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img: 1-b  
sig: A1r

In 0001

In 0002

In 0003

THE  
TRAGICALL  
History of D. Faustus.

In 0004

In 0005

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

In 0006

Written by Ch. Marl.

In 0007

In 0008

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

img: 2-a  
sig: A1v

wln 0001

wln 0002

*The tragicall Historie  
of Doctor Faustus.*

wln 0003

*Enter Chorus.*

wln 0004

NOt marching now in fields of *Thracimene*,

wln 0005

Where *Mars* did mate the Carthaginians,

wln 0006

Nor sporting in the dalliance of loue,

wln 0007

In courts of Kings where state is ouerturnd,

wln 0008

Nor in the pompe of prowde audacious deedes,

wln 0009

Intends our Muse to daunt his heauenly verse:

wln 0010

Onely this (Gentlemen) we must performe,

wln 0011

The forme of *Faustus* fortunes good or bad.

wln 0012

To patient Iudgements we appeale our plaude,

wln 0013

And speake for *Faustus* in his infancie:

wln 0014

Now is he borne, his parents base of stocke,

wln 0015

In *Germany*, within a towne calld *Rhodes*:

wln 0016

Of riper yéeres to *Wertenberg* he went,

wln 0017

Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him vp,

wln 0018

So soone hée profites in Diuinitie,

wln 0019

The fruitfull plot of Scholerisme grac't,

wln 0020

That shortly he was grac't with Doctors name,

wln 0021

Excelling all, whose swéete delight disputes

wln 0022

In heauenly matters of *Theologie*,

wln 0023

Till swolne with cunning of a selfe conceit,

wln 0024

His waxen wings did mount aboue his reach,

wln 0025

And melting heuens conspirde his ouerthrow.

wln 0026

For falling to a diuelish exercise,

wln 0027

And glutted more with learnings golden gifts,

wln 0028  
wln 0029  
wln 0030  
wln 0031  
wln 0032  
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wln 0064

*The Tragicall History of*

He surffets vpon cursed Negromancy,  
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 professe:  
Hauing commencde, be a Diuine in shew,  
Yet leuell at the end of euery Art,  
And liue and die in *Aristotles* workes:  
Sweete *Anulatikes* tis thou hast rauisht me,  
*Bene disserere est finis logicis*,  
Is, to dispute well, Logickes chiefest end  
Affoords this Art no greater myracle:  
Then reade no more, thou hast attained the end:  
A greater subiect fitteth *Faustus* wit,  
Bid *Oncaymæon* farewell, *Galen* come:  
Séeing, *vbi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus*.  
Be a physition *Faustus*, heape vp golde,  
And be eternizde for some wondrous cure,  
*Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas*,  
The end of physicke is our bodies health:  
Why *Faustus*, hast thou not attained that end?  
Is not thy common talke sound sound Aphorismes?  
Are not thy billes hung vp as monuments,  
whereby whole Citties haue escapt the plague,  
And thousand desprate maladies béene easde,  
Yet art thou still but *Faustus*, and a man.  
wouldst thou make man to liue eternally?  
Or being dead, raise them to life againe?  
Then this profession were to be estéemd.  
Physicke farewell, where is Iustinian?  
*Si vna e[st] res legatus duobus,*  
*Alter rem alter valorem rei, &c.*  
A pretty case of paltry legacies:  
*Ex hæredtari filium n[on] potest pater nisi:*  
Such is the subiect of the institute

And

*Doctor Faustus.*

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wln 0066  
wln 0067  
wln 0068  
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wln 0101

And vniuersall body of the Church:  
His study fittes a mercenary drudge,  
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: thats 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.  
I, we must die an euerlasting death:  
What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera,*  
What wil be, shall be? Diuinitie, adieu,  
These Metaphisickes of Magicians,  
And Negromantike bookes are heauenly  
Lines, circles, sceanes, letters and characters:  
Ay, these are those that *Faustus* most desires.  
O what a world of profit and delight,  
Of power, of honor, of omnipotence  
Is promised to the studious Artizan?  
All things that mooue betweene the quiet poles  
Shalbe at my commaund. Emperours and Kings,  
Are but obeyd in their seuerall prouinces:  
Nor can they raise the winde, or rend the cloudes:  
But his dominion that excéedes in this,  
Stretcheth as farre as doth the minde of man.  
A sound Magician is a mighty god:  
Héere *Faustus* trie thy braines to gaine a deitie.

*Enter Wagner.*

*Wagner*, commend me to my deerest friends,  
The Germaine *Valdes*, and *Cornelius*,  
Request them earnestly to visite me.

*Wag.* I wil sir.

*exit.*

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

wln 0102

*The tragicall History of*  
Thn all my labours, plodde I nere so fast.

wln 0103

*Enter the good Angell and the euill Angell.*

wln 0104

*Good. A.* O *Faustus*, lay that damned booke aside,

wln 0105

And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soule,

wln 0106

And heape Gods heauy wrath vpon thy head,

wln 0107

Reade, reade the scriptures, that is blasphemy.

wln 0108

*Euill An.* Go forward *Faustus* in that famous art,

wln 0109

Wherein all natures treasury is containd:

wln 0110

Be thou on earth as *Ioue* is in the skie,

wln 0111

Lord and commaunder of these Elements.

*Exeunt.*

wln 0112

*Fau.* How am I gluted with conceit of this?

wln 0113

Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,

wln 0114

Resolue me of all ambiguities,

wln 0115

Performe what desperate enterprise I will?

wln 0116

Ile haue them flye to *India* for gold,

wln 0117

Ransacke the Ocean for orient pearle,

wln 0118

And search all corners of the new found world

wln 0119

For pleasant fruites and princely delicates:

wln 0120

Ile haue them reade mée straunge philosophie,

wln 0121

And tell the secrets of all forraine kings,

wln 0122

Ile haue them wall all *Iermany* with brasse,

wln 0123

And make swift *Rhine* circle faire *Wertenberge*,

wln 0124

Ile haue them fill the publike schooles with skill.

wln 0125

Wherewith the students shalbe brauely clad:

wln 0126

Ile leuy souldiers with the coyne they bring,

wln 0127

And chase the Prince of *Parma* from our land,

wln 0128

And raigne sole king of all our prouinces:

wln 0129

Yea stranger engines for the brunt of warre,

wln 0130

Then was the fiery kéele at *Antwarpes* bridge,

wln 0131

Ile make my seruile spirits to inuent:

wln 0132

Come *Germaine Valdes* and *Cornelius*,

wln 0133

And make me blest with your sage conference,

wln 0134

*Valdes*, swéete *Valdes*, and *Cornelius*,

wln 0135

*Enter Valdes and Cornelius.*

wln 0136

Know that your words haue woon me at the last,

To

*Doctor Faustus.*

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To practise Magicke and concealed arts:  
Yet not your words onely, but mine owne fantasie,  
That will receiue no obiect for my head,  
But ruminates on Negremantique skill,  
Philosophy is odious and obscure,  
Both Law and Phisicke are for pettie wits,  
Diuinitie is basest of the thrée,  
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible and vilde,  
Tis Magicke, Magicke that hath raiisht mée,  
Then gentle friends ayde me in this attempt,  
And I that haue with Consissylogismes  
Grauelde the Pastors of the Germaine Church,  
And made the flowring pride of *Wertenberge*  
Swarme to my Problemes as the infernall spirits  
On swéet *Musæus* when he came to hell,  
Will be as cunning as *Agrippa* was,  
Whose shadowes made all *Europe* honor him.

*Vald.* *Faustus* these bookes thy wit and our experience  
Shall make all nations to canonize vs,  
As Indian Moores obey their Spanish Lords,  
So shall the subiects of euery element  
Be alwaies seruiceable to vs thrée,  
Like Lyons shall they guard vs when we please,  
Like *Almaine* Rutters with their horsemens stauces,  
Or Lapland Gyants trotting by our sides,  
Sometimes like women, or vnwedded maides,  
Shadowing more beautie in their ayrie browes,  
Then in their white breasts of the queene of Loue:  
For *Venice* shall they dregge huge *Argoces*,  
And from *America* the golden fléece,  
That yearely stuffes olde *Philips* treasury  
If learned *Faustus* will be resolute.

*Fau.* *Valdes* as resolute am I in this  
As thou to liue, therefore obiect it not.

*Corn.* The myracles that Magicke will performe,  
Will make thée vow to studie nothing else,  
He that is grounded in Astrologie,



*The tragicall History of*

Inricht with tongues well séene minerals,  
Hath all the principles Magicke doth require,  
Then doubt not (*Faustus*) but to be renowmd,  
And more frequented for this mystery,  
Then heretofore the Dolphian Oracle.  
The spirits tell me they can drie the sea,  
And fetch the treasure of all forraine wrackes,  
I, all the wealth that our forefathers hid  
Within the massie entrailles of the earth.  
Then tell me *Faustus*, what shal we three want?

*Fau.* Nothing *Cornelius*, O this cheares my soule,  
Come shewe me some demonstrations magicall,  
That I may coniure 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* workes,  
The Hebrew Psalter, and new Testament,  
And whatsoeuer else is requisit  
Wee will enforme thee ere our conference cease.

*Cor. Valdes*, first let him know the words of art,  
And then all other ceremonies learnd,  
*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  
Wéele canuas euery quidditie thereof:  
For ere I sleepe Ile trie what I can do,  
This night Ile coniure though I die therefore.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter two Schollers.*

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

*2 Sch.* That 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.*

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wln 0210

*Doctor Faustus.*

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*Wag.* Yes I know, but that followes not.

1. Go too sirra, leaue your ieasting, and tell vs where hée is.

*Wag.* That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you being licentiate should stand vpon't, therefore ac= knowledge your error, and be attentiuē.

2. Why, didst thou not say thou knewst?

*Wag.* Haue you any wisse 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 wherefore should you aske me such a question: but that I am by nature fleg= maticke, slowe to wrath, and prone to leachery, (to loue I would say) it were not for you to come within fortie foote of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to seee you both hang'd the next Sessions. Thus hauing triumpht ouer you, I will set my countnance like a precisian, and begin to speake thus: truly my deare brethren, my maister is within at dinner with *Valdes* and *Cornelius*, as this wine if it could speake, it would enforme your worships, and so the Lord blesse you, preserue you, and kéepe you my deare brethren, my deare brethren.

*exit.*

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

2. Were he a stranger, and not alied to me, yet should I grieue for him: but come let vs go and informe the Rector, and seee if hée 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 coniure.*

*Fau.* Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,  
Longing to view *Orions* drisling looke,

B

Leapes

*The tragicall History of*

wln 0248 Leapes from th'antartike world vnto the skie,  
wln 0249 And dimmes the welkin with her pitchy breath:  
wln 0250 *Faustus*, begin thine incantations,  
wln 0251 And trie if diuels will obey thy hest,  
wln 0252 Séeing thou hast prayde and sacrific'd to them.  
wln 0253 UUithin this circle is *Iehouahs* name,  
wln 0254 Forward and backward, and Agramithist,  
wln 0255 The breuiated names of holy Saints,  
wln 0256 Figures of euey adiunct to the heauens,  
wln 0257 And characters of signes and erring starres.  
wln 0258 By which the spirits are inforst to rise,  
wln 0259 Then feare not *Faustus*, but be resolute,  
wln 0260 And trie the vttermost Magicke can performe.  
wln 0261 *Sint mihi dei acherontis propitij, valeat numen triplex Iehouæ, ignei,*  
wln 0262 *aerij, Aquatani spiritus saluete, Orientis princeps Belsibub, inferni*  
wln 0263 *ardentis monarcha & demigorgon, propitiamus vos, vt apariat &*  
wln 0264 *surgat Mephastophilis, quòd tumeraris, per Iehouam gehennam &*  
wln 0265 *consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signúmque crucis quodnunc*  
wln 0266 *facio, & per vota nostra ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatis Mephasto-*  
wln 0267 *philis.*

*Enter a Diuell.*

wln 0269 I charge thée to returne and chaunge thy shape,  
wln 0270 Thou art too vgly to attend on me,  
wln 0271 Goe and returne an old Franciscan Frier,  
wln 0272 That holy shape becomes a diuell best. *Exit diuell.*  
wln 0273 I see theres vertue in my heauenly words,  
wln 0274 Who would not be proficient in this art?  
wln 0275 How pliant is this *Mephastophilis*?  
wln 0276 Full of obedience and humilitie,  
wln 0277 Such is the force of Magicke and my spels,  
wln 0278 No *Faustus*, thou art Coniurer laureate  
wln 0279 That canst commaund great *Mephastophilis*,  
wln 0280 *Quin regis Mephastophilis fratris imagine.*

*Enter Mephostophilis.*

wln 0281 *Me.* Now *Faustus*, what wouldst thou haue me do?  
wln 0282 *Fau.* I charge thée wait vpon me whilst I liue,

*Doctor Faustus.*

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

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

*Fau.* Did not he charge thée to appeare to mée?

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

*Fau.* Did not my coniuring spéeches raise thee? speake.

*Me.* That was the cause, but yet per accident,  
For when we heare one racke the name of God,  
Abiure the scriptures, and his Sauour Christ,  
Wée flye, in hope to get his glorious soule,  
Nor will we come, vnlesse he vse such meanes  
Whereby he is in danger to be damnd:  
Therefore the shortest cut for coniuring  
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 *Belsibub*,  
To whom *Faustus* doth dedicate himselfe,  
This word damnation terrifies not him,  
For he confounds hell in *Elizium*,  
His ghost be 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.* O by aspiring pride and insolence,  
For which God threw 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.* UUhere are you damn'd?

*The tragicall History of*

wln 0321  
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wln 0357

*Me.* In hell.

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

*Me.* Why this is hel, nor 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 euerlasting blisse:  
O *Faustus*, leaue these friuolous demaunds,  
which strike a terror to my fainting soule.

*Fau.* What, is great *Mephastophilis* so passionate,  
For being deprivd of the ioyes of heauen?  
Learne thou of *Faustus* manly fortitude,  
And scorne those ioyes thou neuer shalt possesse.  
Go beare those tidings to great *Lucifer*,  
Séeing *Faustus* hath incurrd eternall death,  
By desprate thoughts against *Ioues* deitie:  
Say, he surrenders vp to him his soule,  
So he will spare him 24. yéeres,  
Letting him liue in al voluptuousnesse,  
Hauing thee euer 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 wil:  
Goe and returne to mighty *Lucifer*,  
And méete mée in my study at midnight,  
And then resolute me of thy maisters minde.

*Me.* I will *Faustus*.

*exit.*

*Fau.* Had I as many soules as there be starres,  
Ide giue them al for *Mephastophilis*:  
By him Ile be great Emprour of the world,  
And make a bridge through the moouing ayre,  
To passe the *Ocean* with a band of men,  
Ile ioyne the hils that binde the *Affricke* shore,  
And make that land continent to *Spaine*,  
And both contributory to my crowne:  
The Emprour shal not liue but by my leaue,

Nor

*Doctor Faustus.*

wln 0358  
wln 0359  
wln 0360  
wln 0361  
wln 0362  
wln 0363  
wln 0364  
wln 0365  
wln 0366  
wln 0367  
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wln 0393  
wln 0394

Nor any Potentate of *Germany*:

Now that I haue obtaind what I desire,

Ile liue in speculation of this Art,

Til *Mephastophilis* returne againe.

*exit.*

*Enter Wagner and the Clowne.*

*Wag.* Sirra boy, come hither.

*Clo.* How, boy? swowns boy, I hope you haue séene ma=ny boyes with such pickadevaunts as I haue. Boy quotha?

*Wag.* Tel me sirra, hast thou any commings in?

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

*Wag.* Alas poore slaue, see how pouerty iesteth in his na=kednesse, the vilaine is bare, and out of seruice, and so hun=gry, 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 mut=ton though twere blood rawe? not so good friend, burladie I had néede haue it wel roasted, and good sawce to it, if I pay so déere.

*Wag.* wel, wilt thou serue me, and Ile make thée go like *Qui mihi discipulus?*

*Clo.* How, in verse?

*Wag.* No sirra, in beaten silke and stauces acre .

*Clo.* how, how, knaues acre? I, I thought that was al the land his father left him: Doe yee heare, I would be sorie to robbe you of your liuing.

*Wag.* Sirra, I say in stauces acre.

*Clo.* Oho, oho, stauces 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 yéeres, or Ile turne al the lice about thée into familiars, and they shal teare thée in péeces.

*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.* Gridyrons, what be they?

*The tragicall History of*

wln 0395

*Wag.* Why french crownes.

wln 0396

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

wln 0397

wln 0398

*Wag.* UUhy now sirra thou art at an houres warning whensoever or wheresoeuer the diuell shall fetch thee.

wln 0399

wln 0400

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

wln 0401

wln 0402

*Wag.* Truly Ile none of them.

wln 0403

*Clo.* Truly but you shall.

wln 0404

*Wag.* Beare witnesse I gaue them him.

wln 0405

*Clo.* Beare witnesse I giue them you againe.

wln 0406

*Wag.* UUell, I will cause two diuels presently to fetch thee away *Baliol* and *Belcher*.

wln 0407

wln 0408

*Clo.* Let your *Balio* 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? do ye see yonder tall fellow in the round slop, hee has kild the diuell, so I should be cald kill diuell all the parish ouer.

wln 0409

wln 0410

wln 0411

wln 0412

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

wln 0413

wln 0414

*Wag.* *Balioll* and *Belcher*, spirits away. *Exeunt.*

wln 0415

wln 0416

*Clow.* what, are they gone? a vengeance on them, they haue vilde long nailes, there was a hee diuell and a shée diuell, Ile tell you how you shall know them, all hée diuels has hornes, and all shée diuels has clifts and clouen feete.

wln 0417

wln 0418

wln 0419

*Wag.* Well sirra follow me.

wln 0420

wln 0421

*Clo.* But do you hear? if I should serue you, would you teach me to raise vp *Banios* and *Belcheos*?

wln 0422

wln 0423

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

wln 0424

wln 0425

*Clo.* How? a Christian fellow to a dogge or a catte, a mouse or a ratte? no, no sir, if you turne me into any thing, let it be in the likenesse of a little pretie frisking flea, that I may be here and there and euery where, O Ile tickle the pretie wenches plackets Ile be amongst them ifaith.

wln 0426

wln 0427

wln 0428

wln 0429

*Wag.*

*Doctor Faustus.*

wln 0430           *Wag.* Wel sirra, come.  
wln 0431           *Clo.* But doe you heare *Wagner*?  
wln 0432           *Wag.* How *Balioll* and *Belcher*.  
wln 0433           *Clo.* O Lord I pray sir, let *Banio* and *Belcher* go sléepe.  
wln 0434           *Wag.* Uilaine, call me Maister *Wagner*, and let thy left  
wln 0435 eye be diametarily fixt vpon my right heele, with *quasi vesti-*  
wln 0436 *gias nostras infistere* *exit*  
wln 0437           *Clo:* God forgiue me, he speakes Dutch fustian: well,  
wln 0438 Ile folow him, Ile serue him, thats flat. *exit*  
wln 0439                           *Enter Faustus in his Study.*  
wln 0440           *Fau.* Now Faustus must thou néedes be damnd,  
wln 0441 And canst thou not be saued?  
wln 0442 what bootes it then to thinke of God or heauen?  
wln 0443 Away with such vaine fancies and despaire,  
wln 0444 Despaire in God, and trust in Belsabub:  
wln 0445 Now go not backward: no Faustus, be resolute,  
wln 0446 why wauerest thou? O something soundeth in mine eares:  
wln 0447 Abiure this Magicke, turne to God againe,  
wln 0448 I and Faustus wil turne to God againe.  
wln 0449 To God? he loues thee not,  
wln 0450 The god thou seruest is thine owne appetite,  
wln 0451 wherein is fixt the loue of Belsabub,  
wln 0452 To him Ile build an altare and a church,  
wln 0453 And offer luke warme blood of new borne babes.  
wln 0454                           *Enter good Angell, and Euill.*  
wln 0455           *Good Angel* Swéet Faustus, leaue that execrable art.  
wln 0456           *Fau.* Contrition, prayer, repentance: what of them?  
wln 0457           *Good Angel* O they are meanes to bring thée vnto hea=  
wln 0458 uen.  
wln 0459           *Euill Angel* Rather illusions frutes of lunacy,  
wln 0460 That makes men foolish that do trust them most.  
wln 0461           *Good Angel* Swéet Faustus thinke of heauen, and hea=  
wln 0462 uenly things.  
wln 0463           *Euill Angel* No Faustus, thinke of honor and wealth.  
wln 0464           *Fau.* Of wealth, *exeunt.*  
wln 0465 Why the signory of Emden shalbe mine,  
wln 0466 when *Mephatophilus* shal stand by me,

what



*The tragicall History of*

wln 0467  
wln 0468  
wln 0469  
wln 0470  
wln 0471  
wln 0472  
wln 0473  
wln 0474  
wln 0475  
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wln 0499  
wln 0500  
wln 0501  
wln 0502  
wln 0503

What God can hurt thee Faustus? thou art safe,  
Cast no more doubts, come *Mephastophilus*,  
And bring glad tidings from great *Lucifer*:

Ist not midnight? come *Mephastophilus*,  
*Veni veni Mephastophile*

*enter Meph:*

Now tel, what sayes *Lucifer* thy Lord?

*Me:* That I shal waite on Faustus whilst I liue,  
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 déede of gift with thine owne blood,  
For that security craues great *Lucifer*:

If thou deny it, I wil backe to hel.

*Fau:* Stay *Mephastophilus*, and tel me, what good 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 slaue, and waite on thee,  
And giue thee more than thou hast wit to aske.

*Fau:* I *Mephastophilus*, 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:* Loe *Mephastophilus*, for loue of thee,  
I cut mine arme, and with my proper blood  
Assure my soule to be great *Lucifers*,  
Chiefe Lord and regent of perpetual night,  
Uiew heere 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  
déede of gift.

*Fau.* I so I will, but *Mephastophilis* my bloud conieales

and

*Doctor Faustus.*

wln 0504

and I can write no more.

wln 0505

*Me.* Ile fetch thée fier to dissolue it straight.

*Exit.*

wln 0506

*Fau.* What might the staying of my bloud portend?

wln 0507

Is it vnwilling I should write this bill?

wln 0508

Why streames it not, that I may write afresh?

wln 0509

Faustus giues to thee his soule: ah there it stayde,

wln 0510

Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soule thine owne?

wln 0511

Then write againe, Faustus giues to thée his soule.

wln 0512

*Enter Mephistophilis with a chafer of coles.*

wln 0513

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

wln 0514

*Fau.* So now the bloud begins to cleare againe,

wln 0515

Now will I make an ende immediately.

wln 0516

*Me.* O what will not I do to obtaine his soule?

wln 0517

*Fau.* *Consummatum est*, this Bill is ended,

wln 0518

And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soule to *Lucifer*.

wln 0519

But what is this inscription on mine arme?

wln 0520

*Homo fuge*, whither should I flie?

wln 0521

If vnto God hée'le throwe thée downe to hell,

wln 0522

My sences are deceiu'd, here's nothing writ,

wln 0523

I seee it plaine, here in this place is writ,

wln 0524

*Homo fuge*, yet shall not *Faustus* flye.

wln 0525

*Me.* Ile fetch him somewhat to delight his minde.

wln 0526

*exit.*

wln 0527

*Enter with diuels, giuing crownes and rich apparell to*

wln 0528

*Faustus, and daunce, and then depart.*

wln 0529

*Fau.* Speake Mephistophilis, what meanes this shewe?

wln 0530

*Me.* Nothing Faustus, but to delight thy minde withall,

wln 0531

And to shewe thee what Magicke can performe.

wln 0532

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

wln 0533

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

wln 0534

*Fau.* Then theres inough for a thousand soules,

wln 0535

Here Mephistophilis receiue this scrowle,

wln 0536

A déede of gift of body and of soule:

wln 0537

But yet conditionally, that thou performe

wln 0538

All articles prescrib'd betweene vs both.

*The tragicall History of*

wln 0539  
wln 0540  
wln 0541  
wln 0542  
wln 0543  
wln 0544  
wln 0545  
wln 0546  
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wln 0571  
wln 0572  
wln 0573  
wln 0574

*Me.* Faustus, I sweare by hel and *Lucifer*  
To effect all promises betweene vs made.

*Fau.* Then heare me reade them: on these conditions following.

*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 inuisible.*

*Lastly, that hee [ \* ]hall appeare to the said Iohn Faustus at all times, in what forme or shape soeuer he please.*

*I Iohn Faustus of Wertemberge, 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 inuiolate, full power to fetch or carry the said Iohn Faustus body and soule, flesh, bloud, or goods, into their habitation where-soeuer.*

*By me Iohn Faustus.*

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

*Fau.* I, take it, and the diuell giue thee good ont.

*Me.* Now Faustus aske what thou wilt.

*Fau.* First will I question with thée 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 where we are is hell,  
And where hell is, must we euer be:

And to conclude, when all the world dissolues,  
And euery creature shalbe purified,  
All places shall be hell that is not heauen.

*Fau.*

*Doctor Faustus.*

wln 0575

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

wln 0576

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

wln 0577

*Fau.* Why? thinkst thou then that Faustus shall bée  
damn'd?

wln 0579

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

wln 0580

*Fau.* I, and body too, but what of that?

wln 0581

Thinkst thou that Faustus is so fond,  
To imagine, that after this life there is any paine?  
Tush these are trifles and méere olde wiues tales.

wln 0583

wln 0584

wln 0585

*Me.* But Faustus I am an instance to proue the contrary  
For I am damnd, and am now in hell.

wln 0586

wln 0587

*Fau.* How? now in hell? nay and this be hell, Ile wil=  
lingly be damnd here: what walking, disputing, &c. But  
leauing 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.

wln 0588

wln 0589

wln 0590

wln 0591

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

wln 0592

wln 0593

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

wln 0594

wln 0595

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

wln 0596

wln 0597

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

wln 0598

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

wln 0599

*Fau:* A plague on her for a hote whore.

wln 0600

wln 0601

*Me:* Tut Faustus, marriage is but a ceremoniall toy, if  
thou louest me, thinke more of it.

wln 0602

Ile cull thée out the fairest curtezans,  
And bring them eu'ry morning to thy bed,  
She whome thine eie shall like, thy heart shal haue,

wln 0603

wln 0604

Be she as chaste as was *Penelope*,

wln 0605

As wise as *Saba*, or as beautiful

wln 0606

As was bright *Lucifer* before his fall.

wln 0607

Hold, take this booke, peruse it thorowly,

wln 0608

The iterating of these lines brings golde,

wln 0609

wln 0610

*The tragicall History of*

wln 0611  
wln 0612  
wln 0613  
wln 0614  
wln 0615  
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wln 0646  
wln 0647

The framing of this circle on the ground,  
Brings whirlwindes, tempests, thunder and lightning.  
Pronounce this thrice deuoutly to thy selfe,  
And men in armour shal appeare to thee,  
Ready to execute what thou desirst.

*Fau:* Thankes *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:* Héere they are too. *Turne to them*

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

*Me,* Here they be.

*Fau:* O thou art deceiued.

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

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

*Me:* why Faustus,  
Thinkst thou heauen is such a glorious thing?  
I tel thée tis not halfe so faire as thou,  
Or any man that breathes on earth.

*Fau:* How proouest thou that?

*Me:* It was made for man, therefore is man more 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 thée.

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

*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.

*Doctor Faustus.*

wln 0648  
wln 0649  
wln 0650  
wln 0651  
wln 0652  
wln 0653  
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wln 0679  
wln 0680  
wln 0681  
wln 0682  
wln 0683  
wln 0684

*euill An:* I but Faustus neuer shal repent.

*exeunt*

*Fau:* My hearts so hardned I cannot repent,  
Scarse can I name saluation, faith, or heauen,  
But feareful ecchoes thunders in mine eares,  
Faustus, thou art damn'd, then swordes and kniues,  
Poyson, gunnes, halters, and inuendomd stéele  
Are layde before me to dispatch my selfe,  
And long ere this I should haue slaine my selfe,  
Had not swéete pleasure conquerd déepe 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 Moone?  
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 ioyntly moue vpon one axletrée,  
Whose terminine is tearmd the worlds wide pole,  
Nor are the names of *Saturne*, *Mars*, or *Iupiter*  
Faind, but are erring starres.

*Fau.* But tell me, haue they all one motion? both *situ & 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 Zodiake.

*Fau.* Tush, these slender trifles *Wagner* can decide,  
Hath *Mephastophilis* no greater skill?  
Who knowes not the double motion of the plannets?  
The first is finisht in a naturall day,  
The second thus, as *Saturne* in 30. yeares, *Iupiter* in 12.

*The tragicall History of*

wln 0685  
wln 0686  
wln 0687  
wln 0688  
wln 0689  
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wln 0719  
wln 0720  
wln 0721

*Mars* in 4. the Sunne, *Venus*, and Mercury in a yeare: the Moone in 28. dayes. Tush these are fresh mens suppositions, but tell me, hath euery spheare a dominion or *Intelligentij*?

*Me.* I.

*Fau.* How many heauens or spheares are there?

*Me.* Nine, the seuen planets, the firmament, and the imperiall heauen.

*Fau.* UUell, resolue me in this question, why haue wée not coniunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipsis, all at one time, but in some yeares we haue more, 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.* Sweete Mephastophilus tell me.

*Me.* Moue me not, for I will not tell thée.

*Fau.* Uillaine, haue I not bound thée to tel me any thing?

*Me.* I, that is not against our kingdome, but this is, Thinke thou on hell *Faustus*, for thou art damnd.

*Fau.* Thinke *Faustus* vpon God that made the world.

*Me.* Remember this.

*Exit.*

*Fau.* I, goe accursed spirit to vgly hell, Tis thou hast damnd distressed *Faustus* soule: Ist 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 péces.

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

*Fau.* Ah Christ my Sauour, seeke to saue distressed *Faustus* 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:* O 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.*

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

*Fau:* Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,  
And Faustus vowes neuer to looke to heauen,  
Neuer 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:* That sight will be as pleasing vnto me, as paradise  
was to *Adam*, the first day of his creation.

*Lu:* Talke not of paradise, nor 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.

*Eau:* What art thou? the first.

*Pride* I am Pride, I disdaine to haue any parents, I am  
like to *Ouids* flea, I can creepe into euery corner of a wench,  
sometimes like a periwig, I sit vpon her brow, or like a fan  
of feathers, I kisse her lippes, indéede I doe, what doe I not?  
but fie, what a scent is here? Ile not speake an other worde,  
except the ground were perfumde and couered with cloth of  
arras.

*Fau:* What art thou? the second.

*Coue:* 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 vppe in my good chest, O my  
sweete golde

*Fau:* What art thou? the third.

*Wrath* I am *Wrath*, I had neither father nor 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 borne in hel, 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-swéeper, and an Oyster wife, I cannot reade, and therefore wish al bookes were burnt: I am leane with séeing others eate, O that there would come a famine through all the worlde, that all might die, and I liue alone, then thou shouldst see how fatt I would be: but must thou sit and I stand? come downe with a vengeance.

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

*Glut:* who I sir, I am *Gluttony*, my parents are al dead, and the diuel a peny they haue left me, but a bare pention, and that is 30. meales a day, and tenne beauers, a small trifle to suffice nature, O 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, Pe=ter Pickle-herring, and Martin Martlemas biefé, O but my godmother she was a iolly gentlewoman, and webelo=ued in euery good towne and Citie, her name was mistresse Margery March-béere: now *Faustus*, thou hast heard all my Progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

*Fau.* No, Ile sée thée hanged, thou wilt eate vp all my victualls.

*Glut.* Then the diuell choake thée.

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

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

*Fau.* What are you mistresse minkes? the seauenth and last.

*Lechery* Who I sir? I am one that loues an inch of raw Mutton better then an ell of fride stock-fish, and the first

*Doctor Faustus.*

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letter of my name beginnes with leachery.  
Away, to hel, to hel. *exeunt the sinnes.*  
*Lu.* Now Faustus, how dost thou like this?  
*Fau.* O this feedes my soule.  
*Lu.* But Faustus, in hel is al manner of delight.  
*Fau.* O 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 throwly, and thou shalt turne  
thy selfe into what shape thou wilt.  
*Fau.* Great thankes mighty Lucifer, this wil I keepe as  
chary as my life.  
*Lu.* Farewel Faustus, and thinke on the diuel.  
*Fau.* Farewel great *Lucifer*, come *Mephastophilis*.  
*exeunt omnes.*  
*enter Wagner solus.*  
*Wag.* Learned Faustus,  
To know the secrets of *Astronomy*,  
Grauen in the booke of *Ioues* hie firmament,  
Did mount himselfe to scale *Olympus* top,  
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,  
Drawne by the strength of yoky dragons neckes,  
He now is gone to prooue *Cosmography*,  
And as I gesse, 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. *exit Wagner*  
*Enter Faustus and Mephastophilus.*  
*Fau.* Hauing now, my good Mephastophilus,  
Past with delight the stately towne of *Trier*,  
Inuirond round with ayrie mountaine tops,  
With walles of flint, and deepe intrenched lakes,  
Not to be wonne by any conquering prince,  
From *Paris* next coasting the Realme of France,  
Wée sawe the riuer *Maine* fall into *Rhine*,  
UWhose bankes are set with groues of fruitful vines.  
Then vp to *Naples*, rich *Campania*,

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wln 0833 UUhose buildings faire and gorgeous to the eye,  
wln 0834 The stréetes straight forth, and pau'd with finest bricke,  
wln 0835 Quarters the towne in foure equiuolence.  
wln 0836 There sawe we learned *Maroes* golden tombe,  
wln 0837 The way he cut an English mile in length,  
wln 0838 Thorough a rocke of stone in one nights space.  
wln 0839 From thence to *Venice, Padua* and the rest,  
wln 0840 In midst of which a sumptuous Temple stands,  
wln 0841 That threatens the starres with her aspiring toppe.  
wln 0842 Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time,  
wln 0843 But tell me now, what resting place is this?  
wln 0844 Hast thou as erst I did commaund,  
wln 0845 Conducted me within the walles of *Rome*?

*Me.* Faustus I haue, and because we wil not be vnpro=  
wln 0847 uided, I haue taken vp his holinesse priuy chamber for  
wln 0848 our vse.

*Fau.* I hope his holinesse will bid vs welcome. (cheare,

*Me.* Tut, tis no matter man, wéele be bold with his good  
wln 0851 And now my Faustus, that thou maist perceiue  
wln 0852 What *Rome* containeth to delight thée with,  
wln 0853 Know that this Citie stands vpon seuen hilles  
wln 0854 That vnderprops the groundworke of the same,  
wln 0855 Ouer the which foure stately bridges leane,  
wln 0856 That makes safe passage to each part of *Rome*.  
wln 0857 Upon the bridge call'd *Ponto Angelo*,  
wln 0858 Erected is a Castle passing strong,  
wln 0859 Within whose walles such store of ordonance are,  
wln 0860 And double Canons, fram'd of carued brasse,  
wln 0861 As match the dayes within one compleate yeare,  
wln 0862 Besides the gates and high piramides,  
wln 0863 Which *Iulius Caesar* brought from *Affrica*.

*Fau.* Now by the kingdomes of infernall rule,  
wln 0865 Of *Styx, Acheron*, and the fiery lake  
wln 0866 Of euer burning *Phlegeton* I sweare,  
wln 0867 That I do long to sée the monuments  
wln 0868 And scituation of bright splendant *Rome*,  
wln 0869 Come therefore lets away.

*Me:*

*Doctor Faustus.*

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*Me.* Nay Faustus stay, I know youd faine see the Pope,  
And take some part of holy *Peters* feast,  
Where thou 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 charme me that I may be inuisible, to do what I  
please vnseene of any whilst I stay in Rome.

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

*Sound a Sonnet, enter the Pope and the Cardinall of  
Lorraine*

*to the banket, with Friers attending.*

*Pope* My Lord of *Lorraine*, wilt please you draw neare.

*Fau.* Fall too, and the diuel choake you and you spare.

*Pope* How now, whose that which spake? Friers looke  
about.

*Fri.* Héere'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 looke?

My Lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinall of Flo=  
rence.

*Fau.* You say true, Ile hate.

*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 holinesse.

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

*The Pope crosseth himselfe.*

*Fau.* What, are you crossing of your selfe?  
UUell vse that tricke no more, I would aduise you.

*Crosse againe.*

*Fau.* UUell, 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.* Nay I know not, we shalbe curst with bell, booke,  
and candle.

*Fau.* How? bell, booke, and candle, candle, booke, and bell,  
Forward and backward, to curse *Faustus* to hell.

Anon you shal heare a hogge grunt, a calfe bleate, and an  
asse braye, because it is *S. Peters* holy day.

*Enter all the Friers to sing the Dirge.*

*Frier.* Come brethren, lets about our businesse with good  
deuotion.

*Sing this. Cursed be hee that stole away his holinesse meate  
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 Sandelo 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 fling fier-workes among  
them, and so Exeunt.*

*Enter Chorus.*

UUhen Faustus had with pleasure tane the view  
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,  
Hée stayde his course, and so returned home,  
Where such as beare his absence, but with grieffe,  
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.*

wln 0942 UUhich *Faustus* answerd with such learned skill,  
wln 0943 As they admirde and wondred at his wit.  
wln 0944 Now is his fame spread forth in euery land,  
wln 0945 Amongst the rest the Emperour is one,  
wln 0946 *Carolus* the fift, at whose pallace now  
wln 0947 *Faustus* is feasted mongst his noble men.  
wln 0948 UUhat there he did in triall of his art,  
wln 0949 I leaue vntold, your eyes shall see performd.

*Exit.*

*Enter Robin the Ostler with a booke in his hand*

wln 0950 *Robin* O this is admirable! here I ha stolne one of doctor  
wln 0951 *Faustus* coniuring books, and ifaith I meane to search some  
wln 0952 circles for my owne vse: now wil I make al the maidens in  
wln 0953 our parish dance at my pleasure starke naked before me, and  
wln 0954 so by that meanes I shal see more then ere I felt, or saw yet.

*Enter Rafe calling Robin.*

wln 0955 *Rafe Robin*, prethee come away, theres a Gentleman  
wln 0956 tarries to haue his horse, and he would haue his things rubd  
wln 0957 and made cleane: he keepes such a chafing with my mistris  
wln 0958 about it, and she has sent me to looke thée out, prethée come  
wln 0959 away.

wln 0960 *Robin* Keepe out, kéepe out, or else you are blowne vp, you  
wln 0961 are dismembred *Rafe*, kéepe out, for I am about a roaring  
wln 0962 peece of worke.

wln 0963 *Rafe* Come, what doest thou with that same booke thou  
wln 0964 canst not reade?

wln 0965 *Robin* Yes, my maister and mistris shal finde that I can  
wln 0966 reade, he for his forehead, she for her priuate study, shée's  
wln 0967 borne to beare with me, or else my Art failes.

wln 0970 *Rafe* Why *Robin* what booke is that?

wln 0971 *Robin* What booke? why the most intollerable booke for  
wln 0972 coniuring that ere was inuented by any brimstone diuel.

wln 0973 *Rafe* Canst thou coniure with it?

wln 0974 *Robin* I can do al these things easily with it: first, I can  
wln 0975 make thée druncke with 'ipocrase at any taberne in Europe  
wln 0976 for nothing, thats one of my coniuring workes.

wln 0977 *Rafe* Our maister Parson sayes thats nothing.

wln 0978 *Robin* True *Rafe*, and more *Rafe*, if thou hast any mind

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

*Rafe* O braue *Robin*; shal I haue *Nan Spit*, and to mine owne vse? On that condition Ile feede thy diuel with horse= bread as long as he liues, of frée cost.

*Robin* No more swéete *Rafe*, letts goe and make cleane our bootes which lie foule vpon our handes, and then to our coniuring in the diuels name. *exeunt.*

*Enter Robin and Rafe with a siluer Goblet.*

*Robin* Come *Rafe*, did not I tell thee, we were for euer made by this doctor Faustus booke? *ecce signum*, héeres a sim= ple purchase for horse-kéeperes, our horses shal eate no hay as long as this lasts. *enter the Vintner.*

*Rafe* But *Robin*, here comes the vintner.

*Robin* Hush, Ile gul him supernaturally: Drawer, I hope al is payd, God be with you, come *Rafe*.

*Vintn.* Soft sir, a word with you, I must yet haue a gob= let payde from you ere you goe.

*Robin* I a goblet *Rafe*, I a goblet? I scorne you: and you are but a &c. I a goblet? search me.

*Vintn.* I meane so sir with your fauor.

*Robin* How say you now?

*Vintner* I must say somewhat to your felow, you sir.

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

*Vintner* Wel, tone of you hath this goblet about you.

*Ro.* You lie Drawer, tis afore me: sirra you, Ile teach ye to impeach honest men: stand by, Ile scowre you for a goblet, stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of Belza= bub: looke to the goblet *Rafe*.

*Vintner* what meane you sirra?

*Robin* Ile tel you what I meane. *He reades.*

*Sanctobulorum Periphrasticon*: nay Ile tickle you Uintner, looke to the goblet *Rafe*, *Polypragmos Belyeborams framanto pa= costiphos tostu Mephastophilis, &c.*

*Enter Mephostophilis: sets squibs at their backes: they runne about.*

*Vintner*

*Doctor Faustus.*

wln 1016            *Vintner* *O nomine Domine*, what meanst thou *Robin* thou? hast  
wln 1017 no goblet.

wln 1018            *Rafe* *Peccatum peccatorum*, heeres thy goblet, good Unt=  
wln 1019 ner.

wln 1020            *Robin* *Misericordia pro nobis*, what shal I doe? good diuel  
wln 1021 forgiue me now, and Ile neuer rob thy Library more.

wln 1022                            *Enter to them Meph.*

wln 1023            *Meph.* Uanish vilaines, th one like an Ape, an other like  
wln 1024 a Beare, the third an Asse, for doing this enterprise.

wln 1025            Monarch of hel, vnder whose blacke suruey  
wln 1026            Great Potentates do kneele with awful feare,  
wln 1027            Upon whose altars thousand foules do lie,  
wln 1028            How am I vexed with these vilaines charmes?

wln 1029            From *Constantinople* am I hither come,  
wln 1030            Onely for pleasure of these damned slaues.

wln 1031            *Robin* How, from *Constantinople*? you haue had a great  
wln 1032 journey, wil you take sixe pence in your purse to pay for your  
wln 1033 supper, and be gone?

wln 1034            *Me.* wel villaines, for your presumption, I transforme  
wln 1035 thée into an Ape, and thée into a Dog, and so be gone.            *exit.*

wln 1036            *Rob.* How, into an Ape? thats braue, Ile haue fine sport  
wln 1037 with the boyes, Ile get nuts and apples enow.

wln 1038            *Rafe* And I must be a Dogge.

wln 1039            *Robin* Ifaith thy head wil neuer be out of the potage ~~pot~~.

wln 1040                            *Enter Emperour, Faustus, and a Knight,*  
wln 1041                            *with Attendants.*

wln 1042            *Em.* Maister doctor Faustus, I haue heard strange re=  
wln 1043 port of thy knowledge in the blacke Arte, how that none in  
wln 1044 my Empire, nor in the whole world can compare with thée,  
wln 1045 for the rare effects of Magicke: they say thou hast a familiar  
wln 1046 spirit, by whome thou canst accomplish what thou list, this  
wln 1047 therefore is my request that thou let me see some prooffe of thy  
wln 1048 skil, that mine eies may be witnesses to confirme what mine  
wln 1049 eares haue heard reported, and here I sweare to thée, by the  
wln 1050 honor of mine Imperial crowne, that what euer thou doest,  
wln 1051 thou shalt be no wayes preiudiced or indamaged.

wln 1052            *Knight* Ifaith he lookes much like a coniuurer.            *aside.*

*Fau.*



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wln 1088  
wln 1089

*Fau.* My gracious Soueraigne, though I must confesse my selfe farre inferior to the report men haue published, and nothing answerable to the honor of your Imperial maiesty, yet for that loue and duety bindes me therevnto, I am content to do whatsoever your maiesty shall command me.

*Em.* Then doctor Faustus, marke what I shall say, As I was sometime solitary set, within my Closet, sundry thoughts arose, about the honour of mine auncestors, howe they had wonne by prowesse such exploits, gote such riches, subdued so many kingdomes, as we that do succéde, or they that shal hereafter possesse our throne, shal (I feare me) neuer attaine to that degré of high renowne and great authoritie, amongst which kings is *Alexander* the great, chiefe spectacle of the worldes preheminance,  
The bright shining of whose glorious actes  
Lightens the world with his reflecting beames,  
As when I heare but motion 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 bring with him his beauteous Paramour,  
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire  
They vsde to weare during their time of life,  
Thou shalt both satisfie my iust desire,  
And giue me cause to praise thée 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* Ifaith thats iust nothing at all. *aside.*

*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 princes which long since are consumed to dust.

*Knight* I mary master doctor, now theres a signe of grace in you, when you wil confesse the trueth. *aside.*

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

manner

*Doctor Faustus.*

wln 1090

manner that they best liu'd in, in their most flourishing estate,  
wln 1091 which I doubt not shal sufficiently content your Imperiall  
wln 1092 maiesty.

wln 1093

*Em* Go to maister Doctor, let me see them presently.

wln 1094

*Kn.* Do you heare maister Doctor? you bring *Alexander*  
wln 1095 and his paramour before the emperor?

wln 1096

*Fau.* How then sir?

wln 1097

*Kn.* Ifaith thats as true as *Diana* turnd me to a stag.

wln 1098

*Fau:* No sir but when *Acteon* died, he left the hornes for  
wln 1099 you: *Mephastophilis* be gone. *exit Meph.*

wln 1100

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

wln 1101

*Fau.* Ile méete with you anone for interrupting me so:  
wln 1102 héere they are my gracious Lord.

wln 1103

*Enter Meph: with Alexander and his paramour.*

wln 1104

*emp.* Maister Doctor, I heard this Lady while she liu'd  
wln 1105 had a wart or moale in her necke, how shal I know whether  
wln 1106 it be so or no?

wln 1107

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

wln 1108

*emp:* Sure these are no spirites, but the true substantiall  
wln 1109 bodies of those two deceased princes.

wln 1110

*Fau:* wilt please your highnes now to send for the knight  
wln 1111 that was so pleasant with me here of late?

wln 1112

*emp:* One of you call him foorth.

wln 1113

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

wln 1114

*emp.* How now sir Knight? why I had thought thou  
wln 1115 hadst beene a batcheler, but now I see thou hast a wife, that  
wln 1116 not only giues thee hornes, but makes thee weare them, feele  
wln 1117 on thy head.

wln 1118

*Kn:* Thou damned wretch, and execrable dogge,  
wln 1119 Bred in the concaue of some monstrous rocke:  
wln 1120 How darst thou thus abuse a Gentleman?  
wln 1121 Uilaine I say, vndo what thou hast done.

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wln 1122  
wln 1123  
wln 1124  
wln 1125  
wln 1126  
wln 1127  
wln 1128  
wln 1129  
wln 1130  
wln 1131  
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wln 1149  
wln 1150  
wln 1151  
wln 1152  
wln 1153  
wln 1154  
wln 1155  
wln 1156  
wln 1157

*Fau:* O 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:* Good Maister Doctor, at my intreaty release him, he hath done penance sufficient.

*Fau:* My gracious Lord, not so much for the iniury hée offred me héere 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 hornes: and sir knight, hereafter speake well of Scholers: *Mephistophilis*, transforme him strait. Now my good Lord hauing done my duety, I humbly take my leaue.

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

*Fau:* Now *Mephistophilis*, the restlesse course that time doth runne with calme and silent foote, Shortning my dayes and thred of vitall life, Calls for the payment of my latest yeares, Therefore swéet *Mephistophilis*, let vs make haste to *Wertenberge*.

*Me:* what, wil you goe on horse backe, or on foote?

*Fau:* Nay, til I am past this faire and pleasant gréene, ile walke on foote. *enter a Horse-courser*

*Hors:* I haue béene al this day séeking one maister *Fu=stian*: masse sée where he is, God saue you maister doctor.

*Fau:* What horse-courser, you are wel met.

*Hors:* Do you heare sir? I haue brought you forty dol=lers for your horse.

*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 fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor childe.

*Fau:* Wel, come giue me your money, my boy wil deli=uer him to you: but I must tel you one thing before you haue

him,

*Doctor Faustus.*

wln 1158

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

wln 1159

*Hors:* why sir, wil he not drinke of all waters?

wln 1160

*Fau:* O yes, he wil drinke 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.

wln 1162

wln 1163

wln 1164

wln 1165

wln 1166

wln 1167

wln 1168

wln 1169

*Hors:* Wel sir, Now am I made man for euer, Ile not leaue my horse for fortie: if he had but the qualitie of hey ding, ding, hey, ding, ding, Ide make a braue liuing on him; hée 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 bring his water to you youle tel me what it is?

*Exit Horsecourser.*

wln 1170

wln 1171

wln 1172

wln 1173

wln 1174

wln 1175

wln 1176

*Fau.* Away you villaine: what, doost thinke I am a horse= doctor? what art thou Faustus but a man condemnd to die? Thy fatall time doth drawe to finall ende, Dispaire doth driue distrust vnto my thoughts, Confound these passions with a quiet sléepe: Tush, Christ did call the thiefe vpon the Crosse, Then rest thée Faustus quiet in conceit. *Sleepe in his chaire.*

wln 1177

*Enter Horsecourser all wet, crying.*

wln 1178

wln 1179

wln 1180

wln 1181

wln 1182

wln 1183

wln 1184

wln 1185

wln 1186

wln 1187

wln 1188

wln 1189

wln 1190

wln 1191

*Hors.* Alas, alas, Doctor Fustian quoth a, mas Doctor *Lopus* was neuer such a Doctor, has giuen me a purgation, has purg'd me of fortie Dollers, I shall neuer see them more: but yet like an asse as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for 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 vanisht away, and I sat vp= on a bottle of hey, neuer so neare drowning in my life: but Ile seeke out my Doctor, and haue my fortie dollers againe, or Ile 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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wln 1192

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

wln 1193

*Hors.* But I wil speake with him.

wln 1194

*Me.* Why hée's fast asléepe, come some other time.

wln 1195

wln 1196

*Hors.* Ile speake with him now, or Ile breake his glasse=  
windowes about his eares.

wln 1197

*Me.* I tell thee he has not slept this eight nights.

wln 1198

wln 1199

*Hors.* And he haue not slept this eight wéekes Ile speake  
with him.

wln 1200

*Me.* Sée where he is fast asléepe.

wln 1201

wln 1202

*Hors.* I, this is he, God saue ye maister doctor, maister  
doctor, maister doctor Fustian, fortie dollers, fortie dollers  
for a bottle of hey.

wln 1203

wln 1204

*Me.* Why, thou seest he heares thée not.

wln 1205

wln 1206

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

wln 1207

wln 1208

*Pull him by the legge, and pull it away.*

wln 1209

Alas, I am vndone, what shall I do:

wln 1210

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

wln 1211

*Me.* Come villaine to the Constable.

wln 1212

wln 1213

*Hors.* O Lord sir, let me goe, and Ile giue you fortie dol=  
lers more.

wln 1214

*Me.* Where be they?

wln 1215

wln 1216

*Hors.* I haue none about me, come to my Oastrie and Ile  
giue them you.

wln 1217

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

wln 1218

wln 1219

*Fau.* What is he gone? farwel he, Faustus has his legge  
again, and the Horsecourser I take it, a bottle of hey for his  
labour; wel, this tricke shal cost him fortie dollers more.

wln 1220

wln 1221

wln 1222

*Enter Wagner.*

wln 1223

How now *Vagner*, what's the newes with thée?

*Wag.*

*Doctor Faustus.*

wln 1224

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

wln 1225

wln 1226

*Fau.* The Duke of *Vanholt*! an honourable gentleman,  
to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning, come *Me-*  
*phastophilis*, let's away to him. *exeunt.*

wln 1227

wln 1228

wln 1229

*Enter to them the Duke, and the Dutches,  
the Duke speakes.*

wln 1230

wln 1231

*Du.* Beléeue me maister Doctor, this merriment hath  
much pleased me.

wln 1232

wln 1233

*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 dain=  
ties or other, what is it Madame? tell me, and you shal haue  
it.

wln 1234

wln 1235

wln 1236

wln 1237

wln 1238

*Dutch.* Thankes, good maister doctor,  
And for I see your curteous intent to pleasure me, I wil not  
hide from you the thing my heart desires, and were it nowe  
summer, as it is Ianuary, and the dead time of the winter, I  
would desire no better meate then a dish of ripe grapes.

wln 1239

wln 1240

wln 1241

wln 1242

wln 1243

*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, wilt please you taste *with the grapes.*  
on them.

wln 1244

wln 1245

wln 1246

wln 1247

wln 1248

*Du.* Beléeue me master Doctor, this makes me wonder  
about the rest, that being in the dead time of winter, and in  
the month of Ianuary, how you shuld come by these grapes.

wln 1249

wln 1250

wln 1251

*Fau.* If it like your grace, the yéere is diuided into two  
circles ouer the whole worlde, that when it is héere 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?

wln 1252

wln 1253

wln 1254

wln 1255

wln 1256

wln 1257

*Dut.* Beléeue me Maister doctor, they be the best grapes

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wln 1258

that ere I tasted in my life before.

wln 1259

*Fau:* I am glad they content you so Madam.

wln 1260

*Du:* Come Madame, let vs in, where you must wel re=  
ward this learned man for the great kindnes he hath shewd  
to you.

wln 1262

*Dut:* And so I wil my Lord, and whilst I liue,  
Rest beholding for this curtesie.

wln 1263

wln 1264

*Fau:* I humbly thanke your Grace.

wln 1265

wln 1266

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

*exeunt.*

wln 1267

wln 1268

*enter Wagner solus.*

wln 1269

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

wln 1270

wln 1271

wln 1272

wln 1273

wln 1274

wln 1275

wln 1276

wln 1277

*Enter Faustus with two or three Schollers*

wln 1278

*I. Sch.* Maister Doctor *Faustus*, since our conference a=  
bout faire Ladies, which was the beutifulst in all the world,  
we haue determind with our selues, that *Helen of Greece*  
was the admirablest Lady that euer liued: therefore master  
Doctor, if you wil do vs that fauor, as to let vs sée that pére=  
lesse Dame of *Greece*, whome al the world admires for ma=  
iesty, wée should thinke our selues much beholding vnto  
you.

wln 1279

wln 1280

wln 1281

wln 1282

wln 1283

wln 1284

wln 1285

wln 1286

*Fau.* Gentlemen, for that I know your friendship is vn=  
fained, and Faustus custome is not to denie the iust requests  
of those that wish him well, you shall behold that pearelesse  
dame of *Greece*, no otherwaies for pompe and maiestie, then  
when sir *Paris* crost the seas with her, and brought the spoiles  
to rich *Dardania*. Be silent then, for danger is in words.

wln 1287

wln 1288

wln 1289

wln 1290

wln 1291

*Mu-*

*Doctor Faustus.*

wln 1292

*Musicke sounds, and Helen passeth ouer the Stage.*

wln 1293

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

wln 1294

wln 1295

3. *Sch.* No maruel tho the angry Greekes pursude  
With tenne yeares warre the rape of such a quéene,  
Whose heauenly beauty passeth all compare.

wln 1296

wln 1297

wln 1298

1. Since we haue séene the pride of natures workes,  
And onely Paragon of excellence,  
Let vs depart, and for this glorious déed  
Happy and blest be Faustus euermore.

wln 1299

wln 1300

*Enter an  
old man.*

wln 1301

wln 1302

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

wln 1303

*Exeunt Schollers.*

wln 1304

wln 1305

*Old.* Ah Doctor Faustus, that I might preuaile,  
To guide thy steps vnto the way of life,  
By which swéete path thou maist attaine the gole  
That shall conduct thée to celestial rest.  
Breake heart, drop bloud, and mingle it with teares,  
Teares falling from repentant heauinesse  
Of thy most vilde and loathsome filthinesse,  
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soule  
With such flagitious crimes of hainous sinnes,  
As no commiseration may expel,  
But mercie Faustus of thy Sauour swéete,  
Whose bloud alone must wash away thy guilt.

wln 1306

wln 1307

wln 1308

wln 1309

wln 1310

wln 1311

wln 1312

wln 1313

wln 1314

wln 1315

wln 1316

wln 1317

*Fau.* Where art thou Faustus? wretch what hast thou  
Damnd art thou Faustus, damnd, dispaire and die, (done?)

wln 1318

wln 1319

Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voyce

wln 1320

Sayes, Faustus come, thine houre is come,

*Mepha. giues  
him a dagger.*

wln 1321

And Faustus will come to do thée right.

wln 1322

*Old.* Ah stay good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps,

wln 1323

I sée an Angell houers ore thy head,

wln 1324

And with a violl full of precious grace,

wln 1325

Offers to powre the same into thy soule,

wln 1326

Then call for mercie and auoyd dispaire.

*Fau.* Ah my swéete friend, I féele thy words



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wln 1327  
wln 1328  
wln 1329  
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wln 1332  
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wln 1359  
wln 1360  
wln 1361  
wln 1362

To comfort my distressed soule,  
Leaue me a while to ponder on my sinnes.  
*Old.* I goe swéete 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 breast,  
What shal I do to shun the snares of death?  
*Me.* Thou traitor Faustus, I arrest thy soule  
For disobedience to my soueraigne Lord,  
Reuolt, or Ile in peece-meale teare thy flesh.  
*Fau:* Sweete *Mephastophilis*, intreate thy Lord  
To pardon my vniust presumption,  
And with my blood againe I wil confirme  
My former vow I made to *Lucifer*.  
*Me.* Do it then quickly, with vnfaigned heart,  
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.  
*Fau:* Torment sweete friend, that base and crooked age,  
That durst disswade me from thy *Lucifer*,  
With greatest torments that our hel affoords.  
*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, good seruant, let me craue of thée  
To glut the longing of my hearts desire,  
That I might haue vnto my paramour,  
That heauenly *Helen* which I saw of late,  
Whose swéete imbracings may extinguish cleane  
These thoughts that do disswade me from my vow,  
And kéepe mine oath I made to *Lucifer*.  
*Me.* *Faustus*, this, or what else thou shalt desire,  
Shalbe performde in twinckling of an eie. *enter Helen.*  
*Fau:* Was this the face that lancht a thousand shippes?  
And burnt the toplesse Towres of *Ilium*?  
Swéete *Helen*, make me immortall with a kisse:  
Her lips suckes forth my soule, see where it flies:

Come

*Doctor Faustus.*

wln 1363 Come *Helen*, come giue mee my soule againe.  
wln 1364 Here wil I dwel, for heauen be in these lips,  
wln 1365 And all is drosse that is not *Helena*: *enter old man*  
wln 1366 I wil be *Pacis*, and for loue of thee,  
wln 1367 Insteede of *Troy* shal *Wertenberge* be sackt,  
wln 1368 And I wil combate with weake *Menelaus*,  
wln 1369 And weare thy colours on my plumed Crest:  
wln 1370 Yea I wil wound *Achillis* in the heele,  
wln 1371 And then returne to *Helen* for a kisse.  
wln 1372 O thou art fairer then the euening aire,  
wln 1373 Clad in the beauty of a thousand starres,  
wln 1374 Brighter art thou then flaming *Iupiter*,  
wln 1375 When he appeared to haplesse *Semele*,  
wln 1376 More louely then the monarke of the skie  
wln 1377 In wanton *Arethusaes* azurde armes,  
wln 1378 And none but thou shalt be my paramour. *Exeunt.*

wln 1379 *Old man* Accursed *Faustus*, miserable man,  
wln 1380 That from thy soule excludst the grace of heauen,  
wln 1381 And fliest the throne of his tribunall seate,

*Enter the Diuelles.*

wln 1383 Sathan begins to sift me with his pride,  
wln 1384 As in this furnace God shal try my faith,  
wln 1385 My faith, vile hel, shal triumph ouer thee,  
wln 1386 Ambitious fiends, see how the heauens smiled  
wln 1387 At your repulse, and laughs your state to scorne,  
wln 1388 Hence hel, for hence I flie vnto my God. *Exeunt.*

wln 1389 *Enter Faustus with the Schollers.*

wln 1390 *Fau:* Ah Gentlemen!

wln 1391 *1. Sch:* what ailes Faustus?

wln 1392 *Fau:* Ah my swéete chamber-fellow! had I liued with  
wln 1393 thee, then had I liued stil, but now I die eternally: looke,  
wln 1394 comes he not? comes he not?

wln 1395 *2. Sch:* what meanes Faustus?

wln 1396 *3. Scholler* Belike he is growne into some sicknesse, by

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wln 1397  
wln 1398  
wln 1399  
wln 1400  
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wln 1431  
wln 1432

being euer solitary.

*1. Sch.* If it be so, wéele haue Physitians 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 spéeches, though my heart pants and quiuers to remember that I haue beene a student here these thirty yéeres, O would I had neuer séene *Wertenberge*, neuer read booke: and what wonders I haue done, al *Germany* can witnes, yea all the world, for which Faustus hath lost both *Germany*, and the world, yea heauen it selfe, heauen the seate of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdome of ioy, and must remaine in hel for euer, hel, ah hel for euer, sweete friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hel foreuer?

*3. Sch.* Yet Faustus call on God.

*Fau.* On God whome Faustus hath abiurde, on God, whome Faustus hath blasphemed, ah my God, I woulde weepe, but the diuel drawes in my teares gush forth bloud insteade of teares, yea life and soule, Oh he stayes my tong, I would lift vp my hands, but see, they hold them, they hold them.

*All* Who Faustus?

*Fau.* *Lucifer* and *Mephastophilis*.  
Ah Gentlemen! I gaue them my soule for my cunning.

*All* God forbid.

*Fau.* God forbade it indéede, but Faustus hath done it: for vaine pleasure of 24. yeares, hath Faustus lost eternall ioy and felicitie, I writ them a bill with mine owne bloud, the date is expired, the time wil come, and he wil fetch mee.

*1. Schol.* why did not Faustus tel vs of this before, that Diuines might haue prayed for thee?

*Fau.*

*Doctor Faustus.*

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wln 1466  
wln 1467  
wln 1468

*Fau.* Oft haue I thought to haue done so, but the diuell  
threatned to teare mée in péeces, if I namde 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.* O 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, swéete 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  
yéé heare, come not vnto me, for nothing can rescue me.

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

*Fau.* Gentlemen farewell, if I liue til morning, Ile visite  
you: if not, Faustus is gone to hel.

*All* Faustus, farewell.

*Exeunt Sch.*

*The clocke strikes eleauen.*

*Fau.* Ah Faustus,  
Now hast thou but one bare hower to liue,  
And then thou must be damnd perpetually:  
Stand stil you euer moouing spheres of heauen,  
That time may cease, and midnight neuer come:  
Faire Natures eie, rise, rise againe, and make  
Perpetuall day, or let this houre be but a yeere,  
A moneth, a wéeke, a naturall day,  
That Faustus may repent and saue his soule,  
*O lente lente curite noctis equi:*  
The starres mooue stil, time runs, the clocke wil strike,  
The diuel wil come, and Faustus must be damnd.  
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!*

*The tragicall History of*

wln 1469 Where is it now? tis gone:  
wln 1470 And see where God stretcheth out his arme,  
wln 1471 And bends his irefull browes:  
wln 1472 Mountaines and hilles, come come, and fall on me,  
wln 1473 And hide me from the heauy wrath of God.  
wln 1474 No no, then wil I headlong runne into the earth:  
wln 1475 Earth gape, O no, it wil not harbour me:  
wln 1476 You starres that raignd at my natiuitie,  
wln 1477 whose influence hath allotted death and hel,  
wln 1478 Now draw vp Faustus like a foggy mist,  
wln 1479 Into the intrailes of yon labring cloude,  
wln 1480 That when you vomite foorth into the ayre,  
wln 1481 My limbes may issue from your smoaky mouthes,  
wln 1482 So that my soule may but ascend to heauen:  
wln 1483 Ah, halfe the houre is past: *The watch strikes.*  
wln 1484 Twil all be past anone:  
wln 1485 Oh God, if thou wilt not haue mercy on my soule,  
wln 1486 Yet for Christs sake, whose bloud hath ransomd me,  
wln 1487 Impose some end to my incessant paine,  
wln 1488 Let Faustus liue in hel a thousand yeeres,  
wln 1489 A hundred thousand, and at last be sau'd.  
wln 1490 O no end is limited to damned soules,  
wln 1491 Why wert thou not a creature wanting soule?  
wln 1492 Or, why is this immortall that thou hast?  
wln 1493 Ah *Pythagoras metem su cossis* were that true,  
wln 1494 This soule should flie from me, and I be changde  
wln 1495 Unto some brutish beast: al beasts are happy, for when they  
wln 1496 Their soules are soone dissolud in elements, (die,  
wln 1497 But mine must liue still to be plagde in hel:  
wln 1498 Curst be the parents that ingendred me:  
wln 1499 No Faustus, curse thy selfe, curse *Lucifer*,  
wln 1500 That hath depriude thee of the ioyes of heauen:  
wln 1501 *The clooke striketh twelue.*  
wln 1502 O it strikes, it strikes, now body turne to ayre,  
wln 1503 Or *Lucifer* wil beare thee quicke to hel:  
wln 1504 *Thunder and lightning.*

Oh

*Doctor Faustus.*

wln 1505 Oh soule, be change into little water drops,  
wln 1506 And fal into the *Ocean*, nere be found:  
wln 1507 My God, my God, looke not so fierce on me: *Enter diuels.*  
wln 1508 Adders, and Serpents, let me breathe a while:  
wln 1509 Ugly hell gape not, come not *Lucifer*,  
wln 1510 Ile burne my bookes, ah *Mephastophilis.* *exeunt with him*

wln 1511 *Enter Chorus.*

wln 1512 Cut is the branch that might haue growne ful straight,  
wln 1513 And burned is *Apolloes* Laurel bough,  
wln 1514 That sometime grew within this learned man:  
wln 1515 *Faustus* is gone, regard his hellish fall,  
wln 1516 Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,  
wln 1517 Onely to wonder at vnlawful things,  
wln 1518 whose deepenesse doth intise such forward wits,  
wln 1519 To practise more than heauenly power permits.

wln 1520 *Terminat hora diem, Terminat Author opus.*