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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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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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img: 1-a

img: 1-b

sig: A1r

In 0001

In 0002

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In 0004

In 0005

In 0006

In 0007

In 0008

img: 2-a

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THE  
TRAGICAL  
History of Doctor Faustus.

*As it hath been Acted by the Right  
Honourable the Earl of Nottingham his servants.*

Written by Christopher Marlowe

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

*The tragical History  
of Doctor Faustus.*

*Enter Chorus.*

NOt marching now in fields of *Thrasimene*,  
Where *Mars* did mate the Carthaginians,  
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,  
In courts of Kings where state is overturned,  
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,  
Intends our Muse to daunt his heavenly verse:  
Only this (Gentlemen) we must perform,  
The form of *Faustus*' fortunes good or bad.  
To patient Judgements we appeal our plaud,  
And speak for *Faustus* in his infancy:  
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,  
In *Germany*, within a town called *Rhodes*:  
Of riper years to *Wertenberg* he went,  
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up,  
So soon he profits in Divinity,  
The fruitful plot of Scholarism graced,  
That shortly he was graced with Doctor's name,  
Excelling all, whose sweet delight disputes  
In heavenly matters of *Theology*,  
Till swoll'n with cunning of a self conceit,  
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,  
And melting heavens conspired his overthrow.  
For falling to a devilish exercise,  
And glutted more with learning's golden gifts,

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wln 0064

He surfeits upon cursed Necromancy  
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him  
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss,  
And this the man that in his study sits.

*Exit.*

*Enter Faustus in his Study.*

*Faustus* Settle thy studies *Faustus*, and begin  
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:  
Having commenced, be a Divine in show,  
Yet level at the end of every Art,  
And live and die in *Aristotle's* works:  
Sweet *Analytiks* 'tis thou hast ravished me,  
*Bene disserere est finis logices*  
Is, to dispute well, Logic's chiefest end  
Affords this Art no greater miracle:  
Then read no more, thou hast attained the end:  
A greater subject fitteth *Faustus'* wit,  
Bid *On kai me on* farewell, *Galen* come:  
Seeing, *ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus.*  
Be a physician *Faustus*, heap up gold,  
And be eternized for some wondrous cure,  
*Summum bonum medicinae sanitas,*  
The end of physic is our body's health:  
Why *Faustus*, hast thou not attained that end?  
Is not thy common talk sound Aphorisms?  
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,  
whereby whole Cities have escaped the plague,  
And thousand desp'rate maladies been eased,  
Yet art thou still but *Faustus*, and a man.  
wouldst thou make man to live eternally?  
Or being dead, raise them to life again?  
Then this profession were to be esteemed.  
Physic farewell, where is Justinian?  
*Si una eademque res duobus,*  
*Alter rem alter valorem rei, etc.*  
A pretty case of paltry legacies:  
*Exhaereditare filium non potest pater nisi:*  
Such is the subject of the institute

img: 3-b  
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wln 0065  
wln 0066  
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wln 0068  
wln 0069  
wln 0070  
wln 0071  
wln 0072

And universal body of the Church:  
His study fits a mercenary drudge,  
who aims at nothing but external trash,  
The devil and illiberal for me:  
when all is done, Divinity is best.  
*Jerome's Bible, Faustus*, view it well.  
*Stipendium peccati mors est: ha, Stipendium, etc.*  
The reward of sin is death: that's hard.

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wln 0119

*Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas.*  
If we say that we have no sin,  
We deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us.  
Why then belike we must sin,  
And so consequently die.  
Ay, we must die an everlasting death:  
What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera*,  
What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu,  
These Metaphysics of Magicians,  
And Necromantic books are heavenly  
Lines, circles, scenes, letters and characters:  
Ay, these are those that *Faustus* most desires.  
O what a world of profit and delight,  
Of power, of honour, of omnipotence  
Is promised to the studious Artisan?  
All things that move between the quiet poles  
Shall be at my command. Emperors and Kings,  
Are but obeyed in their several provinces:  
Nor can they raise the wind, or rend the clouds:  
But his dominion that exceeds in this,  
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man.  
A sound Magician is a mighty god:  
Here *Faustus* try thy brains to gain a deity.  
*Enter Wagner.*  
*Wagner*, commend me to my dearest friends,  
The German *Valdes*, and *Cornelius*,  
Request them earnestly to visit me.  
*Wagner* I will sir. *exit.*  
*Faustus* Their conference will be a greater help to me,

Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

*Enter the good Angel and the evil Angel.*  
*Good Angel* O *Faustus*, lay that damned book aside,  
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,  
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head,  
Read, read the scriptures, that is blasphemy.  
*Evil Angel* Go forward *Faustus* in that famous art,  
Wherein all nature's treasury is contained:  
Be thou on earth as *Jove* is in the sky,  
Lord and commander of these Elements. *Exeunt.*  
*Faustus* How am I glutt'd with conceit of this?  
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,  
Resolve me of all ambiguities,  
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?  
I'll have them fly to *India* for gold,  
Ransack the Ocean for orient pearl,  
And search all corners of the new-found world  
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates:

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wln 0134

I'll have them read me strange philosophy,  
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings,  
I'll have them wall all *Germany* with brass,  
And make swift *Rhine* circle fair *Wertenberg*,  
I'll have them fill the public schools with skill.  
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad:  
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,  
And chase the Prince of *Parma* from our land,  
And reign sole king of all our provinces:  
Yea stranger engines for the brunt of war,  
Than was the fiery keel at *Antwerp's* bridge,  
I'll make my servile spirits to invent:  
Come *German Valdes* and *Cornelius*,  
And make me blessed with your sage conference,  
*Valdes*, sweet *Valdes*, and *Cornelius*,

wln 0135

*Enter Valdes and Cornelius.*

wln 0136

Know that your words have won me at the last,

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To practise Magic and concealed arts:  
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,  
That will receive no object for my head,  
But ruminates on Necromantic skill,  
Philosophy is odious and obscure,  
Both Law and Physic are for petty wits,  
Divinity is basest of the three,  
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible and vild,  
'Tis Magic, Magic that hath ravished me,  
Then gentle friends aid me in this attempt,  
And I that have with Concise syllogisms  
Gravelled the Pastors of the German Church,  
And made the flow'ring pride of *Wertenberg*  
Swarm to my Problems as the infernal spirits  
On sweet *Musaeus* when he came to hell,  
Will be as cunning as *Agrippa* was,  
Whose shadows made all *Europe* honour him.  
*Valdes Faustus* these books thy wit and our experience  
Shall make all nations to us,  
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish Lords,  
So shall the subjects of every element  
Be always serviceable to us three,  
Like Lions shall they guard us when we please,  
Like *Almain* Rutters with their horsemen's staves,  
Or Lapland Giants trotting by our sides,  
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,  
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows,  
Than in their white breasts of the queen of Love:  
For *Venice* shall they drag huge Argosies,

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wln 0172  
wln 0173

img: 5-a  
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And from *America* the golden fleece,  
That yearly stuffs old *Philip's* treasury  
If learned *Faustus* will be resolute.

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

*Cornelius* The miracles that Magic will perform,  
Will make thee vow to study nothing else,  
He that is grounded in Astrology,

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Enriched with tongues well seen minerals,  
Hath all the principles Magic doth require,  
Then doubt not (*Faustus*) but to be renowned,  
And more frequented for this mystery,  
Than heretofore the Delphian Oracle.

The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,  
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wracks,  
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid  
Within the massy entrails of the earth.  
Then tell me *Faustus*, what shall we three want?

*Faustus* Nothing *Cornelius*, O this cheers my soul,  
Come show me some demonstrations magical,  
That I may conjure in some lusty grove,  
And have these joys in full possession.

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

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

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

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

*Exeunt.*

*Enter two Scholars.*

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

*2 Scholar* That shall we know, for see here comes his boy.

*Enter Wagner.*

*1. Scholar* How now sirrah, where's thy master?

*Wagner* God in heaven knows.

*2. Scholar* Why, dost not thou know?

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img: 6-a  
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wln 0257  
wln 0258

*Wagner* Yes I know, but that follows not.

1. *Scholar* Go to sirrah, leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

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

2. *Scholar* Why, didst thou not say thou knewest?

*Wagner* Have you any witness on't?

1. *Scholar* Yes sirrah, I heard you.

*Wagner* Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

2. *Scholar* Well, you will not tell us.

*Wagner* Yes sir, I will tell you, yet if you were not dunces you would never ask me such a question, for is not he *corpus naturale*, and is not that *mobile*, then wherefore should you ask me such a question: but that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery, (to love I would say) it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hanged the next Sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus: truly my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner with *Valdes* and *Cornelius*, as this wine if it could speak, it would inform your worships, and so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you my dear brethren, my dear brethren.

*exit.*

1. *Scholar* Nay then I fear he is fall'n into that damned art, for which they two are infamous through the world.

2. *Scholar* Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him: but come let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

1. *Scholar* O but I fear me nothing can reclaim him.

2. *Scholar* Yet let us try what we can do.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Faustus to conjure.*

*Faustus* Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,  
Longing to view *Orion's* drizzling look,

Leaps from th'antarctic world unto the sky,  
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath:  
*Faustus*, begin thine incantations,  
And try if devils will obey thy hest,  
Seeing thou hast prayed and sacrificed to them.  
Within this circle is *Jehovah's* name,  
Forward and backward, and **Agramithist**,  
The breviated names of holy Saints,  
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,  
And characters of signs and erring stars.  
By which the spirits are enforced to rise,

wln 0259  
wln 0260  
wln 0261  
wln 0262  
wln 0263  
wln 0264  
wln 0265  
wln 0266

Then fear not *Faustus*, but be resolute  
And try the uttermost Magic can perform.  
*Sint mihi dei acherontis propitii, valeat numen triplex Jehovae, ignei,  
aerii, Aquatani spiritus salvete, Orientis princeps Beelzebub, inferni  
ardentis monarcha et demigorgon, propitiamus vos, ut apariat et  
surgat Mephistopheles, quod tumeraris, per Jehovam gehennam et  
consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quodnunc  
facio, et per vota nostra ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatis Mephistopheles.*

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wln 0269  
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wln 0271  
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wln 0275  
wln 0276  
wln 0277  
wln 0278  
wln 0279  
wln 0280

*Enter a Devil.*

I charge thee to return and change thy shape,  
Thou art too ugly to attend on me,  
Go and return an old Franciscan Friar,  
That holy shape becomes a devil best. *Exit devil.*  
I see there's virtue in my heavenly words,  
Who would not be proficient in this art?  
How pliant is this *Mephistopheles*?  
Full of obedience and humility,  
Such is the force of Magic and my spells,  
No *Faustus*, thou art Conjuror laureate  
That canst command great *Mephistopheles*,  
*Quin regis Mephistopheles fratris imagine.*

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wln 0282  
wln 0283

*Enter Mephistopheles.*

*Mephistopheles* Now *Faustus*, what wouldst thou have me do?  
*Faustus* I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,

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wln 0305

To do whatever *Faustus* shall command,  
Be it to make the Moon drop from her sphere,  
Or the Ocean to overwhelm the world.  
*Mephistopheles* I am a servant to great *Lucifer*,  
And may not follow thee without his leave,  
No more than he commands must we perform.  
*Faustus* Did not he charge thee to appear to me?  
*Mephistopheles* No, I came now hither of mine own accord.  
*Faustus* Did not my coniuring speeches raise thee? speak.  
*Mephistopheles* That was the cause, but yet per accident,  
For when we hear one rack the name of God,  
Abjure the scriptures, and his Saviour Christ,  
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul,  
Nor will we come, unless he use such means  
Whereby he is in danger to be damned:  
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring  
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,  
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.  
*Faustus* So *Faustus* hath already done, and holds this principle  
There is no chief but only *Beelzebub*,  
To whom *Faustus* doth dedicate himself,  
This word damnation terrifies not him,



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img: 7-a  
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For he confounds hell in *Elysium*,  
His ghost be with the old Philosophers,  
But leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,  
Tell me what is that *Lucifer* thy Lord?  
*Mephistopheles* Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.  
*Faustus* Was not that *Lucifer* an Angel once?  
*Mephistopheles* Yes *Faustus*, and most dear loved of God.  
*Faustus* How comes it then that he is prince of devils?  
*Mephistopheles* O by aspiring pride and insolence,  
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.  
*Faustus* and what are you that live with *Lucifer*?  
*Mephistopheles* Unhappy spirits that fell with *Lucifer*,  
Conspired against our God with *Lucifer*,  
And are for ever damned with *Lucifer*.  
*Faustus* Where are you damned?

*Mephistopheles* In hell.  
*Faustus* How comes it then that thou art out of hell?  
*Mephistopheles* Why this is hell, nor am I out of it:  
Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God,  
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,  
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,  
In being deprived of everlasting bliss:  
O *Faustus*, leave these frivolous demands,  
which strike a terror to my fainting soul.  
*Faustus* What, is great *Mephistopheles* so passionate,  
For being deprived of the joys of heaven?  
Learn thou of *Faustus* manly fortitude,  
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.  
Go bear those tidings to great *Lucifer*,  
Seeing *Faustus* hath incurred eternal death,  
By desp'rate thoughts against *Jove's* deity:  
Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,  
So he will spare him 24. years,  
Letting him live in all voluptuousness,  
Having thee ever to attend on me,  
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,  
To tell me whatsoever I demand,  
To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,  
And always be obedient to my will:  
Go and return to mighty *Lucifer*,  
And meet me in my study at midnight,  
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.  
*Mephistopheles* I will *Faustus*.  
*Faustus* Had I as many souls as there be stars,  
I'd give them all for *Mephistopheles*:  
By him I'll be great Emperor of the world,  
And make a bridge through the moving air,  
To pass the *Ocean* with a band of men,

*exit.*

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wln 0355  
wln 0356  
wln 0357

img: 7-b  
sig: B3r

I'll join the hills that bind the *Afric* shore,  
And make that land continent to *Spain*,  
And both contributory to my crown:  
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,

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wln 0359  
wln 0360  
wln 0361  
wln 0362  
wln 0363  
wln 0364  
wln 0365  
wln 0366  
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wln 0368  
wln 0369  
wln 0370  
wln 0371  
wln 0372  
wln 0373  
wln 0374  
wln 0375  
wln 0376  
wln 0377  
wln 0378  
wln 0379  
wln 0380  
wln 0381  
wln 0382  
wln 0383  
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wln 0385  
wln 0386  
wln 0387  
wln 0388  
wln 0389  
wln 0390  
wln 0391  
wln 0392  
wln 0393  
wln 0394

Nor any Potentate of *Germany*:  
Now that I have obtained what I desire,  
I'll live in speculation of this Art,  
Till *Mephistopheles* return again. *exit.*

*Enter Wagner and the Clown.*

*Wagner* Sirrah boy, come hither.

*Clown* How, boy? 'swounds boy, I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadevaunts as I have. Boy quotha?

*Wagner* Tell me sirrah, hast thou any comings in?

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

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

*Clown* How, my soul to the Devil for a shoulder of mutton though 'twere blood raw? not so good friend, by'r lady I had need have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

*Wagner* well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus?*

*Clown* How, in verse?

*Wagner* No sirrah, in beaten silk and stavesacre .

*Clown* how, how, knave's acre? Ay, I thought that was all the land his father left him: Do ye hear, I would be sorry to rob you of your living.

*Wagner* Sirrah, I say in stavesacre.

*Clown* Oho, oho, stavesacre, why then belike, if I were your man, I should be full of vermin.

*Wagner* So thou shalt, whether thou beest with me, or no: but sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind yourself presently unto me for seven years, or I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and they shall tear thee in pieces.

*Clown* Do you hear sir? you may save that labour, they are too familiar with me already, 'swounds they are as bold with my flesh, as if they had paid for my meat and drink.

*Wagner* well, do you hear sirrah? hold, take these gilders.

*Clown* Gridirons, what be they?

img: 8-a  
sig: B3v

wln 0395  
wln 0396  
wln 0397  
wln 0398

*Wagner* Why french crowns.

*Clown* Mass but for the name of french crowns a man were as good have as many english counters, and what should I do with these?

wln 0399  
wln 0400  
wln 0401  
wln 0402  
wln 0403  
wln 0404  
wln 0405  
wln 0406  
wln 0407  
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wln 0428  
wln 0429

img: 8-b  
sig: B4r

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  
wln 0443  
wln 0444

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

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

*Wagner* Truly I'll none of them.

*Clown* Truly but you shall.

*Wagner* Bear witness I gave them him.

*Clown* Bear witness I give them you again.

*Wagner* Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch  
thee away *Balioll* and *Belcher*.

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

*Enter two devils, and the clown runs up  
and down crying.*

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

*Clown* what, are they gone? a vengeance on them, they  
have vild long nails, there was a he devil and a she devil,  
I'll tell you how you shall know them, all he devils has  
horns, and all she devils has clefts and cloven feet.

*Wagner* Well sirrah follow me.

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

*Wagner* I will teach thee to turn thy self to anything to  
a dog or a cat or a mouse or a rat or anything

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

*Wagner* Well sirrah, come.

*Clown* But do you hear *Wagner*?

*Wagner* How *Balioll* and *Belcher*.

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

*Wagner* Villain call me Master *Wagner* and let thy left  
eye be diametrically fixed upon my right heel with *quasi vestigias  
nostras infistere* *exit*

*Clown* God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian: well,  
I'll follow him, I'll serve him, that's flat. *exit*

*Enter Faustus in his Study.*

*Faustus* Now Faustus must thou needs be damned,  
And canst thou not be saved?

what boots it then to think of God or heaven?

Away with such vain fancies and despair,

Despair in God, and trust in Beelzebub:

wln 0445  
wln 0446  
wln 0447  
wln 0448  
wln 0449  
wln 0450  
wln 0451  
wln 0452  
wln 0453  
wln 0454  
wln 0455  
wln 0456  
wln 0457  
wln 0458  
wln 0459  
wln 0460  
wln 0461  
wln 0462  
wln 0463  
wln 0464  
wln 0465  
wln 0466

img: 9-a  
sig: B4v

wln 0467  
wln 0468  
wln 0469  
wln 0470  
wln 0471  
wln 0472  
wln 0473  
wln 0474  
wln 0475  
wln 0476  
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wln 0483  
wln 0484  
wln 0485  
wln 0486  
wln 0487  
wln 0488  
wln 0489  
wln 0490  
wln 0491  
wln 0492

Now go not backward: no Faustus, be resolute,  
why waverest thou? O something soundeth in mine ears:  
Abjure this Magic, turn to God again,  
Ay and Faustus will turn to God again.  
To God? he loves thee not,  
The god thou servest is thine own appetite,  
wherein is fixed the love of Beelzebub,  
To him I'll build an altar and a church,  
And offer lukewarm blood of new born babes.

*Enter good Angel, and Evil.*

*Good Angel* Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

*Faustus* Contrition, prayer, repentance: what of them?

*Good Angel* O they are means to bring thee unto  
heaven.

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

*Good Angel* Sweet Faustus think of heaven, and heavenly  
things.

*Evil Angel* No Faustus, think of honour and wealth.

*Faustus* Of wealth,

*exeunt.*

Why the signory of Emden shall be mine,  
when *Mephistopheles* shall stand by me,

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

Is't not midnight? come *Mephistopheles*,

*Veni veni Mephistophile*

*enter Mephistopheles*

Now tell, what says *Lucifer* thy Lord?

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

*Faustus* Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

*Mephistopheles* But Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,  
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood,  
For that security craves great *Lucifer*:

If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

*Faustus* Stay *Mephistopheles*, and tell me, what good will  
my soul do thy Lord?

*Mephistopheles* Enlarge his kingdom.

*Faustus* Is that the reason he tempts us thus?

*Mephistopheles* *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

*Faustus* Have you any pain that tortures others?

*Mephistopheles* As great as have the human souls of men:  
But tell me Faustus, shall I have thy soul,  
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,  
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

*Faustus* Ay *Mephistopheles*, I give it thee.

*Mephistopheles* Then stab thine arm courageously,  
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day

wln 0493  
wln 0494  
wln 0495  
wln 0496  
wln 0497  
wln 0498  
wln 0499  
wln 0500  
wln 0501  
wln 0502  
wln 0503

img: 9-b  
sig: C1r

wln 0504  
wln 0505  
wln 0506  
wln 0507  
wln 0508  
wln 0509  
wln 0510  
wln 0511

wln 0512  
wln 0513  
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wln 0532  
wln 0533  
wln 0534  
wln 0535  
wln 0536  
wln 0537  
wln 0538

Great *Lucifer* may claim it as his own,  
And then be thou as great as *Lucifer*.  
*Faustus* Lo *Mephistopheles*, for love of thee,  
I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood  
Assure my soul to be great *Lucifer's*,  
Chief Lord and regent of perpetual night,  
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,  
And let it be propitious for my wish.  
*Mephistopheles* But *Faustus*, thou must write it in manner of a  
deed of gift.  
*Faustus* Ay so I will, but *Mephistopheles* my blood congeals

and I can write no more.  
*Mephistopheles* I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. *Exit.*  
*Faustus* What might the staying of my blood portend?  
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?  
Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?  
*Faustus* gives to thee his soul: ah there it stayed,  
Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul thine own?  
Then write again, *Faustus* gives to thee his soul.

*Enter Mephistopheles with a chaffer of coals.*  
*Mephistopheles* Here's fire, come *Faustus*, set it on.  
*Faustus* So now the blood begins to clear again,  
Now will I make an end immediately.  
*Mephistopheles* O what will not I do to obtain his soul?  
*Faustus* *Consummatum est*, this Bill is ended,  
And *Faustus* hath bequeathed his soul to *Lucifer*.  
But what is this inscription on mine arm?  
*Homo fuge*, whither should I fly?  
If unto God he'll throw thee down to hell,  
My senses are deceived, here's nothing writ,  
I see it plain, here in this place is writ,  
*Homo fuge*, yet shall not *Faustus* fly.  
*Mephistopheles* I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.  
*exit.*  
*Enter with devils, giving crowns and rich apparel to  
Faustus, and dance, and then depart.*

*Faustus* Speak *Mephistopheles*, what means this show?  
*Mephistopheles* Nothing *Faustus*, but to delight thy mind withal,  
And to show thee what Magic can perform.  
*Faustus* But may I raise up spirits when I please?  
*Mephistopheles* Ay *Faustus*, and do greater things than these.  
*Faustus* Then there's enough for a thousand souls,  
Here *Mephistopheles* receive this scroll,  
A deed of gift of body and of soul:  
But yet conditionally, that thou perform  
All articles prescribed between us both.

img: 10-a  
sig: C1v

wln 0539  
wln 0540  
wln 0541  
wln 0542  
wln 0543  
wln 0544  
wln 0545  
wln 0546  
wln 0547  
wln 0548  
wln 0549  
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wln 0567  
wln 0568  
wln 0569  
wln 0570  
wln 0571  
wln 0572  
wln 0573  
wln 0574

*Mephistopheles* Faustus, I swear by hell and *Lucifer*  
To effect all promises between us made.  
*Faustus* Then hear me read them: on these conditions  
following.  
*First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance.*  
*Secondly, that Mephistopheles shall be his servant, and at*  
*his command.*  
*Thirdly, that Mephistopheles shall do for him, and bring*  
*him whatsoever.*  
*Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house*  
*invisible.*  
*Lastly, that he **shall** appear to the said John Faustus at all*  
*times, in what form or shape soever he please.*  
*I John Faustus of Wertenberg, Doctor, by these presents, do*  
*give both body and soul to Lucifer prince of the East, and his*  
*minister Mephistopheles, and furthermore grant unto them,*  
*that 24. years being expired, the articles above written inviolate,*  
*full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus body*  
*and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation*  
*wheresoever.*

*By me John Faustus.*

*Mephistopheles* Speak *Faustus*, do you deliver this as your deed?  
*Faustus* Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good on't.  
*Mephistopheles* Now Faustus ask what thou wilt.  
*Faustus* First will I question with thee about hell,  
Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?  
*Mephistopheles* Under the heavens.  
*Faustus* Ay, but where about?  
*Mephistopheles* Within the bowels of these elements,  
Where we are tortured and remain for ever,  
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed  
In self place, for where we are is hell,  
And where hell is, must we ever be:  
And to conclude, when all the world dissolves,  
And every creature shall be purified,  
All places shall be hell that is not heaven.

img: 10-b  
sig: C2r

wln 0575  
wln 0576  
wln 0577  
wln 0578  
wln 0579  
wln 0580  
wln 0581  
wln 0582  
wln 0583

*Faustus* Come, I think hell's a fable.  
*Mephistopheles* Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.  
*Faustus* Why? thinkst thou then that Faustus shall be  
damned?  
*Mephistopheles* Ay of necessity, for here's the scroll,  
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to *Lucifer*.  
*Faustus* Ay, and body too, but what of that?  
Thinkst thou that Faustus is so fond,  
To imagine, that after this life there is any pain?

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

Tush these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.

*Mephistopheles* But Faustus I am an instance to prove the contrary  
For I am damned, and am now in hell.

*Faustus* How? now in hell? nay and this be hell, I'll willingly  
be damned here: what walking, disputing, etc. But  
leaving off this, let me have a wife, the fairest maid in *Germany*,  
for I am wanton and lascivious, and can not live  
without a wife.

*Mephistopheles* How, a wife? I prithee *Faustus* talk not of a wife.

*Faustus* Nay sweet *Mephistopheles* fetch me one, for I will  
have one.

*Mephistopheles* Well thou wilt have one, sit there till I come, I'll  
fetch thee a wife in the devil's name.

*Enter with a devil dressed like a woman,  
with fireworks.*

*Mephistopheles* Tell Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

*Faustus* A plague on her for a hot whore.

*Mephistopheles* Tut Faustus, marriage is but a ceremonial toy, if  
thou lovest me, think more of it.

I'll cull thee out the fairest courtesans,  
And bring them every morning to thy bed,  
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,  
Be she as chaste as was *Penelope*,  
As wise as *Saba*, or as beautiful  
As was bright *Lucifer* before his fall.  
Hold, take this book, peruse it thoroughly,  
The iterating of these lines brings gold,

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

img: 11-a  
sig: C2v

wln 0611  
wln 0612  
wln 0613  
wln 0614  
wln 0615  
wln 0616  
wln 0617  
wln 0618  
wln 0619  
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wln 0626  
wln 0627  
wln 0628  
wln 0629  
wln 0630

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

*Faustus* Thanks *Mephistopheles*, yet fain would I have  
a book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations,  
that I might raise up spirits when I please.

*Mephistopheles* Here they are in this book. *There turn to them*

*Faustus* Now would I have a book where I might see all  
characters and planets of the heavens, that I might know  
their motions and dispositions.

*Mephistopheles* Here they are too. *Turn to them*

*Faustus* Nay let me have one book more, and then I have  
done, wherein I might see all plants, herbs and trees that  
grow upon the earth.

*Mephistopheles* Here they be.

*Faustus* O thou art deceived.

*Mephistopheles* Tut I warrant thee. *Turn to them*

*Faustus* When I behold the heavens, than I repent,

wln 0631  
wln 0632  
wln 0633  
wln 0634  
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

img: 11-b  
sig: C3r

And curse thee wicked *Mephistopheles*,  
Because thou hast deprived me of those joys.  
*Mephistopheles* why Faustus,  
Thinkst thou heaven is such a glorious thing?  
I tell thee 'tis not half so fair as thou,  
Or any man that breathes on earth.  
*Faustus* How provest thou that?  
*Mephistopheles* It was made for man, therefore is man more  
excellent.  
*Faustus* If it were made for man, 'twas made for me:  
I will renounce this magic, and repent.  
*Enter good Angel, and evil Angel.*  
*Good Angel* Faustus, repent yet, God will pity thee.  
*evil Angel* Thou art a spirit, God cannot pity thee.  
*Faustus* who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?  
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me,  
Ay God will pity me, if I repent.

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 0671  
wln 0672  
wln 0673  
wln 0674  
wln 0675  
wln 0676  
wln 0677  
wln 0678

*evil Angel* Ay but Faustus never shall repent. *exeunt*  
*Faustus* My heart's so hardened I cannot repent,  
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,  
But fearful echoes thunders in mine ears,  
Faustus, thou art damned, then swords and knives,  
Poison, guns, halters, and envenomed steel  
Are laid before me to dispatch myself,  
And long ere this I should have slain myself,  
Had not sweet pleasure conquered deep despair.  
Have not I made blind *Homer* sing to me,  
Of *Alexander's* love, and *Oenone's* death,  
And hath not he that built the walls of *Thebes*,  
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp  
Made music with my *Mephistopheles*,  
Why should I die then, or basely despair?  
I am resolved *Faustus* shall ne'er repent,  
Come *Mephistopheles*, let us dispute again,  
And argue of divine *Astrology*,  
Tell me, are there many heavens above the Moon?  
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,  
As is the substance of this centric earth?  
*Mephistopheles* As are the elements, such are the spheres,  
Mutually folded in each other's orb,  
And *Faustus* all jointly move upon one axletree,  
Whose terminine is termed the world's wide pole,  
Nor are the names of *Saturn*, *Mars*, or *Jupiter*  
Feigned, but are erring stars.  
*Faustus* But tell me, have they all one motion? both *situ et*  
*tempore*.  
*Mephistopheles* All jointly move from East to West in 24. hours  
upon the poles of the world, but differ in their motion upon



wln 0679  
wln 0680  
wln 0681  
wln 0682  
wln 0683  
wln 0684

img: 12-a  
sig: C3v

wln 0685  
wln 0686  
wln 0687  
wln 0688  
wln 0689  
wln 0690  
wln 0691  
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wln 0718  
wln 0719  
wln 0720  
wln 0721

img: 12-b  
sig: C4r

wln 0722  
wln 0723

the poles of the Zodiac.

*Faustus* Tush, these slender trifles *Wagner* can decide,  
Hath *Mephistopheles* no greater skill?  
Who knows not the double motion of the planets?  
The first is finished in a natural day,  
The second thus, as *Saturn* in 30. years, *Jupiter* in 12.

*Mars* in 4. the Sun, *Venus*, and Mercury in a year: the  
Moon in 28. days. Tush these are freshmen's suppositions,  
but tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or *Intelligentij*?

*Mephistopheles* Ay.

*Faustus* How many heavens or spheres are there?

*Mephistopheles* Nine, the seven planets, the firmament, and the imperial  
heaven.

*Faustus* Well, resolve me in this question, why have we  
not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one  
time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

*Mephistopheles* *Per inaequalem motum respectu totius.*

*Faustus* Well, I am answered, tell me who made the world?

*Mephistopheles* I will not.

*Faustus* Sweet *Mephistopheles* tell me.

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

*Faustus* Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me any thing?

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

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

*Mephistopheles* Remember this.

*Exit.*

*Faustus* Ay, go accursed spirit to ugly hell,  
'Tis thou hast damned distressed *Faustus*' soul:  
Is't not too late?

*Enter good Angel and evil.*

*evil Angel* Too late.

*good Angel* Never too late, if *Faustus* can repent.

*evil Angel* If thou repent devils shall tear thee in pieces.

*good Angel* Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin. *Exeunt.*

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

*Enter Lucifer, Beelzebub, and Mephistopheles.*

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

*Faustus* O who art thou that look'st so terrible?

*Lucifer* I am *Lucifer*, and this is my companion Prince in  
hell.

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

*Lucifer* we come to tell thee thou dost injure us,  
Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise

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wln 0770  
wln 0771

Thou shouldst not think of God, think of the devil,  
And of his dame too.

*Faustus* Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,  
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,  
Never to name God, or to pray to him,  
To burn his Scriptures, slay his Ministers,  
And make my spirits pull his churches down.

*Lucifer* Do so, and we will highly gratify thee:  
Faustus, we are come from hell to show thee some pastime:  
sit down, and thou shalt see all the seven deadly sins appear  
in their proper shapes.

*Faustus* That sight will be as pleasing unto me, as paradise  
was to *Adam*, the first day of his creation.

*Lucifer* Talk not of paradise, nor creation, but mark this  
show, talk of the devil, and nothing else: come away.

*Enter the seven deadly sins.*

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

*Faustus:* What art thou? the first.

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

*Faustus* What art thou? the second.

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

*Faustus* What art thou? the third.

*Wrath* I am *Wrath*, I had neither father nor mother, I  
leapt out of a lion's mouth, when I was scarce half an hour

old, and ever since I have run up and down the world,  
with this case of rapiers wounding myself, when I had nobody  
to fight withal: I was born in hell, and look to it, for  
some of you shall be my father.

*Faustus* what art thou? the fourth.

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

*Faustus* Away envious rascal: what art thou? the fifth.

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wln 0773  
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wln 0775  
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wln 0796  
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wln 0799  
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wln 0817  
wln 0818  
wln 0819

*Gluttony* who I sir, I am *Gluttony*, my parents are all dead,  
and the devil a penny they have left me, but a bare pension,  
and that is 30. meals a day, and ten bevers, a small  
trifle to suffice nature, O I come of a royal parentage, my  
grandfather was a gammon of bacon, my grandmother a  
hogshead of Claret-wine: My godfathers were these, Peter  
Pickle-herring, and Martin Martlemas beef, O but  
my godmother she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well-beloved  
in every good town and City, her name was mistress  
Margery March-beer: now *Faustus*, thou hast heard all my  
Progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

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

*Gluttony* Then the devil choke thee.

*Faustus* Choke thyself glutton: what art thou? the sixth.

*Sloth* I am sloth, I was begotten on a sunny bank,  
where I have lain ever since, and you have done me great  
injury to bring me from thence, let me be carried thither again  
by *Gluttony* and *Lechery*, I'll not speak another  
word for a King's ransom.

*Faustus* What are you mistress minks? the seventh  
and last.

*Lechery* Who I sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw  
Mutton better than an ell of fried stock-fish, and the first

letter of my name begins with lechery.

Away, to hell, to hell.

*exeunt the sins.*

*Lucifer* Now *Faustus*, how dost thou like this?

*Faustus* O this feeds my soul.

*Lucifer* But *Faustus*, in hell is all manner of delight.

*Faustus* O might I see hell, and return again, how happy  
were I then?

*Lucifer* Thou shalt, I will send for thee at midnight, in mean  
time take this book, peruse it throughly, and thou shalt turn  
thyself into what shape thou wilt.

*Faustus* Great thanks mighty *Lucifer*, this will I keep as  
chary as my life.

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

*Faustus* Farewell great *Lucifer*, come *Mephistopheles*.

*exeunt omnes.*

*enter Wagner solus.*

*Wagner* Learned *Faustus*,  
To know the secrets of *Astronomy*,  
Graven in the book of *Jove's* high firmament,  
Did mount himself to scale *Olympus'* top,  
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,  
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks,  
He now is gone to prove *Cosmography*,  
And as I guess, will first arrive at *Rome*,

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wln 0821  
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wln 0823  
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wln 0833  
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wln 0862  
wln 0863  
wln 0864  
wln 0865  
wln 0866

To see the Pope, and manner of his court,  
And take some part of holy *Peter's* feast,  
That to this day is highly solemnized.

*exit Wagner*

*Enter Faustus and Mephistopheles.*

*Faustus* Having now, my good Mephistopheles,  
Passed with delight the stately town of *Trier*,  
Environed round with airy mountain tops,  
With walls of flint, and deep entrenched lakes,  
Not to be won by any conquering prince,  
From *Paris* next coasting the Realm of France,  
We saw the river *Maine* fall into *Rhine*,  
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines.  
Then up to *Naples*, rich *Campania*,

Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,  
The streets straight forth, and paved with finest brick,  
Quarters the town in four equivalence.  
There saw we learned *Maro's* golden tomb,  
The way he cut an English mile in length,  
Through a rock of stone in one night's space.  
From thence to *Venice*, *Padua* and the rest,  
In midst of which a sumptuous Temple stands,  
That threatens the stars with her aspiring top.  
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time,  
But tell me now, what resting place is this?  
Hast thou as erst I did command,  
Conducted me within the walls of *Rome*?

*Mephistopheles* Faustus I have, and because we will not be unprovided,  
I have taken up his holiness' privy chamber for  
our use.

*Faustus* I hope his holiness will bid us welcome.

*Mephistopheles* Tut, 'tis no matter man, we'll be bold with his  
good cheer,

And now my Faustus, that thou mayst perceive  
What *Rome* containeth to delight thee with,  
Know that this City stands upon seven hills  
That underprops the groundwork of the same,  
Over the which four stately bridges lean,  
That makes safe passage to each part of *Rome*.  
Upon the bridge called *Ponto Angelo*,  
Erected is a Castle passing strong,  
Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,  
And double Canons, framed of carved brass,  
As match the days within one complete year,  
Besides the gates and high pyramids,  
Which *Julius Caesar* brought from *Africa*.

*Faustus* Now by the kingdoms of infernal rule,  
Of *Styx*, *Acheron* and the fiery lake  
Of ever burning *Phlegeton* I swear,

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wln 0868  
wln 0869

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wln 0871  
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wln 0908  
wln 0909  
wln 0910  
wln 0911

That I do long to see the monuments  
And situation of bright splendent *Rome*,  
Come therefore let's away.

*Mephistopheles* Nay Faustus stay, I know you'd fain see the Pope,  
And take some part of holy *Peter's* feast,  
Where thou shalt see a troop of baldpate Friars,  
Whose *summum bonum* is in belly-cheer.

*Faustus* Well, I am content, to compass then some sport,  
And by their folly make us merriment,  
Then charm me that I may be invisible, to do what I  
please unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.

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

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

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

*Faustus* Fall to, and the devil choke you and you spare.

*Pope* How now, who's that which spoke? Friars look  
about.

*Friar* Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

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

*Faustus* I thank you sir. *Snatch it.*

*Pope.* How now, who's that which snatched the meat  
from me? will no man look?

My Lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of  
*Florence*.

*Faustus* You say true, I'll hate.

*Pope.* What again? my Lord I'll drink to your grace

*Faustus* I'll pledge your grace.

*Lorraine* My Lord, it may be some ghost newly crept out of  
*Purgatory* come to beg a pardon of your holiness.

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

*The Pope crosseth himself.*

*Faustus* What, are you crossing of yourself?  
Well use that trick no more, I would advise you.

*Cross again.*

*Faustus* Well, there's the second time, aware the third,  
I give you fair warning.

*Cross again, and Faustus hits him a box of the ear,  
and they all run away.*

*Faustus* Come on *Mephistopheles*, what shall we do?

*Mephistopheles* Nay I know not, we shall be cursed with bell, book,  
and candle.

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wln 0929

*Faustus* How? bell, book, and candle, candle, book, and bell,  
Forward and backward, to curse *Faustus* to hell.  
Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an  
ass bray, because it is Saint *Peter's* holy day.

*Enter all the Friars to sing the Dirge.*

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

*Sing this. Cursed be he that stole away his holiness meat  
from the table. maledicat dominus.*

*Cursed be he that struck his holiness a blow on the face.  
maledicat dominus.*

*Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate.  
male, etc.*

*Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy Dirge.  
male, etc.*

*Cursed be he that took away his holiness' wine.  
maledicat dominus.*

*Et omnes sancti. Amen.*

wln 0930  
wln 0931

*Beat the Friars, and fling fireworks among  
them, and so Exeunt.*

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wln 0933  
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wln 0935  
wln 0936  
wln 0937  
wln 0938  
wln 0939  
wln 0940  
wln 0941

*Enter Chorus.*

When *Faustus* had with pleasure ta'en the view  
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,  
He stayed his course, and so returned home,  
Where such as bear his absence, but with grief,  
I mean his friends and nearest companions,  
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,  
And in their conference of what befell,  
Touching his journey through the world and air,  
They put forth questions of Astrology,

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wln 0943  
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wln 0957

Which *Faustus* answered with such learned skill,  
As they admired and wondered at his wit.  
Now is his fame spread forth in every land,  
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,  
*Carolus* the fifth, at whose palace now  
*Faustus* is feasted 'mongst his noble men.  
What there he did in trial of his art,  
I leave untold, your eyes shall see performed.

*Exit.*

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

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

*Enter Rafe calling Robin.*

*Rafe Robin,* prithee come away, there's a Gentleman

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wln 1005

tarries to have his horse, and he would have his things rubbed and made clean: he keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it, and she has sent me to look thee out, prithee come away.

*Robin* Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up, you are dismembered *Rafe*, keep out, for I am about a roaring piece of work.

*Rafe* Come, what dost thou with that same book thou canst not read?

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

*Rafe* Why *Robin* what book is that?

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

*Rafe* Canst thou conjure with it?

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

*Rafe* Our master Parson says that's nothing.

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

to *Nan Spit* our kitchen maid, then turn her and wind her to thy own use, as often as thou wilt, and at midnight.

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

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

*exeunt.*

*Enter Robin and Rafe with a silver Goblet.*

*Robin* Come *Rafe*, did not I tell thee, we were for ever made by this doctor Faustus' book? *ecce signum*, here's a simple purchase for horsekeepers, our horses shall eat no hay as long as this lasts.

*enter the Vintner.*

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

*Robin* Hush, I'll gull him supernaturally: Drawer, I hope all is paid, God be with you, come *Rafe*.

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

*Robin* I a goblet *Rafe*, I a goblet? I scorn you: and you are but a etc. I a goblet? search me.

*Vintner* I mean so sir with your favour.

*Robin* How say you now?

*Vintner* I must say somewhat to your fellow, 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* Well, t'one of you hath this goblet about you.

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wln 1052

*Robin* You lie Drawer, 'tis afore me: sirrah you, I'll teach ye to impeach honest men stand by, I'll scour you for a goblet, stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of Beelzebub: look to the goblet *Rafe*.

*Vintner* what mean you sirrah?

*Robin* I'll tell you what I mean.

*He reads.*

*Sanctobulorum Periphrastricon*: nay I'll tickle you *Vintner*, look to the goblet *Rafe*, *Polypragmos Belyeborams framanto pacostiphos tostu Mephistopheles, etc.*

*Enter Mephistopheles: sets squibs at their backs: they run about.*

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

*Rafe* *Peccatum peccatorum*, here's thy goblet, good *Vintner*.

*Robin* *Misericordia pro nobis* what shall I do? good devil forgive me now, and I'll never rob thy Library more.

*Enter to them Mephistopheles*

*Mephistopheles* Vanish villains, th' one like an Ape, another like a Bear, the third an Ass, for doing this enterprise.

Monarch of hell, under whose black survey

Great Potentates do kneel with awful fear,

Upon whose altars thousand fowls do lie,

How am I vexed with these villains' charms?

From *Constantinople* am I hither come,

Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.

*Robin* How, from *Constantinople*? you have had a great journey, will you take six pence in your purse to pay for your supper, and be gone?

*Mephistopheles* well villains, for your presumption, I transform thee into an Ape, and thee into a Dog, and so be gone. *exit.*

*Robin* How, into an Ape? that's brave, I'll have fine sport with the boys, I'll get nuts and apples enow.

*Rafe* And I must be a Dog.

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

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

*Emperor* Master doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black Art, how that none in

my Empire, nor in the whole world can compare with thee,

for the rare effects of Magic: they say thou hast a familiar

spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list, this

therefore is my request that thou let me see some proof of thy

skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine

ears have heard reported, and here I swear to thee, by the

honour of mine Imperial crown, that whatever thou dost,

thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged.

*Knight* I'faith he looks much like a conjurer

*aside.*



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wln 1089

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

*Emperor* Then doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say, As I was sometime solitary set, within my Closet, sundry thoughts arose, about the honour of mine ancestors, how they had won by prowess such exploits, got such riches, subdued so many kingdoms, as we that do succeed, or they that shall hereafter possess our throne, shall (I fear me) never attain to that degree of high renown and great authority, amongst which kings is *Alexander* the great, chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence, The bright shining of whose glorious acts Lightens the world with his reflecting beams, As when I hear but motion made of him, It grieves my soul I never saw the man: If therefore thou, by cunning of thine Art, Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below, where lies entombed this famous Conqueror, And bring with him his beauteous Paramour, Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire They used to wear during their time of life, Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire, And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

*Faustus* My gracious Lord, I am ready to accomplish your request, so far forth as by art and power of my spirit I am able to perform.

*Knight* I'faith that's just nothing at all. *aside.*

*Faustus* But if it like your Grace, it is not in my ability to present before your eyes, the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes which long since are consumed to dust.

*Knight* Ay marry master doctor, now there's a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth. *aside.*

*Faustus* But such spirits as can lively resemble *Alexander* and his Paramour, shall appear before your Grace, in that

img: 17-b  
sig: E1r

wln 1090  
wln 1091  
wln 1092  
wln 1093  
wln 1094  
wln 1095  
wln 1096  
wln 1097

manner that they best lived in, in their most flourishing estate, which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your Imperial majesty.

*Emperor* Go to master Doctor, let me see them presently.

*Knight* Do you hear master Doctor? you bring *Alexander* and his paramour before the emperor?

*Faustus* How then sir?

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

wln 1098  
wln 1099  
wln 1100  
wln 1101  
wln 1102

*Faustus* No sir but when *Actaeon* died, he left the horns for  
you: *Mephistopheles* be gone. *exit Mephistopheles*  
*Knight* Nay, and you go to conjuring, I'll be gone. *exit Knight*  
*Faustus* I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so:  
here they are my gracious Lord.

wln 1103

*Enter Mephistopheles with Alexander and his paramour.*

wln 1104  
wln 1105  
wln 1106

*emperor* Master Doctor, I heard this Lady while she lived  
had a wart or mole in her neck, how shall I know whether  
it be so or no?

wln 1107

*Faustus* Your highness may boldly go and see. *exit Alexander:*

wln 1108

*emperor* Sure these are no spirits, but the true substantial

wln 1109

bodies of those two deceased princes.

wln 1110

*Faustus* wilt please your highness now to send for the knight  
that was so pleasant with me here of late?

wln 1111

*emperor* One of you call him forth.

wln 1112

wln 1113

*Enter the Knight with a pair of horns on his head.*

wln 1114

*emperor* How now sir Knight? why I had thought thou  
hadst been a bachelor, but now I see thou hast a wife, that  
not only gives thee horns, but makes thee wear them, feel  
on thy head.

wln 1115

wln 1116

wln 1117

wln 1118

wln 1119

wln 1120

wln 1121

*Knight* Thou damned wretch, and execrable dog,  
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock:  
How dar'st thou thus abuse a Gentleman?  
Villain I say, undo what thou hast done.

img: 18-a  
sig: E1v

wln 1122

wln 1123

wln 1124

wln 1125

wln 1126

wln 1127

wln 1128

wln 1129

wln 1130

wln 1131

wln 1132

wln 1133

wln 1134

wln 1135

wln 1136

wln 1137

wln 1138

wln 1139

wln 1140

wln 1141

*Faustus* O not so fast sir, there's no haste but good, are you  
remembered how you crossed me in my conference with the  
emperor? I think I have met with you for it.

*emperor* Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him,  
he hath done penance sufficient.

*Faustus* My gracious Lord, not so much for the injury he  
offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with some  
mirth, hath *Faustus* worthily requited this injurious knight,  
which being all I desire, I am content to release him of his  
horns: and sir knight, hereafter speak well of Scholars:  
*Mephistopheles*, transform him straight. Now my good Lord  
having done my duty, I humbly take my leave.

*emperor* Farewell master Doctor, yet ere you go, expect  
from me a bounteous reward. *exit Emperor.*

*Faustus* Now *Mephistopheles*, the restless course that time  
doth run with calm and silent foot,  
Short'ning my days and thread of vital life,  
Calls for the payment of my latest years,  
Therefore sweet *Mephistopheles*, let us make haste to  
*Wertenberg*.

wln 1142  
wln 1143  
wln 1144  
wln 1145  
wln 1146  
wln 1147  
wln 1148  
wln 1149  
wln 1150  
wln 1151  
wln 1152  
wln 1153  
wln 1154  
wln 1155  
wln 1156  
wln 1157

img: 18-b  
sig: E2r

wln 1158  
wln 1159  
wln 1160  
wln 1161  
wln 1162  
wln 1163  
wln 1164  
wln 1165  
wln 1166  
wln 1167  
wln 1168  
wln 1169  
wln 1170  
wln 1171  
wln 1172  
wln 1173  
wln 1174  
wln 1175  
wln 1176

wln 1177

wln 1178  
wln 1179  
wln 1180  
wln 1181  
wln 1182  
wln 1183  
wln 1184  
wln 1185  
wln 1186  
wln 1187

*Mephistopheles* what, will you go on horseback, or on foot?  
*Faustus* Nay, till I am past this fair and pleasant green, I'll  
walk on foot. *enter a Horse-courser*

*Horse-courser* I have been all this day seeking one master Fustian:  
mass see where he is, God save you master doctor.

*Faustus* What horse-courser, you are well met.

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

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

*Horse-courser* Alas sir, I have no more, I pray you speak for  
me.

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

*Faustus* Well, come give me your money, my boy will deliver  
him to you: but I must tell you one thing before you have

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

*Horse-courser* why sir, will he not drink of all waters?

*Faustus* O yes, he will drink of all waters, but ride him not  
into the water, ride him over hedge or ditch, or where thou  
wilt, but not into the water.

*Horse-courser* Well sir, Now am I made man for ever, I'll not  
leave my horse for forty: if he had but the quality of hey  
ding, ding, hey, ding, ding, I'd make a brave living on him;  
he has a buttock as slick as an Eel: well goodbye sir, your  
boy will deliver him me: but hark ye sir, if my horse be sick, or  
ill at ease, if I bring his water to you you'll tell me what it is?

*Exit Horse-courser.*

*Faustus* Away you villain: what, dost think I am a horse-doctor?  
what art thou Faustus but a man condemned to die?

Thy fatal time doth draw to final end,  
Despair doth drive distrust unto my thoughts,  
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep:  
Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the Cross,  
Then rest thee Faustus quiet in conceit.

*Sleep in his chair.*

*Enter Horse-courser all wet, crying.*

*Horse-courser* Alas, alas, Doctor Fustian quoth 'a, mass Doctor  
*Lopus* was never such a Doctor, has given me a purgation,  
has purged me of forty Dollars, I shall never see them more:  
but yet like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him,  
for he bade me I should ride him into no water; now, I thinking  
my horse had had some rare quality that he would not  
have had me known of, I like a venturous youth, rid him into  
the deep pond at the town's end, I was no sooner in the  
middle of the pond, but my horse vanished away, and I sat upon  
a bottle of hay, never so near drowning in my life: but

wln 1188  
wln 1189  
wln 1190  
wln 1191

img: 19-a  
sig: E2v

I'll seek out my Doctor, and have my forty dollars again,  
or I'll make it the dearest horse: O yonder is his snipper-snapper,  
do you hear? you, hey, pass, where's your  
master?

wln 1192  
wln 1193  
wln 1194  
wln 1195  
wln 1196  
wln 1197  
wln 1198  
wln 1199  
wln 1200  
wln 1201  
wln 1202  
wln 1203  
wln 1204  
wln 1205  
wln 1206  
wln 1207

*Mephistopheles* why sir, what would you? you cannot speak  
with him.  
*Horse-corser* But I will speak with him.  
*Mephistopheles* Why he's fast asleep, come some other time.  
*Horse-corser* I'll speak with him now, or I'll break his glass-windows  
about his ears.  
*Mephistopheles* I tell thee he has not slept this eight nights.  
*Horse-corser* And he have not slept this eight weeks I'll speak  
with him.  
*Mephistopheles* See where he is fast asleep.  
*Horse-corser* Ay, this is he, God save ye master doctor, master  
doctor, master doctor Fustian, forty dollars, forty dollars  
for a bottle of hay.  
*Mephistopheles* Why, thou seest he hears thee not.  
*Horse-corser* So, ho, ho: so, ho, ho. *Hallow in his ear.*  
No, will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go.

wln 1208

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

wln 1209  
wln 1210  
wln 1211  
wln 1212  
wln 1213  
wln 1214  
wln 1215  
wln 1216  
wln 1217  
wln 1218  
wln 1219  
wln 1220  
wln 1221

Alas, I am undone, what shall I do:  
*Faustus* O my leg, my leg, help *Mephistopheles*, call the  
Officers, my leg, my leg.  
*Mephistopheles* Come villain to the Constable.  
*Horse-corser* O Lord sir, let me go, and I'll give you forty dollars  
more.  
*Mephistopheles* Where be they?  
*Horse-corser* I have none about me, come to my Hostry and I'll  
give them you.  
*Mephistopheles* Be gone quickly. *Horse-courser runs away.*  
*Faustus* What is he gone? farewell he, Faustus has his leg  
again, and the Horse-courser I take it, a bottle of hay for his  
labour; well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

wln 1222

*Enter Wagner.*

wln 1223

How now *Wagner*, what's the news with thee?

img: 19-b  
sig: E3r

wln 1224  
wln 1225  
wln 1226  
wln 1227

*Wagner* Sir, the Duke of *Vanholt* doth earnestly entreat  
your company.  
*Faustus* The Duke of *Vanholt*! an honourable gentleman,  
to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning, come *Mephistopheles*,

wln 1228

let's away to him.

*exeunt.*

wln 1229

*Enter to them the Duke, and the Duchess,  
the Duke speaks.*

wln 1230

wln 1231

*Duke* Believe me master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

wln 1232

wln 1233

*Faustus* My gracious Lord, I am glad it contents you so well: but it may be Madam, you take no delight in this, I have heard that great bellied women do long for some dainties or other, what is it Madam? tell me, and you shall have it.

wln 1234

wln 1235

wln 1236

wln 1237

wln 1238

*Duchess* Thanks, good master doctor, And for I see your courteous intent to pleasure me, I will not hide from you the thing my heart desires, and were it now summer, as it is January, and the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

wln 1239

wln 1240

wln 1241

wln 1242

wln 1243

*Faustus* Alas Madam, that's nothing, *Mephistopheles*, be gone: *exit Mephistopheles* were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it *enter Mephistopheles* here they be madam, wilt please you taste *with the grapes.* on them.

wln 1244

wln 1245

wln 1246

wln 1247

wln 1248

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

wln 1249

wln 1250

wln 1251

*Faustus* If it like your grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in *India, Saba*, and farther countries in the East, and by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had them brought hither, as ye see, how do you like them Madam, be they good?

wln 1252

wln 1253

wln 1254

wln 1255

wln 1256

wln 1257

*Duchess* Believe me Master doctor, they be the best grapes

img: 20-a

sig: E3v

wln 1258

that e'er I tasted in my life before.

wln 1259

*Faustus* I am glad they content you so Madam.

wln 1260

*Duke* Come Madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath showed to you.

wln 1261

wln 1262

*Duchess* And so I will my Lord, and whilst I live, Rest beholding for this courtesy.

wln 1263

wln 1264

*Faustus* I humbly thank your Grace.

wln 1265

wln 1266

*Duke* Come, master Doctor follow us, and receive your reward.

wln 1267

*exeunt.*

wln 1268

*enter Wagner solus.*

wln 1269

*Wagner* I think my master means to die shortly, For he hath given to me all his goods, And yet methinks, if that death were near, He would not banquet, and carouse, and swill Amongst the Students, as even now he doth,

wln 1270

wln 1271

wln 1272

wln 1273

wln 1274  
wln 1275  
wln 1276

who are at supper with such belly-cheer,  
As *Wagner* ne'er beheld in all his life.  
See where they come: belike the feast is ended.

wln 1277

*Enter Faustus with two or three Scholars*

wln 1278  
wln 1279  
wln 1280  
wln 1281  
wln 1282  
wln 1283  
wln 1284  
wln 1285  
wln 1286  
wln 1287  
wln 1288  
wln 1289  
wln 1290  
wln 1291

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

*Faustus* Gentlemen, for that I know your friendship is unfeigned, and *Faustus'* custom is not to deny the just requests of those that wish him well, you shall behold that peerless dame of *Greece*, no otherways for pomp and majesty, than when sir *Paris* crossed the seas with her, and brought the spoils to rich *Dardania*. Be silent then, for danger is in words.

img: 20-b  
sig: E4r

wln 1292

*Music sounds, and Helen passeth over the Stage.*

wln 1293  
wln 1294  
wln 1295  
wln 1296  
wln 1297  
wln 1298  
wln 1299  
wln 1300  
wln 1301  
wln 1302  
wln 1303  
wln 1304  
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wln 1309  
wln 1310  
wln 1311  
wln 1312  
wln 1313  
wln 1314  
wln 1315  
wln 1316  
wln 1317

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

*3. Scholar* No marvel though the angry Greeks pursued  
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,  
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

*1. Scholar* Since we have seen the pride of nature's works,  
And only Paragon of excellence, *Enter an old man.*  
Let us depart, and for this glorious deed  
Happy and blessed be *Faustus* evermore.

*Faustus* Gentlemen farewell, the same I wish to you.

*Exeunt Scholars.*

*Old.* Ah Doctor *Faustus*, that I might prevail,  
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,  
By which sweet path thou mayst attain the goal  
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest.  
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,  
Tears falling from repentant heaviness  
Of thy most vild and loathsome filthiness,  
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul  
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sins,  
As no commiseration may expel,  
But mercy *Faustus* of thy Saviour sweet,  
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

*Faustus* Where art thou *Faustus*? wretch what hast thou done?  
Damned art thou *Faustus*, damned, despair and die,

wln 1318  
wln 1319  
wln 1320  
wln 1321  
wln 1322  
wln 1323  
wln 1324  
wln 1325  
wln 1326

img: 21-a  
sig: E4v

wln 1327  
wln 1328  
wln 1329  
wln 1330  
wln 1331  
wln 1332  
wln 1333  
wln 1334  
wln 1335  
wln 1336  
wln 1337  
wln 1338  
wln 1339  
wln 1340  
wln 1341  
wln 1342  
wln 1343  
wln 1344  
wln 1345  
wln 1346  
wln 1347  
wln 1348  
wln 1349  
wln 1350  
wln 1351  
wln 1352  
wln 1353  
wln 1354  
wln 1355  
wln 1356  
wln 1357  
wln 1358  
wln 1359  
wln 1360  
wln 1361  
wln 1362

img: 21-b  
sig: F1r

Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice  
Says, Faustus come, thine hour is come, *Mephistopheles gives*  
And Faustus will come to do thee right. *him a dagger.*

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

*Faustus* Ah my sweet friend, I feel thy words

To comfort my distressed soul,  
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

*Old.* I go sweet Faustus, but with heavy cheer,  
fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul.

*Faustus* Accursed Faustus, where is mercy now?

I do repent, and yet I do despair:

Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast,  
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

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

*Faustus* Sweet *Mephistopheles*, entreat thy Lord  
To pardon my unjust presumption,  
And with my blood again I will confirm  
My former vow I made to *Lucifer*.

*Mephistopheles* Do it then quickly, with unfeigned heart,  
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

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

*Mephistopheles* His faith is great, I cannot touch his soul,  
But what I may afflict his body with,  
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

*Faustus* One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee  
To glut the longing of my heart's desire,  
That I might have unto my paramour,  
That heavenly *Helen* which I saw of late,  
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean  
These thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,  
And keep mine oath I made to *Lucifer*.

*Mephistopheles* *Faustus*, this, or what else thou shalt desire,  
Shall be performed in twinkling of an eye. *enter Helen.*

*Faustus* Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?  
And burnt the topless Towers of *Ilium*?  
Sweet *Helen*, make me immortal with a kiss:  
Her lips sucks forth my soul, see where it flies:

wln 1363  
wln 1364  
wln 1365  
wln 1366  
wln 1367  
wln 1368  
wln 1369  
wln 1370  
wln 1371  
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wln 1379  
wln 1380  
wln 1381  
wln 1382  
wln 1383  
wln 1384  
wln 1385  
wln 1386  
wln 1387  
wln 1388

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

*enter old man*

*Exeunt.*

*Old man* Accursed *Faustus*, miserable man,  
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of heaven,  
And fliest the throne of his tribunal seat,

*Enter the Devils.*

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

*Exeunt.*

wln 1389

*Enter Faustus with the Scholars.*

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

*Faustus* Ah Gentlemen!

1. *Scholar* what ails *Faustus*?

*Faustus* Ah my sweet chamber-fellow! had I lived with  
thee, then had I lived still, but now I die eternally: look,  
comes he not? comes he not?

2. *Scholar* what means *Faustus*?

3. *Scholar* Belike he is grown into some sickness, by

img: 22-a  
sig: F1v

wln 1397  
wln 1398  
wln 1399  
wln 1400  
wln 1401  
wln 1402  
wln 1403  
wln 1404  
wln 1405  
wln 1406  
wln 1407

being ever solitary.

1. *Scholar* If it be so, we'll have Physicians to cure him,  
'tis but a surfeit, never fear man.

*Faustus* A surfeit of deadly sin that hath damned both body  
and soul.

2. *Scholar* Yet *Faustus* look up to heaven, remember god's  
mercies are infinite.

*Faustus* But *Faustus*' offence can ne'er be pardoned,  
The Serpent that tempted *Eve* may be saved,  
But not *Faustus*: Ah Gentlemen, hear me with patience,  
and tremble not at my speeches, though my heart pants and



wln 1408  
wln 1409  
wln 1410  
wln 1411  
wln 1412  
wln 1413  
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wln 1429  
wln 1430  
wln 1431  
wln 1432

img: 22-b  
sig: F2r

wln 1433  
wln 1434  
wln 1435  
wln 1436  
wln 1437  
wln 1438  
wln 1439  
wln 1440  
wln 1441  
wln 1442  
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wln 1451  
wln 1452  
wln 1453  
wln 1454  
wln 1455

quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O would I had never seen *Wertenberg*, never read book: and what wonders I have done, all *Germany* can witness, yea all the world, for which Faustus hath lost both *Germany*, and the world, yea heaven itself, heaven the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy, and must remain in hell for ever, hell ah hell for ever, sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell forever?

3. *Scholar* Yet Faustus call on God.

*Faustus* On God whom Faustus hath abjured on God whom Faustus hath blasphemed ah my God I would weep but the devil draws in my tears gush forth blood instead of tears yea life and soul Oh he stays my tongue I would lift up my hands but see they hold them they hold them

*All* Who Faustus?

*Faustus* *Lucifer* and *Mephistopheles*.

Ah Gentlemen! I gave them my soul for my cunning.

*All* God forbid.

*Faustus* God forbade it indeed but Faustus hath done it: for vain pleasure of 24. years, hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity, I writ them a bill with mine own blood, the date is expired, the time will come, and he will fetch me.

1. *Scholar* why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that Divines might have prayed for thee?

*Faustus* Oft have I thought to have done so, but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God, to fetch both body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late: Gentlemen away, lest you perish with me.

2. *Scholar* O what shall we do to **Faustus**?

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

3. *Scholar* God will strengthen me, I will stay with Faustus.

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

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

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

*Faustus* Gentlemen farewell, if I live till morning, I'll visit you: if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

*All* Faustus, farewell.

*Exeunt Scholars*

*The clock strikes eleven.*

*Faustus* Ah Faustus,  
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,  
And then thou must be damned perpetually:  
Stand still you ever-moving spheres of heaven,

wln 1456  
wln 1457  
wln 1458  
wln 1459  
wln 1460  
wln 1461  
wln 1462  
wln 1463  
wln 1464  
wln 1465  
wln 1466  
wln 1467  
wln 1468

img: 23-a  
sig: F2v

That time may cease, and midnight never come:  
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make  
Perpetual day, or let this hour be but a year,  
A month, a week, a natural day,  
That Faustus may repent and save his soul,  
*O lente lente curite noctis equi:*  
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,  
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.  
O I'll leap up to my God: who pulls me down?  
See see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament,  
One drop would save my soul, half a drop, ah my Christ,  
Ah rend not my heart for naming of my Christ,  
Yet will I call on him, o spare me *Lucifer!*

wln 1469  
wln 1470  
wln 1471  
wln 1472  
wln 1473  
wln 1474  
wln 1475  
wln 1476  
wln 1477  
wln 1478  
wln 1479  
wln 1480  
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wln 1492  
wln 1493  
wln 1494  
wln 1495  
wln 1496  
wln 1497  
wln 1498  
wln 1499  
wln 1500  
wln 1501  
wln 1502  
wln 1503

Where is it now? 'tis gone:  
And see where God stretcheth out his arm,  
And bends his ireful brows:  
Mountains and hills, come come, and fall on me,  
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God.  
No no, then will I headlong run into the earth:  
Earth gape, O no, it will not harbour me:  
You stars that reigned at my nativity,  
whose influence hath allotted death and hell,  
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist,  
Into the entrails of yon lab'ring cloud,  
That when you vomit forth into the air,  
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,  
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven:  
Ah, half the hour is past: *The watch strikes.*  
'Twill all be past anon:  
Oh God, if thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,  
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransomed me,  
Impose some end to my incessant pain,  
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,  
A hundred thousand, and at last be saved.  
O no end is limited to damned souls,  
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?  
Or, why is this immortal that thou hast?  
Ah *Pythagoras metempsychosis* were that true,  
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed  
Unto some brutish beast: all beasts are happy, for when they die,  
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements,  
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell:  
Cursed be the parents that engendered me:  
No Faustus, curse thyself, curse *Lucifer*,  
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven:  
*The clock striketh twelve.*  
O it strikes, it strikes, now body turn to air,  
Or *Lucifer* will bear thee quick to hell:

wln 1505

Oh soul, be changed into little water drops,

wln 1506

And fall into the *Ocean*, ne'er be found:

wln 1507

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me:

*Enter devils.*

wln 1508

Adders, and Serpents, let me breathe a while:

wln 1509

Ugly hell gape not, come not *Lucifer*,

wln 1510

I'll burn my books, ah *Mephistopheles*.*exeunt with him*

wln 1511

*Enter Chorus.*

wln 1512

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,

wln 1513

And burned is *Apollo's* 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

Only to wonder at unlawful things,

wln 1518

whose deepness doth entice such forward wits,

wln 1519

To practise more than heavenly power permits.

wln 1520

*Terminat hora diem, Terminat Author opus.*


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### 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*."