

1590

**THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF
DR. FAUSTUS**

Christopher Marlowe

Marlowe, Christopher (1564-1593) - English poet and dramatist. His legendary life, full of reckless adventure and unconventionality, ended when he was stabbed in the eye in a tavern brawl at the age of 29. Marlowe is known as the greatest Elizabethan author before Shakespeare. *Doctor Faustus* (1590) - The earliest dramatization of the Faust legend, a legend which dates back to the middle ages. Faustus sells his soul to Lucifer in exchange for worldly power and the services of Mephistophilis.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

THE POPE.

CARDINAL OF LORRAIN.

EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

DUKE OF VANHOLT.

FAUSTUS.

VALDES AND CORNELIUS, Friends to Faustus.

WAGNER, Servant to Faustus.

Clown.

ROBIN.

RALPH

Vintner, Horse-Courser, Knight, Old Man,

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Scholars, Friars, and Attendants.

DUCHESS OF VANHOLT.

LUCIFER.

BELZEBUB.

MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Good Angel, Evil Angel, The Seven Deadly Sins, Devils,

Spirits in the shape of ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

of his Paramour, and of HELEN OF TROY.

Chorus.

PROLOGUE.

Enter CHORUS

CHORUS

NOT marching now in fields of Thrasimene,
Where Mars did mate ¹ the Carthaginians;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt his heavenly verse:
Only this, gentlemen,- we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad.
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,²
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes; ³

¹ Confound. But Hannibal was victorious at Lake Trasumennus,
² For applause.

Of riper years to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism grac'd, 4
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all those sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till swollen with cunning, 5 of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings 6did mount above his reach,
And, melting, Heavens conspir'd his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted [now] with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursed necromancy.
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,

³ Roda, in the Duchy of Saxe-Altenburg, near Jena.

⁴ The garden of scholarship being adorned by him.

⁵ Knowledge.

⁶ An allusion to the myth of Icarus, who flew too near the sun.

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

[Exit.

SCENE I.

FAUSTUS [discovered] in his Study

FAUST

Settle my studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess; 7
Having commenc'd, be a divine in show,
Yet level 8 and at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 9 'tis thou hast ravish'd me,
Bene disserere est finis logices.10

7

Teach publicly

8

Aim.

9

Logic.

10

“To argue well is the end of logic.”

Is to dispute well logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more, thou hast attain'd the end;
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit.
Bid on chail me on this farewell; Galen come,
Seeing Ubi desinit Philosophus ibi incipit Medicus; 12
Be a physician, Faustus, heap up gold,
And be eternis'd for some wondrous cure.
Summum bonum medicinae sanitas, 13
"The end of physic is our body's health."
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end!
Is not they common talk sound Aphorisms? 14
Are not thy bills 15 hung up as monuments,

11
12 This is Mr. Bullen's emendation of Q1., Oncaymaeon, a

13 "Where the philosopher leaves off, there the physician begins."

14 This and the previous quotation are from Aristotle.

15 Medical maxims

Announcements.

Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been eas'd?
Yet art thou still but Faustus and a man.
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell.- Where is Justinian?

[Reads.]

Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem, alter valorem
rei, &c. 16
A pretty case of paltry legacies!

Reads.]

Ex haereditare filium non potest pater nisi, &c. 17
Such is the subject of the Institute¹⁸
And universal Body of the Law. 19
His 20 study fits a mercenary drudge,

¹⁶

“If one and the same thing is bequeathed to two persons, one

¹⁷

“A father cannot disinherit the son except,” etc.

¹⁸

Of Justinian, under whom the Roman law was codified.

Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best;
Jerome's Bible,²¹ Faustus, view it well.

[Reads.]

Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! Stipendium, &c.
"The reward of sin is death." That's hard.

[Reads.]

Si peccasse negamus fallimur et nulla est in nobis veritas.
"If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and there's
no truth in us." Why then, belike we must sin and so consequently
die.
Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this, Che sera sera,
"What will be shall be?" Divinity, adieu
These metaphysics of magicians

¹⁹

²⁰ Q1., Church.

²¹ Its.

The Vulgate.

And necromantic books are heavenly;
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters,
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, of omnipotence
Is 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 exceeds²² in this
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man.
A sound magician is a mighty god:
Here, Faustus, try thy²³brains to gain a deity.
Wagner!

Enter WAGNER

²²

Excels.

²³

Q3., tire my.

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

WAG

I will, sir.

[Exit.

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

G. ANG

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

E. ANG

Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art,
Wherein all Nature's treasure is contain'd:
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,

Lord and commander of these elements.

[Exeunt Angels.]

FAUST

How am I glutted with conceit ²⁴ of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg;
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk, ²⁵)
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;

²⁴

Idea.

²⁵

Qq., skill.

I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,²⁶
And reign sole king of all the provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war
Than was the fiery keel ²⁷ at Antwerp's bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS 28

Come, German Valdes and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealed arts:
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy
That will receive no object, for my head

²⁶

The Netherlands, over which Parma re-established the Spanish

²⁷

A ship filled with explosives used to blow up a bridge built

²⁸

The famous Cornelius Agrippa. German Valdes is not known.

But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure,
Both law and physic are for petty wits;
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile:
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I that have with concise syllogisms
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,
And made the flowering pride of Wittenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musaeus, 29 when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadows made all Europe honour him.

VALD

Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience
Shall make all nations to canonise us.
As Indian Moors 30 obey their Spanish lords.

So shall the subjects ³¹ of every element
Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters³² with their horsemen's staves
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love:
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;
If learned Faustus will be resolute.

FAUST

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

³⁰

American Indians.

³¹

Q3., spirits.

³²

Troopers. Germ. Reiters.

CORN

The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, as well seen 33 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 wracks,
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth;
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

FAUST

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.

VALD

Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's³⁴ and Albanus'³⁵ 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 learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

VALD

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,

³⁴

Roger Bacon.

³⁵

Perhaps Pietro d'Abano, a medieval alchemist; perhaps a

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'S House.

Enter two SCHOLARS

1ST SCHOL

I wonder what's become of Faustus that was wont to make
our schools ring with sic probó? 36

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 licentiate, should stand upon't: therefore, acknowledge
your error and be attentive.

2ND SCHOL

Why, didst thou not say thou knew'st?

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

Well, you will 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? ³⁷ 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 feet of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hang'd the next sessions. Thus, having triumph'd over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, ³⁸ and begin to speak thus:- Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would inform your

³⁷
³⁸ “‘Corpus naturale seu mobile’ is the current scholastic Puritan.

worships; and so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you,
my dear brethren, my dear brethren.

1ST SCHOL

Nay, then, I fear he has 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 the 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 pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatis'd,
The breviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the Heavens,
And characters of signs and erring 39 stars,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,

And try the uttermost magic can perform.
Sint mihi Dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex
Jehovae! Ignei, aërii, 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 consecratum aquam quam
nunc
spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra,
ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!⁴⁰

Enter [MEPHISTOPHILIS] a DEVIL

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

Exit DEVIL.

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words;
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells.
[Now,] Faustus, thou art conjuror laureat,
Thou canst command great Mephistophilis:
Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine. 41
Jehovah prevail! Spirits of fire, air, water, hail! Belzebub,
Prince of the East, monarch of burning hell, and Demogorgon,
we propitiate ye, that Mephistophilis may appear and rise. Why
dost thou delay? By Jehovah, Gehenna, and the holy water which
now I sprinkle, and the sign of the cross which now I make, and
by our prayer, may Mephistophilis now summoned by us arise!"

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS [like a Franciscan Friar]

MEPH

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

41

"For indeed thou hast power in the image of thy brother

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

Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd:
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell.

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; 42
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.

42

Twist in anagrams.

43

Heaven and hell are indifferent to him.

FAUST

Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

MEPH

Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd 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 you live with Lucifer?

MEPH

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

FAUST

Where are you damn'd?

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 depriv'd 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 depriv'd of the joys of Heaven?

Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,

And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.

Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:

Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death

By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,

Say he surrenders up to him his soul,

So he will spare him four and twenty years,

Letting him live in all voluptuousness;

Having thee ever to attend on me;
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
and then resolve 44 me of thy master's mind.

MEPH

I will, Faustus.

[Exit.

FAUST

Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd given them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great Emperor of the world,
And make a bridge through the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men:
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,

44

Inform.

And make that [country] continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown.
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtain'd what I desire,
I'll live in speculation ⁴⁵ 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, ⁴⁶ boy! I hope you have seen many boys with

⁴⁵

Study.

⁴⁶

Zounds, i.e., God's wounds.

such pickadevaunts 47 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. By'r Lady, 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? 48

⁴⁷

Beard cut to a sharp point (Fr. pic-a-devant).

CLOWN

How, in verse?

WAG

No, sirrah; in beaten silk and stavesacre. 49

CLOWN

How, how, Knave's acre! 50 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 stavesacre.

CLOWN

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

48

Dyce points out that these are the first words of W. Lily's "Ad

49 A kind of larkspur, used for destroying lice.

50

A mean street in London.

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 [their] meat and drink.

WAG

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

[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, whensoever and 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 gave 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 knock'd since they were devils. Say I should kill one of them, what would folks say? "Do you see yonder

tall fellow in the round slop- 51 he has kill'd the devil." So I should be called Kill-devil all the parish over.

Enter two Devils: 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 vile long nails! There was a he-devil, and a she-devil! I'll tell you how you shall know them: all he-devils has horns, and all she-devils has clifts and cloven feet.

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?

51

Short wide breeches.

WAG

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

CLOWN

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 frisky flea, that I may be here and there and everywhere. Oh, 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 they left eye be diametarily 52 fixed upon my right heel, with quasi vestigias

nostras insistere. 53

[Exit.

CLOWN

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

[Exit.

SCENE V.

FAUSTUS [discovered] in his Study

FAUST

Now, Faustus, must
Thou needs be damn'd, and canst thou not be sav'd:
What boots it then to think of God or Heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair:
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub.
Now go not backward: no, Faustus, be resolute.
Why waverest thou? O, something soundeth in mine ears

52

For diametrically.

53

“As if to tread in my tracks.”

“Abjure this magic, turn to God again!”
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God?- He loves thee not-
The God thou serv’st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fix’d the love of Belzebub;
To him I’ll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL

G. ANG

Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

FAUST

Contrition, prayer, repentance! What of them?

G. ANG

O, they are means to bring thee unto Heaven.

E. ANG

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

G. ANG

Sweet Faustus, think of Heaven, and heavenly things.

E. ANG

No, Faustus, think of honour and of wealth.

[Exeunt ANGELS.]

FAUST

Of wealth!

What the signiory of Embden 54 shall be mine.

When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,

What God can hurt thee, Faustus? Thou art safe;

Cast no more doubts. Come, Mephistophilis,

And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;-

Is't not midnight? Come, Mephistophilis;

Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS

Now tell me, what says Lucifer thy lord?

MEPH

That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,

54

Emden, near the mouth of the river Ems, was an important

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

Say, 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. 55

FAUST

Why, have you any pain that torture 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.

[Writes.]

But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

MEPH

I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight.

[Exit.]

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 stay'd.
Why should'st 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 I will make an end immediately.

[Writes.]

MEPH

O what will not I do to obtain his soul.

[Aside.]

FAUST

Consummatum est: 56 this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer-
But what is this inscription on mine arm?
Homo, fuge! 57Whither should I fly?
If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.
My senses are deceiv'd; here's nothing writ:

56

“It is finished.”

57

“Man, fly!”

I see it plain, here in this place is writ
Homo, fuge! Yet shall not Faustus fly.

MEPH

I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.

[Exit.

*Re-enter [MEPHISTOPHILIS] with Devils, giving crowns and rich apparel to
FAUSTUS, dance, and depart*

FAUST

Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?

MEPH

Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,
And to show 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 prescrib'd between us both.

MEPH

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

FAUST

Then hear me read them: On these conditions following. First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him and bring him whatsoever [he desires]. Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, and in what form or shape soever he pleases. I, John Faustus, of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents do give both body and soul to Lucifer, Prince of the East, and his minister, Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that 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.

MEPH

Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

FAUST

First will I question with thee about hell.
Tell me where is the place that men call hell?

MEPH

Under the Heaven.

FAUST

Ay, but whereabouts?

MEPH

Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever;
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self place; for where we are is hell,
And where hell is there must we ever be:
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,

And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that 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 damn'd?

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 58 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 damn'd here;
What? walking, disputing, &c.?
But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,
The fairest maid in Germany;
For I am wanton and lascivious,
And cannot live without a wife.

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 will have one. Sit there till I come:
I'll fetch thee a wife in the Devil's name

[Exit.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a Devil dressed like a woman, with fireworks

MEPH

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

FAUST

A plague on her for a hot whore!

MEPH

Tut, Faustus,
Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;
And 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,
Be she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba, 59 or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Here, take this book, peruse it thoroughly:

[Gives a book.]

The iterating 60of these lines brings gold;

59

The Queen of Sheba.

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.

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.

MEPH

Here they are, in this book.

[Turns to them.]

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.

MEPH

Here they are too.

[Turns to them.]

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.

MEPH

Here they be.

FAUST

O, thou art deceived.

MEPH

Tut, I warrant thee.

[Turns to them.]

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

The Same.

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS

FAUST

When I behold the heavens, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd 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 provest thou that?

MEPH

'Twas 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

G. ANG

Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

E. ANG

Thou art a spirit; God can not 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.

E. ANG

Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

[Exeunt ANGELS.]

FAUST

My heart's so hard'ned I cannot repent.
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,
But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears
"Faustus, thou art damn'd!" Then swords and knives,
Poison, gun, halters, and envenom'd steel

Are laid before me to despatch myself,
And long ere this I should have slain myself,
Had not the sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.
Have I not made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Oenon's death?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I die then, or basely despair?
I am resolv'd: Faustus shall ne'er repent.
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And argue of divine astrology.
Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?

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

Feign'd, but are erring stars.

FAUST

But tell me, have they all one motion, both situ et tempore? 61

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 finish'd in a natural day;
The second thus: as Saturn in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve;
Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the moon in twenty-eight days. Tush, these are freshmen's suppositions. But tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or intelligentia?

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. 62

FAUST

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

MEPH

I will not.

62

“On account of their unequal motion in relation to the whole.”

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 damn'd.

FAUST

Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

MEPH

Remember this.

FAUST

Ay, go, accursed spirit, to ugly hell.
'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus' soul.
Is't not too late?

Re-enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL

E. ANG

Too late.

G. ANG

Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

E. ANG

If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

G. ANG

Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin.

[Exeunt ANGELS.]

FAUST

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

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and MEPHISTOPHILIS

LUC

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?

LUC

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

FAUST

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

LUC

We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;
Thou talk'st of Christ contrary to thy promise;
Thou should'st 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.

LUC

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.

FAUST

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

LUC

Talk not of Paradise nor creation, but mark this show: talk of
the Devil, and nothing else.- Come away!

Enter the SEVEN DEADLY SINS

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

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 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
perfum'd, and covered with cloth of arras.

FAUST

What art thou- the second?

COVET

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 turn'd 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 63 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 should'st 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?

GLUT

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- 64 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 Pickleherring, and Martin Martlemas-beef. 65 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 has heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

FAUST

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

GLUT

Then the Devil choke thee!

FAUST

Choke thyself, glutton! Who 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?

LECH

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

LUC

Away to hell, to hell!- Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

[Exeunt the SINS.]

FAUST

O, this feeds my soul!

LUC

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

FAUST

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

LUC

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

FAUST

Great thanks, mighty Lucifer!

This will I keep as chary as my life.

LUC

Farewell, Faustus, and think on the Devil.

FAUST

Farewell, great Lucifer! Come, Mephistophilis.

[Exeunt.

Enter CHORUS

CHORUS

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

[Exit.

SCENE VII.

The Pope's Privy-Chamber.

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS

FAUST

Having now, my good Mephistophilis,
Passed with delight the stately town of Trier, 66
Environ'd round with airy mountain-tops,
With walls of flint, and deep entrenched lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,

66

Treves.

The streets straight forth, and pav'd with finest brick,
Quarter the town in four equivalents.
There saw we learned Maro's ⁶⁷golden tomb,
The way he cut, an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone in one night's space;
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threatens the stars with her aspiring top.
Thus hitherto has 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?

MEPH

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

FAUST

I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

⁶⁷

Virgil, who was reputed a magician in the Middle Ages, was

MEPH

Tut, 'tis no matter, man, we'll be bold with his good cheer.
And now, my Faustus, that thou may'st 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 Ponto Angelo
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,
And double cannons fram'd of carved brass,
As match the days within one complete year;
Besides the gates and high pyramids,
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 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, [Mephistophilis,] 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 discern'd.

Sound a sennet. 68

Enter the POPE and the CARDINAL of LORRAIN

to the banquet, with FRIARS attending

POPE

My Lord of Lorraine, wilt please you draw near?

FAUST

Fall to, and the devil choke you an 69 you spare!

POPE

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

FIRST FRIAR

Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

POPE

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

FAUST

I thank you, sir.

68

“A particular set of notes on the trumpet or cornet, different

69

If.

[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.

[Snatches the dish.]

POPE

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

FAUST

I'll pledge your Grace.

[Snatches the cup.]

C. OF LOR.

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

POPE

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

[The POPE crosses himself.]

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 'f the ear; and they all
run away.]

Come on, Mephistophilis, what shall we do?

MEPH

Nay, I know not. We shall be curs'd with bell, book, and
candle.

FAUST

How! bell, book, and candle,- candle, book, and bell,
Forward and backward to curse Faustus to hell!

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

Re-enter all the FRIARS to sing the Dirge

1ST. FRIAR.

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

They sing:

Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness' meat from the table!
Maledicat Dominus! 70
Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the face!
Maledicat Dominus!
Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate!
Maledicat Dominus!
Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! Maledicat Dominus!
Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine! Maledicat

Dominus! Et omnes sancti! 71Amen!

[MEPHISTOPHILIS and FAUSTUS beat the FRIARS, and fling fireworks among them: and so exeunt.

Enter CHORUS

CHORUS

When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
He stay'd his course, and so returned home;
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends, and near'st companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his journey through the world and air,
They put forth questions of Astrology,
Which Faustus answer'd with such learned skill,
As they admir'd and wond' red at his wit.

71

“And all the saints.”

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 perform'd.

Exit.

SCENE VIII.

An Inn-yard.

Enter ROBIN the Ostler with a book in his hand

ROBIN.

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

Enter RALPH calling ROBIN

RALPH

Robin, prithee come away; there's a gentleman tarries to have his horse, and he would have his things rubb'd 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 dismemb'ed, Ralph: keep out, for I am about a roaring piece of work.

RALPH

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

ROBIN.

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

RALPH

Why, Robin, what book is that?

ROBIN.

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

RALPH

Canst thou conjure with it?

ROBIN.

I can do all these things easily with it: first, I can make thee drunk with ippocras ⁷² at any tavern ⁷³in Europe for nothing; that's one of my conjuring works.

RALPH

Our Master Parson says that's nothing.

ROBIN.

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

RALPH

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

⁷²

Wine mixed with sugar and spices.

⁷³

Tavern.

ROBIN.

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

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.

An Inn.

Enter ROBIN and RALPH with a silver goblet

ROBIN.

Come, Ralph, did not I tell thee we were for ever made by
this Doctor Faustus' book? Ecce signum, ⁷⁴ here's a simple
purchase ⁷⁵for horsekeepers; our horses shall eat no hay as
long as this lasts.

Enter the VINTNER

⁷⁴

“Behold a sign.”

⁷⁵

Gain

RALPH

But, Robin, here come the vintner.

ROBIN.

Hush! I'll gull him supernaturally.
Drawer, I hope all is paid: God be with you. Come, Ralph.

VINT.

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

ROBIN.

I, a goblet, Ralph; I, a goblet! I scorn you, and you are but a, 76 &c. I, a goblet! search me.

VINT.

I mean so, sir, with your favour

[Searches him.]

ROBIN.

How say you now?

VINT.

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

RALPH

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

[VINTNER searches him.]

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

VINT.

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

ROBIN.

You lie, drawer, 'tis afore me.

[Aside.]

Sirrah you, I'll
teach ye to impeach honest men;- stand by;- I'll scour you for a
goblet!- stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of
Belzebub. Look to the goblet, Ralph.

[Aside to RALPH.]

VINT.

What mean you, sirrah?

ROBIN.

I'll tell you what I mean.

[Reads from a book.]

Sanctobulorum. Periphrasticon- Nay, I'll tickle you, vintner.

Look to the goblet, Ralph.

[Aside to RALPH.]

Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphos tostu,

Mephistophilis, &c.

[Reads].

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, sets squibs at their backs, [and then exit].

They run about

VINT.

O nomine Domini! ⁷⁷ what meanest thou, Robin? Thou hast no goblet.

⁷⁷

“In the name of the Lord.”

RALPH

Peccatum peccatorum! 78 Here's thy goblet, good vintner.

[Gives the goblet to VINTNER, who exit.]

ROBIN.

Misericordia pro nobis! 79 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 vexed with these villains' charms?
From Constantinople am I hither come
Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.

78

“Sin of sins.”

79

“Mercy on us.”

ROBIN.

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

MEPH

Well, villains, for your presumption, I transform thee into an ape, and thee into a dog; and so begone.

Exit.

ROBIN.

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

RALPH

And I must be a dog.

ROBIN.

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

[Exeunt.]

SCENE X.

The Court of the Emperor.

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

I' faith he looks much like a conjuror.

[Aside.]

FAUST

My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far

inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable⁸⁰ 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 81 reflecting beams,
As when I heard but motion⁸² made of him
It grieves my soul I never saw the man.
If therefore thou by cunning of thine art
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
Where lies entomb'd this famous conqueror,
And bring with him his beauteous paramour,
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
They us'd to wear during their time of life,
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

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

I' faith that's just nothing at all.

81

Its.

82

Mention.

[Aside.]

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

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

[Aside.]

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 turn'd me to a stag!

FAUST

No, sir, but when Actaeon died, he left the horns for you.
Mephistophilis, begone.

[Exit MEPHISTO.]

KNIGHT

Nay, an you go to conjuring, I'll begone.

[Exit.]

FAUST

I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so. Here they
are, my gracious lord.

*Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with [SPIRITS in the shape of]ALEXANDER and
his PARAMOUR*

EMP

Master Doctor, I heard this lady while she liv'd 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

Will't 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 had'st been a

bachelor, but now I see thou hast a wife, that not only gives thee horns, but makes thee wear them. Feel on thy head.

KNIGHT

Thou damned wretch and execrable dog,
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,
How darest 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 rememb' red 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 off' red me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight; which, being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns: and, sir knight, hereafter speak well of scholars. Mephistophilis,

transform him straight.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS removes the horns.]

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

EMP

Farewell, Master Doctor; yet, ere you go,
Expect from me a bounteous reward

[Exeunt.]

SCENE XI.

A Green; afterwards the House of Faustus.

[Enter 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 Wittenberg.

MEPH

What, will you go on horseback 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 likest 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.

HORSE-C

Well, sir.- Now I am 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 made a brave living on him: he has a buttock as slick as an eel.

[Aside.]

Well, God b' wi' ye, sir, your boy
will deliver him me: but hark you, sir; if my horse be sick or
ill at ease, if I bring his water to you, you'll tell me what it
is.

FAUST

Away, you villain; what, dost think I am a horse-doctor?

[Exit HORSE-COURSER.]

What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die?
Thy fatal time doth draw to final end;
Despair doth drive distrust 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.

[Sleeps in his chair.]

Re-enter HORSE-COURSER, all wet, crying

HORSE-C

Alas, alas! Doctor Fustian quotha? Mass, Doctor Lopus 83 was

never such a doctor. Has given me a purgation has purg'd 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, 84where's your master?

MEPH

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

HORSE-C

But I will speak with him.

83

Dr. Lopez, physician to Queen Elizabeth, was hanged in 1594

84

A juggler's term, like "presto, fly!" Hence applied to the juggler himself.- Bullen.

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

So ho, ho!- so ho, ho!

[Hollas in his ear.]

No, will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go.

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

Alas, I am undone!
What shall I do?

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 85 and I'll give them

you.

MEPH

Begone 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, FAUSTUS,
and MEPHISTOPHILIS*

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.

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.

FAUST

Alas, madam, that's nothing! Mephistophilis, begone.

[Exit MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

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

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS 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.

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 ye see.- How do you
like them, madam; be they good?

DUCHESS

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

FAUST

I am glad they content you so, madam.

DUKE

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

DUCHESS

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

FAUST

I humbly thank your Grace.

DUKE

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

[Exeunt.]

SCENE XIII.

A room in Faustus's House.

Enter WAGNER

WAG

I think my master shortly means to die,
For he hath given to me all his goods;
And yet, methinks, if that death were so 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.

*Enter FAUSTUS, with two or three SCHOLARS [and
MEPHISTOPHILIS]*

1ST SCHOL

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 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 cross'd the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

Music sounds, and HELEN passeth over the stage.

2ND SCHOL

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

3RD SCHOL

No marvel though the angry Greeks pursued
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,

Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

1ST SCHOL

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 and WAGNER.]

Enter an OLD MAN

OLD MAN

Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
To guide they 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?
Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair and die!
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
Says "Faustus! come! thine hour is [almost] come!"
And Faustus [now] will come to do the 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 do 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.

FAUST

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

MEPH

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

FAUST

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

MEPH

Do it then quickly, with unfeigned 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, 86
That durst dissuade me from my 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 perform'd 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 suck forth my soul; see where it flies!-
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips,

87

Unsurpassed in height.

And all is dross that is not Helena.

Enter OLD MAN

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

Exeunt.

OLD MAN

Accursed Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of Heaven,

And fly'st the throne of his tribunal seat!

Enter DEVILS

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

The Same.

Enter FAUSTUS with SCHOLARS

FAUST

Ah, gentlemen!

1ST SCHOL

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 SCHOL

What means Faustus?

3RD SCHOL

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

1ST SCHOL

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 damn'd both body and soul.

2ND SCHOL

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

FAUST

But Faustus' offences can never be pardoned: the serpent that

tempted Eve may be sav'd, 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, oh, would I had never seen Wittenberg, never
read book! And what wonders I have done, all Germany can wit-
ness,
yea, 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 SCHOL

Yet, Faustus, call on God.

FAUST

On God, whom Faustus hath abjur'd! 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! Oh,
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 SCHOL

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

FAUST

Oft have I thought to have done so; but the Devil threat'ned to tear me in pieces if I nam'd 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 SCHOL

Oh, what shall we do to save Faustus?

FAUST

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

3RD SCHOL

God will strengthen me. I will stay with Faustus.

1ST SCHOL

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 SCHOL

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 damn'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of Heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente, curite noctis equi! 88
The stars move still, 89time runs, the clock will strike,
The Devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?
See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!

88

"Run softly, softly, horses of the night."- Ovid's Amores, i. 13.

89

Without ceasing.

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!

Mountain and hills come, come and fall on me,

And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!

No! no!

Then will I headlong run into the earth;

Earth gape! O no, it will not harbour me!

You stars that reign'd at my nativity,

Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,

Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist

Into the entrails of yon labouring clouds,

That when they vomit forth into the air,

My limbs may issue from their 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 ransom'd me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years-
A hundred thousand, and- at last- be sav'd!
O, no end is limited to damned souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis! were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Unto some brutish beast! All beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
But mine must live, still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curst be the parents that engend' red me!
No, Faustus: curse thyself: curse Lucifer
That hath depriv'd 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 chang'd into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean- ne'er be found.
My God! my God! look not so fierce on me!

Enter DEVILS

Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!- Ah Mephistophilis!

[Exeunt DEVILS with FAUSTUS.]

Enter CHORUS

CHORUS

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man.
Faustus is gone; regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things,

Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

Exit.

THE END