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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The
Tragicall History of D. Faustus

Date of earliest known original edition 1604

(Bodleian)

Reproduced in Facsimile 1914

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 73]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The
Tragicall History of D. Faustus

Written by CH. MAR[LOW]

1604

133107
29/6/14

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
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Tragicall History of D. Faustus

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The only copy traced of this, the earliest known edition, is in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, from which the present facsimile has been taken. Other editions appeared in 1609 (Town Library, Hamburg), 1616 (B.M.), 1619 (Rowfant), 1620, 1624, 1631 and 1663.

"The Tragedy of Dr. Faustus" was entered as an "old play" on the Stationers' Register, 7th Jan., 1600-1. The copy in the Town Library, Hamburg (1609) is entitled "The Tragicall History of the horrible Life and Death of Doctor Faustus." Sir Sidney Lee's article on the play (s.v. Marlowe in the D.N.B.) is invaluable to students. Some authorities have assigned Thomas Dekker a part in the play, whilst Thomas Dekker and Bird are responsible for additions.

The negatives for this reproduction were made by The Clarendon Press, Oxford.

JOHN S. FARMER.



THE TRAGICALL

History of D. Faustus.

*As it hath bene Acted by the Right
Honorable the Earle of Nottingham his seruants.*

Written by Ch. Mari.



LONDON

Printed by V. S. for Thomas Bushell. 1604.



The tragicall Historie of Doctor Faustus.



Enter Chorus.

Not marching now in fields of Thracimene,
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians,
For sporting in the dalliance of loue,
In courts of Kings where State is ouerturn'd,
For in the pompe of proud audacious daides,
Intends our Muse to daunt his heavenly verse:
Dnce this (Gentlemen) we must perforce,
The fortune of Faustus fortunes god or bad.
So patient Judgements we appeale our playde,
And speake for Faustus in his infancie:
How is he borne, his parents base of stocke,
In Germany, within a towne calld Rhodes:
Of riper yeeres to Wertenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him vp,
So soon he profits in Diuinitie,
The fruitfull plot of Scholerisme grac't,
That shortly he was grac't with Doctors name,
Excelling all, whose swete delight disputes
In heavenly matters of Theologic,
Till swalne with cunning of a selfe conceit,
His waken wings did mount aboue his reach,
And melting heauens conspirde his ouerthrow.
For falling to a diuelish exercise,
And gluttred more with learnings golden gifts,

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He start's upon curled Pegromancy,
Nothing so sweete as magicke is to him
Which he preferres before his chiefest blisse,
And this the man that in his study sits.

Exit.

Enter Faustus in his Study.

Faustus *Settle thy studies* Faustus, and beginne
To sound the deapth of that thou wilt profess:
Having commende, be a Divins in shew,
Yet leuell at the end of every Art,
And live and die in Aristotles woakes:
Sweete Aquatikes tis thou hast raulght me,
Bene disserere est finis logicis,

Is, to dispute well, Logickes chiefest end
Affords this Art no greater myracle:
Then reade no moze, thou hast attaind the end:

A greater subiect sitteth Faustus wit,

Wise Oncaymæon farewell, Galen to me;

Seeing, *ubi desinit philosophia, ibi incipit medicina.*

Be a pphytation Faustus, heape vp golde,

And be eterniz'de for some wondrous cure,

Summum bonum medicine sanitas,

The end of pphycke is our bodies health;

Why Faustus, hast thou not attaind that end?

Is not thy common talke sound Aphorismes:

Are not thy billes hung vp as monuments,

whereby whole Citties haue escapt the plague,

And thousand despyrate maladies bene eas'de,

Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man:

wouldst thou make man to live eternally:

Or being dead, raise them to life againe:

When this profession were to be esteem'd.

Whysicke farewell, where is Iustinian?

Si una eademq; res legatus duobus,

Alter rem alter valorem rei, &c.

A pretty case of paltry legacies:

Ex heredi tarsi filium non potest pater nisi

Such is the subiect of the institute

And

Doctor Faustus.

And vniuersall body of the Church:
His study fittes a mercenary dudge,
Who aimes at nothing but externall trash,
The deuill and illiberall for me:
When all is done, Diuinitie is best.
Ieromes Bible, Faustus, view it well.

Stipendium peccati mors est: ha, Stipendium, &c.

The reward of sinne is death: thals hard.

Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, & nulla est in nobis veritas.

If we say that we haue no sinne,

We deceiue our selues, and theres no truth in vs.

Why then belike we must sinne,

And so consequently die.

If we must die an everlasting death:

What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera,*

What will be, shall be? Diuinitie; adieu,

These Metaphisickes of Magicians,

And Pogramantlike booke are heauenly

Lines, circles, scannes, letters and characters:

If, these are those that Faustus most desires.

What a world of profit and delight,

Of power, of honoz, of omnipotence

Is promised to the studious Artizan:

All things that moue betwene the quiet poles

Shalbe at my commaundo, Emperours and Kings,

Are but obeyd in their seuerall prouinces:

No; can they raise the winde, or rend the cloudes:

But his dominion that erredees in this,

Stretcheth as farre as dorth the minde of man.

A sound Magician is a mighty goe:

Here Faustus trie thy bzaines to gaine a deitie.

Enter Wagner.

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,

The Germaine Valde, and Cornelius,

Request them earnestly to visite me.

Wag. I wil sir. *exit.*

Fau. Their conference will be a greater help to me,

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When all my labours, plodde I nere so fast.

Enter the good Angell and the euill Angell.

Good. A. O Faustus, lay that damned booke aside,
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soule,
And heape Gods heauy wrath vpon thy head,
Reade, reade the scriptures, that is blasphemy.

Euill An. Go forward Faustus in that famous art,
Wherein all natures treasury is containd:
Be thou on earth as Ioue is in the skie,
Lord and commaunder of these Elements.

Exeunt.

Fau. How am I gluttred with conceit of this:
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolue me of all ambiguities,
Performe what desperate enterprize I will:
Ile haue them flye to India for gold,
Ranlacke the Ocean for orient pearle,
And search all corners of the new found world
For pleasant fruites and princely delicates:
Ile haue them reade mee straunge philosophic,
And tell the secrets of all foraine kings,
Ile haue them wall all Iermany with brasse,
And make swift Rhine circle faire Werrenberge,
Ile haue them fill the publike scholes with skill.
Wherewith the students shalbe brauely clad:
Ile leuy souldiers with the coyne they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And raigne sole king of all our prouinces:
Ile haue stranger engines for the bzunt of warre,
When was the fiery keele at Antwarpes bidge,
Ile make my seruile spirits to inuent:
Come Germaine Valdes and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference,
Valdes, swete Valdes, and Cornelius,

Enter Valdes and Cornelius.

Inobd that your words haue wonn me at the last,

Doctor Faustus.

To practise Magicke and concealed arts:
Yet not your words onely, but mine owne fantasie,
That will receiue no object for my head,
But ruminates on Pegon antique skill,
Philosophy is odious and obscure,
Both Law and Physicke are for petty wits,
Diuinitie is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible and wilde,
Tis Magicke, Magicke that hath rauisht me,
Then gentle friends ayde me in this attempt,
And I that haue with Consiylogismes
Grauel'd the Pastors of the Germane Church,
And made the flowing pride of Werrenberge
Swarme to my Problemes as the infernali spirits
On sweet Muscus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadowes made all Europe honoꝝ him.

Vald. Faustus these bookes thy wit and our experience
Shall make all nations to canonize vs,
As Indian Hoies obey their Spanishe Lords,
So shall the subiects of euery element
Be alwaies seruiceable to vs three,
Like Lyons shall they guard vs when we please,
Like Almaine Cutters with their hoisemens staves,
Or Lapland Gyants trotting by our sides,
Sometimes like women, or vnwedded maides,
Shadowing more beautie in their ayrie byowes,
Then in their white beasts of the quene of Luce:
For Venice shall they dregge huge Argoces,
And from America the golden fleece,
That yearly stufkes olde Philips treasury
If leaured Faustus will be resolute.

Fau. Va'des as resolute am I in this
As thou to liue, therefore object it not.

Corn. The myacles that Magicke will performe,
Will make thee bow to studie nothing else,
He that is grounded in Astrologie,

Inricht

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Diricht with tongues well sene minerals,
With all the principles Magicke both require,
Then doubt not (Faustus) but to be renowned,
And more frequented for this mystery,
Then heretofore the Dolphian Dracle.

The spirits tell me they can drie the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foraine wrackes,
I, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massie entrails of the earth.

Then tell me Faustus, what shal we thæ want:

Fau. Nothing Cornelius, & this cheares my soule,
Come shewe me some demonstrations magi: all,
That I may coniuere in some lustie groue,
And haue these ioyes in full possession.

Val. Then haste thee to some solitary groue,
And beare wise Bacons and Albanus woorkes,
The Hebrew Psalter, and new Testament,
And whatsoever else is requisit

Wæ will enforce thee ere our conference cease.

Cor. Valdes, first let him know the woords of art,
And then all other ceremonies leard,
Faustus may trie his cunning by himselfe.

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

Fau. Then come and dyne with me, and after meate
Wæle canuas euer quidditie thereof:
For ere I sleepe Ile trie what I can do,
This night Ile coniuere though I die therofore.

Exeunt.

Enter two Schollers.

1. Sch. I wonder whats become of Faustus, that was
wont to make our scholes ring with, *sic proba.*

2. Sch. What shall we know, for see here comes his boy.

Enter Wagner.

1. Sch. How now sirra, wheres thy maister?

Wag. God in heauen knowes.

2. Why, dost not thou know?

Wag.

Doctor Faustus.

Wag. Yes I know, but that follows not.

1. Get to sirra, leave your teasking, and tell vs where hee is.

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

2. Why, didst thou not say thou knewst?

Wag. Haue you any witness on't?

1. Yes sirra, I heard you.

Wag. Aske my fellow if I be a thiefe.

2. Well, you will not tell vs.

Wag. Yes sir, I will tell you, yet if you were not dunces you would neuer aske me such a question, for is not he corpus naturale, and is not that mobile, then wherefoze should you aske me such a question: but that I am by nature mathematicke, slowe to wrath, and prone to leachery, (to loue I would say) if were not for you to come within toztie scote of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hang'd the next Sessions. Thus having triumpht over you, I will set my countenance like a pzeccian, and begin to speake thus: truly my deare bzethen, my maister is within at dinner with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine if it could speake, it would enfor me your wozships, and so the Lord blesse you, pzeferue you, and keepe you my deare bzethen, my deare bzethen.

exit.

1. Nay then I feare he is falne into that damned art, for which they two are infamous thzough the world.

2. Were he a stranger, and not alied to me, yet should I grieue for him: but come let vs go and infor me the Rector, and see if hee by his graue counsaile can reclaime him.

1. O but I feare me nothing can reclaime him.

2. Yet let vs trie what we can do.

Exeunt.

Enter Faustus to conisere.

Fau. Now that the glomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orions dysling loke,

B

Leapes

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Leapes from th'antartike world vnto the skie,
And dimmes the welkin with her pitchy breath;
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And trie if diuels will obey thy best,
Seeing thou hast prayde and sacrifice'd to them.
Within this circle is Iehouahs name,
Forward and backward, and Agramithist,
The beniated names of holy Saints,
Figures of euery adiunct to the heauens,
And characters of signes and erring starres.
By which the spirits are insozd to rise,
Then feare not Faustus, but be resolute,
And trie the vttermost Magicke can perfozme.
*Sint mihi dei acherontis propitij, valeat numen triplex Iehoua, ignei,
aërij, Aquatani spiritus saluete, Orientis princeps Belsobub, inferni
ardentis monarcha & demigorgon, propitiarius vos, ut aperiatur &
surgat Mephistophilis, quod iurauerat, per Iehouam gehennam &
consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc
facio, & per vora nostra ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatis Mephisto-
philis.*

Enter a Diuell.

I charge thee to returne and chānge thy shape,
Thou art too ugly to attend on me,
Goe and returne an old Franciscan Frier,
That holy shape becomes a diuell best. *Exit diuell.*
I see theres vertue in my heauenly words,
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis?
Full of obedience and humilitie,
Such is the force of Magicke and my spels,
So Faustus, thou art Coniurer laureate
That canst command great Mephistophilis,
Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.

Enter Mephistophilis.

Me. How Faustus, what wouldst thou haue me do?
Fau. I charge thee wait vpon me whilst I liue,

To

To Doctor Faustus.

To do what euer Faustus shall commaund,
Be it to make the Sonne day from her speare,
Or the Ocean to ouerwhelme the world.

Me. I am a seruant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leaue,
No more then he commaunds must we performe.

Fau. Did not he charge thee to appeare to me?

Me. No, I came now hither of mine owne accord.

Fau. Did not my confuting speeche raise thee & speake.

Me. What was the cause, but yet per accident,

For when we heare one racke the name of God,
Abiure the scriptures, and his Saviour Christ,
Wee flye, in hope to get his glorious soule,
Nor will we come, vnllesse he vse such meanes,
Whereby he is in danger to be damnd:
Therefore the shortest cut for confuting
Is stoutly to abiure the Trinitie,
And pray deuoutly to the prince of hell.

Fau. So Faustus hath already done, & holds this principle
There is no chiefe but onely Belshazzar,
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himselfe,
Whose word damnation terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium,
His ghost he with the olde Philosophers,
But leauing these vaine trifles of mens soules,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy Lord?

Me. Arch-regent and commaunder of all spirits.

Fau. Was not that Lucifer an Angell once?

Me. Yes Faustus, and most dearely lou'd of God.

Fau. How comes it then that he is prince of diuels?

Me. By aspiring pride and insolence,
For which God threwe him from the face of heauen.

Fau. and what are you that liue with Lucifer?

Me. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for euer damnd with Lucifer.

Fau. Where are you damnd?

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Me. In hell.

Fau. How comes it then that thou art out of hel?

Me. Why this is hel, noz am I out of it:

Thinkst thou that I who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal ioyes of heauen,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hels,
In being depriv'd of everlasting blisse:

O Faustus, leaue these frivious demaunds,
which strike a terroz to my fainting soule.

Fau. What, is great Mephastophilis so passionats,
Foz being depriv'd of the ioyes of heauen?

Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorne those ioyes thou neuer shalt possesse.

Go heare those tidings to great Lucifer,
Seeing Faustus hath incurrd eternall death,
By desp'rate thoughts against Loues deitie:

Say, he surrenders vp to him his soule,
So he will spare him 24. yeeres,

Letting him live in al voluptuousnesse,
Having thee ever to attend on me,

To giue me whatsoeuer I shal aske,

To tel me whatsoeuer I demaund,

To slay mine enemies, and ayde my friends,

And alwayes be obedient to my will:

Goe and returne to mighty Lucifer,

And make me in my study at midnight,

And then resolu me of thy maisters minde.

Me. I will Faustus. *exit.*

Fau. Had I as many soules as there be starres,

I'de giue them al foz Mephastophilis:

By him Ile be great Emprour of the world,

And make a bridge through the mouing ayre,

To passe the Ocean with a band of men,

Ile ioyne the hills that binde the Affricke shore,

And make that land continent to Spaine,

And both contributory to my crowne:

The Emprour shal not live but by my leaue,



Doctor Faustus.

Now any Potentate of Germany:
Now that I haue obtaind what I desire,
Ile liue in speculation of this Art,
Till Mephalstophilis returne againe.

exit.

Enter Wagner and the Clowne.

Wag. Sirra boy, come hither.

Clo. How, boy? Swowns boy, I hope you haue seene many boyes with such pickadebaunts as I haue. Boy quotha?

Wag. Tell me sirra, hast thou any commings like

Clo. I, and goings out too, you may see else.

Wag. Alas poore slaue, see how pouerty iesteth in his nakednesse, the vilaine is bare, and out of seruice, and so hungry, that I know he would giue his soule to the Diuel for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood rawe.

Clo. How, my soule to the Diuel for a shoulder of mutton though twere blood rawe? not so good friend, burladie I had neede haue it wel roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so deere.

Wag. Wel, wilt thou serue me, and Ile make thee go liue
Qui mihi discipulus?

Clo. How, in verse?

Wag. So sirra, in beaten silke and stanes acre.

Clo. how, how, knaues acre? I, I thought that was al the land his father 'est him: Doe y^e heare, I would be soyle to robbe you of your liuing.

Wag. Sirra, I say in stanes acre.

Clo. Who, who, stanes acre, why then belike, if I were your man, I should be ful of vermine.

Wag. So thou shalt, whether thou beest with me, or no: but sirra, leaue your iesting, and binde your selfe presently vnto me for seauen peeces, or Ile turne al the lice about thee into familiars, and they shal teare thee in peeces.

Clo. Doe you heare sir? you may saue that labour, they are too familiar with me already, swowns they are as bolde with my flesh, as if they had payd for my meate and drinke.

Wag. Wel, do you heare sirra? holde, take these gilders.

Clo. Gildyrons, what be they?

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Wag. Why french crownes.

Clo. Was but for the name of french crownes a man were as good haue as many english counters, and what should I do with these?

Wag. Why now sirra thou art at an houres warning whensoever or wheresoever the diuell shall fetch thee,

Clo. No, no, here take your gridirons againe.

Wag. Truly Ile none of them.

Clo. Truly but you shall.

Wag. Beare witness I gaue them him.

Clo. Beare witness I giue them you againe.

Wag. Well; I will cause two diuels presently to fetch thee away Bahol and Belcher.

Clo. Let your Bahol and your Belcher come here, and Ile knocke them, they were neuer so knockt since they were diuels, say I should kill one of them what would folkes say? doe see yonder tall fellow in the round stop, hee has killd the diuell, so I should be cald kill diuell all the parish ouer.

*Enter two diuels, and the clowne runnes vp
and downe crying.*

Wag. Bahol and Belcher, spirits away. *Exunt.*

Clo. What, are they gone? a vengeance on them, they haue bilde long nailes, there was a hee diuell and a shee diuell, Ile tell you how you shall know them, all hee diuels has hozies, and all shee diuels has clifts and clouen soete.

Wag. Well sirra follow me.

Clo. But do you hear? if I should serue you, would you teach me to rabe by Banios and Belcheos?

Wag. I will teach thee to turue thy selfe to a dogge, to a dogge, or a catte, or a mouse, or a ratte, or any thing.

Clo. Why? a Christian fellow to a dogge or a catte, a mouse or a ratte? no, no sir, if you turue me into any thing, let it be in the likensse of a little pretie frisking sea, that I may be here and there and euerie where, Ile tickle the pretie wenches piackets Ile be amongst them I sayth.

Wag.

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Wag. Well sir, come.

Clo. But doe you heare Wagner?

Wag. How Ba ioll and Belcher.

Clo. O Lord I pray sir, let Banio and Belcher go sleepe.

Wag. Calaine, call me Maister Wagner, and let thy left eye be diametrically first vpon my right heale, with *quasi vestigiis nostris insistere.* *exii*

Clo: God forgieus me; he speaks Dutch sustian: well, Ile follow him, Ile serue him, thats flat. *exiit*

Enter Faustus in his Study.

Fau. Now Faustus must thou needs be damned,
And canst thou not be saued?

What boates it then to thinke of God or heauen, and not to

Despaire with such vaine fancies and despaire,

Despaire in God, and trust in Belshabub:

Now go not backward: no Faustus, be resolute,

Why waurest thou? O something soundeth in mine eares:

Abiure this Magicke, turne to God againe,

I and Faustus wil turne to God againe:

To God: he loues thee not,

The god thou seruest is thine owne appetite,
wherein is first the loue of Belshabub,

To him Ile build an altare and a church,
And offer luke warme blood of new borne babes.

Enter good Angel, and Euill.

Good Angel Sweet Faustus, leane that execrable art.

Fau. Contrition, prayer, repentance: what of them?

Good Angel They are meanes to bring thee vnto hea-

uen.

Euill Angel Rather illusions fruites of lunacy,
That makes men foolish that do trust them most.

Good Angel Sweet Faustus thinke of heauen, and hea-

uently things.

Euill Angel No Faustus, thinke of honoz and wealth.

Why the signoz of Emden shalbe mine,
When Mephastophilus shal stand by me,

what

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What God can hurt thee Faustus: thou art safe,
Cast no more doubts, come Mephistophilus,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer:
It not midnight? come Mephistophilus,

Veni veni Mephistophile *enter Meph:*

Now tel, what sayes Lucifer thy Lord?

Me: That I shal waite on Faustus whilst I live,
So he wil buy my seruice with his soule.

Fau: Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Me: But Faustus, thou must bequeathe it solemnely,
And write a dede of gift with thine owne blood,
For that security craues great Lucifer:

If thou deny it, I wil backe to hel.

Fau: Stay Mephistophilus, and tel me, what god wil
my soule do thy Lord?

Me: Inlarge his kingdome.

Fau: Is that the reason he tempts vs thus?

Me: *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

Fau: Haue you any paine that tortures others?

Me: As great as haue the humane soules of men:

But tel me Faustus, shal I haue thy soule,
And I wil be thy slave, and waite on thee,
And giue thee more than thou hast wit to aske.

Fau: I Mephistophilus, I giue it thee.

Me: Then stabbe thine arme couragiously,
And binde thy soule, that at some certaine day
Great Lucifer may claime it as his owne,
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Fau: Doe Mephistophilus, for lone of thee,
I cut mine arme, and with my proper blood
Assure my soule to be great Lucifers,
Chiefe Lord and regent of perpetuall night,
Tiew here the blood that trickles from mine arme,
And let it be propitious for my wish.

Meph: But Faustus, thou must write it in manner of a
dede of gift.

Fau. I so I will, but Mephistophilus my blood conicales
and

Doctor Faustus.

and I can write no more.

Me. Ile fetch the fier to disioine it straight. *Exit.*

Fau. What might the staying of my blood portend:
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?
Why screams it not, that I may write afresh?
Faustus gives to thee his soule: ah there it stayde,
Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soule thine owne?
Then write againe, Faustus gives to thee his soule.

Enter Mephistophilis with a chafser of coles.

Me. Heres fier, come Faustus, set it on.

Fau. So now the blond begins to cleare againe,
Now will I make an ende immediately.

Me. What will not I do to obtaine his soule?

Fau. *Consummatum est*, this Bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soule to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arme?
Homo fuge, whither should I flie?
If onto God he'll throwe thee downe to hell,
My senses are deceiu'd, here's nothing writ,
I see it plaine, here in this place is writ,
Homo fuge, yet shall not Faustus flie.

Me. Ile fetch him somewhat to delight his minde.

Exit.

*Enter with deuils, giuing crownes and rich apparell to
Faustus, and daunce, and then depart.*

Fau. Speake Mephistophilis, what meanes this shewe?

Me. Nothing Faustus, but to delight thy minde withall,
And to shewe thee what Magicke can perfoyme.

Fau. But may I raise vp spirits when I please?

Me. I Faustus, and do greater things then these.

Fau. When theres inough for a thousand soules,
Here Mephistophilis receiue this scrowle,
A deede of gift of body and of soule:
But yet conditionally, that thou perfoyme
All articles prescribed betwene vs both.

Ⓒ

Me:

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Me. Faustus, I swear by hel and Lucifer,
To effect all promises betwene vs made.

Fau. Then heare me reade them: on these conditions fol-
lowing.

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

Secondly, that *Mephastophilis* shall be his seruant, and at
his commaund.

Thirdly, that *Mephastophilis* shall do for him, and bring
him whatsoeuer.

Fourthly, that hee shall be in his chamber or house in-
uisible.

Lastly, that hee shall appeare to the said *John Faustus* at all
times, in what forme or shape soeuer he please.

I *John Faustus* of *Wetzerberge*, Doctor, by these presents, do
giue both body and soule to *Lucifer* prince of the East, and his
minister *Mephastophilis*, and furthermore graunt vnto them,
that 24. yeares being expired, the articles aboue written in-
uiolate, full power to fetch or carry the said *John Faustus* body
and soule, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation where-
soeuer.

By me *John Faustus*.

Me. Speake Faustus, do you deliuer this as your deede?

Fau. I take it, and the diuell giue thee god on t.

Me. Now Faustus aske what thou wilt.

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

Me. Under the heauens.

Fau. I, but where about?

Me. Within the bowels of these elements,

Where we are tortur'd and remaine for euer,

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd

In one selfe place, for li here we are is hell,

And where hell is, must we euer be:

And to conclude, when all the world dissolues,

And every creature shall be purified,

All places shall be hell that is not heauen.

Fau.

Doctor Faustus.

Fau. Come, I thinke hell's a fable.

Me. I thinke so till, till experience change thy minde.

Fau. Why? thinkest thou then that Faustus shall bee
damn'd?

Me. I of necessitie, for here's the scrowle,
Wherein thou hast given thy soule to Lucifer.

Fau. I, and body too, but what of that?
Thinkest thou that Faustus is so fond,
To imagine, that after this life there is any paine?
Tush these are trifles and mere olde wines tales.

Me. But Faustus I am an instance to proue the contrary
For I am damn'd, and am now in hell.

Fau. How? now in hell? nay, and this be hell, Ile wil-
lingly be damn'd here: what walking, disputing, &c. But
leaving off this, let me haue a wife, the fairest maid in Ger-
many, for I am wanton and lasciuious, and can not liue
without a wife.

Me. How, a wife? I praythe Faustus talke not of a wife.

Fau. Nay sweete Mephistophilis fetch me one, for I will
haue one.

Me. Well thou wilt haue one, sit there till I come, Ile
fetch thee a wife in the diuels name.

*Enter with a diuell dressed like a woman,
with fier workes.*

Me: Tel Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

Fau: A plague on her for a hote whoze.

Me: But Faustus, marriage is but a ceremoniall toy, if
thou louest me, thinke moze of it.

Ile cull thee out the fairest curtezans,
And bring them eu'ry morning to thy bed,
She whom thou shalt like, thy heart shall haue,
Be she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer befoze his fall.

Wro, take this booke, peruse it thorowly,
The iterating of these lines byings golde,

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The framing of this circle on the ground,
Whings whirlewindes, tempests, thunder and lightning,
Pronounce this thrice deuoutly to thy selfe,
And men in arm: our that appeare to thee,
Ready to execute what thou desirest.

Fau: Thanks Mephastophilus, yet faine would I haue
a booke wherein I might beholde al spels and incantations,
that I might raise vp spirits when I please.

Me: Here they are in this booke. *There turne to them*

Fau: Now would I haue a booke where I might see al
characters and planets of the heauens, that I might knowe
their motions and dispositions.

Me: Where they are too. *Turne to them*

Fau: Nay let me haue one booke moze, and then I haue
done, wherein I might see al plants, hearbes and trees that
grow vpon the earth.

Me, Here they be.

Fau: O thou art deceiued.

Me: Tut I warrant thee. *Turne to them*

Fau: When I behold the heauens, then I repent,
And curse thee wicked Mephastophilus,
Because thou hast depriu'd me of those ioyes.

Me: Why Faustus,
Thinkest thou heauen is such a glorious thing?
I tel thee tis not halfe so faire as thou,
By any man that bzeathes on earth.

Fau: How prouest thou that?

Me: It was made for man, therefore is man moze excel-
lent.

Fau: If it were made for man, twas made for me:
I wil renounce this magicke, and repent.

Enter good Angel, and euill Angel.

Good An: Faustus, repent yet, God wil pittie thee.

euill An: Thou art a spirite, God cannot pittie thee.

Fau: Who buzzeth in mine eares I am a spirite?

Be I a diuel, yet God may pittie me,
I God wil pittie me, if I repent.

euill

Doctor Faustus.

euill An: I but Faustus neuer shal repent.

euill

Fau: My hearts so hardned I cannot repent,
Scarce can I name saluation, faith, or heauen,
But feareful ecchoes thunders in mine eares,
Faustus, thou art damn'd, then swordes and kniues,
Poysen, guanes, halters, and inuendome Steele
Are layde before me to dispatch my selfe,
And long ere this I should haue staine my selfe,
Had not sweete pleasure conquerd deepe dispaire.
Haue not I made blinde Homer sing to me,
Of Alexanders loue, and Enons death,
And hath not he that built the walles of Thebes,
With rauishing sound of his melodious harp
Made musicke with my Mephastophilis,
Why should I dye then, or basely dispaire:
I am resolu'd Faustus shal nere repent,
Come Mephastophilis, let vs dispute againe,
And argue of diuine Astrologie,
Tel me, are there many heauens about the Pone:
Are all celestiall bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centricke earth?

Me: As are the elements, such are the spheares,
Mutually folded in each others orbe,
And Faustus all iointly moue vpon one axletree,
Whose terminine is fearnd the worlds wide pole,
Noz are the names of Saturne, Mars, or Iupiter
Faine, but are erring starres.

Fau. But tell me, haue they all one motion: both *spati* &
tempore.

Me. All ioyntly moue from East to West in 24. houres
vpon the poles of the world, but differ in their motion vpon
the poles of the Zodiacke.

Fau. Eush, these slender trifles Wagner can decide,
Hath Mephastophilus no greater skill?

Who knowes not the double motion of the plannets?

The first is fixt in a naturall day,

The second thus, as Saturne in 30. yeares, Iupiter in 12.

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Mars in 4. the Sunne, Venus, and Mercury in a yeare: the
Mone in 28. dayes. But these are fresh mens suppositions,
but tell me, hath euery spheare a dominion of *Intelligentijs*?

Me. Y.

Fau. How many heauens or spheares are there?

Me. Nine, the seuen planets, the firmament, and the im-
periall heauen.

Fau. Well, resolve me in this question, why haue we
not coniunctions; oppositions; aspects; eclipses; all at one
time, but in some yeares we haue moze, in some lesse?

Me. *Per inaequalem motum respectu totius.*

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

Me. I will not.

Fau. Swate Mephastophilus tell me.

Me. Doue me not, for I will not tell thee.

Fau. Villaine, haue I not bound thee to tel me any thinge?

Me. I, that is not against our kingdome, but this is, I
thinke thou on hell Fauus, for thou art damned.

Fau. Thinke Faustus vpon God that made the world.

Me. Remember this, *Exiit ille in*

Fau. I, goe accursed spirit to vgly hell,
Tis thou hast damned distressed Faustus soule:

It not too late?

Enter good Angell and euill.

euill A. Too late.

good A. Neuer too late, if Faustus can repent.

euill A. If thou repent diuels shall teare thee in peeces.

good A. Repent, & they shall neuer race thy skin. *Exeunt.*

Fau. Oh Christ my Saviour, soeke to saue distressed Fau-
ustus soule.

Enter Lucifer, Belsabub, and Mephastophilus.
Lu. Christ cannot saue thy soule, for he is iust,

Theres none but I haue intrest in the same.

Fau: Who art thou that lookst so terrible?

Lu: I am Lucifer, and this is my companion Prince in
hel.

Fau: O Faustus, they are come to fetch away thy soule.

Lu:

Doctor Faustus.

Lu: We come to tell thee thou dost iniure vs,
Thou talkest of Christ, contrary to thy promise
Thou shouldst not thinke of God, thinke of the deuil,
And of his dame too.

Fau: Noz will I henceforth: pardon me in this,
And Faustus vowes neuer to looke to heauen,
Nener to name God, or to pray to him,
To burne his Scriptures, slay his Ministers,
And make my spirites pull his churches downe.

Lu: Do so, and we will highly gratifie thee:
Faustus, we are come from hel to shew thee some pastime:
sit downe, and thou shalt see al the seauen deadly sinnes ap-
peare in their proper shapes.

Fau: What sight will be as pleasing vnto me, as paradise
was to Adam, the first day of his creation.

Lu: Talke not of paradise, noz creation, but marke this
shew, talke of the diuel, and nothing else: come away.

Enter the seauen deadly sinnes.

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

Fau: What art thou: the first.

Pride I am Pride, I disdain to haue any parents, I am
like to Ouids swan, I can creepe into euery corner of a wench,
sometimes like a perlwig, I sit vpon her brow, or like a fan
of feathers, I kisse her lippes, indeede I doe, what doe I not:
but see, what a scent is here: He not speake an other worde,
except the ground were perfumde and couered with cloth of
arras.

Fau: What art thou: the second.

Couet: I am Couetousnes, begotten of an olde churle, in
an olde leatherne bag: and might I haue my wish, I would
desire, that this house, and all the people in it were turnd to
golde, that I might locke you vpp in my good chest, & my
swæte golde

Fau: What art thou: the third.

Wrath I am Wrath, I had neither father noz mother, I
leapt out of a lions mouth, when I was scarce half an houre
olde,

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olde, and euer since I haue runne vp and downe the worlde, with this case of rapiers wounding my selfe, when I had no body to fight withal: I was bozned in het, and looke to it, for some of you shalbe my father.

Fau: what art thou: the fourth.

Enuy I am Enuy, begotten of a Chimney-sweeper, and an Oyster wife, I cannot reade, and therefore with all booke were burnt: I am leane with seeing others eate, and that there would come a famine though all the worlde, 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 downe with a vengeance.

Fau: Away enuious rascall: what art thou: the fift.

Gluc: who I sir, I am Gluttony, my parents are al dead, and the diuel a peny they haue left me, but a bare pension, and that is 30. meales a day, and tenne beaues, a small trifle to suffice nature, and I come of a royall parentage, my grandfather was a gammon of bacon, my grandmother a hogs head of Claret wine: My godfathers were these, Peter Pickle-herring, and Martin Martlemas-biese, and but my godmother she was a iolly gentlewoman, and welbeloued in euery good towne and Citie, her name was mistresse Margery March-beere: now Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

Fau. No, Ile see thee hanged, thou wilt eate vp all my victuals.

Gluc. Then the diuell choake thee.

Fau. Choake thy selfe glutton: what art thou: the sixt.

Sloth. I am sloath, I was begotten on a sunny banke, where I haue laine euer since, and you haue done me great injury to bring me from thence, let me be carried thither againe by Gluttony and Leachery, Ile not speake an other word for a Kings ransom.

Fau. What are you mistresse minkes: the seauenth and last.

Lechery who I sir: I am one that loues an itch of rawutton better then an ell of frize stock-fish, and the first
letter

Doctor Faustus.

letter of my name beginnes with leachery.

Alway, to hel, to hel. *exeunt the sinnes.*

Lu. Now Faustus, how dost thou like this?

Fau: D this saues my soule.

Lu. But Faustus, in hel is al manner of delight.

Fau. D might I see hel, and returne againe, how happy were I then?

Lu. Thou shalt, I wil send for thee at midnight, in mean time take this booke, peruse it thowly, and thou shalt turne thy selfe into what shape thou wilt.

Fau. Great thanks mighty Lucifer, this wil I keepe as chary as my life.

Lu. Farewel Faustus, and thinke on the diuel.

Fau. Farewel great Lucifer, come Mephistophilis.

exeunt omnes.

enter Wagner solus.

Wag. Learned Faustus,

Do know the secrets of Astronomy,

Grauen in the booke of Ioues hie armament,

Did mount himselfe to scale Olympus top,

Being seated in a chariot burning bright,

Bye alone by the strength of poky dragons neckes,

He now is gone to pꝛoue Cosmography,

And as I guesse, wil first ariue at Rome,

To see the Pope, and manner of his court,

And take some part of holy Peters feast,

That to this day is highly solemnizd.

exis Wagner

Enter Faustus and Mephistophilis.

Fau. Having now, my good Mephistophilus,

Pass with delight the stately towne of Trier,

Inuirond round with appie mountaine tops,

With walles of flint, and deepe intrenched lakes,

Not to be wonne by any conquering pꝛince,

From Paris next coasting the Realme of France,

Which sawe the riuer Maine fall into Rhine,

Whose bankes are set with groues of fruitfull vines.

Then by to Naples, rich Campania,

D

whose

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Whose buildings faire and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and pav'd with finest bricke,
Quarres the towne in foure equiuolence,
There sawe we learned Maroes golden tombe,
The way he cut an English mile in length,
Thorough a rocke of stone in one nights space,
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In midst of which a sumptuous Temple stands,
That threats the starres with her aspiring toppe,
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time,
But tell me now, what resting place is this?
Hast thou as erst I did commaund,

Conducted me within the walles of Rome?
Me. Faustus I haue, and because we wil not be unprouided,
I haue taken vpon his holiness priuy chamber for our vse.

Fau. I hope his holiness wil bid vs welcome. (cheare,

Me. Tut, tis no matter man, wele he hold with his god
And now my Faustus, that thou maist perceiue
What Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this Citie stands vpon seuen hilles
That vnderprops the ground vpon the side of the same,
ouer the which foure stately bridges leane,
That makes safe passage to each part of Rome,
Upon the brydge call'd Ponte Angelo
Erected is a Castle passing strong,
Within whose walles such store of ordonance are,
And double Canons, fram'd of carued brasse,
As match the dayes within one compleate yeare,

Besides the gates and high pyramides,
Which Iulius Caesar brought from Africa.

Fau. Now by the kingdomes of infernall rule,
Of Styx, Acheron, and the fiery lake,
Of euer-burning Phlegion I sweare,
That I do long to see the monuments,
And scituation of bright splendant Rome,
Come therefore lets away.

Me:

To Doctor Faustus.

Me. Nay Faustus say, I know youd saue see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peters feast;
Wherethou shalt see a troupe of bald-pate Friers,
Whose *summum bonum* is in belly-cheare.

Fau. Well, I am content, to compasse then some sport,
And by their folly make vs merriment,
Then charite me that I may be inuisible; to do what I
please instead of any whilst I stay in Rome.

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

*Sound a Somet, enter the Pope and the Cardinal of Lorraine
to the banquet, with Friers attending.*

Pope. My Lord of Lorraine, wilt please you draw heere.

Fau. Fall to, and the diuel choake you and you spare.

Pope. How now, whose that which spake: Friers loke
about.

Fau. Here's no body; if it like your Holynesse.

Pope. My Lord, here is a daintie dish was sent me from
the Bishop of Millaine.

Fau. I thanke you sir. *Snatch it.*

Pope. How now, whose that which snatcht the meate
from me: will no man loke?

My Lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of Flo-
rence.

Fau. You say true, Ile taste.

Pope. What againe: my Lord Ile drinke to your grace

Fau. Ile pledge your grace.

Lor. My Lord, it may be some ghost newly crept out of
Purgatory come to begge a pardon of your holynesse.

Pope. It may be so; Friers prepare a dirge to lay the fury
of this ghost, once againe my Lord fall to.

The Pope crosseth himselfe.

Fau. What, are you crossing of your selfe?

Well vse that tricke no moze, I would aduise you.

Crosse againe.

Fau. Well, theres the second time, aware the third,
I giue you faire warning.

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*Crosse againe, and Faustus hits him a boxe of the eare,
and they all runne away.*

Fau: Come on Mephastophilis, what shall we do?

Me. Say I know not, we shall be curst with bell, booke,
and candle.

Fau. Ho: bell, booke, and candle, candle, booke, and bell,
Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell.
Anon you shall heare a hogge grunt, a calfe bicate, and an
asse bzae, because it is S. Peters holy day.

Enter all the Friers to sing the Dirge.

Frier: Come bzythzen, lets about our businesse with good
devotion.

Sing this. Cursed be hee that stole away his holinesse meare
from the table. *maledicat dominus.*

Cursed be hee that strooke his holinesse a blowe on the face.
maledicat dominus.

Cursed be he that tooke Frier Sandeto a blow on the pate.
male, &c.

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy Dirge.
male, &c.

Cursed be he that tooke away his holinesse wine.
maledicat dominus.

Et omnes sancti Amen.

*Beate the Friers, and sing sive. workes among
them, and so Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

When Faustus had with pleasure tane the view
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
He stayde his course, and so returned home,
Where such as beare his absence, but with griefe,
I meane his friends and nearest companions,
Did gratulate his safetie with kinde words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his iourney through the world and ayre,
They put forth questions of Astrologie,

which

Doctor Faustus.

Which Faustus answered with such learned skill,
As they admire and wonder at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land,
Amongst the rest the Emperour is one,
Carolus the first, at whose pällace now
Faustus is feasted amongst his noble men,
What there he did in triall of his art,
I leave untold, your eyes shall see perforce.

Enter Robin the Oiler with a booke in his hand

Robin This is admirable: here I ha stolne one of doctor
Faustus coniuring books, and I haith I meane to teach some
circles for my owne vse: now wil I make at the maidons in
our parish dance at my pleasure skarke naked before me, and
so by that meanes I shal see more then ere I felt, or saw yet.

Enter Rafe calling Robin.

Rafe Robin, prethee come away; theres a Gentleman
carries to haue his horse, and he would haue his things rubd
and made cleane: he keeps such a chacing with my mistris
about it, and she has sent me to loke thee out, prethee come
away.

Robin Keepe out, keepe out, or else you are blowne by, you
are dismembred Rafe, keepe out; for I am about a roaring
peece of woike.

Rafe Come, what doest thou with that same booke thou
canst not reade?

Robin Yes, my maister and mistris shal finde that I can
reade, he for his forehead, she for her priuate study, theye
boiue to beare with me, or else my Art failes.

Rafe Why Robin what booke is that?

Robin What booke? why the most intollerable booke for
coniuring that ere was inuented by any bymistone diuel.

Rafe Canst thou coniure with it?

Robin I can do al these things easily with it: first, I can
make thee druncke with ipocrase at any taberne in Europe
for nothing, thats one of my coniuring woikes.

Rafe Our maister Parson sayes thats nothing.

Robin True Rafe, and more Rafe, if thou haue any mind

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to Nan Spic our kitchin maide, then turne her and wind hir to thy owne vse, as often as thou wilt, and at midnight.

Rafe *Ad* vzaue Robm, thal I haue Nan Spic, and to mine owne vse: On that condition Ie seede thy diuel with horse bread as long as he liues, of free cost.

Robin No moze swaete Rafe, lets goe and make cleane our bootes which lie soule vpon our handes, and then to our coniuering in the diuels name.

Enter Robin and Rafe with a silver Goblet.

Robin Come Rafe, did not I tell thee, we were for euer made by this doctor Faustus booke? *ecce signum*, heres a simple purchase for horse-keepers, our horses thal ease no hay as long as this lasts.

Rafe But Robin, here comes the vintner.

Robin Hush, Ie giue him supernaturally; Drawer, I hope al is payd; God be with you, come Rafe.

Vintner Soft sir, a word with you, I must yet haue a goblet payde from you ere you goe.

Robin I a goblet Rafe, I a goblet? I seede you: and you are but a cc. I a goblet? search me.

Vintner I meane so sir with your sauid;

Robin How say you nothe?

Vintner I must say somewhat to your fellow, you sir.

Rafe Be sir, me sir, search your fill: now sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth.

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

Ro. You lie Drawer, tis afoze me sir: a you, I le teach ye to impeach honest men stand by, I le scowze you for a goblet, stand aside you had best; I charge you in the name of Belzebub: loke to the goblet Rafe.

Vintner What meane you sir?

Robin Ie tel you what I meane.

Sanctobulorum Periphraстикon may Ie tickle you Vintner, loke to the goblet Rafe, *Polypragmos*: Belzeboraime frammo pascostiphos tostu Mephastophitis, &c.

Enter Mephastophitis: sets squibs at their backs:
they runne about.

Vintner

to Doctor Faustus. 21

Mintner. *O nomine Domine*, what meanst thou Rob. Thou
hast no goblet; *et non habes calicem* what art thou
Rafe. *Peccatum peccatorum*, heeres thy goblet, god Mintner.

Robin. *Misericordia pro nobis*, what shal I doe? god dinck
foggie me now, and Ile neuer rob thy library more.

Enter to them Mephastophilis and some of his
Meph. Vanish villaines, thong like an Ape, an other like
a Beare, the third an Ass, for doing this enterprise; and you
Monarch of hel, vnder whose blacke suruey many of our
Great Potentates do kneele with a woful feare,
Upon whose altars thousand soules do lie;
How am I bered with these villaines charmes,
From Constantinople, am I hither come,
Dnely for pleasure of these damned slaves.

Robin. How, from Constantinople; you haue had a great
tourney, wil you take six pence in your purse to pay for your
supper, and be gone?

Me. wel villaines, for your presumption, I transforme
thee into an Ape, and thee into a Dog, and so be gone.

Rob. How, into an Ape; that haue, Ile haue fine sport
with the boyes, Ile get nuts and apples enow.

Rafe. And I must be a Dogge.

Robin. I faith thy head wil neuer be out of the potage pot.

Enter Emperour, Faustus, and a Knight,

with Attendants.

Em. Greeting doctor Faustus, I haue heard strange re-
port of thy knowlodge in the blacke Arte, how that none in
my Empire, nor in the whole world can compare with thee,
for the rare effects of Magicke: they say thou hast a familiar
spirit, by whome thou canst accomplish what thou list, this
therefore is my request, that thou let me see some proe of thy
skil, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirme what mine
eares haue heard reported, and here I swear to thee, by the
honor of mine Imperial crowne, that what ever thou doest,
thou shalt be no wayes ppeudiced or indamaged.

Knight. I faith he lookes much like a coniuurer.

Exi.
Fau.

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Fau. My gracious Soueraigne, though I must confesse my selfe farre inferiour to the report men haue published, and nothing answerable to the honoz of your Imperial maicesty, yet for that loue and due ty binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoeuer your maicesty shall command me.

Em. When docto: Faustus, marke what I shall say, As I was sometime solitary set; within my Closet, sundry thoughts arose, about the honour of mine aunccestors, howe they had wonne by pꝛouesse such exploits, got such riches, subdued so many kingdomes, as we that do succede, or they that shall hereafter possesse our thꝛone, shall (I feare me) neuer attaine to that degree of high renowne and great authoritie, amongst which kings is Alexander the great, chiefe spectacle of the worldes pꝛeeminence, The bright shining of whose glorious actes Lightens the world with his reflecting beames; As when I heare but mention made of him, It grieues my soule I neuer saw the man: If therefore thou, by cunning of thine Art, Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below, where lies intombde this famous Conquerour, And bying with him his beauteous Paramour, Both in their right shap, gesture, and attire They shal so weare during their time of life, Thou shalt both satisfie my lust desire, And giue me cause to praise thee whilst I liue.

Fau: My gracious Lord, I am ready to accomplish your request, so farre forth as by art and power of my spirit I am able to performe.

Knight. I thinke that is iust nothing at all.

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

Knight. I may master docto: how thers a signe of grace in you, when you will confesse the truth.

Fau: But such spirites as can liuely resemble Alexander and his Paramour, shall appeare before your Grace, in that manner





Doctor Faustus.

manner that they best liu'd in, in their most flourishing estate, which I doubt not shal sufficiently content your Imperiall maicesty.

Em: Go to maister Doctoꝝ, let me see them presently.

Kn: Do you heare maister Doctoꝝ? you bzing Alexander and his paramour befoze the emperoꝝ?

Fau: How then sir?

Kn: I saith thats as true as Diana turnd me to a stag.

Fau: So sir. but when Acteon died, he left the hoznes soz you: Mephalstophilis be gone. *exit Meph.*

Kn: Nay, and you go to coniuring, Ile be gone. *exit Kn:*

Fau: Ile waite with you anouie soz interrupting me so: here they are my gracious Lord.

Enter Meph: with Alexander and his paramour.

emp: Maister Doctoꝝ, I heard this Lady while she liu'd had a wart oz moale in her necke, how shal I know whether it be soz no?

Fau: Your highnes may boldly go and see. *exit Alex:*

emp: Sure these are no spirites, but the true substantiall bodies of those two decealed pzinces.

Fau: will please your highnes now to send soz the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late?

emp: One of you call him sozth.

Enter the Knight with a paire of hornes on his head.

emp: How now sir knight? why I had thought thou hadst bene a batcheler, but now I see thou hast a wife, that not only giues thee hoznes, but makes thee weare them, seele on thy head.

Kn: Thou damned wretch, and execrable dogge, bred in the concaue of some monstrous rocke:

How darst thou thus abuse a Gentleman?

Uilaine I say, vndo what thou hast done.

Ⓒ

Faustus

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Fau: D not so fast sir, theres no haste but good, are you remembred how you crossed me in my conference with the emperour? I thinke I haue met with you for it.

emp: God Praise Doctoꝝ, at my intreaty release him, he hath done penance sufficient.

Fau: My Orations Lord, not so much for the iniury hee offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath *Faustus* worthily requited this iniurious knight, which being all I desire, I am content to release him of his hoznes: and sir knight, hereafter speake well of Scholers: Mephalophilis, transfoꝝme him strait. Now my good Lord hauing done my duty, I humbly take my leaue.

emp: Farewel maister Doctoꝝ, yet ere you goe, expect from me a bounteous reward. *exit Emperour.*

Fau: Now Mephalophilis, the restlesse course that time doth runne with calme and silent soote, Shortning my dayes and thzed of hitall life, Calls for the payment of my latest yeares, Therefore sweet Mephalophilis, let vs make haste to Wertenberge.

Me: What, wil you goe on hozle backe, or on soote?

Fau: Nay, til I am past this saire and pleasant gréene, Ile walke on soote. *enter a Horse-courser.*

Hors: I haue bene at this day seeking one maister Faustian: masse see where he is, God saue you maister doctoꝝ.

Fau: What hozle-courser, you are wel met.

Hors: Do you heare sir: I haue bzought you forty dollers for your hozle.

Fau: I cannot sel him so: if thou likst him for fifty, take him.

Hors: Alas sir, I haue no more, I pray you speake for me.

Me: I pray you let him haue him, he is an honest felow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.

Fau: Wel, come giue me your money, my boy wil deliuer him to you: but I must tel you one thing befoze you haue him,

to Doctor Faustus.

him, ride him not into the water at any hand.

Hors: Why sir, wil he not dzinke of all waters?

Fau: Yes, he wil dzinke of al waters, but ride him not into the water, ride him ouer hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

Hors: Wel sir, How am I made man for euer, I le not leaue my horse for soztie: if he had but the qualitie of hey ding, ding, hey, ding, ding, Ioe make a bzaneliuing on him; hee has a buttocke as slicke as an Ele: Wel god buy sir, your boy wil deliuer him me: but hark ye sir, if my horse be sick, or ill at ease, if I bzing his water to you, youle tel me what it is:

Exit Horsescourser.

Fau. Away you villaine: what dost thinke I am a horses docto? what art thou Faustus but a man condemn'd to die? Thy fatall time doth dzawe ts finall ende,
Dispaire doth dzlue distrust vnto my thoughts,
Confound these passions with a quiet sleepe:

Tush, Chzist did call the thiefe vpon the Crosse,
Then rest thee Faustus quiet in conceit. *Sleepe in his chair.*

Enter Horsescourser all wet, crying.

Hors. Alas, alas, Docto? Fustian quoth a, mas Docto? Lopus was neuer such a Docto, has giuen me a purgation, has purg'd me of soztie Dollers, I shall neuer see them moze: but yet like an asse as I was, I would not be ruled by him, so? he bade me I should ride him into no water: now, I thin- king my horse had had some rare qualitie that he would not haue had me knowne of, I like a ventrous youth, rid him in- to the deepe pond at the townes ende, I was no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vantiht away, and I sat vpon a bottle of hey, neuer so neare dzowning in my life: but Ie seeke out my Docto, and haue my soztie dollers againe, or Ie make it the dearest horse: O yonder is his snipper snapper; do you heare? you, hey, passe, where's your maister?

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Me. why sir, what would you say you cannot speake with him.

Horf. But I wil speake with him.

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

Horf. Ile speake with him now; or Ile breake his glasse windowes about his eares.

Me. I tell thee he has not slept this eight nightes.

Horf. And he haue not slept this eight weekes Ile speake with him.

Me. See where he is fast asleep.

Horf. I, this is he, God saue ye maister doctoꝝ, maister doctoꝝ, maister doctoꝝ, Iustian, foztie dollers, foztie dollers for a bottle of hey.

Me. Why, thou seest he heares thee not.

Horf. So, ho, ho: so, ho, ho. *Hallow in his care.*
No, will you not wake? Ile make you wake ere I goe.

Pull him by the legge, and pull it away.

Alas, I am vndone, what shall I do:

Fau. O my legge, my legge, helpe Mephastophilis, call the Officers, my legge, my legge.

Me. Come villaine to the Constable.

Horf. O Lord sir, let me goe, and Ile giue you foztie dollers moze.

Me. Where be they?

Horf. I haue none about me, come to my Dastrie and Ile giue them you.

Me. Be gone quickly. *Horsecourser runnes away.*

Fau. What is he gone? farwel he, Faustus has his legge againe, and the Horsecourler I take it, a bottle of hey for his labour; wel, this tricke that cost him foztie dollers moze.

Enter Wagner.

How now Wagner, what's the newes with thee?

Wag.

10 Doctor Faustus. Act I

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

Fau. The Duke of Vanholt an honourable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning, comie Mephastophilis, let's away to him. *exunt.*

Enter to them the Duke, and the Dutcher,
the Duke speakes.

Du: Beléue me maister Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

Fau: My gracious Lord, I am glad it contents you so wel: but it may be Madame, you take no delight in this, I haue heard that great bellied women do long for some dainties or other, what is it Madame: tell me, and you shall haue it.

Dutch. Thankes, good maister Doctor, And so; I see your courteous intent to pleasure me, I wil 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 meate then a dish of ripe grapes.

Fau: Alas Madame, thats nothing, Mephastophilis, be gone: *exit Meph.* were it a greater thing then this, so it would content you, you should haue it *enter Mephasto:* here they be madam, will please you taste *with the grapes.* on them.

Du: Beléue me maister Doctor, this makes me wonder about the rest, that being in the dead time of winter, and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes.

Fau: If it like your grace, the yere is diuided into two circles ouer the whole worlde, that when it is here winter with vs, 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 haue, I had them brought hither, as ye see, how do you like them Madame, be they good?

Du: Beléue me Maister doctor, they be the best grapes that

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that ere I tasted in my life befoze.

Fau: I am glad they content you so Madam.

Du: Come Madame, let vs in, where you must wel reward this learned man foze the great kindnes he hath shewd to you.

Du: And so I wil my Lord, and whilst I live, Kest beholding foze this cartesse.

Fau: I humbly thanke your Grace.

Du: Come, maister Doctoze follow vs, and receiue your reward.

exennt.

enter Wagner solus.

Wag: I thinke my maister meanes to die shortly, foze he hath giuen to me al his godes, And yet he thinks, if that death were nere, He would not banquet, and carowse, and still amongst the Students, as euen now he doth, who are at supper with such belly-cheere, As Wagner nere beheld in all his life. See where they come: belike the feast is ended.

Enter Faustus with two or three Schollers.

I. Sch. Maister Doctoze Faustus, since our conference about faire Ladies, which was the beutifullst in all the world; we haue determined with our selues, that Helen of Greece was the admirablist Lady that euer liued: therefore maister Doctoze, if you wil do vs that fauor, as to let vs see that peerlesse Dame of Greece, whome al the world admires foze maistly, we would thinke our selues much beholding vnto you.

Fau. Gentlemen, foze that I know your friendship is vnto fained, and Faustus custome is not to deuie the iust requests of those that with him well, you shall behold that peerlesse Dame of Greece, no other waies foze pompe and maiestie, then when sir Paris crost the seas with her, and brought the spoiles to rich Dardania. Be silent then, foze danger is in words.

Mu-

Doctor Faustus.

Musicke sounds, and Helen passeth over the Stage.

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

3. Sch. No maruel tho the angry Grakes pursue,
With tenne yeares warre the rape of such a queene,
Whose heauenly beauty passeth all compare.

1. Since we haue seene the pride of natures workes,
And onely Paragon of excellence,

Let vs depart, and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus euermore.

*Enter an
old man.*

Fau. Gentlemen farwel, the same I wish to you.

Exeunt Schollers.

Old. Ah Doctor Faustus, that I might preuaile,
To guide thy steps vnto the way of life,
By which swete path thou maist attaine the goale
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest.

Beake heart, drop blood, and mingle it with teares,
Teares falling from repentant heauinesse
Of thy most vilde and loathsome filthinesse,
The trench whereof cozrupts the inward soule
With such flagitious crimes of hainous sinnes,
As no commiseration may expel,
But mercie Faustus of thy Saviour swete,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

Fau. Where art thou Faustus? wretch what hast thou
Damnd art thou Faustus, damnd, dispaire and die, (done:
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voyce
Says, Faustus come, thine houre is come,
And Faustus will come to do thee right.

*Mepha. giues
him a dagger.*

Old. Ah stay good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps,
I see an Angell houers oze thy head,
And with a violl full of pprecious grace,
Offers to powze the same into thy soule,
Then call for mercie and auoyd dispaire.

Fau. Ah my swete friend, I feele thy words

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To comfort my distressed soule,
Leaue me a while to ponder on my finnes.

Old. I goe swæte Faustus, but with heauy cheare,
fearing the ruine of thy hopelesse soule.

Fau. Accursed Faustus, where is mercie now?
I do repent, and yet I do dispaire:

Hell striues with grace for conquest in my bzeast,
What shal I do to shun the snares of death?

Me. Thou traitor Faustus, I arrest thy soule
For disobedience to my soueraigne Lord,
Kendolt, or Ile in pœce-meale teare thy flesh.

Fau: Swæte Mephistophilis, intreate thy Lord
To pardon my vniust p̄sumption,
And with my blood againe I wil confirme
My former vow I made to Lucifer.

Me. Do it then quickly, with vnfaired heart,
Lest greater danger do attend thy doist.

Fau: Joyment swæte friend, that base and crooked age,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hel affords,

Me: His faith is great, I cannot touch his soule,
But what I may afflict his body with,
I wil attempt, which is but little worth.

Fau: One thing, god seruant, let me craue of thee
To glut the longing of my hearts desire,
That I might haue vnto my paramour,
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose swæte embraces may extinguishe
These thoughts that do dissuade me from my voto,
And keepe mine oath I made to Lucifer.

Me. Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,
Shalbe perforce in twinceling of an eye.

Fau: Was this the face that lancht a thousand shippes?
And burnt the toplesse Towres of lium?
Swæte Helen, make me immortall with a kiss:
Her lips suckes forth my soule, see where it lies.

Comie





To Doctor Faustus.

Come Helen, come giue mee my soule againe.
 Here will I dwell, for heauen be in theselips,
 And all is posse that is not Helens.
 I will be Paris, and for loue of thee
 Insteade of Troy shall Wertemberge be sackt,
 And I will combate with weake Menelaus,
 And weare thy colours on my plumed Crest:
 Wea I will wound Achillis in the heele,
 And then returne to Helen for a kisse.
 O thou art fairer then the euening aire,
 Clear in the beauty of a thousand starres,
 Brighter art thou then flaming Iupiter,
 When he appeard to haplesse Semele,
 More lousely then the monarke of the skie,
 Intendant on Archistes a quide armes,
 And none but thou shalt be my paramour.
 Old man Accursed Faustus, miserable man,
 That from thy soule excludst the grace of heauen,
 And sittest the throne of his tribunall seate,

Enter the Diueller.

Satan begins to lift me with his pride,
 As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
 My faith, blis hel, that triumph ouer thee,
 Ambitions heu'ns, how the heauens smile
 At your repulse, and laugh your hate to scoone,
 Hence hel, for hence I flie vnto my God.

Exempt.

Enter Faustus with the Schollers.

Fau: Ah Gentlemen!
 Sch: What ailes Faustus?
 Fau: Ah my sweete chamber-fellois! had I liued with
 thee, then had I liued til, but now I die eternally: loke,
 comes he not, comes he not?
 Sch: What meanes Faustus?
 Sch: Belike he is growne into some sicknesse, by

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being euer solitary.

1. Sch: It fit be so. Wele haue Physicians to cure him, tis but a surffet neuer feare man.

Fau: A surffet of deadly Sinne that hath damnd both body and soule.

2. Sch: Yet faustus looke vp to heauen, remember gods mercies are infinite.

Fau: But faustus offence can nere be pardoned. The Serpent that tempted Eue may be sau'd; but not faustus: Ah Gentlemen, heare me with patience, and tremble not at my speches, though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I haue bene a student here these thirty yeeres, I would I had neuer seene Wertemberge, nor uer read booke; and what wonders I haue done, gl Germany can witness, yea all the world, for which faustus hath lost both Germany, and the world; yea heauen it selfe, heauen the seate of God, the thron of the blessed, the kingdome of ioy, and must remaine in hel for euer, hel, ah hel for euer, for our friends, what shall become of faustus, being in hel for euer?

3. Sch: Yet faustus call on God.

Fau: On God whome faustus hath aburged, on God whome faustus hath blasphemed, ah my God, I would weeps, but the diuel diuises in my teares, and so, in blood, in steade of teares, yea life and soule, Oh heauen my wrong, I would lift up my hands, but for they hold them, they hold them.

All Who faustus?

Fau: Lucifer and Mephistophilis.

Ah Gentlemen! I gaue them my soule for my cunning.

All God so; bid.

Fau: God so; bade it indeed; but faustus hath done it: for vaine pleasure of 24 yeeres, hath faustus lost eternall ioy and felicitie, I writ them a bill with mine owne blood, the date is expired, the time wil come, and he will fetch me.

1. Schol: why did not faustus tel vs of this before, that Diuines might haue prayed for it?

Fau.



Doctor Faustus.

Fau. Oft haue I thought to haue done so, but the diuelli
threatned to feare mee in pecces; if I name God, to fetch
both body and soule, if I once gaue eare to diuinitie; and
now tis too late: Gentlemen away, lest you perish with me.

2. Sch. What shal we do to Faustus?

Faustus. Talke not of me, but saue your selues, and de-
part.

3. Sch. God wil strengthen me, I wil stay with Fau-
stus.

1. Sch. Tempt not God, swete friend, but let vs into the
next roome, and there pray for him.

Fau. I pray for me, pray for me, and what noyse soeuer
ye heare, come not vnto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2. Sch. Pray thou, and we wil pray that God may haue
mercy vpon thee.

Fau. Gentlemen farewell, if I liue till morning, Ile bidde
you: if not, Faustus is gone to hel.

All Faustus, farewell.

The clocke strikes cleane.

Fau. Ah Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hower to liue,
And then thou must be damned perpetually:
Stand still you euil mouing Spheres of heauen,
That time may cease, and midnight neuer come:
Faire Natures ere, rise, rise againe, and make
Perpetuall day, or let this houre be but a yeere,
A moneth, a weeke, a naturall day:
That Faustus may repent, and saue his soule,
O lente lente currite noctis equis.
The starres moue still, time runs, the clocke wil strike,
The diuel wil come, and Faustus must be damned.
O Ile leape vp to my God: who pulles me downe?
See see where Christs blood streames in the firmament,
One drop would saue my soule, halfe a drop, ah my Christ,
Ah rend not my heart for naming of my Christ,
Yet wil I call on him, oh spare me Lucifer!

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Where is it now? tis gone:
And see where God stretcheth out his arme,
And bends his irefull bowes:

Mountaines and hilles, come come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God.

No no, then wil I headlong runne into the earth:
Earth gape, & no, it wil not harbour me:

You starres that raignd at my natiuitie,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hel,

Now draw vp Faustus like a foggy mist,
Into the intrailes of yon labring cloude,

That when you vomite forth into the ayre,

My limbes may issue from your smoaky mouthes,
So that my soule may but ascend to heauen:

Ah, halfe the houre is past: *The watch strikes.*

It wil all be past anone:

O God, if thou wilt not haue mercy on my soule,
Yet for Christs sake, whose blood hath ransomed me,

Impose some end to my incessant paine,

Let Faustus liue in hel a thousand yeeres,

A hundred thousand, and at last be sau'd.

No end is limited to damned soules,

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soule?

No, why is this immortall that thou hast?

Ah Pythagoras *metem psosis* were that true,

This soule should flie from me, and I be changde

Into some brutish beast: al beasts are happy, for when they

Their soules are some dissolud in elements, *(die,*

But mine must liue still to be plagde in hel:

Curst be the parents that ingendred me:

No Faustus, curse thy selfe, curse Lucifer,

That hath depytude thee of the toyes of heauen:

The clocke striketh twelue.

It strikes, it strikes, now body turne to ayre,

No, Lucifer wil beare thee quicke to hel:

Thunder and lightning.



Doctor Faustus.

Oh soule, be change into little water drops,
And fall into the Ocean, nere be found:

My God, my God, looke not so fierce on me: *Enter diuinit.*
Adders, and Serpents, let me breathe a while:
Ugly hell gape not, come not Lucifer,
He burne my booke, ah Mephalstophilis. *exiens with him*

Enter Chorus.

Cut is the branch that might haue growne full straight,
And burned is Apolloes Laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man:
Faustus is gone, regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Onely to wonder at vnlawful things,
Whose deepenelle doth intise such forward wits,
To practise moze than heauenly power permits.

Terminat hora diem, Terminat Aushor opus.



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