THE TRAGICAL HISTORY
OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

By Christopher Marlowe

c. 1589-1592
From the Quarto of 1604
aka the 'A' (short) Text

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

FAUSTUS.
WAGNER, Servant to Faustus.
VALDES, Friend to Faustus.
CORNELIUS, Friend to Faustus.

THE POPE.
CARDINAL OF LORRAINE.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.
DUKE OF VANHOLT.
DUCHESS OF VANHOLT.
A KNIGHT.

Other Human Characters:
CLOWN.
ROBIN.
RAFE.
VINTNER.
HORSE-COURSER.
AN OLD MAN.
Scholars, Friars, and Attendants.

Spirits:
LUCIFER.
BELZEBUB.
MEPHISTOPHILIS.
GOOD ANGEL.
EVIL ANGEL.
THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.
DEVILS.
Spirits in the shapes of ALEXANDER THE GREAT,
of his PARAMOUR and of HELEN.

CHORUS.
A. Scene Breaks, Settings, and Stage Directions.

The quarto of 1604 does not divide *Doctor Faustus* into numbered scenes, nor does it provide scene settings. We have broken up the play into individually numbered scenes as done by earlier editors. We also adopt the scene settings suggested by Dyce.

Finally, as is our normal practice, a good number of the quarto's stage directions have been modified, and others added, usually without comment, to give clarity to the action. Most of these changes are adopted from Dyce.

B. Options for Production.

1. The Chorus.

Some editors suggest that the role of the Chorus may be played by Faustus' student-assistant Wagner.

2. Scene VIII.

One editor (Bevington) suggests that Scene VIII should take place between Scenes V and VI, in order to restore a balance between dramatic and comic scenes.

3. Rafe vs. Ralph.

Most editions modernize the name of the character *Rafe* (pronounced as spelled) to *Ralph*.

C. Optional Textual Changes.

The texts of the Scripts prepared by our website, ElizabethanDrama.org generally lean towards keeping the language of the original quartos. Where obvious errors in typography have occurred, the emendations suggested by early and modern editors are usually accepted. Where words have clearly been accidentally omitted from the original edition, and are absolutely needed for a line to make any sense at all, such additions are made and contained within hard brackets [ ].

In certain cases, some editors propose changes to wording that other editors reject. We try to choose the best of the options offered where emendation seems necessary. Alternatives are listed below.

The text of this Script may be confidently adopted by a theatre group without further revision; however, we present below a list of additional changes a director may wish to make, if he or she feels any of them would make the language more sensible, etc. Most of these emendations represent suggestions of later editors of the play, and a few represent restoring original language from the quartos. A good number present alternate
wording found in later quartos, especially those which represent reissues of
the 1604 version of the play (the 'A' text).

Explanations for all these possible emendations can be found in the
annotated edition of this play found on our website.

Prologue.
1. Line 6: restore daunt for vaunt.
2. line 13 and elsewhere: replace Wertenberg here and everywhere
    with Wittenberg (also I.117 and 145, V.169, XI.6, XIII.143 and XIV.29).
3. line 24: emend more to now.
4. line 25 and elsewhere: modernize negromancy to necromancy (also
    I.64 and 136).

Scene I.
1. line 3 and elsewhere: modernize shew to show (also I.185, V.138
    and 141, VI.156 and 165, and XII.49).
2. line 12: emend Economy to on cai me on.
3. line 39: restore Church for law.
4. line 65: omit scenes.
5. line 132: modernize woon to won.
6. line 161: emend have the to in their or in the.
7. line 175: modernize renowned to renowned.
8. line 179: modernize wracks to wrecks.
9. line 190: emend Albanus to Albertus.

Scene III.
1. line 60: omit now.
2. line 144: emend continent to country.

Scene IV.
1. line 19: emend berlady to by'r lady.
2. line 46: emend my to their.
3. line 125: emend diametarily to diametrally.

Scene V.
1. line 6: emend no, Faustus to Faustus no.
2. line 224: emend the entire line to "What, sleeping, eating, walking,
    and disputing!"
3. line 263: omit and.

Scene VI.
1. line 248: Restore Lechery for L.

Scene VII.
1. line 146: modernize strook to struck.

Scene IX.
1. omit lines 59-75; replace with the stage direction, "Enter
    Mephistophilis to them; exit the Vintner running."

Scene X.
1. line 66: emend best to both.

Scene XI.
1. line 50: emend forty to twice-forty.
Scene XIII.
1. line 1: emend *die shortly* to *shortly die*.
2. line 3: emend *methinks* to *methinketh*.
3. lines 21-22: omit "whom all the world admires for majesty".
4. line 71: emend *is come* to *is almost come*.
5. line 138: emend *sucks* to *suck*.

Scene XIV.
1. a grouping of changes:
   a. line 121: emend *cloud* to *clouds*.
   b. line 122: emend *you* to *they*.
   c. line 123: emend *your* to *their*.

**D. Further Optional Emendations**  
**Not Discussed in Notes.**

This edition of *Doctor Faustus* adheres to the original wording of the 1604 quarto, with changes made only where absolutely necessary to give the text sense. Later early 17th century editions of the play, including the 1609 simple reissue of the 1604 version, made numerous changes to the original text, including many examples in which only a single word in a given line were altered. In many cases, modern editions adopt wording of the later editions over the 1604 wording.

The list below is comprised of many of those emendations which occurred in the post-1604 quartos, and which appear in many modern versions of the play, but which have not been noted in the annotations of our present edition.

Scene I:
1. line 24: emend *Woulds* to *Couldst*; emend *man* to *men*.
2. line 40: emend *his* to *this*.
3. line 77: emend *try* to *tire*.
4. line 100: emend *treasury* to *treasure*.
5. line 122: emend *our* to *the*.
6. line 154: emend *subjects* to *spirits*.

Scene II.
1. lines 49-50: delete the second *my dear brethren*.

Scene III.
1. line 119: emend *those* to *these*.

Scene V.
1. line 202: emend *is* to *are*.

Scene VII.
1. line 17: emend *midst* to *one*.

Scene XI.
1. line 64: emend *into* to *into*.
PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Not marching now in fields of Thrasimene,
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 vaunt 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 Rhodes:
Of riper years, to Wertenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism graced,
That shortly he was graced with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till swoln with cunning of a self-conceit
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, heavens conspired his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted more with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursèd negromancy;
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiepest bliss:
And this the man that in his study sits.

[Exit.]
SCENE I.

Faustus’ Study.

Faust discovered.

1 Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
2 To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:
Having commenced, be a divine in shew,
4 Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
6 Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravished me!
Bene disserere est finis logices.
8 Is to dispute well logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
10 Then read no more; thou hast attained that end:
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
12 Bid Economy farewell, and Galen come,
Seeing, Ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus:
14 Be a physician, Faustus, heap up gold,
And be étérnized for some wondrous cure:
16 Summum bonum medicinae sanitas,
The end of physic is our body's health.
18 Why, Faustus, hast thou not attained that end?
Is not thy common talk sound aphorisms?
20 Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escaped the plague,
22 And thousand desperate maladies been eased?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
24 Wouldst thou make man to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
26 Then this profession were to be esteemed.
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian?
28 
[Reads]
30 Si una eademque res legatus duobus, alter rem,
alter valorem rei, etc.
32 A pretty case of paltry legacies!
34 
[Reads]
36 Exhaereditare filium non potest pater, nisi
38 Such is the subject of the institute,
And universal body of the law:
40 His study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile and illiberal for me.  
When all is done, divinity is best:  
Jerome's Bible, Faustus; view it well.

[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.  
What doctrine call you this, Che sera, sera,  
What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu!  
These metaphysics of magiciëns,  
And negromantic books are heavenly;  
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters;

Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.  
O, what a world of profit and delight,  
Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,  
Is promised to the studious artizan!

All things that move between the quiet poles  
Shall be at my command: emperors and kings  
Are but obeyèd 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!

Enter Wagner.

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

Wag. I will, sir.

[Exit Wagner.]

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

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

Good Ang. 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 Ang. 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.]

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

Enter Valdes and Cornelius.

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have woon 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 negromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
138 Both law and physic are for petty wits;
Divinity is basest of the three,
140 Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vild:
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravished me.
142 Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt,
And I, that have with concise syllogisms
144 Gravelled the pastors of the German church,
And made the flowering pride of Wertenberg
146 Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musaeus when he came to hell,
148 Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadows made all Europe honour him.

150 Val. 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;
156 Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love:
162 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.

166 Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live: therefore object it not.
170 Corn. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
172 He that is grounded in astrology,
Enriched with tongues, well seen in minerals,
174 Hath all the principles magic doth require:
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renowned,
176 And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.
178 The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wracks,
180 Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth:
182 Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

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

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

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

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

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and, after meat,
We'll canvass every quiddity thereof;
For, ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do:
This night I'll conjure, though I die therefore.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE II.

Before Faustus’ House.

Enter two Scholars.

1st Schol. I wonder what’s become of Faustus, that was wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo*.

2nd Schol. That shall we know, for see, here comes his boy.

Enter Wagner.

1st Schol. How now, sirrah! where’s thy master?

Wag. God in Heaven knows.

2nd Schol. Why, dost not thou know?

Wag. Yes, I know; but that follows not.

1st Schol. Go to, sirrah! leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

Wag. That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, being licentiates, should stand upon’t: therefore acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

2nd Schol. Why, didst thou not say thou knewst?

Wag. Have you any witness on’t?

1st Schol. Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

Wag. Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

2nd Schol. Why, will you not tell us?

Wag. 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 worship: and so, the Lord bless you,
preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my
dear brethren!

[Exit Wagner.]

1st Schol. Nay, then, I fear he is fallen into that
damned art for which they two are infamous through
the world.

2nd Schol. 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.

1st Schol. O, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him!

2nd Schol. Yet let us try what we can do.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE III.

A Grove.

Enter Faustus to conjure.

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th' antartic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantatiöns,
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 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, aquatani spiritus,
salvete! Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni
ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus
vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis...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 dicitus Mephistophilis!

Enter Mephistophilis.

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

[Exit Mephistophilis.]

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

Re-enter Mephistophilis like a Franciscan friar.

**Meph.** Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?

**Faust.** 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.

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

**Faust.** Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

**Meph.** No, I came now hither of mine own accord.

**Faust.** Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? speak.

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

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

**Meph.** Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

**Faust.** Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

**Meph.** Yes, Faustus, and most dearly loved of God.

**Faust.** How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils?
Meph.  O, by aspiring pride and insolence;
For which God threw him from the face of Heaven.

Faust.  And what are you that live with Lucifer?

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

Faust.  Where are you damned?

Meph.  In hell.

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

Meph.  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!

Faust.  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 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.

Meph.  I will, Faustus.

[Exit.]

Faust.  Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great emperor of the world,
And make a bridge thorough the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that 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 desired,
I'll live in speculation of this art,
Till Mephistophilis return again.

[Exit.]
SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter Wagner and Clown.

Wag. Sirrah boy, come hither.

Clown. How, boy! swowns, boy! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadevaunts as I have: "boy", quotha!

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

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

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

Clown. How! my soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 'twere blood-raw! not so, good friend: berlady, I had need have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

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

Clown. How, in verse?

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

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

Wag. Sirrah, I say in staves-acre.

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

Wag. So thou shalt, whether thou beest with me or no. But, sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind yourself presently unto me for seven years, or I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and they shall tear thee in pieces.
**Clown.** Do you hear, sir? you may save that labour; they are too familiar with me already: swowns, they are as bold with my flesh as if they had paid for my meat and drink.

**Wag.** Well, do you hear, sirrah? hold, take these

[**Gives money.**]

**Clown.** Gridirons! what be they?

**Wag.** Why, French crowns.

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

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

**Clown.** No, no; here, take your gridirons again.

**Wag.** Truly, I'll none of them.

**Clown.** Truly, but you shall.

**Wag.** Bear witness I gave them him.

**Clown.** Bear witness I give them you again.

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

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

*Enter two Devils; and the Clown runs up and down crying.*

**Wag.** Baliol and Belcher, — spirits, away!

*[Exeunt Devils.]*

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

Wag. Well, sirrah, follow me.

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

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

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

Wag. Well, sirrah, come.

Clown. But, do you hear, Wagner?

Wag. How! — Baliol and Belcher!

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

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

[Exit Wagner.]

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

[Exit.]
SCENE V.

Faustus’ Study.

Faustus discovered.

Faust. 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 Belzebub: Now go not backward; no, Faustus, be resolute: Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in mine ears, "Abjure this magic, turn to God again!" Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again. To God? he loves thee not; The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite, Wherein is fixed the love of Belzebub: To him I'll build an altar and a church, And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

Good Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance – what of them?

Good Ang. O, they are means to bring thee unto Heaven!

Evil Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy, That makes men foolish that do trust them most.

Good Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of Heaven and heavenly things.

Evil Ang. No, Faustus, think of honour and of wealth.

[Exeunt Angels.]

Faust. Of wealth! Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine. When Mephistophilis shall stand by me, What god can hurt thee, Faustus? thou art safe: Cast no more doubts. – Come, Mephistophilis, And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer; – Is't not midnight? – come, Mephistophilis, Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

Enter Mephistophilis.

21
Now tell me what says Lucifer, thy lord?

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

**Faust.** Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

**Meph.** 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.

**Faust.** Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good will my soul do thy lord?

**Meph.** Enlarge his kingdom.

**Faust.** Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

**Meph.** *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

**Faust.** Why, have you any pain that tortures others?

**Meph.** 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.

**Faust.** Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

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

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

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

**Faust.** Ay, so I will.
But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

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

Faust. 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.

Re-enter Mephistophilis with a chafer of coals.

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

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

Meph. [Aside]
O, what will not I do t' obtain his soul!

Faust. Consummatum est; this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeathed his soul to Lucifer.

But what is this inscription on mine arm?
Homo, fuge: whither should I fly?

If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.
My senses are deceived; here's nothing writ: −
I see it plain; here in this place is writ,
Homo, fuge: yet shall not Faustus fly.

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

[Exit.]

Re-enter Mephistophilis with Devils, who give
crowns and rich apparel to Faustus, dance,
and then depart.

Faust. Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this shew?

Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,
And to shew thee what magic can perform.
Faust. But may I raise up spirits when I please?

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

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

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

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

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

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

By me, John Faustus.

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

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


Faust. First will I question with thee about hell.
Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?
Meph. Under the heavens.

Faust. Ay, but whereabout?

Meph. 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.

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

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

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

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

Faust. 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.

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

Faust. 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.

Meph. How! a wife!
I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.

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

Meph. Well, thou wilt have one? Sit there till I come:
I'll fetch thee a wife in the devil's name.
238 [Exit.]

240 Re-enter Mephistophilis with a Devil
drest like a Woman, with fire-works.

244 Meph. Tell [me], Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

246 Faust. A plague on her for a hot whore!

248 Meph. Tut, Faustus,
Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;
If thou lovest me, think no more of it.
I'll cull thee out the fairest courtezans,
And bring them every morning to thy bed:
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,
Be she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Hold, take this book, peruse it thoroughly:

258 [Gives book.]

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

268 Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilis: yet fain would I
have a book wherein I might behold all spells and
incantations, that I might raise up spirits when I please.

272 Meph. [Turns to them] Here they are in this book.

274 Faust. 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.

278 Meph. [Turns to them] Here they are too.

280 Faust. 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.

284 Meph. Here they be.

286 Faust. O, thou art deceived.
288  Meph.  [Turns to them] Tut, I warrant thee.
290  [Exeunt.]
SCENE VI.

In the House of Faustus.

Enter Faustus and Mephistophilis.

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

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

Faust. How prov'st thou that?

Meph. It was made for man, therefore is man more excellent.

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

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

Good Ang. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

Evil Ang. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

Faust. 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 Ang. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

[Exeunt Angels.]

Faust. 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 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 ne'er repent. −  
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,  
And argue of divine astrology.  
Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon?  
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,  
As is the substance of this centric earth?  

Meph. As are the elements, such are the spheres,  
Mutually folded in each other’s orb,  
And, Faustus,  
All jointly move upon one axletree,  
Whose terminine is termed the world’s wide pole;  
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter  
Feigned, but are erring stars.

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

Meph. 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.

Faust. Tush,  
These slender trifles Wagner can decide:  
Hath Mephistophilis 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?

Meph. Ay.

Faust. How many heavens or spheres are there?

Meph. Nine; the seven planets, the firmament, and  
the empyreal heaven.

Faust. 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?

Meph. Per inaequalem motum respectu totius.
**Faust.** Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world?

**Meph.** I will not.

**Faust.** Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

**Meph.** Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

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

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

**Faust.** Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

**Meph.** Remember this.

[Exit Mephistophilis.]

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

Re-enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

**Evil Ang.** Too late.

**Good Ang.** Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

**Evil Ang.** If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

**Good Ang.** Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin.

[Exeunt Angels.]

**Faust.** Ah, Christ, my Saviour, Seek to save distressèd Faustus' soul!

Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephistophilis.

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

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

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

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

**Lucif.** 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.

**Faust.** 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.

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

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

**Lucif.** Talk not of Paradise nor creation; but mark
this shew: talk of the devil, and nothing else. –
Come away!

*Enter the Seven Deadly Sins.*

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

**Faust.** What art thou, the first?

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

**Faust.** What art thou, the second?

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

Faust. What art thou, the third?

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

Faust. What art thou, the fourth?

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

Faust. Away, envious rascal! − What art thou, the
fifth?

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

Faust. No, I'll see thee hanged: thou wilt eat up all
my victuals.

Gluttony. Then the devil choke thee!

Faust. 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.

**Faust.** What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh
and last?

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

**Faust.** Away, to hell, to hell!

[Exeunt the Sins.]

**Lucif.** Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

**Faust.** O, this feeds my soul!

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

**Faust.** O, might I see hell, and return again,
How happy were I then!

**Lucif.** Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight.
In meantime take this book; peruse it throughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

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

**Lucif.** Farewell, Faustus, and think on the devil.

**Faust.** Farewell, great Lucifer.

[Exeunt Lucifer and Belzebub.]

Come, Mephistophilis.

[Exeunt.]
CHORUS I.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. 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.

[Exit.]
SCENE VII.

*The Pope’s Privy-Chamber.*

*Enter Faustus and Mephistophilis.*

1 **Faust.** Having now, my good Mephistophilis,
2 Passed with delight the stately town of Trier,
   Environed round with airy mountain-tops,
4 With walls of flint, and deep-entrenched lakes,
   Not to be won by any conquering prince;
6 From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
   We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
8 Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;
   Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
10 Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,
   The streets straight forth, and paved with finest brick,
12 Quarter the town in four equivalents:
   There saw we learned Maro’s golden tomb,
14 The way he cut, an English mile in length,
   Thorough a rock of stone, in one night’s space;
16 From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
   In midst of which a sumptuous temple stands,
18 That threatens the stars with her aspiring top.
   Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time:
20 But tell me now what resting-place is this?
   Hast thou, as erst I did command,
22 Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

24 **Meph.** Faustus, I have; and, because we will not
   be unprovided, I have taken up his Holiness’ privy-
   chamber for our use.

28 **Faust.** I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

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

**Faust.** 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.

**Meph.** 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.

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

[**Mephistophilis charms him.**]

**Meph.** So, Faustus; now
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discerned.

*Sound a Sonnet.*

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?

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

**Pope.** How now! who's that which spake? – Friars,
look about.

**1st 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.

**Faust.** I thank you, sir.

[**Faustus snatches the dish.**]
Pope. How now! who's that which snatched the meat from me? will no man look? – My lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of Florence.

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

[Faust snatches the dish.]

Pope. What, again! – My lord, I'll drink to your grace.

Faust. I'll pledge your grace.

[Faust snatches the cup.]

Lorr. 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.]

Faust. What, are you crossing of yourself?

Well, use that trick no more, I would advise you.

[The Pope crosses himself again.]

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

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

Come on, Mephistophilis; what shall we do?

Meph. Nay, I know not: we shall be cursed with bell, book, and candle.


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

Re-enter all the Friars to sing the Dirge.

1st Friar. Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion.
142 | [They sing.]
144 Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness' meat from
    the table! *maledicat Dominus*!
146 Cursed be he that strook his Holiness a blow on the
    face! *maledicat Dominus*!
148 Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the
    pate! *maledicat Dominus*!
150 Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge!
    *maledicat Dominus*!
152 Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine!
    *maledicat Dominus*!
154 *Et omnes Sancti*! Amen!
156 | *Mephistophilis and Faustus beat the Friars,
    and fling fire-works among them;
    and so Exeunt.*]
CHORUS II.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
He stayed his course, and so returnèd home;
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends and near’st companiöns,
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.]
SCENE VIII.

Near an Inn.

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.

Ralph. Why, Robin, what book is that?

Robin. What book! why, the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil.

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 tabern in Europe for nothing; that's one of my conjuring works.

Rafe. Our Master Parson says that's nothing.

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

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

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

[Exeunt.]
SCENE IX.

The Same.

Enter Robin with conjuring book
and Rafe with a silver goblet.

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

Rafe. But, Robin, here comes the Vintner.

Robin. Hush! I'll gull him supernaturally.

Enter Vintner.

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

Vint. 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.

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

[Searches Robin.]

Robin. How say you now?

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

Rafe. Me, sir! me, sir! search your fill.

[Rafe tosses the goblet to Robin.]

[Vintner searches him.]

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

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

Robin. [Aside] You lie, drawer, '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 Belzebub. −

[Robin tosses the goblet to Rafe.]

[Aside to Rafe] Look to the goblet, Rafe.

Vint. What mean you, sirrah?

Robin. I'll tell you what I mean.
[Reads from book] Sanctobulorum Periphrasticicon
– nay, I'll tickle you, Vintner. –
[Aside to Rafe]. Look to the goblet, Rafe –
[Reads] Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphos tost, Mephistophilis, etc.

Enter Mephistophilis,
sets squibs at their backs, and then Exit.
They run about.

Vint. O, nomine Domine! what meanest thou,
Robin? thou hast no goblet.

Rafe. Peccatum peccatorum! – Here's thy goblet,
good Vintner.

[Gives the goblet to Vintner, who Exits.]

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

Re-enter Mephistophilis.

Meph. 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?

Meph. 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.]
SCENE X.

The Emperor’s Court at Innsbruck.

Enter Emperor, Faustus, and a Knight, with Attendants.

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

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

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

Emp. Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say. As I was sometime solitary set Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose About the honour of mine ancestors, How they had won by prowess such exploits, Got such riches, subdued so many kingdoms, As we that do succeed, or they that shall Hereafter possess our throne, shall (I fear me) 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.

**Faust.** 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.

**Faust.** 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.

**Faust.** 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.

**Emp.** Go to, Master Doctor; let me see them  
presently.

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

**Faust.** How then, sir?

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

**Faust.** No, sir; but, when Actaeon died, he left the  
horns for you. − Mephistophilis, be gone.

[Exit Mephistophilis.]

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

[Exit Knight.]

**Faust.** I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me  
so. − Here they are, my gracious lord.
Re-enter Mephistophilis with Spirits
in the Shapes of Alexander and his Paramour.

Emp. 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?

Faust. Your highness may boldly go and see.

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

[Exeunt Spirits.]

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

Emp. One of you call him forth.

[Exit Attendant.]

Re-enter the Knight with a pair of horns on his head.

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

Knight. Thou 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!

Faust. 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.

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

Faust. My gracious lord, not so much for the injury
he offered me here in your presence, as to delight
you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited
this injurious knight; which being all I desire, I am
content to release him of his horns: − and, sir knight,
hereafter speak well of scholars. − Mephistophilis,
transform him straight.
[Mephistophilis removes the horns.]

142 – Now, my good lord, having done my duty, I humbly take my leave.

146 **Emp.** Farewell, Master Doctor: yet, ere you go,

148 Expect from me a bounteous reward.

150 [Exeunt Emperor, Knight, and Attendants.]
SCENE XI.

A Green; afterwards the House of Faustus.

Still on Stage: Faustus and Mephistophilis.

Faust. Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course
That time doth run with calm and silent foot,
Short’ning my days and thread of vital life,
Calls for the payment of my latest years:
Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us
Make haste to Wertenberg.

Meph. What, will you go on horse-back or on foot?

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

Enter a Horse-Courser.

Horse-C. I have been all this day seeking one
Master Fustian: mass, see where he is! – God save
you, Master Doctor!

Faust. What, horse-courser! you are well met.

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

Faust. I cannot sell him so: if thou lik'st him for
fifty, take him.

Horse-C. Alas, sir, I have no more! – I pray you,
speak for me.

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

Faust. Well, come, give me your money:

[Horse-Courser gives Faustus the money]

my boy will deliver him to you. But I must tell you
one thing before you have him; ride him not into the
water, at any hand.

Horse-C. Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters?

Faust. 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.

48 Horse-C. 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, God buy, 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?

56 Faust. Away, you villain! what, dost think I am a horse-doctor?

[Exit Horse-Courser.]

62 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.

68 [Sleeps in his chair.]

70 Re-enter Horse-Courser, all wet, crying.

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

88 Meph. Why, sir, what would you? you cannot speak with him.
Horse-C. But I will speak with him.

Meph. Why, he's fast asleep: come some other time.

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

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

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

Meph. See, where he is, fast asleep.

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

Meph. Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

Horse-C. [Hollows in his ear.] So-ho, ho! so-ho,
ho! No, will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go.

[Falls Faustus by the leg, and pulls it away.]

Alas, I am undone! what shall I do?

Faust. O, my leg, my leg! − Help, Mephistophilis!
call the officers. − My leg, my leg!

Meph. Come, villain, to the constable.

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

Meph. Where be they?

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

Meph. Be gone quickly.

[Horse-Courser runs away.]

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

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

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

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt! an honourable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning. — Come, Mephistophilis, let's away to him.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE XII.

The Court of the Duke of Vanholt.

Enter the Duke of Vanholt, the Duchess, and Faustus.

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

Faust. 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.

Duch. Thanks, good Master Doctor: and, for I see your courteous intent to please 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.

Faust. Alas, madam, that's nothing! – Mephistophilis, be gone.

[Exit Mephistophilis.]

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

Re-enter Mephistophilis with grapes.

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

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

Faust. 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?

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

44  *Faust.* I am glad they content you so, madam.

46  *Duke.* Come, madam, let us in, where you must

48  well reward this learned man for the great kindness

50  he hath shewed to you.

52  *Duch.* And so I will, my lord; and, whilst I live,

54  Rest beholding for this courtesy.

56  *Faust.* I humbly thank your grace.

58  *Duke.* Come, Master Doctor, follow us, and receive

58  your reward.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE XIII.

A Room in the House of Faustus.

Enter Wagner.

Wag. 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 Wagner.]

Enter Faustus with two or three Scholars,
and Mephistophilis.

1st Sch. Master Doctor Faustus, since our
conference about fair ladies, which was the
beautifulest in all the world, we have determined
with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the
admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Master
Doctor, if you will do us that favour, as to let us see
that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world
admires for majesty, we should think ourselves
much beholding unto you.

Faust. 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 passeth over the stage.]

2nd Sch. Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

3rd Sch. No marvel though the angry Greeks pursued
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.
Ist Sch. Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,
And only paragon of excellence,
Let us depart; and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore!

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

[Exeunt Scholars.]

Enter an Old Man.

Old Man. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou may’st 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 Saviour sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

Faust. 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 now will come to do thee right.

[Mephistophilis gives him a dagger.]

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

Faust. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
Thy words to comfort my distressèd 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 Old Man.]
Doctor Faustus “A” Text

Scene XIII

Faust. 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?

Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord:
Revolt, or I'll in piece-meal tear thy flesh.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumptiôn,
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.

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

[Faustus stabs his arm,
and writes on a paper with his blood.]

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

Meph. 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.

Faust. 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
These thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

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

Re-enter Helen.

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

[Kisses her.]

Her lips sucks forth my soul: see, where it flies! −
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for Heaven be in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sacked;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumèd crest;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azured arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

[Exeunt.]

Enter the Old Man.

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 Devils.

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

[Exeunt, − on one side, Devils,
on the other, Old Man.]
SCENE XIV.

A Room in the House of Faustus.

Enter Faustus, with Scholars.

Faust. Ah, gentlemen!

1st Sch. What ails Faustus?

Faust. 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?

2nd Scholar. What means Faustus?

3rd Scholar. Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over-solitary.

1st Scholar. If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him. − 'Tis but a surfeit; never fear, man.

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

2nd Scholar. Yet, Faustus, look up to Heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

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

3rd Sch. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. 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?

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

All. God forbid!

Faust. 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.

1st Sch. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. 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.

2nd Sch. O, what shall we do to save Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

3rd Sch. God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

1st Sch. Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

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

2nd Scholar. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

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

[The watch strikes the half-hour.]

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon:
O God,
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath 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 strikes twelve.]

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

[Thunder and lightning.]

O soul, be 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, Mephistophilis!

[Exeunt Devils with Faustus.]
CHORUS III.

Enter Chorus.

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

10 [Exit.]

FINIS