,
In peace possess the triple diadem,
And sit in Peter's chair, despite of chance,
Thou shalt be famous through all Italy,
And honoured of the German Emperor.

Faustus

These gracious words, most royal Carolus,
Shall make poor Faustus to his utmost power,
Both love and serve the German Emperor,
And lay his life at holy Bruno's feet.
For proof whereof, if so your Grace be pleased,
The Doctor stands prepared, by power of art,
To cast his magic charms, that shall pierce through
The ebon' gates of ever-burning hell,
And hail the stubborn Furies from their caves,
To compass whatsoever your grace commands.

Benvolio [at the window; aside]

Blood, he speaks terribly, but for all that, I do not
greatly believe him; he looks as like conjuror as the
Pope to a costermonger.

Emperor

Then, Faustus, as thou late did'st promise us
We would behold that famous conquerour,
Great Alexander, and his paramour,
In their true shapes, and state majesticall,
That we may wonder at their excellence.

Faustus

Your majesty shall see them presently.
Mephistophilis, away.

And with a solemn noise of trumpets sound,
Present before this royal Emperor,
Great Alexander and his beauteous paramour.

Mephistophilis

Faustus, I will.

Benvolio

Well, Master. Doctor, an your devils come not away
quickly, have me asleep presently. Zounds, I could
eat my anger, to think I have been such an ass all this
while to stand gaping after the devil's governor, and
can see nothing.

Faustus

I'll make you feel something anon, if my art fail
me not.

My Lord, I must forewarn your majesty,
That when my spirits present the royal shapes
Of Alexander and his paramour,
Your grace demand no questions of the King,
But in dumb silence let them come and go.

Emperor

Be it as Faustus please; we are content.

Benvolio

Ay, ay, and I am content too. And thou bring
Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor. I'll be
Acteon, and turn myself to a stag.

Faustus [aside]

And I'll play Diana, and send you the horns presently.
<Sennet. Enter at one [door] the Emperor Alexander,
at the other, Darius. They meet. Darius is thrown,
down; Alexander kills him, takes off his crown, and
offering to go out, his paramour meets him. He
embraceth her, and sets Darius' crown upon her head,
and coming back, both salute the Emperor, who,
leaving his state, offers to embrace them, which Faustus
seeing, suddenly stays him. Then, trumpets cease, and
music sounds.>

My gracious lord, you do forget yourself;
These are but shadows, not substantial.

Emperor

O, pardon me, my thoughts are so ravished
With sight of this renowned Emperor,
That in mine arms I would have compassed him.
But, Faustus, since I may not speak to them,
To satisfy my longing thoughts at full,
Let me this tell thee: I have heard it said,

That this fair lady, whil'st she lived on earth,
Had on her neck a little wart, or mole.
How may I prove that saying to be true?

Faustus

Your Majesty may boldly go and see.

Emperor

Faustus, I see it plain,
And in this sight thou better pleasest me,
Than if I gained another monarchy.

Faustus

Away, be gone.<Exit show.>
See, see, my gracious lord, what strange beast is yon,
that thrusts his head out at window.

Emperor.

O, wondrous sight. See, Duke of Saxony,
Two spreading horns most strangely fastened
Upon the head of young Benvolio.

Saxony

What, is he asleep? Or dead?

Faustus

He sleeps, my lord, but dreams not of his horns.

Emperor

This sport is excellent. We'll call and wake him.
What ho, Benvolio!

Benvolio

A plague upon you! Let me sleep a while.

Emperor

I blame thee not to sleep much, having such a head
of thine own.

Saxony

Look up, Benvolio, 'tis the Emperor calls.

Benvolio

The Emperor? Where? O, zounds, my head.

Emperor

Nay, and thy horns hold; no matter for thy head, for
that's armed sufficiently.

Faustus

Why, how now, Sir Knight? What, hanged by the
horns? This most horrible! Fie, fie, pull in your head for
shame; let not all the world wonder at you.

Benvolio

Zounds, Doctor, is this your villainy?

Faustus

O, say not so, sir. The Doctor has no skill,
No art, no cunning, to present these lords,
Or bring before this royal Emperor
The mighty monarch, warlike Alexander.
If Faustus do it, you are straight resolved,
In bold Acteon's shape to turn a stag.
And therefore, my lord, so please your majesty,
I'll raise a kennel of hounds shall hunt him so
As all his footmanship shall scarce prevail,
To keep his carcass from their bloody fangs.
Ho, Belimote, Argiron, Asterote.

Benvolio

Hold, hold! Zounds, he'll raise up a kennel of devils, I think anon. Good, my lord, entreat for me. 'Sblood, I am never able to endure these torments.

Emperor

Then good Master. Doctor,
Let me entreat you to remove his horns;
He has done penance now sufficiently.

Faustus

My gracious Lord, not so much for injury done to me, as to delight your majesty with some mirth: hath Faustus justly requited this injurious knight, which being all I desire, I am content to remove his horns. Mephistophilis, transform him, and hereafter, sir, look you speak well of scholars.

Benvolio [aside]

Speak well of ye? 'Sblood, and scholars be such cuckold-makers to clap horns of honest men's heads o'this order, I'll ne'er trust smooth faces, and small ruffs more. But, an I be not revenged for this, would I might be turned to a gaping oyster, and drink nothing but salt water.

Emperor

Come, Faustus, while the Emperor lives,
In recompense of this thy high desert,
Thou shalt command the state of Germany,
And live beloved of mighty Carolus. Exeunt omnes.

[4.3]

<Enter Benvolio, Martino, Frederick, and Soldiers. >

Martino

Nay, sweet Benvolio, let us sway thy thoughts
From this attempt against the conjuror.

Benvolio

Away, you love me not, to urge me thus,
Shall I let slip so great an injury,
When every servile groom feasts at my wrongs,
And in their rustic gambols proudly say,
Benvolio's head was graced with horns to day?
O, may these eyelids never close again,
Till with my sword I have that conjuror slain.
If you will aid me in this enterprise,
Then draw your weapons, and be resolute.
If not, depart. Here will Benvolio die,
But Faustus' death shall quit my infamy.

Frederick

Nay, we will stay with thee; betide what may,
And kill that Doctor if he come this way.

Benvolio

Then, gentle Frederick, hie thee to the grove,
And place our servants, and our followers
Close in an ambush there behind the trees.
By this, I know the conjuror is near.

I saw him kneel, and kiss the Emperor's hand,
And take his leave, laden with rich rewards.
Then soldiers boldly fight. If Faustus die,
Take you the wealth; leave us the victory.

Frederick

Come soldiers, follow me unto the grove.
Who kills him shall have gold, and endless love.
<Exit Frederick with the Soldiers.>

Benvolio

My head is lighter than it was by th'horns,
But yet my heart more ponderous than my head,
And pants until I see that conjuror dead.

Martino

Where shall we place ourselves, Benvolio?

Benvolio

Here will we stay to bide the first assault.
O, were that damned hell-hound but in place,
Thou soon should'st see me quit my foul disgrace.
<Enter Frederick. >

Frederick

Close, close, the conjuror is at hand,
And all alone, comes walking in his gown;
Be ready, then, and strike the peasant down.

Benvolio

Mine be that honour then. Now, sword, strike home.
For horns he gave, I'll have his head anon.
<Enter Faustus with the false head. >

Martino

See, see, he comes.

Benvolio

No words. This blow ends all. [Strikes Faustus.]
Hell take his soul; his body thus must fall.

Faustus

Oh!

Frederick

Groan you, Master Doctor?

Benvolio

Break may his heart with grapes. Dear Frederick, see
Thus will I end his griefs immediately.
[Cuts off Faustus' false head.]

Martino

Strike with a willing hand; his head is off.

Benvolio

The devil's dead; the Furies now may laugh.

Frederick

Was this that stern aspect, that awful frown,
Made the grim monarch of infernal spirits,
Tremble and quake at his commanding charms?

Martino

Was this that damned head, whose heart conspired
Benvolio's shame before the Emperor?

Benvolio

Ay, that's the head, and here the body lies,
Justly rewarded for his villainies.

Frederick

Come, let's devise how we may add more shame to the black scandal of his hated name.

Benvolio

First, on his head, in quittance of my wrongs, I'll nail huge forked horns, and let them hang Within the window where he yoked me first, That all the world may see my just revenge.

Martino

What use shall we put his beard to?

Benvolio

We'll sell it to a chimney-sweeper. It will wear out ten birching brooms, I warrant you.

Frederick

What shall eyes do?

Benvolio

We'll put out his eyes, and they shall serve for buttons to his lips, to keep his tongue from catching cold.

Martino

An excellent policy. And now, sirs, having divided him, what shall the body do? [Faustus rises.]

Benvolio

Zounds, the devil's alive again!

Frederick

Give him his head, for God's sake.

Faustus

Nay, keep it. Faustus will have heads and hands. I call your hearts to recompense this deed. Knew you not, traitors, I was limited For four and twenty years, to breathe on earth? And had you cut my body with your swords, Or hewed this flesh and bones as small as sand, Yet in a minute had my spirit returned, And I had breathed a man made free from harm. But wherefore do I dally my revenge? Asteroth, Belimoth, Mephistophilis, <Enter Mephistophilis and other Devils.> Go horse these traitors on your firey backs. And mount aloft with them as high as heaven; Thence pitch them headlong to the lowest hell. Yet stay, the world shall see their misery, And hell shall after plague their treachery. Go, Belimoth, and take this caitiff hence, And hurl him in some lake of mud and dirt. Take thou this other; drag him through the woods, Among'st the pricking thorns, and sharpest briars, Whil'st with my gentle Mephistophilis, This traitor flies unto some steep rock, That rolling down, may break the villain's bones, As he intended to dismember me. Fly hence, dispatch my charge immediately.

Frederick

Pity us, gentle Faustus; save our lives.

Faustus

Away.

Frederick

He must needs go that the devil drives.

<Exeunt spirits with the knights.>

<Enter the ambushed soldiers.>

1 Soldier

Come, sirs, prepare your sells in readiness;

Make haste to help these noble gentlemen.

I heard them parley with the conjuror.

2 Soldier

See where he comes, dispatch, and kill the slave.

Faustus

What's here? An ambush to betray my life!

Then, Faustus, try thy skill. Base peasants, stand.

For lo, these trees remove at my command,

And stand as bulwarks 'twixt yourselves and me,

To shield me from your hated treachery.

Yet to encounter this your weak attempt,

Behold an army comes incontinent.

<Faustus strikes the door, and enter a devil playing on a

drum, after him another bearing an ensign, and divers

with weapons, Mephistophilis with fireworks; they set

upon the soldiers and drive them out. [Exeunt all.]>

[4.4]

<Enter at several doors, Benvolio, Frederick, and Martino, their heads and faces bloody, and besmeared with mud and dirt, all having horns on their heads.

Martino

What ho, Benvolio.

Benvolio

Here, what Frederick, ho.

Frederick

O help me, gentle friend; where is Martino?

Martino

Dear Frederick, here,

Half smothered in a lake of mud and dirt,

Through which the Furies dragged me by the heels.

Frederick

Martino, see, Benvolio's horns again.

Martino

O misery! How now, Benvolio?

Benvolio

Defend me, heaven. Shall I be haunted still?

Martino

Nay, fear not, man; we have no power to kill.

Benvolio

My friends transformed thus. O hellish spite!

Your heads are all set with horns.

Frederick

You hit it right;

It is your own you mean. Feel on your head.

Benvolio

'Zounds, horns again!

Martino

Nay, chafe not man; we all are sped.

Benvolio

What devil attends this damned magician,
That, spite of spite, our wrongs are doubled?

Frederick

What may we do, that we may hide our shames?

Benvolio

If we should follow him to work revenge,
He'd join long asses' ears to these huge horns,
And make us laughing stocks to all the world.

Martino

What shall we then do, dear Benvolio?

Benvolio

I have a castle joining near these woods,
And thither we'll repair and live obscure,
Till time shall alter this our brutish shapes.
Since black disgrace hath thus eclipsed our fame,
We'll rather die with grief, than live with shame.
<Exeunt omnes.>

[4.5]

<Enter Faustus, and the Horse-courser, and
Mephistophilis. >

Horse-courser

I beseech your worship, accept of these forty
dollars.

Faustus

Friend, thou can'st not buy so good a horse, for so
small a price. I have no great need to sell him, but if
thou lik'st him for ten dollars more, take him, because I
see thou hast a good mind to him.

Horse-courser

I beseech you, sir, accept of this; I am a very poor
man, and have lost very much of late by horse flesh, and
this bargain will set me up again.

Faustus

Well, I will not stand with thee. Give me the money.
Now, sirrah, I must tell you, that you may ride him o'er
hedge and ditch, and spare him not, but do you hear? In
any case, ride him not into the water.

Horse-courser

How, sir, not into the water? Why will he not drink of
all waters?

Faustus

Yes, he will drink of all waters, but ride him not into
the water. O'er hedge and ditch, or where thou wilt, but
not into the water. Go bid the hostler deliver him unto
you, and remember what I say.

Horse-courser

I warrant you, sir, O joyful day, now am I a made man
forever. < Exit.>

Faustus

What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemned to die?
Thy fatal time draws to a 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.

<He sits to sleep. >

<Enter the Horse-courser, wet. >

Horse-courser

O, what a cozening Doctor was this? I, riding my
horse into the water, thinking some hidden mystery had
been in the horse, I had nothing under me but a little
straw, and had much ado to escape drowning. Well, I'll
go rouse him, and make him give me my forty dollars
again. Ho, sirrah Doctor, you cozening scab. Master
Doctor, awake, and rise, and give me my money again,
for your horse is turned to a bottle of hay, -- Master
Doctor. <He pulls off his [Faustus'] leg.> Alas, I am
undone; what shall I do? I have pulled off his leg.

Faustus

O, help, help, the villain hath murdered me!

Horse-courser

Murder or not murder, now he has but one leg. I'll
out-run him, and cast this leg into some ditch or other.

Faustus

Stop him, stop him, stop him! ha, ha, ha! Faustus hath
his leg again, and the Horse-courser a bundle of hay
for his forty dollars.

<Enter Wagner. >

How now, Wagner, what news with thee?

Wagner

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

Faustus

The Duke of Vanholt's an honorable gentleman, and
one to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning;
Come, away. < Exeunt. >

[4.6]

<Enter Clown, Dick, Horse-courser, and a Carter. >

Carter

Come, my masters, I'll bring you to the best beer in
Europe. What ho, Hostess; where be these whores?

<Enter Hostess. >

Hostess

How now, what lack you? What, my old guests,
welcome.

Clown [aside]

Sirrah Dick, dost thou know why I stand so mute?

Dick.

No, Robin, why is't?

Clown

I am eighteen pence on the score, but say nothing. See if she have forgotten me.

Hostess

Who's this, that stands so solemnly by himself? What, my old guest?

Clown

O, Hostess, how do you? I hope my score stands still.

Hostess

Ay, there's no doubt of that, for me thinks you make no haste to wipe it out.

Dick.

Why, Hostess, I say, fetch us some beer.

Hostess

You shall presently. Look up into th' hall there, ho!
<Exit.>

Dick.

Come, sirs, what shall we do now till mine hostess comes?

Carter

Marry, sir, I'll tell you the bravest tale how a conjuror served me. You know Doctor Faustus?

Horse-courser

Ay, a plague take him. Here's some on's have cause to know him. Did he conjure thee too?

Carter

I'll tell you how he served me. As I was going to Wittenberg t'other day, with a load of hay, he met me, and asked me what he should give me for as much hay as he could eat. Now, sir, I, thinking that a little would serve his turn, bad him take as much as he would for three; farthings. So he presently gave me my money, and fell to eating, and as I am a cursen man, he never left eating, till he had eat up all my load of hay.

All.

O monstrous! Eat a whole load of hay?

Clown

Yes, yes, that may be, for I have heard of one, that has eat a load of logs.

Horse-courser

Now, sirs, you shall hear how villainously he served me. I went to him yesterday to buy a horse of him, and he would by no means sell him under forty dollars. So, sir, because I knew him to be such a horse, as would run over hedge and ditch, and never tire, I gave him his money. So when I had my horse, Doctor Faustus bad me ride him night and day, and spare him no time. But, quoth he, in any case ride him not into the water. Now, sir, I thinking the horse had had some quality that he would not have me know of, what did I but rid him into a great river, and when I came just in the midst my horse vanished away, and I sat straddling upon a bottle of hay.

All.

O, brave Doctor!

Horse-courser

But you shall hear how bravely I served him for it; I went me home to his house, and there I found him asleep. I kept a hallowing and whooping in his ears, but all could not wake him. I, seeing that, took him by the leg, and never rested pulling, till I had pulled me his leg quite off, and now 'tis at home in mine hostry.

Clown

And has the Doctor but one leg then? That's excellent, for one of his devils turned me, into the likeness of an ape's face.

Carter

Some more drink, Hostess.

Clown

Hark you, we'll into another room and drink awhile, and then we'll go seek out the Doctor.

<Exeunt omnes. >

[4.7]

<Enter the Duke of Vanholt, [his Servants], his Duchess, Faustus, and Mephistophilis.>

Duke of Vanholt

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

Faustus

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

Lady.

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

Faustus

This is but a small matter. Go, Mephistophilis, away.
<Exit Mephistophilis. >

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

<Enter Mephistophilis. again with the grapes. >

Here, now taste ye these. They should be good
For they come from a far country, I can tell you.

Duke of Vanholt

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

Faustus

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

Lady

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

<The Clowns [Robin/the Clown, Dick, Carter, and Horse-Courser] bounce at the gate, within. >

Duke of Vanholt

What rude disturbers have we at the gate ?

Go, pacify their fury. Set it ope,
And then demand of them, what they would have.

<They knock again, and call out to talk with Faustus. >

A Servant

Why, how now, masters? What a coil is there?
What is the reason you disturb the Duke?

Dick.

We have no reason for it, therefore a fig for him.

Servant

Why, saucy varlets, dare you be so bold?

Horse-courser

I hope, sir, we have wit enough to be more bold than welcome.

Servant

It appears so. Pray be bold elsewhere,
And trouble not the Duke.

Duke of Vanholt

What would they have?

Servant

They all cry out to speak with *Doctor* Faustus.

Carter

Ay, and we will speak with him.

Duke of Vanholt

Will you, sir? Commit the rascals.

Dick.

Commit with us! He were as good commit with his father, as commit with us.

Faustus

I do beseech your grace let them come in.
They are good subject for a merriment.

Duke of Vanholt

Do as thou wilt, Faustus. I give thee leave.

Faustus

I thank your grace.

<Enter the Clown, Dick, Carter, and Horse-courser.>

Why, how now, my good friends?

'Faith you are too outrageous, but come near.

I have procured your pardons. Welcome all.

Clown

Nay, sir, we will be welcome for our money, and we will pay for what we take. What ho! Give's half a dozen of beer here, and be hanged.

Faustus

Nay, hark you, can you tell me where you are?

Carter

Ay, marry can I. We are under heaven.

Servant

Ay, but, Sir Sauce-box, know you in what place?

Horse-courser

Ay, ay, the house is good enough to drink in. Zounds, fill us some beer, or we'll break all the barrels in the house, and dash out all your brains with your bottles.

Faustus

Be not so furious. Come, you shall have beer.

My lord, beseech you give me leave awhile.

I'll gage my credit; 'twill content your grace.

Duke of Vanholt

With all my heart, kind Doctor, please thyself,
Our servants, and our courts at thy command.

Faustus

I humbly thank your grace. – Then fetch some beer.

Horse-courser

Ay, marry. There spake a Doctor indeed, and 'faith I'll drink a health to thy wooden leg for that word.

Faustus

My wooden leg? What dost thou mean by that?

Carter

Ha, ha, ha! Dost hear him Dick? He has forgot his leg.

Horse-courser

Ay, ay, he does not stand much upon that.

Faustus

No, 'faith. Not much upon a wooden leg.

Carter

Good lord, that flesh and blood should be so frail with your worship. Do not you remember a horse-courser you sold a horse to?

Faustus

Yes, I remember I sold one a horse.

Carter

And do you remember you bid he should not ride into the water?

Faustus

Yes, I do very well remember that.

Carter

And do you remember nothing of your leg?

Faustus

No, in good sooth.

Carter

Then I pray remember your courtesy.

Faustus

I thank you, sir.

Carter

'Tis not so much worth. I pray you, tell me one thing.

Faustus

What's that?

Carter

Be both your legs bedfellows every night together?

Faustus

Would'st thou make a *colossus* of me, that thou askest me such questions?

Carter

No, truly, sir, I would make nothing of you, but I would fain know that.

Enter Hostess with drink.

Faustus

Then I assure thee certainly they are.

Carter

I thank you; I am fully satisfied.

Faustus

But wherefore dost thou ask?

Carter

For nothing, sir, but methinks you should have a wooden bedfellow of one of 'em.

Horse-courser

Why do you hear, sir? Did not I pull off one of your legs when you were asleep?

Faustus

But I have it again now I am awake. Look you here, sir.

All.

O horrible! Had the Doctor three legs?

Carter

Do you remember, sir, how you cozened me and eat up my load of ---

<Faustus charms him dumb.>

Dick.

Do you remember how you made me wear an ape's — [Faustus charms him.]

Horse-courser

You whoreson conjuring scab, do you remember how you cozened me with a ho— [Faustus charms him.]

Clown

Ha' you forgotten me? You think to carry it away with your *hey-pass*, and *re-pass*. Do you remember the dogs fa--- [Faustus charms him.] <Exeunt Clowns.>

Hostess

Who pays for the ale? Hear you, Master Doctor, now you have sent away my guests, I pray who shall pay me for my a— [Faustus charms her.] <Exit Hostess.>

Lady.

My Lord,

we are much beholding to this learned man.

Duke of Vanholt

So are we madam, which we will recompense With all the love and kindness that we may.

His artful sport, drives all sad thoughts away.

<Exeunt.>

[5.1]

<Thunder and lightning. Enter devils with covered dishes; Mephistophilis leads them into Faustus' study. Then enter Wagner.>

Wagner

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

<Enter Faustus, Mephistophilis, and two or three Scholars. >

1. Scholar

Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived.

Therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us so much favor, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

Faustus

Gentlemen,

For that I know your friendship is unfeigned,

It is not Faustus' custom to deny

The just request of those that wish him well.

You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,

No otherwise for pomp or majesty,

Than when Sir Paris cross the seas with her,

And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.

Be silent then, for danger is in words.

<Music sounds. Mephistophilis brings in Helen; she passeth over the stage.>

2. Scholar

Was this fair Helen whose admired worth

Made Greece with ten years wars afflict poor Troy?

3. Scholar

Too simple is my wit to tell her worth,

Whom all the world admires for majesty.

1. Scholar

Now we have seen the pride of nature's work,
We'll take our leaves, and for this blessed sight
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

Faustus

Gentlemen, farewell; the same wish I to you.
<Exeunt Scholars. >

<Enter an Old Man. >

Old Man.

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

Faustus

Where art thou, Faustus? Wretch, what hast thou done?

<Mephostophilis gives him a dagger.>

Hell claims his right, and with a roaring voice
Says, "Faustus, come, thine hour is almost come!"
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

Old Man

O stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps.
I see an angel hover o'er thy head,
And with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul,
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

Faustus

O, friend,
I feel thy words to comfort my distressed soul.
Leave me a while, to ponder on my sins.

Old Man

Faustus, I leave thee, but with grief of heart,
Fearing the enemy of thy hapless soul. <Exit. >

Faustus

Accursed Faustus, wretch what hast thou done?
I do repent, and yet I do despair,
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast.
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Mephistophilis

Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul,
For disobedience to my sovereign lord.

Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.

Faustus

I do repent I e'er offended him.
Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
The former vow I made to Lucifer.
Do it then, Faustus, with unfeigned heart,
Lest greater dangers do attend thy drift.
Torment, sweet friend, that base and aged man,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torment that our hell affords.

Mephistophilis

His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul,
But what I may afflict his body with,
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faustus

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

Mephistophilis

This, or what else my Faustus shall desire,
Shall be performed in twinkling of an eye.

<Enter Helen again, passing over between
two cupids. >

Faustus

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
Her lips suck forth my soul; see where it flies.
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy shall Wittenberg be sacked,
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's air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter,
When he appeared to hapless Semele,
More lovely than the Monarch of the sky,
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms,
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.< Exeunt. >

Faustus

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

2. Scholar

O what may we do to save Faustus?

Faustus

Talk not of me, but save yourselves and depart.

3. Scholar

God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

1. Scholar

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

Faustus

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

2. Scholar

Pray, thou, and we will pray, that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faustus

Gentlemen, farewell. If I live 'til morning, I'll visit you. If not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All.

Faustus, farewell. <Exeunt Scholars. >

Mephistophilis

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

Faustus

O, thou bewitching fiend, 'twas thy temptation, Hath robbed me of eternal happiness.

Mephistophilis

I do confess it, Faustus, and rejoice;
Twas I, that when thou were't i'the way to heaven,
Dammed up thy passage; when thou took'st the book,
To view the scriptures, then I turned the leaves
And led thine eye.

What, weep'st thou? 'Tis too late; despair. Farewell.
Fools that will laugh on earth, most weep in hell.

<Exit.>

<Enter the Good Angel, and the Evil Angel at several doors. >

Good Angel

Oh Faustus, if thou had'st given ear to me,
Innumerable joys had followed thee.
But thou did'st love the world.

Evil Angel

Gave ear to me,
And now must taste hell's pains perpetually.

Good Angel

O, what will all thy riches, pleasures, pomps,
Avail thee now?

Evil Angel

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

<Music while the throne descends. >

Good Angel

O, thou hast lost celestial happiness,
Pleasures unspeakable, bliss without end.
Had'st thou affected sweet divinity,
Hell, or the Devil, had had no power on thee.
Had'st thou kept on that way, Faustus behold,
In what resplendent glory thou had'st set
In yonder throne, like those bright shining Saints,
And triumphed over hell. That hast thou lost.
[Throne ascends.]
And now poor soul must thy good angel leave thee.
The jaws of hell are open to receive thee. <Exit. >

<Hell is discovered. >

Evil Angel

Now, Faustus, let shine eyes with horror stare
Into that vast perpetual torture-house.
There are the Furies tossing damned souls,
On burning forks; their bodies broil in lead.
There are live quarters broiling on the coals,
That ne'er can die. This ever-burning chair,
Is for o'er-tortured souls to rest them in.
These, that are fed with sops of flaming fire,
Were gluttons, and loved only delicates,
And laughed to see the poor starve at their gates.
But yet all these are nothing; thou shalt see
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

Faustus

O, I have seen enough to torture me.

Evil

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

<The clock strikes eleven. >

Faustus

O, 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 heaven; who pulls me down?
One drop of blood will save me.
Rend not my heart, for naming of my Christ.
Yet will I call on him. O spare me, Lucifer.
Where is it now? 'Tis gone.
And see a threatening arm, an angry brow.
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven.
No? Then will I headlong run into the earth.
Gape, earth! O no, it will not harbour me.
You stars that 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 smokey mouths,
But let my soul mount, and ascend to heaven.

<The watch strikes. >

O, half the hour is past! 'Twill all be past anon.
O, if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain.
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be saved.
No end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Oh ppstéagoras' metempsychosis' were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Into some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements,
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Cursed be the parents that engendered me;
No, Faustus, curse thyself. Curse Lucifer
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

<The clock strikes twelve >

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

<Thunder, and enter the devils. >

O mercy, heaven! Look not so fierce on me;
Adders and serpents let me breathe awhile.
Ugly hell, gape not; come not Lucifer!
I'll burn my books! Oh, Mephistophilis! <Exeunt
[Devils with Faustus]. >

[5.3]

<Enter the Scholars. >

1. Scholar

Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night, was never seen,
Since first the world's creation did begin.
Such fearful shrieks, and cries, were never heard.
Pray heaven the Doctor have escaped the danger.

2. Scholar

O help us heaven! See, here are Faustus' limbs,
All torn asunder by the hand of death.

3. Scholar

The devils whom Faustus served have torn him thus;
For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one, me thought
I heard him shriek and call aloud for help,
At which self time the house seemed all on fire
With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.

2. Scholar

Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such
As every Christian heart laments to think on,
Yet for he was a scholar, once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial.
And all the students clothed in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral.

<Enter Chorus. >

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man.
Faustus is gone; regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits,
To practice more than heavenly power permits.

Terminat hora diem, terminat auctor opus .

FINIS .

[Appendix]

[4.0 Chorus]

<Enter Chorus.>

When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things and royal courts of kings,
He stayed his course and so returned home,
Where such as bare his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends and nearest companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words.
And in their conference of what befell
Touching his journey through the world and air
They put forth questions of astrology
Which Faustus answered with such learned skill
As they admired and wondered at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land.
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
What there he did in trial of his art
I leave untold; your eyes shall see performed. <Exit.>