



Set text: Dr Faustus by Christopher Marlowe

A Level Drama and Theatre

Pearson Edexcel Level 3 Advanced GCE in Drama and Theatre (9DR0)

Dr Faustus
by
Christopher Marlowe

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[Prologue]

Enter Chorus

CHORUS

Not marching now in fields of Trasimene,
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians,
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love
In courts of kings where state is overturned,
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our muse to daunt his heavenly verse.
Only this, gentlemen: we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad.
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany within a town called Roda.
Of riper years, to Württemberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism graced,
That shortly he was graced with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till swoll'n with cunning, of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And melting heavens conspired his overthrow.
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted more with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursèd necromancy.
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss.
And this the man that in his study sits. *Exit*

[Act 1 Scene 1]

Enter FAUSTUS in his study.

FAUSTUS

Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess.
Having commenced, be a divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works. [*Picks up book.*]
Sweet analytics, 'tis thou hast ravished me!
[*Reads.*] "*Bene disserere est finis logices.*"
Is to dispute well logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attained the end.
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit.
Bid *On kai me on* farewell.

[*Puts down book and picks up another.*]

Galen come.

Seeing [*Reads*] "*Ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus,*"
Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be eternized for some wondrous cure.
[*Reads.*] "*Summum bonum medicinae sanitas.*"
The end of physic is our body's health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attained that end?
Is not thy common talk sound aphorisms?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escaped the plague
And thousand desperate maladies been eased?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Wouldst thou make men to live eternally
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteemed. [*Puts down book.*]
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian? [*Picks up another book and reads.*]
"*Si una eademque res legatur duobus,*
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, etc."

A pretty case of paltry legacies!
 [Reads.] "*Exhaereditare filium non potest pater nisi, etc.*"
 Such is the subject of the *Institute*
 And universal body of the Church.
 His study fits a mercenary drudge
 Who aims at nothing but external trash:
 Too servile and illiberal for me. [Puts down book.]
 When all is done, divinity is best. [Picks up another book.]
 Jerome's Bible, Faustus; view it well.
 [Reads.] "*Stipendium peccati mors est.*" Ha!
Stipendium, etc. The reward of sin is death. That's hard.
 [Reads.] "*Si peccasse negamus, fallimur,*
Et nulla est in nobis veritas."
 If we say that we have no sin
 We deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us.
 Why, then, belike we must sin and so consequently die.
 Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
 Why doctrine call you this? *Che serà, serà?*
 What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu! [Puts down Bible.]
 [Picks up book of magic.] These metaphysics of magicians
 And necromantic books are heavenly;
 Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters—
 Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
 O, what a world of profit and delight,
 Of power, of honor, of omnipotence,
 Is promised to the studious artisan!
 All things that move between the quiet poles
 Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings
 Are but obeyed in their several provinces,
 Nor can they raise the wind or rend the clouds;
 But his dominion that exceeds in this
 Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man.
 A sound magician is a mighty god.
 Here, Faustus, try thy brains to gain a deity.
 Wagner!

Enter WAGNER.

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

WAGNER

I will, sir. *Exit*

FAUSTUS

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

Enter the GOOD ANGEL and the EVIL ANGEL.

GOOD ANGEL

O, Faustus, lay that damnèd book aside
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head.
Read, read the Scriptures. That is blasphemy.

EVIL ANGEL

Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art
Wherein all Nature's treasury is contained.
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements. *Exeunt [ANGELS].*

FAUSTUS

How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates.
I'll have them read me strange philosophy

And tell the secrets of all foreign kings.
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass
And make swift Rhine circle fair Württemberg.
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 concealèd arts.
Yet not your words only but mine own fantasy
That will receive no object for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physic are for petty wits;
Divinity is basest of the three:
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile.
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravished me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I, that have with concise syllogisms
Gravelled the pastors of the German Church
And made the flowering pride of Württemberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musaeus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadows made all Europe honor him.

VALDES

Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience
Shall make all nations to canonize us.
As Indian moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the subjects of every element
Be always serviceable to us three.
Like lions shall they guard us when we please,
Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than in the white breasts of the Queen of Love.
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury,
If learnèd 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
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth.
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

FAUSTUS

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

VALDES

Then haste thee to some solitary grove
And bear wise Bacon's and Abanus' works,
And 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.*

[Act 1 Scene 2]

Enter two SCHOLARS.

FIRST SCHOLAR

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

SECOND SCHOLAR

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

Enter WAGNER [*with a bottle of wine*].

FIRST SCHOLAR

How now, sirrah! Where's thy master?

WAGNER

God in heaven knows.

SECOND SCHOLAR

Why, dost not thou know?

WAGNER

Yes, I know, but that follows not.

FIRST SCHOLAR

Go to, sirrah! Leave your jesting and tell us where he is.

WAGNER

That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, being licentiate, should stand upon't. Therefore acknowledge your error and be attentive.

SECOND SCHOLAR

Why, didst thou not say thou knew'st?

WAGNER

Have you any witness on't?

FIRST SCHOLAR

Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

WAGNER

Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

SECOND SCHOLAR

Well, you will not tell us?

WAGNER

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

Exit.

FIRST SCHOLAR

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

SECOND SCHOLAR

Were he a stranger and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But, come, let us go and inform the Rector and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

FIRST SCHOLAR

O, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him!

SECOND SCHOLAR

Yet let us try what we can do.

Exeunt.

[Act 1 Scene 3]

Enter FAUSTUS [preparing] to conjure.

FAUSTUS

Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th'Antarctic world unto the sky
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast prayed and sacrificed to them.

[Draws a circle.]

Within this circle is Jehovah's name
Forward and backward anagrammatized.
The 'breviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforced to rise.
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute
And try the uttermost magic can perform.
*Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex
Jehovae! Ignei, aerii, aquatici, spiritus, salvete! Orientis
princeps Beelzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et
Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat
Mephistopheles! Quid tu moraris? Per Jehovam, Gehennam,
et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis
quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis
dicatus Mephistopheles!*

Enter [MEPHISTOPHELES dressed as] 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* [MEPHISTOPHELES].

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words.
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistopheles,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells.
No, Faustus, thou art conjuror laureate
That canst command great Mephistopheles.
Quin redis, Mephistopheles, fratris imagine?

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES [dressed as a friar].

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?

FAUSTUS

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

MEPHISTOPHELES

No, I came not hither of mine own accord.

FAUSTUS

Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? Speak.

MEPHISTOPHELES

That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*;
For, when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his 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 the Trinity
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.

FAUSTUS

So Faustus hath already done and holds this principle:
There is no chief but only Beelzebub
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word "damnation" terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium.
His ghost be with the old philosophers.
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me, what is that Lucifer, thy lord?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

FAUSTUS

Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Yes, Faustus, and most dearly loved of God.

FAUSTUS

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

And what are you that live with Lucifer?

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

Where are you damned?

MEPHISTOPHELES

In hell.

FAUSTUS

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

What, is great Mephistopheles so passionate
For being deprived of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear those 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 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.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I will, Faustus.

Exit.

FAUSTUS

Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistopheles.
By him I'll be great emperor of the world
And make a bridge through the moving air
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore
And make that land continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown.
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtained what I desire,
I'll live in speculation of this art
Till Mephistopheles return again.

[Act 1 Scene 4]

Enter WAGNER and [ROBIN]

WAGNER

Sirrah boy, come hither.

ROBIN

How, "boy"? Zounds, "boy"! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickedevariants as I have. "Boy," quotha?

WAGNER

Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in?

ROBIN

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

WAGNER

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

ROBIN

How! My soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 'twere blood-raw? Not so, good friend. By'r Lady, I had need have it well roasted and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

WAGNER

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

ROBIN

How, in verse?

WAGNER

No, sirrah; in beaten silk and stavesacre.

ROBIN

How, how, knaves-acre! [*Aside.*] Ay, I thought that was all the land his father left him. [*To WAGNER.*] Do ye hear? I would be sorry to rob you of your living.

WAGNER

Sirrah, I say in stavesacre.

ROBIN

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

WAGNER

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

ROBIN

Do you hear, sir? You may save that labor. They are too familiar with me already. Zounds, they are as bold with my flesh as if they had paid for my meat and drink.

WAGNER

Well, do you hear, sirrah? Hold, take these guilders.

[Hands Robin coins.]

ROBIN

Gridirons? What be they?

WAGNER

Why, French crowns.

ROBIN

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

WAGNER

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

ROBIN

No, no; here, take your gridirons again. *[Tries to hand them back.]*

WAGNER

Truly, I'll none of them.

ROBIN

Truly, but you shall.

WAGNER

[*To audience.*] Bear witness I gave them him.

ROBIN

Bear witness I give them you again.

WAGNER

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

ROBIN

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

Enter two Devils; and [ROBIN] the Clown runs up and down crying.

WAGNER

Baliol and Belcher! Spirits, away!

Exeunt [DEVILS.]

ROBIN

What, are they gone? A vengeance on them! They have vile long nails. There was a he-devil and a she-devil. I'll tell you how you shall know them; all he-devils has horns, and all she-devils has clefts and cloven feet.

WAGNER

Well, sirrah, follow me.

ROBIN

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

WAGNER

I will teach thee to turn thyself to anything: to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything.

ROBIN

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

WAGNER

Well, sirrah, come.

ROBIN

But do you hear, Wagner?

WAGNER

How? [*Calls.*] Baliol and Belcher!

ROBIN

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

WAGNER

Villain, call me "Master Wagner," and let thy left eye be diametarily fixed upon my right heel, with *quasi vestigiis nostris insistere*.

Exit.

ROBIN

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

Exit.

[Act 2 Scene 1]

Enter FAUSTUS in his study.

FAUSTUS

Now, Faustus, must thou needs be damned
And canst thou not be saved.
What boots it then to think of God or heaven?
Away with such vain fancies and despair.
Despair in God and trust in Beelzebub.
Now go not backward; no, Faustus, be resolute.
Why waverest thou? O, something soundeth in mine ears:
"Abjure this magic; turn to God again!"
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God? He loves thee not.
The god thou servest is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fixed the love of Beelzebub.
To him I'll build an altar and a church
And offer lukewarm blood of new-horn babes.

Enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL [ANGEL].

GOOD ANGEL

Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

FAUSTUS

Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of them?

GOOD ANGEL

O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

EVIL ANGEL

Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That make men foolish that do trust them most.

GOOD ANGEL

Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

EVIL ANGEL

No, Faustus; think of honor and wealth.

Exeunt [ANGELS.]

FAUSTUS

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

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now tell me what says Lucifer, thy lord?

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

Enlarge his kingdom.

FAUSTUS

Is that the reason he tempts us thus?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

FAUSTUS

Have you any pain that tortures others?

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

Ay, Mephistopheles, I give it thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

[*Cuts his arm.*] Lo, Mephistopheles, for love of thee
I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night.
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight.

FAUSTUS

What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?
Why streams it not, that I may write afresh:
"Faustus gives to thee his soul"? Ah, there it stayed!
Why shouldst thou not? Is not thy soul thine own?
Then write again: "Faustus gives to thee his soul."

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES with a chafer of coals.

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

[*Aside.*] O, what will not I do to obtain his soul?

FAUSTUS

Consummatum est; this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeathed his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm? "*Homo, fuge!*" Wither should I fly?
If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.
My senses are deceived; here's nothing writ.
I see it plain; here in this place is writ
"*Homo, fuge!*" Yet shall not Faustus fly.

MEPHISTOPHELES

[*Aside.*] I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.

Exit.

Enter [MEPHISTOPHELES] with Devils, giving crowns and rich apparel to FAUSTUS, and [they] dance and then depart.

FAUSTUS

Speak, Mephistopheles; what means this show?

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

But may I rise up spirits when I please?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

FAUSTUS

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

Then hear me read them: [*Reads.*] *on these conditions following: first, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance; secondly, that Mephistopheles shall be his servant and at his command; thirdly, that Mephistopheles shall do for him and bring him whatsoever; fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible; lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus at all times in what form or shape soever he please. I, John Faustus of Württemberg, Doctor, by these presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer, Prince of the East, and his minister, Mephistopheles, and furthermore grant unto them, that twenty-four years being expired, the articles above written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus' body and soul, flesh and blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me, John Faustus.*

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

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

[Hands MEPHISTOPHELES the deed.]

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

FAUSTUS

First will I question with thee about hell.

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

Under the heavens.

FAUSTUS

Ay, but whereabouts?

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

Come, I think hell's a fable.

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

Why think'st thou, then, that Faustus shall be damned?

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

How? Now in hell? Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damned here. What? Walking, disputing, &c. But, leaving off this, let me have a wife, the fairest maid in Germany, for I am wanton and lascivious, and cannot live without a wife.

MEPHISTOPHELES

How, a wife? I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.

FAUSTUS

Nay, sweet Mephistopheles, fetch me one, for I will have one.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, thou wilt have one? Sit there till I come.

I'll fetch thee a wife in the devil's name.

[*Exit.*]

Enter [MEPHISTOPHELES] with a Devil dressed like a woman, with fire-works.

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

A plague on her for a hot whore!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Tut, Faustus, marriage is but a ceremonial toy;

If thou lovest me, think 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,
But she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Hold, take this book, peruse it thoroughly.

[Gives FAUSTUS a book and they look at it.]

The iterating of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder, and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in armor shall appear to thee
Ready to execute what thou desir'st,

FAUSTUS

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

Here they are in this book.

[They] turn to [the spells in the book].

FAUSTUS

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

Here they are too.

Turn to them.

FAUSTUS

Nay, let me have one book more—and then I have done—wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees that grow upon the earth.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Here they be.

Turn to them.

FAUSTUS

O, thou art deceived.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Tut, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

[Act 2 Scene 2]

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

ROBIN

O, this is admirable! Here I ha' stolen one of Doctor Faustus' conjuring books, and i'faith, I mean to search some circles for my own use. Now will I make all the maidens in our parish dance at my pleasure stark naked before me, and so by that means I shall see more than e'er I felt or saw yet.

Enter RAFE, calling ROBIN.

RAFE

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

ROBIN

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

RAFE

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

ROBIN

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

RAFE

Why, Robin, what book is that?

ROBIN

What book? Why, the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil.

RAFE

Canst thou conjure with it?

ROBIN

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

RAFE

Our Master Parson says that's nothing.

ROBIN

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

RAFE

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

ROBIN

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

Exeunt.

[Act 2 Scene 3]

[*Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHELES.*]

FAUSTUS

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

How provest thou that?

MEPHISTOPHELES

It was made for man,
Therefore is man more excellent.

FAUSTUS

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

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

GOOD ANGEL

Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

EVIL ANGEL

Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

FAUSTUS

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

EVIL ANGEL

Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

Exeunt [ANGELS].

FAUSTUS

My heart's so hardened I cannot repent.
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,
But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears,
"Faustus, thou art damned." Then swords and knives,
Poison, guns, halters, and envenomed steel
Are laid before me to despatch myself;
And long ere this I should have slain myself
Had not sweet pleasure conquered deep despair.
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Oenone's death?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp
Made music with my Mephistopheles?
Why should I die then or basely despair?
I am resolved: Faustus shall ne'er repent.
Come, Mephistopheles, let us dispute again
And argue of divine astrology.
Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe
As is the substance of this centric earth?

MEPHISTOPHELES

As are the elements, such are the spheres
Mutually folded in each other's orb,
And, Faustus, all jointly move upon one axletree,
Whose terminè is termed the world's wide pole;

Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feigned, but are erring stars.

FAUSTUS

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

Tush, these slender trifles Wagner can decide.

Hath Mephistopheles no greater skill?

Who knows not the double motion of the planets? The first is finished in a natural day; the second thus: as Saturn in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the moon in twenty-eight days. Tush, these are freshmen's suppositions. But, tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia*?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ay.

FAUSTUS

How many heavens or spheres are there?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Nine: the seven planets, the firmament, and the imperial heaven.

FAUSTUS

Well, resolve me in this question: why have we not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time; but in some years we have more, in some less?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Per inaequalem motum respectu totius.

FAUSTUS

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

I will not.

FAUSTUS

Sweet Mephistopheles, tell me.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

FAUSTUS

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Remember this.

Exit.

FAUSTUS

Ay, go, accursèd spirit, to ugly hell!

'Tis thou hast damned distressèd Faustus' soul.

—Is't not too late?

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL [ANGEL].

EVIL ANGEL

Too late.

GOOD ANGEL

Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

EVIL ANGEL

If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

GOOD ANGEL

Repent and they shall never raze thy skin.

Exeunt [ANGELS].

FAUSTUS

Ah, Christ, my savior,
Seek to save distressed Faustus' soul!

Enter LUCIFER, BEELZEBUB, and MEPHISTOPHELES.

LUCIFER

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

FAUSTUS

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

LUCIFER

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

FAUSTUS

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

LUCIFER

We come to tell thee thou dost injure us.
Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise.
Thou shouldst not think of God. Think of the devil
And of his dam, too.

FAUSTUS

Nor will I henceforth. Pardon me in this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,
Never to name God, or to pray to him,
To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,
And make my spirits pull his churches down.

LUCIFER

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

FAUSTUS

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

LUCIFER

Talk not of Paradise nor creation, but mark this show. Talk of the devil and nothing else. [*Calls offstage.*] Come away!

Enter the SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

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

FAUSTUS

What art thou, the first?

PRIDE

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

FAUSTUS

What art thou, the second?

COVETOUSNESS

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

FAUSTUS

What art thou, the third?

WRATH

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

FAUSTUS

What art thou, the fourth?

ENVY

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

FAUSTUS

Away, envious rascal! What art thou, the fifth?

GLUTTONY

Who? I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me but a bare pension, and that is thirty meals a day and ten bevers—a small trifle to suffice nature. O, I come of a royal parentage! My grandfather was a gammon of bacon, my grandmother a hogshead of claret wine; my godfathers were these: Peter Pickle-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef. O, but my god-mother, she was a jolly gentlewoman and well-beloved in every good town and city; her name was Mistress Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

FAUSTUS

No, I'll see thee hanged. Thou wilt eat up all my victuals.

GLUTTONY

Then the devil choke thee!

FAUSTUS

Choke thyself, glutton! What art thou, the sixth?

SLOTH

I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since, and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence. Let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

FAUSTUS

What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

LECHERY

Who? I, sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stock-fish; and the first letter of my name begins with lechery.

FAUSTUS

Away, to hell, to hell!

Exeunt the [SEVEN DEADLY] SINS.

LUCIFER

Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

FAUSTUS

O, this feeds my soul!

LUCIFER

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

FAUSTUS

O, might I see hell and return again, how happy were I then!

LUCIFER

Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight. In mean-time take this book; peruse it thoroughly, and thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

FAUSTUS

Great thanks, mighty Lucifer! This will I keep as chary as my life.

LUCIFER

Farewell, Faustus, and think on the devil.

FAUSTUS

Farewell, great Lucifer. Come, Mephistopheles.

Exeunt omnes.

[Act 3: Chorus]

Enter WAGNER, Solus.

WAGNER

Learnèd Faustus to know the secrets of astronomy
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks.
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome
To see the Pope and manner of his court
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That to this day is highly solemnized.

[Act 3 Scene 1]

Enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUSTUS

Having now, my good Mephistopheles,
Passed with delight the stately town of Trier,
Environed round with airy mountain tops,
With walls of flint and deep entrenched lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings, fair and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth and paved with finest brick,
Quarters the town in four equivalent.
There saw we learnèd 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 rest,
In midst of which a sumptuous temple stands
That threatens the stars with her aspiring top.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time.
But tell me now what resting place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Faustus, I have; and, because we will not be unprovided, I have taken up his Holiness's privy chamber for our use.

FAUSTUS

I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

Well, I'm content to compass then some sport
And by their folly make us merriment.
Then charm me that I
May be invisible, to do what I please
Unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.

[MEPHISTOPHELES *casts a spell.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES

So, Faustus; now do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discerned.

Sound a sennet. Enter the POPE and the CARDINAL of Lorraine to the banquet, with FRIARS attending.

POPE

My Lord of Lorraine, will't please you draw near?

FAUSTUS

Fall to, and the devil choke you an you spare

POPE

How now! Who's that which spake? Friars, look about.

FRIAR

Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

POPE

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

FAUSTUS

I thank you, sir.

Snatch [es the dish].

POPE

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

FAUSTUS

You say true; I'll ha't.

[Snatches the dish.]

POPE

What, again! My lord, I'll drink to your Grace.

FAUSTUS

I'll pledge your Grace.

[Snatches the cup.]

CARDINAL

My lord, it may be some ghost, newly crept out of Purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your Holiness.

POPE

It may be so. Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the fury of this ghost.—Once again, my lord, fall to.

The POPE crosses himself.

FAUSTUS

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

[The POPE] cross [es himself] again.

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

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

Come on, Mephistopheles; what shall we do?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Nay, I know not. We shall be cursed with bell, book, and candle.

FAUSTUS

How! Bell, hook, and candle; candle, book, and bell.
Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell.
Anon you shall hear a hog grunt. a calf bleat, and an ass bray,
Because it is Saint Peter's holy day.

Enter all the FRIARS to sing the Dirge.

FRIAR

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

[The FRIARS] sing this.

Cursèd be he that stole away his Holiness's meat from the
table:

Maledicat Dominus!

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

Maledicat Dominus!

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

Maledicat Dominus!

Cursèd be he that disturbeth our holy dirge.

Maledicat Dominus!

Cursèd be he that took away his Holiness's wine:

Maledicat Dominus et omnes Sancti!

Amen!

*[MEPHISTOPHELES and FAUSTUS] beat the FRIARS and fling fire-works among
them, and so exeunt.*

[Act 3 Scene 2]

Enter ROBIN [*with a book*] and RAFE *with a silver goblet*.

ROBIN

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

RAFE

But, Robin, here comes the vintner.

ROBIN

Hush! I'll gull him supernatural.

Enter the VINTNER.

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

VINTNER

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

ROBIN

I, a goblet? Rafe, I, a goblet? I scorn you; and you are but a etc. I, a goblet? Search me.

VINTNER

I mean so, sir, with your favor.

[*Searches* ROBIN.]

ROBIN

How say you now?

VINTNER

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

RAFE

Me, sir? Me, sir? [*Passes goblet to ROBIN*] Search your fill. Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth.

VINTNER

Well, t'one of you hath this goblet about you.

ROBIN

You lie, drawer, [*Aside.*] 'tis afore me.—Sirrah you, I'll teach you to impeach honest men. Stand by; I'll scour you for a goblet. Stand aside you had best; I charge you in the name of Beelzebub.

[*Whispers and hands goblet to RAFE.*]

Look to the goblet, Rafe.

VINTNER

What mean you, sirrah?

ROBIN

I'll tell you what I mean. [*He reads.*] "*Sanctobulorum Periphrasticon.*"

Nay, I'll tickle you, vintner. Look to the goblet, Rafe. [*Reads.*]

"*Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphos tostu Mephistopheles, &c.*"

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES, sets squibs at their backs[, and then exits]. They run about [transformed].

VINTNER

O, *nomine Domine!* What meanest thou, Robin? Thou hast no goblet?

RAFE

Peccatum peccatorum! Here's thy goblet, good vintner.

[*Throws the goblet after the VINTNER, who exits.*]

ROBIN

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

Enter to them MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Vanish, villains! Th' one like an ape, another like a bear, the third an ass, for doing this enterprise.

Monarch of Hell, under whose black survey
Great potentates do kneel with awful fear,
Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie,
How am I vexèd with these villains' charms?
From Constantinople am I hither come
Only for pleasure of these damnèd slaves.

ROBIN

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

Exit.

ROBIN

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

RAFE

And I must be a dog.

ROBIN

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

Exeunt.

[Act 4: Chorus]

Enter CHORUS

When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things and royal courts of kings,
He stayed his course and so returnèd home,
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends and nearest companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words;
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his journey through the world and air,
They put forth questions of astrology,
Which Faustus answered with such learnèd skill
As they admired and wondered at his wit,
Now is his fame spread forth in every land.
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
What there he did in trial of his art
I leave untold; your eyes shall see't performed.

Exit

[Act 4 Scene 1]

Enter EMPEROR, FAUSTUS, [MEPHISTOPHELES,] *and a* KNIGHT, *with*
ATTENDANTS.

EMPEROR

Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black art; how that none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare with thee for the rare effects of magic. They say thou hast a familiar spirit by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list. This, therefore, is my request: that thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported, and here I swear to thee, by the honor of mine imperial crown, that, whatever thou doest, thou shall be no ways prejudiced or endamaged.

KNIGHT

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

FAUSTUS

My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published and nothing answerable to the honor of your imperial Majesty, yet, for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your Majesty shall command me.

EMPEROR

Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.
As I was sometime solitary set
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose
About the honor of mine ancestors—
How they had won by prowess such exploits,
Got such riches, subdued so many kingdoms,
As we that do succeed, or they that shall
Hereafter possess our throne, shall,
I fear me, ne'er attain to that degree
Of high renown and great authority.
Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great,
Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence,
The bright shining of whose glorious acts
Lightens the world with his reflecting beams,
As when I hear but motion made of him,
It grieves my soul I never saw the man.
If, therefore, thou, by cunning of thine art,
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
Where lies entombed this famous conqueror.
And bring with him his beauteous paramour,
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
They used to wear during their time of life,
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

FAUSTUS

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

KNIGHT

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

FAUSTUS

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

KNIGHT

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

FAUSTUS

But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander and his paramour shall appear before your Grace, in that manner that they best lived in, in their most flourishing estate, which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your Imperial Majesty.

EMPEROR

Go to, Master Doctor; let me see them presently

KNIGHT

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

FAUSTUS

How then, sir?

KNIGHT

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

FAUSTUS

No, sir; but, when Actaeon died, he left the horns for you. Mephistopheles, be gone.

Exit MEPHISTOPHELES.

KNIGHT

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

Exit.

FAUSTUS

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

—Here they are, my gracious lord.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES *with* [SPIRITS *in the shapes of*] ALEXANDER *and his* PARAMOUR.

EMPEROR

Master Doctor, I heard this lady while she lived had a wart or mole in her neck. How shall I know whether it be so or no?

FAUSTUS

Your Highness may boldly go and see. [EMPEROR *looks.*]

EMPEROR

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

Exeunt [SPIRITS.]

FAUSTUS

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

EMPEROR

One of you call him forth.

Exit ATTENDANT.

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

How now, sir knight! Why, I had thought thou hadst been a bachelor, but now I see thou hast a wife that not only gives thee horns hut makes thee wear them. Feel on thy head.

KNIGHT

Thou damnèd wretch and execrable dog,
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,
How dar'st thou thus abuse a gentleman?
Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done!

FAUSTUS

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

EMPEROR

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

FAUSTUS

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

EMPEROR

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

Exeunt EMPEROR, [KNIGHT, and ATTENDANTS.]

FAUSTUS

Now, Mephistopheles, the restless course
That time doth run with calm and silent foot,
Shortening my days and thread of vital life.
Calls for the payment of my latest years.
Therefore, sweet Mephistopheles, let us
Make haste to Württemberg.

MEPHISTOPHELES

What, will you go on horseback or on foot?

FAUSTUS

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

Enter a HORSE-COURSER.

HORSE-COURSER

I have been all this day seeking one Master Fustian. Mass, see where he is! God save you, Master Doctor!

FAUSTUS

What, horse-courser! You are well met.

HORSE-COURSER

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

FAUSTUS

I cannot sell him so. If thou likest him for fifty, take him.

HORSE-COURSER

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

I pray you, let him have him. He is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.

FAUSTUS

Well, come, give me your money. [FAUSTUS *takes money.*] My boy will deliver him to you. But I must tell you one thing before you have him: ride him not into the water, at any hand.

HORSE-COURSER

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

FAUSTUS

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

HORSE-COURSER

Well, sir. [*Aside.*] Now am I made man for ever. I'll not leave my horse for forty. If he had but the quality of hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding, I'd make a brave living on him. He has a buttock as slick as an eel.—Well, goodbye, sir, Your boy will deliver him me? But, hark ye, sir; if my horse be sick or ill at ease, if I bring his water to you, you'll tell me what it is?

FAUSTUS

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

Exit HORSE-COURSER.

What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemned to die?

Thy fatal time doth draw to final end;

Despair doth drive distrust unto my thoughts.

Confound these passions with a quiet sleep.

Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the cross;

Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit. [FAUSTUS] *sleep[s] in his chair.*

Enter HORSE-COURSER, *all wet, crying.*

HORSE-COURSER

Alas, alas! Doctor Fustian, quotha. Mass, Doctor Lopez was never such a doctor! H'as given me a purgation: h'as purged me of forty dollars. I shall never see them more. But yet, like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water. Now I, thinking my horse had had some rare quality that he would not have had me known of, I, like a venturesome youth, rid him into the deep pond at the town's end. I was no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vanished away, and I sat upon a bottle of hay, never so near drowning in my life. But I'll seek out my doctor and have my forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest horse! O, yonder is his snipper-snapper—Do you hear, you hey-pass? Where's your master?

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

HORSE-COURSER

But I will speak with him.

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

HORSE-COURSER

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

HORSE-COURSER

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

See where he is fast asleep.

HORSE-COURSER

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

HORSE-COURSER

(Holler[s] in [FAUSTUS's] ear.) So ho ho! So ho ho! No, will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go.

Pulls [FAUSTUS] by the leg, and [it] comes away.

Alas, I am undone! What shall I do?

FAUSTUS

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

Come, villain, to the constable.

HORSE-COURSER

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

Where be they?

HORSE-COURSER

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

Be gone quickly.

HORSE-COURSER *runs away.*

FAUSTUS

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

Enter WAGNER.

How now, Wagner! What's the news with thee?

WAGNER

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

FAUSTUS

The Duke of Vanholt! An honorable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning.—Come, Mephistopheles, Let's away to him.

Exeunt.

[Act 4 Scene 2]

Enter [FAUSTUS, with MEPHISTOPHELES, and] to them the DUKE [of Vanholt] and the [pregnant] DUCHESS.

DUKE

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

FAUSTUS

My gracious Lord, I am glad it contents you so well. But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that great-bellied women do long for some dainties or other. What is it, madam? Tell me, and you shall have it.

DUCHESS

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

FAUSTUS

Alas, madam, that's nothing! Mephistopheles, be gone.

Exit MEPHISTOPHELES.

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

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES with the grapes.

Here they be, madam. Wilt please you taste on them?

DUKE

Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter and in the month of January how you should come by these grapes.

FAUSTUS

If it like your Grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India, Saba, and farther countries in the east; and by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had them brought hither, as you see. How do you like them, madam? Be they good?

DUCHESS

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

FAUSTUS

I am glad they content you so, madam.

DUKE

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

DUCHESS

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

FAUSTUS

I humbly thank your Grace.

DUKE

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

Exeunt.

[Act 5 Scene 1]

Enter WAGNER solus.

WAGNER

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

Enter FAUSTUS with two or three SCHOLARS, [and MEPHISTOPHELES].

FIRST SCHOLAR

Master Doctor 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 that 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,
(And Faustus' custom is not to deny
The just requests of those that wish him well)
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherways for pomp and majesty
Than when Sir Paris crossed the seas with her
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent then, for danger is in words.

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

SECOND SCHOLAR

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

THIRD SCHOLAR

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

FIRST SCHOLAR

Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works
And only paragon of excellence,

Enter an OLD MAN.

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

FAUSTUS

Gentlemen, farewell. The same I wish to you.

Exeunt SCHOLARS.

OLD MAN

Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou mayst attain the goal
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest.
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sins
As no commiseration may expel
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Savior sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

FAUSTUS

Where art thou, Faustus? Wretch, what hast thou done?
Damned art thou, Faustus, damned; despair and die!
Hell calls for right and with a roaring voice
Says: "Faustus, come; thine hour is come."
And, Faustus, will come to do thee right.

MEPHISTOPHELES gives him a dagger

OLD MAN

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

FAUSTUS

Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
Thy words to comfort my distressed soul!
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

OLD MAN

I go, sweet Faustus, but with heavy cheer,
Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul. [*Exit.*]

FAUSTUS

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

Do it, then, quickly, with unfeignèd heart,
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

FAUSTUS

Torment, sweet friend, that base and crooked age
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

FAUSTUS

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

MEPHISTOPHELES

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

Enter HELEN.

FAUSTUS

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.

[They kiss.]

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

[They kiss.]

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

Enter OLD MAN

I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy shall Würtemberg be sacked;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus
And wear thy colors on my plumèd crest.
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azured arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

Exeunt [FAUSTUS, HELEN, and MEPHISTOPHELES].

OLD MAN

Accursèd Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of heaven
And fly'st the throne of his tribunal seat!

Enter the DEVILS.

Satan begins to sift me with his pride.
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smiles
At your repulse and laughs your state to scorn!
Hence, hell, for hence I fly unto my God.

Exeunt.

[Act 5 Scene 2]

Enter FAUSTUS, with the SCHOLARS.

FAUSTUS

Ah, gentlemen!

FIRST SCHOLAR

What ails Faustus?

FAUSTUS

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

SECOND SCHOLAR

What means Faustus?

THIRD SCHOLAR

Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over-solitary

FIRST SCHOLAR

If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him.— 'Tis but a surfeit; never fear, man.

FAUSTUS

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

SECOND SCHOLAR

Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

FAUSTUS

But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned. The serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Württemberg, never read book! And what wonders I have done all Germany can witness, yea, all the world—for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy—and must remain in hell for ever, hell, ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

THIRD SCHOLAR

Yet, Faustus, call on God.

FAUSTUS

On God whom Faustus hath abjured? On God whom Faustus hath blasphemed? Ah, my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood instead of tears. Yea, life and soul! O, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold them, they hold them!

ALL

Who, Faustus?

FAUSTUS

Lucifer and Mephistopheles. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

ALL

God forbid!

FAUSTUS

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

FIRST SCHOLAR

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

FAUSTUS

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

SECOND SCHOLAR

O, what shall we do to Faustus?

FAUSTUS

Talk not of me, but save yourselves and depart.

THIRD SCHOLAR

God will strengthen me. I will stay with Faustus.

FIRST SCHOLAR

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

FAUSTUS

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

SECOND SCHOLAR

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

FAUSTUS

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

ALL

Faustus, farewell.

*Exeunt SCHOLARS.
The clock strikes eleven.*

FAUSTUS

Ah, Faustus, now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually.
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease and midnight never come,
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.

O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
O, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul, half a drop. Ah, my Christ!
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him, O, spare me, Lucifer!
Where is it now? 'Tis gone. And see, where God
Stretcheth out his arm and bends his ireful brows!
Mountains and hills, come, come and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God.
No, no! Then will I headlong run into the earth.
Earth, gape! O, no, it will not harbor 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 laboring cloud,
That, when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven.

The watch strikes.

Ah, half the hour is past. 'Twill all be past anon.
O God, if thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransomed me.
Impose some end to my incessant pain.
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be saved.
O, no end is limited to damnèd souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' *metempsychosis*—were that true,
This soul should fly from me and I be changed
Unto some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements,

But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Cursed be the parents that engendered me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

The clock striketh twelve.

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

Thunder and lightning.

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

Enter DEVILS.

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
Ugly hell, gape not! Come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books! Ah, Mephistopheles!

Exeunt [DEVILS] with him.

[Epilogue]

Enter CHORUS.

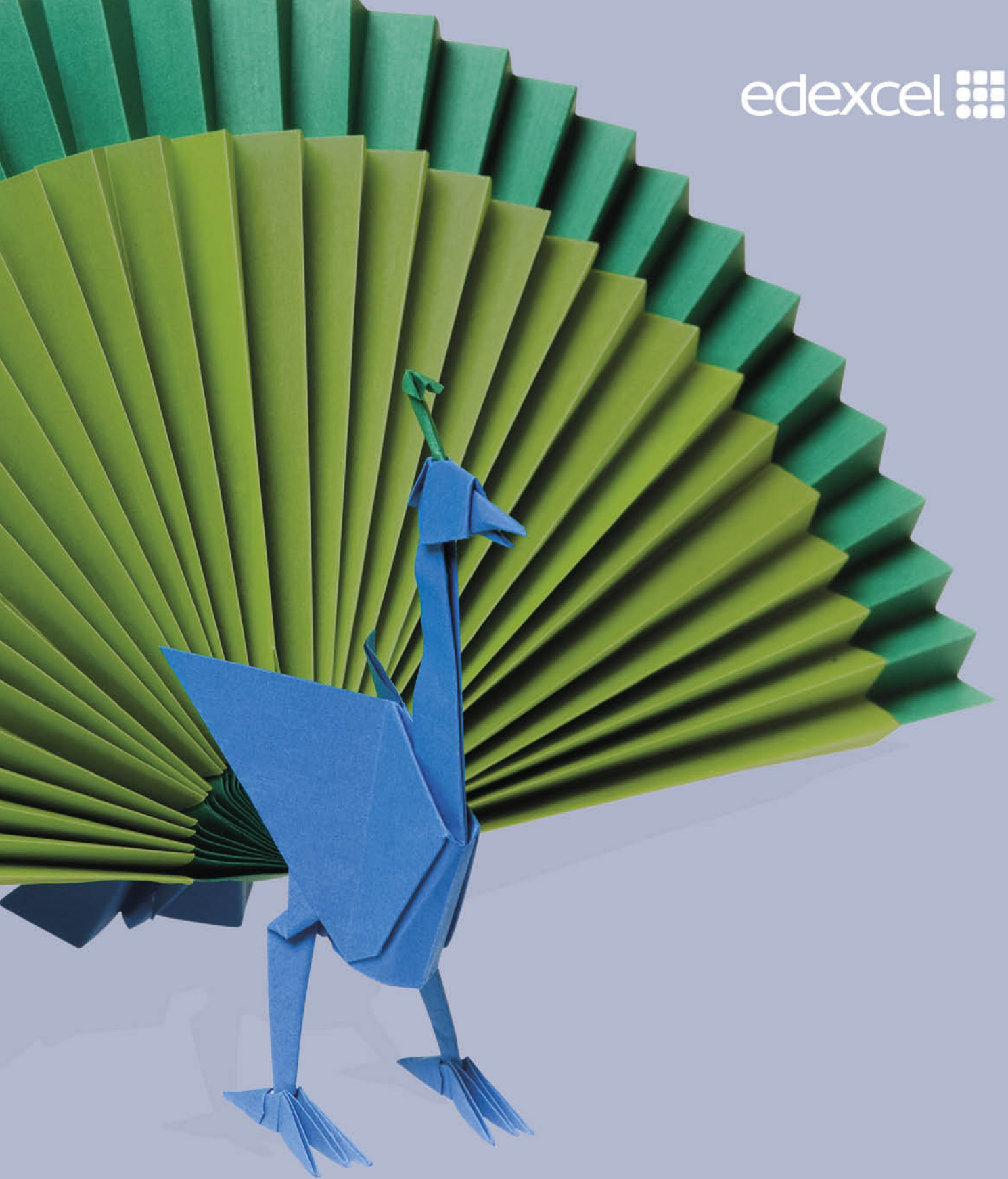
CHORUS

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

[Exit.]

Terminat hora diem; terminat Author opus.

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