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This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Elizabeth Williamson, and Michael Poston, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



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In 0001

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

In 0006

In 0007

In 0008

THE
TRAGICALL
History of D. Faustus.

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

Written by Ch. Marl.

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

img: 2-a
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wln 0001

wln 0002

*The tragicall Historie
of Doctor Faustus.*

wln 0003

Enter Chorus.

wln 0004

wln 0005

wln 0006

wln 0007

wln 0008

wln 0009

wln 0010

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wln 0026

wln 0027

NOt marching now in fields of *Thracimene*,
Where *Mars* did mate the Carthaginians,
Nor sporting in the dalliance of loue,
In courts of Kings where state is ouerturnd,
Nor in the pompe of prowde audacious deedes,
Intends our Muse to daunt his heauenly verse:
Onely this (Gentlemen) we must performe,
The forme of *Faustus* fortunes good or bad.
To patient Iudgements we appeale our plaude,
And speake for *Faustus* in his infancie:
Now is he borne, his parents base of stocke,
In *Germany*, within a towne calld *Rhodes*:
Of riper yéeres to *Wertenberg* he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him vp,
So soone hée profites in Diuinitie,
The fruitfull plot of Scholerisme grac't,
That shortly he was grac't with Doctors name,
Excelling all, whose swéete delight disputes
In heauenly matters of *Theologie*,
Till swolne with cunning of a selfe conceit,
His waxen wings did mount aboue his reach,
And melting heauens conspirde his ouerthrow.
For falling to a diuelish exercise,
And glutted more with learnings golden gifts,

A2

He

The Tragicall History of

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wln 0064

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
Affords 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 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 ef·|dem|que res legatus duobus,
Alter rem alter valorem rei, &c.
A pretty case of paltry legacies:
Ex hæredtari filium n||n potest pater nisi:*
Such is the subiect of the institute

And

Doctor Faustus.

wln 0065 And vniuersall body of the Church:
wln 0066 His study fittes a mercenary drudge,
wln 0067 who aimes at nothing but externall trash,
wln 0068 The deuill and illiberall for me:
wln 0069 when all is done, Diuinitie is best.
wln 0070 *Ieromes Bible, Faustus, view it well.*
wln 0071 *Stipendium peccati mors est: ha, Stipendium, &c.*
wln 0072 The reward of sinne is death: thats hard.
wln 0073 *Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, & nulla est in nobis veritas.*
wln 0074 If we say that we haue no sinne,
wln 0075 We deceiue our selues, and theres no truth in vs.
wln 0076 Why then belike we must sinne,
wln 0077 And so consequently die.
wln 0078 I, we must die an euerlasting death:
wln 0079 What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera,*
wln 0080 What wil be, shall be? Diuinitie, adieu,
wln 0081 These Metaphisickes of Magicians,
wln 0082 And Negromantike bookes are heauenly
wln 0083 Lines, circles, sceanes, letters and characters:
wln 0084 Ay, these are those that *Faustus* most desires.
wln 0085 O what a world of profit and delight,
wln 0086 Of power, of honor, of omnipotence
wln 0087 Is promised to the studious Artizan?
wln 0088 All things that mooue betweene the quiet poles
wln 0089 Shalbe at my commaund. Emperours and Kings,
wln 0090 Are but obeyd in their seuerall prouinces:
wln 0091 Nor can they raise the winde, or rend the cloudes:
wln 0092 But his dominion that excéedes in this,
wln 0093 Stretcheth as farre as doth the minde of man.
wln 0094 A sound Magician is a mighty god:
wln 0095 Héere *Faustus* trie thy braines to gaine a deitie.
wln 0096 *Enter Wagner.*
wln 0097 *Wagner*, commend me to my deerest friends,
wln 0098 The Germaine *Valdes*, and *Cornelius*,
wln 0099 Request them earnestly to visite me.
wln 0100 *Wag.* I wil sir. *exit.*
wln 0101 *Fau.* Their conference will be a greater help to me,

The tragicall History of

wln 0102

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 commauder of these Elements.

Exeunt.

wln 0112

Fau. How am I glutted 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 frutes 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.

wln 0137 To practise Magicke and concealed arts:
wln 0138 Yet not your words onely, but mine owne fantasie,
wln 0139 That will receiue no obiect for my head,
wln 0140 But ruminates on Negremantique skill,
wln 0141 Philosophy is odious and obscure,
wln 0142 Both Law and Phisicke are for pettie wits,
wln 0143 Diuinitie is basest of the thrée,
wln 0144 Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible and vilde,
wln 0145 Tis Magicke, Magicke that hath rauisht mée,
wln 0146 Then gentle friends ayde me in this attempt,
wln 0147 And I that haue with Consissylogismes
wln 0148 Graueld the Pastors of the Germaine Church,
wln 0149 And made the flowring pride of *Wertenberge*
wln 0150 Swarme to my Problemes as the infernall spirits
wln 0151 On swéet *Musæus* when he came to hell,
wln 0152 Will be as cunning as *Agrippa* was,
wln 0153 Whose shadowes made all *Europe* honor him.
wln 0154 *Vald.* *Faustus* these bookes thy wit and our experience
wln 0155 Shall make all nations to canonize vs,
wln 0156 As Indian Moores obey their Spanish Lords,
wln 0157 So shall the subiects of euery element
wln 0158 Be alwaies seruiceable to vs thrée,
wln 0159 Like Lyons shall they guard vs when we please,
wln 0160 Like *Almaine* Rutters with their horsemens staues,
wln 0161 Or Lapland Gyants trotting by our sides,
wln 0162 Sometimes like women, or vnwedded maides,
wln 0163 Shadowing more beautie in their ayrie browes,
wln 0164 Then in their white breasts of the queene of Loue:
wln 0165 For *Venice* shall they dregge huge Argoces,
wln 0166 And from *America* the golden fléece,
wln 0167 That yearely stuffes olde *Philips* treasury
wln 0168 If learned *Faustus* will be resolute.
wln 0169 *Fau.* *Valdes* as resolute am I in this
wln 0170 As thou to liue, therefore obiect it not.
wln 0171 *Corn.* The myracles that Magicke will performe,
wln 0172 Will make thée vow to studie nothing else,
wln 0173 He that is grounded in Astrologie,

The tragicall History of

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wln 0210

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 thée to some solitary groue,
And beare wise *Bacons* and *Albanus* workes,
The Hebrew Psalter, and new Testament,
And whatsoever else is requisit
Wee will enforme thée 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 euary 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.

Doctor Faustus.

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wln 0212
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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 followes 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 see you both hang'd the next Sessions. Thus hauing triumpht ouer you, I will set my countenance 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 false 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 see 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

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wln 0281
wln 0282
wln 0283

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 hest,
Séeing thou hast prayde and sacrific'd to them.
UUithin this circle is *Iehouahs* name,
Forward and backward, and **Agramithist**,
The breuiated names of holy Saints,
Figures of euery adiunct to the heauens,
And characters of signes and erring starres.
By which the spirits are inforst to rise,
Then feare not *Faustus*, but be resolute,
And trie the vttermost Magicke can performe.
Sint mihi dei acherontis propitij, valeat numen triplex Iehouæ, ignei,
aerij, Aquatani spiritus saluete, Orientis princeps Belsibub, inferni
ardentis monarcha & demigorgon, propitiamus vos, vt apariat &
surgat Mephastophilis, quòd tumeraris, per Iehouam gehennam &
consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signúmque crucis quodnunc
facio, & per vota nostra ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatis Mephasto-
philis.

Enter a Diuell.

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

Exit diuell.

Enter Mephostophilis.

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

To

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 thee without his leaue,
No more then he commaunds must we performe.

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

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

Fau. Did not my coniuring speeches 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

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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 whatsoever I shal aske,
To tel me whatsoever 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

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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 thee 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 thee
into familiars, and they shal teare thee in péces.

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
wln 0396
wln 0397
wln 0398
wln 0399
wln 0400
wln 0401
wln 0402
wln 0403
wln 0404
wln 0405
wln 0406
wln 0407
wln 0408
wln 0409
wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412

Wag. Why french crownes.
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?
Wag. UUhy now sirra thou art at an houres warning whensoever or wheresoeuer 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 witnesse I gaue them him.
Clo. Beare witnesse I giue them you againe.
Wag. UUell, I will cause two diuels presently to fetch thée away *Baliol* and *Belcher*.
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 0413
wln 0414

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

wln 0415
wln 0416
wln 0417
wln 0418
wln 0419
wln 0420
wln 0421
wln 0422
wln 0423
wln 0424
wln 0425
wln 0426
wln 0427
wln 0428
wln 0429

Wag. *Balioll* and *Belcher*, spirits away. *Exeunt.*
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.
Wag. Well sirra follow me.
Clo. But do you hear? if I should serue you, would you teach me to raise vp *Banios* and *Belcheos*?
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.
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 wenchs plackets Ile be amongst them ifaith.

Wag.

Doctor Faustus.

wln 0430
wln 0431
wln 0432
wln 0433
wln 0434
wln 0435
wln 0436
wln 0437
wln 0438
wln 0439
wln 0440
wln 0441
wln 0442
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wln 0456
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wln 0458
wln 0459
wln 0460
wln 0461
wln 0462
wln 0463
wln 0464
wln 0465
wln 0466

Wag. Wel sirra, come.
Clo. But doe you heare *Wagner*?
Wag. How *Balioll* and *Belcher*.
Clo. O Lord I pray sir, let *Banio* and *Belcher* go sléepe.
Wag. Uilaine, call me Maister *Wagner*, and let thy left
eye be diametarily fixt vpon my right heele, with *quasi vesti-*
gias nostras infistere *exit*
Clo: God forgiue me, he speakes Dutch fustian: well,
Ile folow him, Ile serue him, thats flat. *exit*
Enter Faustus in his Study.
Fau. Now Faustus must thou néedes be damnd,
And canst thou not be saued?
what bootes it then to thinke of God or heauen?
Away with such vaine fancies and despaire,
Despaire in God, and trust in Belsabub:
Now go not backward: no Faustus, be resolute,
why wauerest 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 fixt the loue of Belsabub,
To him Ile build an altare and a church,
And offer luke warme blood of new borne babes.
Enter good Angell, and Euill.
Good Angel Swéet Faustus, leaue that execrable art.
Fau. Contrition, prayer, repentance: what of them?
Good Angel O 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 Swéet Faustus thinke of heauen, and hea=
uenly things.
Euill Angel No Faustus, thinke of honor and wealth.
Fau. Of wealth, *exeunt.*
Why the signory of Emden shalbe mine,
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
wln 0476
wln 0477
wln 0478
wln 0479
wln 0480
wln 0481
wln 0482
wln 0483
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wln 0485
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wln 0488
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wln 0490
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wln 0493
wln 0494
wln 0495
wln 0496
wln 0497
wln 0498
wln 0499
wln 0500
wln 0501
wln 0502
wln 0503

What God can hurt thée 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 thée.

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 thée,
And giue thée more than thou hast wit to aske.

Fau: I *Mephastophilus*, I giue it thée.

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 thée,
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 see 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
wln 0547
wln 0548
wln 0549
wln 0550
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wln 0565
wln 0566
wln 0567
wln 0568
wln 0569
wln 0570
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 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 whatsoever.

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

*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 Wertenberge, 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 Iohn Faustus body
and soule, flesh, bloud, or goods, into their habitation where-
soever.

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 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 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
wln 0576
wln 0577
wln 0578
wln 0579
wln 0580
wln 0581
wln 0582
wln 0583
wln 0584
wln 0585
wln 0586
wln 0587
wln 0588
wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591
wln 0592
wln 0593
wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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

wln 0597
wln 0598
wln 0599
wln 0600
wln 0601
wln 0602
wln 0603
wln 0604
wln 0605
wln 0606
wln 0607
wln 0608
wln 0609
wln 0610

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

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

Fau: A plague on her for a hote whore.

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

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,
Be she as chaste as was *Penelope*,
As wise as *Saba*, or as beautiful
As was bright *Lucifer* before his fall.
Hold, take this booke, peruse it thorowly,
The iterating of these lines brings golde,

The tragicall History of

wln 0611
wln 0612
wln 0613
wln 0614
wln 0615
wln 0616
wln 0617
wln 0618
wln 0619
wln 0620
wln 0621
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wln 0635
wln 0636
wln 0637
wln 0638
wln 0639
wln 0640
wln 0641
wln 0642
wln 0643
wln 0644
wln 0645
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 seee 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 seee 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 pitty thée.

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

Fau: who buzzeth in mine eares I am a spirite?
Be I a diuel, yet God may pitty me,
I God wil pitty me, if I repent.

euill

Doctor Faustus.

wln 0648
wln 0649
wln 0650
wln 0651
wln 0652
wln 0653
wln 0654
wln 0655
wln 0656
wln 0657
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wln 0660
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wln 0675
wln 0676
wln 0677
wln 0678
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 inuenomd 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
wln 0690
wln 0691
wln 0692
wln 0693
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wln 0716
wln 0717
wln 0718
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 spehere a dominion or *Intelligentij*?

Me. I.

Fau. How many heauens or spehars 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 inæqualem 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.

wln 0722
wln 0723
wln 0724
wln 0725
wln 0726
wln 0727
wln 0728
wln 0729
wln 0730
wln 0731
wln 0732
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wln 0756
wln 0757
wln 0758

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,

The tragicall History of

wln 0759
wln 0760
wln 0761
wln 0762
wln 0763
wln 0764
wln 0765
wln 0766
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wln 0793
wln 0794
wln 0795

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, Peter Pickle-herring, and Martin Martlemas biefé, O but my godmother she was a iolly gentlewoman, and webeloued 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 thee hanged, thou wilt eate vp all my victualls.

Glut. Then the diuell choake thee.

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 againe 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

letter

Doctor Faustus.

wln 0796
wln 0797
wln 0798
wln 0799
wln 0800
wln 0801
wln 0802
wln 0803
wln 0804
wln 0805
wln 0806
wln 0807
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wln 0826
wln 0827
wln 0828
wln 0829
wln 0830
wln 0831
wln 0832

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 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 *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*,

The tragicall History of

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 0846 uided, I haue taken vp his holinesse priuy chamber for
wln 0847 our vse.
wln 0848

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

wln 0850 *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 Cæsar* brought from *Affrica*.

wln 0864 *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.

wln 0870
wln 0871
wln 0872
wln 0873
wln 0874
wln 0875
wln 0876
wln 0877
wln 0878
wln 0879
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wln 0903
wln 0904
wln 0905
wln 0906

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 banquet, 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.

The tragicall History of

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

Fau: Come on Mephistophilis, 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
wln 0943
wln 0944
wln 0945
wln 0946
wln 0947
wln 0948
wln 0949
wln 0950
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wln 0974
wln 0975
wln 0976
wln 0977
wln 0978

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

Exit.

Enter Robin the Ostler with a booke in his hand

Robin O this is admirable! here I ha stolne one of doctor
Faustus coniuring books, and ifaith I meane to search some
circles for my owne vse: now wil I make al the maidens in
our parish dance at my pleasure starke 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
tarries to haue his horse, and he would haue his things rubd
and made cleane: he keepes such a chafing with my mistris
about it, and she has sent me to looke thée out, prethée come
away.

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

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, shée's
borne 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 brimstone diuel.

Rafe Canst thou coniure with it?

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

Rafe Our maister Parson sayes thats nothing.

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

The tragicall History of

wln 0979
wln 0980
wln 0981
wln 0982
wln 0983
wln 0984
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wln 1013
wln 1014
wln 1015

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-kéeppers, 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 backs: they runne about.

Vintner

Doctor Faustus.

wln 1016
wln 1017
wln 1018
wln 1019
wln 1020
wln 1021
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wln 1023
wln 1024
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wln 1049
wln 1050
wln 1051
wln 1052

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

Rafe *Peccatum peccatorum*, heeres thy goblet, good Uinter.

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

Enter to them Meph.

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

Monarch of hel, vnder whose blacke suruey
Great Potentates do kneele with awful feare,
Upon whose altars thousand foules do lie,
How am I vexed with these vilaines charmes?
From *Constantinople* am I hither come,
Onely for pleasure of these damned slaues.

Robin How, from *Constantinople*? you haue had a great iourney, wil you take sixe 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. *exit.*

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

Rafe And I must be a Dogge. *exeunt.*

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

*Enter Emperour, Faustus, and a Knight,
with Attendants.*

Em. Maister doctor Faustus, I haue heard strange report of thy knowledge 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 prooffe of thy skil, that mine eies may be witnesses to confirme what mine eares haue heard reported, and here I sweare to thee, by the honor of mine Imperial crowne, that what euer thou doest, thou shalt be no wayes preiudiced or indamaged.

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

Fau.

The tragicall History of

wln 1053
wln 1054
wln 1055
wln 1056
wln 1057
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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 whatsoeuer 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 succéede, or they that shal hereafter possesse our throne, shal (I feare me) neuer attaine to that degré of high renowne and great authoritie, amongest 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
wln 1091
wln 1092
wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095
wln 1096
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wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112

wln 1113

wln 1114
wln 1115
wln 1116
wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121

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

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

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

Fau. How then sir?

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

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

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

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

Enter Meph: with Alexander and his paramour.

emp. Maister Doctor, I heard this Lady while she liu'd
had a wart or moale in her necke, how shal I know whether
it be so or 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 deceased princes.

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

emp: One of you call him foorth.

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

emp. How now sir Knight? why I had thought thou
hadst beene a batcheler, but now I see thou hast a wife, that
not only giues thee hornes, but makes thee weare them, feele
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.

The tragicall History of

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 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
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 héé 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 *Wer-*
tenberge.

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 felow, 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 1161

wln 1162

wln 1163

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?

wln 1164

wln 1165

wln 1166

wln 1167

wln 1168

wln 1169

Exit Horsecourser.

wln 1170

Fau. Away you villaine: what, doost thinke I am a horse= doctor? what art thou Faustus but a man condemnd to die?

wln 1171

wln 1172

Thy fatall time doth drawe to finall ende,

wln 1173

Dispaire doth driue distrust vnto my thoughts,

wln 1174

Confound these passions with a quiet sléepe:

wln 1175

Tush, Christ did call the thiefe vpon the Crosse,

wln 1176

Then rest thée Faustus quiet in conceit.

Sleepe in his chaire.

wln 1177

Enter Horsecourser all wet, crying.

wln 1178

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?

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

The tragicall History of

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 wéeke 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
wln 1225
wln 1226
wln 1227
wln 1228

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, come *Mephastophilis*, let's away to him.

exeunt.

wln 1229
wln 1230

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

wln 1231
wln 1232

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

wln 1233
wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236
wln 1237

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 shal haue it.

wln 1238
wln 1239
wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242

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 1243
wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247

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 here they be madam, wilt please you taste on them.

*enter Mephasto:
with the grapes.*

wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252

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 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257

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?

Dut: Beléeue me Maister doctor, they be the best grapes

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wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262
wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
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wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291

that ere I tasted in my life before.

Fau: I am glad they content you so Madam.

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

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

Fau: I humbly thanke your Grace.

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

exeunt.

enter Wagner solus.

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.

Enter Faustus with two or three Schollers

1. Sch. Maister Doctor *Faustus*, since our conference a=
bout faire Ladies, which was the beutifulst in all the world,
we haue determined 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 péere=
lesse Dame of *Greece*, whome al the world admires for ma=
iesty, wée should thinke our selues much beholding vnto
you.

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.

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,

wln 1299

wln 1300

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

*Enter an
old man.*

wln 1301

wln 1302

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

wln 1303

Exeunt Schollers.

wln 1304

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.

wln 1305

wln 1306

wln 1307

wln 1308

Breake heart, drop bloud, and mingle it with teares,
Teares falling from repentant heauinesse

wln 1309

wln 1310

wln 1311

Of thy most vilde and loathsome filthinesse,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soule
With such flagitious crimes of hainous sinnes,

wln 1312

wln 1313

As no commiseration may expel,

wln 1314

But mercie Faustus of thy Sauour swéete,

wln 1315

Whose bloud alone must wash away thy guilt.

wln 1316

Fau. Where art thou Faustus? wretch what hast thou

wln 1317

Damnd art thou Faustus, damnd, dispaire and die, (done?)

wln 1318

Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voyce

wln 1319

Sayes, Faustus come, thine houre is come,

*Mepha. giues
him a dagger.*

wln 1320

And Faustus will come to do thée right.

wln 1321

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

wln 1322

I sée an Angell houers ore thy head,

wln 1323

And with a violl full of precious grace,

wln 1324

Offers to powre the same into thy soule,

wln 1325

Then call for mercie and auoyd dispaire.

wln 1326

Fau. Ah my swéete friend, I féele thy words

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wln 1328
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wln 1350
wln 1351
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wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
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 vnfained 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
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
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wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388

wln 1389

wln 1390
wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396

Come *Helen*, come giue mée my soule againe.
Here wil I dwel, for heauen be in these lips,
And all is drosse that is not *Helena*:

enter old man

I wil be *Pacis*, and for loue of thée,
Instéede of *Troy* shal *Wertenberge* be sackt,
And I wil combate with weake *Menelaus*,
And weare thy colours on my plumed Crest:
Yea I wil wound *Achillis* in the héele,
And then returne to *Helen* for a kisse.
O thou art fairer then the euening aire,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand starres,
Brighter art thou then flaming *Iupiter*,
When he appeared to haplesse *Semele*,
More louely then the monarke of the skie
In wanton *Arethusaes* azurde armes,
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

Exeunt.

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

Enter the Diuelles.

Sathan begins to sift me with his pride,
As in this furnace God shal try my faith,
My faith, vile hel, shal triumph ouer thée,
Ambitious fiends, sée how the heauens smiled
At your repulse, and laughs your state to scorne,
Hence hel, for hence I flie vnto my God.

Exeunt.

Enter Faustus with the Schollers.

Fau: Ah Gentlemen!

1. *Sch:* what ailes Faustus?

Fau: Ah my swéete chamber-fellow! had I liued with
thée, then had I liued stil, but now I die eternally: looke,
comes he not? comes he not?

2. *Sch:* what meanes Faustus?

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

F

being

The tragicall History of

wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
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wln 1405
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wln 1427
wln 1428
wln 1429
wln 1430
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.

wln 1433
wln 1434
wln 1435
wln 1436
wln 1437
wln 1438
wln 1439
wln 1440
wln 1441
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wln 1463
wln 1464
wln 1465
wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468

Fau. Oft haue I thought to haue done so, but the diuell
threatned to teare mée in pièces, 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!*

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wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501
wln 1502
wln 1503
wln 1504

Where is it now? tis gone:
And see where God stretcheth out his arme,
And bends his irefull browes:
Mountaines and hilles, come come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heauy wrath of God.
No no, then wil I headlong runne into the earth:
Earth gape, O 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 intrailles of yon labring cloude,
That when you vomite foorth 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.*
Twil all be past anone:
Oh God, if thou wilt not haue mercy on my soule,
Yet for Christs sake, whose bloud hath ransomd 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.
O no end is limited to damned soules,
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soule?
Or, why is this immortall that thou hast?
Ah *Pythagoras metem su cossis* were that true,
This soule should flie from me, and I be changde
Unto some brutish beast: al beasts are happy, for when they
Their soules are soone 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 depriude thee of the ioyes of heauen:
The clooke striketh twelue.
O it strikes, it strikes, now body turne to ayre,
Or *Lucifer* wil beare thee quicke to hel:
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 deepnesse doth intise such forward wits,
wln 1519 To practise more than heauenly power permits.

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

Textual Notes

1. **60 (3-a)**: The regularized reading *eademque* is supplied for the original *e[.]dem[que]*.
2. **60 (3-a)**: The Latin is problematic throughout and is not corrected. For example, here "legatus" is likely meant to be "legatur."
3. **63 (3-a)**: The regularized reading *non* is supplied for the original *n[*]n*.
4. **254 (6-a)**: The regularized reading *Agramithist* comes from the original *Agramithist*, though possible variants include *Anagrammatized*.
5. **550 (10-a)**: The regularized reading *shall* is supplied for the original *[*]hall*.
6. **1437 (22-b)**: Other editions add the word "save" to give the reading: "to save Faustus."