



**BRAVE SPIRITS THEATRE
ARCHIVE**

REHEARSAL SCRIPT
Doctor Faustus
2017

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Doctor Faustus
by Christopher Marlowe

directed by
Paul Reisman

October 2017

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS

Not marching now in fields of Trasimene,
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians,
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of Kings where state is over-turn'd,
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to daunt his heavenly verse:
Only this, Gentles: we must perform,
The form of Faustus fortunes good or bad.
And now to patient judgements we appeal,
And speak for Faustus in her infancy.
Now is she borne, her parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a Town cal'd Rhodes:
Of riper years to Wittenberg she went,
Whereas her kinsmen chiefly brought her vp,
So soon she profits in Divinity,
That shortly she was graced with Doctors name,
Excelling all, whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of Theology,
Till swollen with cunning, of a self conceit,
Her waxen wings did mount above her reach,
And melting, heavens conspired her overthrow.
For falling to a devilish exercise,
And gluttred more with learnings golden gifts,

She surfeits upon cursed Necromancy:
Nothing so sweet as Magic is to her
Which she prefers before her chiefest bliss,
And here the doctor in her study sits.

SCENE I.i

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 Analytics, '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 that end.
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit.
Bid economy farewell, and Galen come.
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?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escaped the plague
And thousand desperate maladies been cured?

Yet art thou still but Faustus and a [maid].
Could'st thou make men to live eternally,
Or being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteemed.
Physic farewell.
When all is done, divinity is best;
Jerome's Bible, Faustus, view it well.
Stipendium peccati, mors est. Ha! Stipendium, &c:
The reward of sin is death? That's hard.
*Si peccasse, negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis
veritas.*
If we say that we have no sin,
We deceive ourselves, and there is 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, and 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,
But her dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man:
A sound magician is a demi-god.
Here Faustus try thy brains to gain a deity.

(Enter Wagner.)

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
Request them earnestly to visit me.

WAGNER I will sir.

(Exit.)

FAUSTUS Their conference will be a greater help to me,
Then all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

(Enter the Good Angel and Evil Angel.)

GOOD ANGEL O Faustus, lay that damned book aside,
And gaze not on it least it tempt thy soul
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head.
Read, read the scriptures: that is blasphemy.

BAD ANGEL Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art
Wherein all nature's treasure is contained.
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and Commander of these elements.

(Exeunt Angels.)

FAUSTUS

How am I gluttred 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.
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign Kings.
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg.
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,
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 the provinces.

(Enter Valdes and Cornelius)

Come, German Valdes and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes and Cornelius!
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practice magic and concealed arts.
Philosophy is odious and obscure.

Both law and physic are for petty wits.
Divinity is basest of the three,
Tis magic, magic that hath ravished me.
Then gentle friends aid me in this attempt,
And I will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

VALDES

Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all nations to canonize us,
So shall the spirits of every element
Be always serviceable to us three.
Like lions shall they guard us when we please,
Or Lapland giants trotting by our sides.
Sometimes like women or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than has the white breasts of the queen of love.
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece,
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.
She that is grounded in Astrology,
Enriched with tongues, well seen in minerals,

Hath all the principles magic doth require.
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renowned,
And more frequented for this mystery,
Then heretofore the Delphian oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wracks,
Yea, all the wealth that our fore-fathers hid
Within the messy 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 bushy 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—

CORNELIUS

Valdes, first let her know the words of art,
And then all other ceremonies learned,
Faustus may try her 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 canvass every quiddity thereof;

For ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do:

This night I'll conjure though I die therefore.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE I.ii

(Enter three Scholars.)

FIRST SCHOLAR I wonder what's become of Faustus that was wont
To make our schools ring, with *sic probo*.

(Enter Wagner)

SECOND SCHOLAR That shall we presently know, here comes her boy.

THIRD SCHOLAR How now, sirrah! Where's thy master?

WAGNER God in heaven knows.

SECOND SCHOLAR Why dost not thou know then?

WAGNER Yes, I know, but that follows not.

FIRST SCHOLAR Go to, sirrah; leave your jesting and tell us where she
is.

WAGNER That follows not by force of argument, which
you, being licentiates, should stand upon. Therefore,
acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

THIRD SCHOLAR Then you will not tell us?

WAGNER You are deceived, for I will tell you. Yet if you were
not dunces, you would never ask me such a

question. For is she not 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 but to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus, having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precision, and begin to speak thus: truly my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would inform your worships. And so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren.

(Exit.)

FIRST SCHOLAR O Faustus, then I fear it which I have long suspected:
That thou art fallen into that damned art
For which they two are infamous through the world.

SECOND SCHOLAR Were she a stranger, not allied to me,
The danger of her soul would make me mourn.

THIRD SCHOLAR I fear me, nothing will reclaim her now.

SECOND SCHOLAR Yet let us see what we can do.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE I.iii

(Enter Faustus to conjure. Thunder.)

FAUSTUS Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Leaps from th'Antarctic world unto the sky,
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, anagrammatised:
Th'abbreviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs, and evening stars,
By which the spirits are enforced to rise.
Then fear not, Faustus, to be resolute
And try the utmost magic can perform.

(Thunder.)

*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
appareat, et surgat Mephistophilis. Quid tu moraris?
per Jehovam, gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam
nunc spargo; signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per
vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus
Mephistophilis!*

(Enter a Devil.)

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape.
Thou art too ugly to attend on me.

(Exit Devil)

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words.
Who would not be proficient in this art?

(Enter Mephistophilis.)

How pliant is this Mephistophilis?
Full of obedience and humility,
Such is the force of magic and my spells.

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

FAUSTUS I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live
To do what ever Faustus shall command.
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

MEPHISTOPHILIS 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?

MEPHISTOPHILIS No, I came now hither of mine owe accord.

FAUSTUS Did not my conjuring raise thee? Speak.

MEPHISTOPHILIS That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*;
For when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the scriptures, and his Savior Christ,
We fly in hope to get his/her glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless s/he use such means
Whereby s/he is in danger to be damned.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure all godliness
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 herself.
This word Damnation terrifies not me,
For I confound hell in Elysium;
My ghost be with the old philosophers.
But leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me, what is that Lucifer, thy Lord?

MEPHISTOPHILIS Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

FAUSTUS Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

MEPHISTOPHILIS Yes, Faustus, and most dearly loved of God.

FAUSTUS How comes it then that he is Prince of Devils?

MEPHISTOPHILIS 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?

MEPHISTOPHILIS Unhappy spirits that live with Lucifer,
Conspired against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damned with Lucifer.

FAUSTUS Where are you damned?

MEPHISTOPHILIS In hell.

FAUSTUS How comes it then that thou art out of hell?

MEPHISTOPHILIS Why this is hell, nor am I out of it.
Think'st thou that I that 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 Mephistophilis so passionate
For being deprived of the joys of heaven?
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurred eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say she surrenders up to him her soul,
So he will spare her four and twenty years,
Letting her 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 to 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.

MEPHISTOPHILIS I will, Faustus.

(Exit.)

FAUSTUS Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By her 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.
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any Potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtained what I desired
I'll live in speculation of this art
Till Mephistophilis return again. *(Exit.)*

SCENE I.iv

(Enter Wagner and [Robin] the Clown.)

WAGNER Come hither sirrah boy.

ROBIN Boy? O disgrace to my person. Zounds! Boy in your

face! You have seen many boys with beards I am sure.

WAGNER Sirrah, hast thou no comings in?

ROBIN Yes, and goings out too, you may see sir.

WAGNER Alas poor slave. See how poverty jests in his nakedness. I know the villain's 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.

ROBIN Not so neither; I had need to have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear, I can tell you.

WAGNER Sirrah, wilt thou be my man and wait on me? And I will make thee go, like *Qui mihi discipulus*.

ROBIN What, in verse?

WAGNER No, slave, in beaten silk, and stavesacre.

ROBIN Stavesacre? That's good to kill vermin. Then belike if I serve you I shall be lousy.

WAGNER Why, so thou shalt be, whether thou dost it or no. For, sirrah, if thou dost not presently bind thyself to me for seven years, I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and make them tear thee in pieces.

ROBIN Nay, sir, you may save yourself a labor, for they are as familiar with me, as if they paid for their meat and drink, I can tell you.

WAGNER Well, sirrah, leave your jesting, and take these guilders.

ROBIN Yes, marry, sir, and I thank you too.

WAGNER So, now thou art to be at an hour’s warning, whensoever and wheresoever the devil shall fetch thee.

ROBIN Here, take your guilders; I’ll none of ’em.

WAGNER Not I. Thou art pressed. Prepare thyself, for I will presently raise up two devils to carry thee away: Baliol, Belcher!

ROBIN Belcher and Belcher come here. I’ll belch him. I am not afraid of a devil.

(Enter two Devils.)

WAGNER How now, sir, will you serve me now?

ROBIN Ay, good Wagner, take away the devil then.

WAGNER Spirits, away! Now, sirrah, follow me.

ROBIN I will sir, but hark you master, you teach me this conjuring occupation?

WAGNER Ay, sirrah, I'll teach thee to turn thyself to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything.

ROBIN A dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat? O, brave Wagner.

WAGNER Villain, call me master Wagner, and see that you walk attentively, and let your right eye be always Diametrically fixed upon my left heel, that thou may'st, *Quasi vestigias nostris insistere.*

ROBIN Well, sir, I warrant you.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.i

(Enter Faustus in her study.)

FAUSTUS Now, Faustus, must thou needs be damned?
Can'st thou not be saved?
What boots it then to think on God or heaven?
Away with such vain fancies and despair,
Despair in God and trust in Beelzebub,
Now go not backward, Faustus; be resolute.
Why wavers thou? O something soundeth in mine ear.
Abjure this magic, turn to God again.
To God? He loves thee not.
The God thou serv'st is thine owe appetite

(Enter the two Angels.)

BAD ANGEL Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art.

GOOD ANGEL Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

FAUSTUS Contrition, prayer, repentance? What of these?

GOOD ANGEL O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven.

BAD ANGEL Rather, illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That make them foolish that do trust them most.

GOOD ANGEL Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

BAD ANGEL No, Faustus, think of honour and of wealth.

(Exeunt Angels)

FAUSTUS Wealth? Why the signory of Embden shall be mine.
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What power can hurt thee Faustus? Thou art safe.
Cast no more doubts; Mephistophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer
Is't not midnight? Come, Mephistophilis.
Veni veni Mephostophile.

(Enter Mephistophilis)

 Now tell me, what says Lucifer, thy Lord?

MEPHISTOPHILIS That I shall wait on Faustus whilst she lives,
So she will buy my service with her soul.

FAUSTUS Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

MEPHISTOPHILIS But now thou must bequeath it solemnly,
 And write a deed of gift with thine owe blood,
 For that security craves Lucifer
 If thou deny it I must back to hell.

FAUSTUS Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me,
 What good will my soul do thy Lord?

MEPHISTOPHILIS Enlarge his Kingdom.

FAUSTUS Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

MEPHISTOPHILIS *Solamen miseris, socios habuisse doloris.*
 But tell me Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
 And I will be thy slave and wait on thee,
 And give thee more then thou hast wit to ask.

FAUSTUS Ay Mephistophilis, I'll give it him.

MEPHISTOPHILIS Then Faustus stab thy arm courageously,
 And bind thy soul, that at some certain day
 Great Lucifer may claim it as his owe,
 And then be thou as great as Lucifer

FAUSTUS Lo Mephistophilis, for love of thee,
 I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
 Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's.
 Chief Lord and Regent of perpetual night.
 View here this blood that trickles from mine arm,
 And let it be propitious for my wish.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

But, Faustus,

Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

FAUSTUS

Ay, so I do, but, Mephistophilis,

My blood congeals, and I can write no more

MEPHISTOPHILIS

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 her soul: O there it stayed.

Why should'st thou not? Is not thy soul thine owe?

Then write again: Faustus gives to thee her soul.

Enter Mephistophilis, with the chafer of fire.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

See, Faustus, here is fire; set it on.

FAUSTUS

So, now the blood begins to clear again.

Now will I make an end immediately.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

What will not I do to obtain her soul?

FAUSTUS

Consummatum est: this bill is ended,

And Faustus hath bequeathed her soul to Lucifer

But what is this inscription on mine arm?

Homo fuge! Whither should I fly?

If unto heaven, he'll throw me down to hell.

My senses are deceived; here's nothing writ:

O yes, I see it plain, even here is writ

Homo fuge, yet shall not Faustus fly.

MEPHISTOPHILIS Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

FAUSTUS Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good of it.

MEPHISTOPHILIS So, now Faustus, ask me what thou wilt.

FAUSTUS First, I will question thee about hell:

Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

MEPHISTOPHILIS Under the heavens.

FAUSTUS Ay, so are all things else, but whereabouts?

MEPHISTOPHILIS Where we are tortured, and remain forever.

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed

In one self place, but where we are is hell,

And where hell is there must we ever be.

And to be short, when all the world dissolves,

And every creature shall be purified,

All places shall be hell that is not heaven.

FAUSTUS I think hell's a fable.

MEPHISTOPHILIS Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

FAUSTUS Why, dost thou think that Faustus shall be damned?

MEPHISTOPHILIS Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll

In which thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer

FAUSTUS

Ay, and body too, but what of that?

Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine

That after this life there is any pain?

No, these are trifles, and mere old wives tales.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

But I am an instance to prove the contrary,

For I tell thee I am damned and now in hell.

FAUSTUS

Nay, and this be hell, I'll willingly be damned.

What sleeping, eating, walking and disputing?

But leaving this, let me have a wife, the fairest maid in
Germany.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Well, Faustus, thou shalt have a wife.

Meph fetches in a devil.

FAUSTUS

What sight is this?

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Now, Faustus, wilt thou have a wife?

FAUSTUS

Here's a hot whore indeed; no, I'll no wife.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Marriage is but a ceremonial toy,

And if thou lov'st me think no more of it.

I'll cull thee out the fairest courtesans,

And bring them every morning to thy bed.

Whome'er thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,

Were she as chaste as was Penelope,

As wise as Saba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Here, take this book, and peruse it well.
The iterating of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings thunder, whirl-winds, storm and lightning.
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in harness shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou command'st.

FAUSTUS

Thanks, Mephistophilis, for this sweet book.
This will I keep as chary as my life.

(Exeunt.)

Enter the Chorus.

CHORUS

Learned Faustus to find the secrets of Astronomy,
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount her up to scale Olympus' top,
Where sitting in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoked dragons' necks;
She views the clouds, the planets, and the stars,
The tropic, zones, and quarters of the sky,
From the bright circle of the horned moon,
Even to the height of Primum Mobile.
And whirling round with this circumference,
Within the concave compass of the pole,

From east to west her dragons swiftly glide,
And in eight days did bring her home again.

SCENE II.ii

Enter Faustus in her study, and Mephistophilis.

FAUSTUS When I behold the heavens then I repent
And curse thee wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast deprived me of those joys.

MEPHISTOPHILIS Twas thine owe seeking Faustus, thank thyself.
But think'st thou heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, Faustus, it is not half so fair
As thou, or any man that breath on earth.

FAUSTUS How prov'st thou that?

MEPHISTOPHILIS Twas made for man; then he's more excellent.

FAUSTUS If it were made for man, 'twas made for me.
I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter the two Angels.

GOOD ANGEL Faustus, repent yet God will pity thee.

BAD 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.
Yea, God will pity me if I repent.

BAD ANGEL

Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

Exit Angels.

FAUSTUS

My heart is hardened; I cannot repent.

Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again

And reason of divine Astrology.

Speak, are there many spheres above the Moon?

Are all celestial bodies but one globe,

As is the substance of this centric earth?

MEPHISTOPHILIS

As are the elements, such are the heavens,

Even from the moon unto the empirial orb,

Mutually folded in each others spheres,

And jointly move upon one axle-tree.

FAUSTUS

These slender questions Wagner can decide:

Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?

How many heavens, or spheres, are there?

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Nine, the seven planets, the firmament, and the
empyrean heaven.

FAUSTUS

But is there not *coelum igneum et cristallinum*?

MEPHISTOPHILIS

No, Faustus, they be but fables.

FAUSTUS

Resolve me then in this one question--

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Per inaequalem motum, respectu totius.

FAUSTUS

Well, I am answered. Now tell me, who made the

world?

MEPHISTOPHILIS I will not.

FAUSTUS Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

MEPHISTOPHILIS Move me not, Faustus.

FAUSTUS Villain, have not I bound thee to tell me anything?

MEPHISTOPHILIS Ay, that is not against our kingdom.

This is. Thou art damned; think thou of hell.

FAUSTUS Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

MEPHISTOPHILIS Remember this.

(Exit.)

FAUSTUS Ay, go, accursed spirit, to ugly hell.

Tis thou hast damned distressed Faustus' soul. Is't
not too late?

Enter the two Angels.

BAD ANGEL Too late.

GOOD ANGEL Never too late, if Faustus will repent.

BAD ANGEL If thou repent, devils will tear thee in pieces.

GOOD ANGEL Repent and they shall never raise thy skin.

(Exit Angels.)

FAUSTUS O, Christ my Savior, my Savior,

Help to save distressed Faustus' soul.

Enter Lucifer, Beelzebub, and Mephistophilis.

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

FAUSTUS O, what art thou that look'st so terribly?

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

FAUSTUS O, Faustus, they are come to fetch thy soul.

BEELZEBUB We are come to tell thee thou dost injure us.

LUCIFER Thou call'st on Christ contrary to thy promise.

BEELZEBUB Thou should'st not think on God.

LUCIFER Think on the devil.

BEELZEBUB And his dam too.

FAUSTUS Nor will I henceforth: Pardon me in this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven.

LUCIFER So shalt thou show thy self an obedient servant,
And we will highly gratify thee for it.

BEELZEBUB Faustus, we are come from hell in person to show thee some pastime. Sit down and thou shalt behold the seven deadly sins appear to thee in their own proper shapes and likeness.

FAUSTUS That sight will be as pleasant to me, as Paradise was to Adam the first day of his creation.

LUCIFER Talk not of Paradise or creation, but mark the show. Go, Mephistophilis, fetch them in.

Enter the Seven Deadly Sins.

BEEZZEBUB Now, Faustus, question them of their names and dispositions.

FAUSTUS That shall I soon. 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. Next, like a necklace, I hang about her neck. Then, like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips, and then turning myself to a wrought smock do what I list. But fie, what a smell is here? I'll not speak a word more for a king's ransom, unless the ground be perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.

FAUSTUS Thou art a proud knave indeed. What art thou second?

COVETOUSNESS I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl in a leather bag, and might I now obtain my wish, this house you and all, should turn to Gold, that I might lock you safe into my chest. O my sweet Gold!

FAUSTUS

And what art thou the third?

ENVY

I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper, and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books burned. I am lean with seeing others eat. O that there would come a famine over all the world, that all might die, and I live alone, then thou should'st see how fat I'd be. But must thou sit, and I stand? Come down with a vengeance.

FAUSTUS

Out envious wretch. But what art thou the fourth?

WRATH

I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother; I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce an hour old, and ever since have run up and down the world with these case of rapiers, wounding myself when I could get none to fight withal. I was born in hell, and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

FAUSTUS

And what art thou the fifth?

GLUTTONY

I am Gluttony; my parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me but a small pension, and that buys me thirty meals a day, and ten beavers: a small trifle to suffice nature. I come of a royal pedigree, my father was a gammon of bacon, and my mother was a Hogshead of claret wine. My godfathers were these: Peter-Pickled-herring, and

Martin Martlemasse-beef: But my godmother, O she was an ancient gentlewoman. Her name was Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny; wilt thou bid me to supper?

FAUSTUS Not I.

GLUTTONY Then the devil choke thee.

FAUSTUS Choke thyself glutton. What art thou the sixth?

SLOTH Hey ho, 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. Hey ho, I'll not speak a word more for a king's ransom.

FAUSTUS And what are you Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

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

LUCIFER Away to hell! Away, on, piper!

Exit the Seven Deadly sins.

Now Faustus, how dost thou like this?

FAUSTUS O, this feeds my soul.

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

FAUSTUS O, might I see hell, and return again, how
happy were I then.

LUCIFER Faustus, thou shalt; at midnight I will send for thee.
Meanwhile, peruse this book, and view it thoroughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

FAUSTUS 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, Mephistophilis

Exeunt omnes, several ways.

SCENE II.iii

Enter [Robin] the Clown.

ROBIN What, Dick, look to the horses there till I come
again. I have gotten one of Doctor Faustus's
conjuring books, and now we'll have such knavery,
as't passes.

Enter Dick.

DICK What, Robin, you must come away and walk the
horses.

ROBIN Let the horses walk themselves and they will.
A per se a, t. h. e the: o per se o deny orgon, gorgon.

Keep further from me, O thou illiterate and
unlearned hostler.

DICK Snails, what hast thou got there, a book? Why thou
canst not tell ne'er a word on't.

ROBIN That thou shalt see presently. Keep out of the circle, I
say, lest I send you into the ostry with a vengeance.

DICK That's like 'faith. You had best leave your foolery,
for, an my master come, he'll conjure you 'faith.

ROBIN My master conjure me? I'll tell thee what, an my
master come here, I'll clap as fair a pair of horns on's
head as e'er thou saw'st in thy life.

DICK Thou need'st not do that, for my mistress hath done
it. But I prithee tell me, is that a conjuring book?

ROBIN Do but speak what thou'd have me to do, and I'll
do't. If thou'd dance naked, put off thy clothes, and
I'll conjure thee about presently. Or if thou'd go but
to the tavern with me, I'll give thee white wine, red
wine, claret wine, sack, muskadine, malmesey and
whippincrust. Hold belly hold, and we'll not pay one
penny for it.

DICK O brave, prithee let's to it presently, for I am as
dry as a dog.

ROBIN Come, then, let's away.

Exeunt.

CHORUS Not long she stayed within her quiet house,
But new exploits do hale her out again
And mounted then upon a dragon's back,
That with his wings did part the subtle air.
She now is gone to prove Cosmography,
That measures costs and kingdoms of the earth.

Scene III.i

Enter Faustus and Mephistophilis.

FUSTUS Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and paled with finest brick.
There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb,
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the east,
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threatens the stars with her aspiring top,
Whose frame is paved with sundry colored stones,
And roofed aloft with curious work in gold.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent her time.
But tell me now, what resting place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

MEPHISTOPHILIS I have my Faustus, and for proof thereof,

This is the goodly palace of the Pope,
And cause we are no common guests,
I choose his privy chamber for our use.

FAUSTUS I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

MEPHISTOPHILIS All's one, for we'll be bold with his venison.
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
The which this day with high solemnity,
This day is held through Rome and Italy,
In honor of the Pope's triumphant victory.

FAUSTUS Sweet Mephistophilis, thou pleasest me.
Whilst I am here on earth, let me be cloyed
With all things that delight the heart of man.

MEPHISTOPHILIS Tis well said, Faustus. Come, then, stand by me
And thou shalt see them come immediately.

FAUSTUS Nay, in this show let me an actor be,
That this proud Pope may Faustus' cunning see.

MEPHISTOPHILIS Let it be so, my Faustus, but first stay
And view their triumphs as they pass this way.
And then devise what best contents thy mind,
By coming in thine art to cross the Pope,
Or dash the pride of this solemnity,
To make his monks and abbots stand like apes,
And point like antiques at his triple crown:

To beat the beads about the friars' pates,
 Or clap huge horns, upon the cardinals' heads,
 Or any villainy thou can'st devise,
 And I'll perform it, Faustus. Hark, they come:
 This day shall make thee be admired in Rome.

Enter the Cardinals and Bishops, some bearing crosiers, some the pillars, Monks and Friars, singing their procession. Then the Pope, and Raymond, King of Hungary, with Bruno led in chains.

POPE Cast down our footstool.

RAYMOND Saxon Bruno stoop,
 Whilst on thy back his Holiness ascends
 Saint Peter's chair and state pontifical.

POPE To me and Peter, shalt thou groveling lie,
 And crouch before the papal dignity.
 Sound trumpets then, for thus Saint Peter's heir,
 From Bruno's back, ascends Saint Peter's chair.

A flourish while he ascends.

Thus, as the gods creep on with feet of wool,
 Long ere with iron hands they punish men,
 So shall our sleeping vengeance now arise,
 And smite with death thy hated enterprise.
 Lord cardinals of France and Padua,
 Go forthwith to our holy consistory,
 And read amongst the statutes decretal
 What by the holy council held at Trent,

The sacred synod hath decreed for him
That doth assume the papal government,
Without election, and a true consent.
Away, and bring us word with speed.

FIRST CARDINAL We go, my Lord.

(Exeunt Cardinals.)

POPE Lord Raymond.

FAUSTUS Go, hast thee, gentle Mephistophilis,
Follow the cardinals to the consistory,
And as they turn their superstitious books,
Strike them with sloth, and drowsy idleness,
And make them sleep so sound that in their shapes,
Thyself and I may parly with this Pope,
This proud confronter of the Emperor,
And in despite of all his Holiness
Restore this Bruno to his liberty,
And bear him to the states of Germany.

MEPHISTOPHILIS Faustus, I go.

FAUSTUS Dispatch it soon.
The Pope shall curse that Faustus came to Rome.

Exit Faustus and Mephistophilis.

BRUNO Pope Adrian, let me have some right of law;
I was elected by the Emperor.

POPE

We will depose the Emperor for that deed,
And curse the people that submit to him;
Both he and thou shalt stand excommunicate,
And interdict from churches privilege,
And all society of holy men.
He grows too proud in his authority,
Lifting his lofty head above the clouds,
And like a steeple overpeers the church.
But we'll pull down his haughty insolence,
And as Pope Alexander, our progenitor,
Trode on the neck of German Frederick,
So will we quell that haughty schismatic,
And by authority apostolic
Depose him from his regal government.

BRUNO

Pope Julius swore to princely Sigismond,
For him, and the succeeding Popes of Rome,
To hold the emperors their lawful lords.

POPE

Pope Julius did abuse the Church's rites,
And therefore none of his decrees can stand.
Is not all power on earth bestowed on us?
And therefore though we would we cannot e'er.
Then he and thou and all the world shall stoop,
Or be assured of our dreadful curse,
To light as heavy as the pains of hell.

Enter Faustus and Mephistophilis, like the Cardinals.

MEPHISTOPHILIS Now tell me, Faustus, are we not fitted well?

FAUSTUS Yes, Mephistophilis, and two such cardinals
Ne'er served a holy Pope, as we shall do.
But whilst they sleep within the consistory,
Let us salute his reverend Fatherhood.

RAYMOND Behold, my Lord, the cardinals are returned.

POPE Welcome, grave Fathers, answer presently,
What have our holy council there decreed
Concerning Bruno and the Emperor,
In quittance of their late conspiracy
Against our state and papal dignity?

FAUSTUS Most sacred patron of the Church of Rome,
By full consent of all the synod
Of priests and prelates, it is thus decreed
That Bruno, and the German Emperor
Be held as Lollards and bold schismatics,
And proud disturbers of the Church's peace.
And if that Bruno by his own assent,
Did seek to wear the triple diadem,
And by your death to climb Saint Peter's chair,
The statutes decretal have thus decreed:
He shall be straight condemned of heresy.

POPE
It is enough. Here, take him to your charge,
And in the strongest tower enclose him fast.
Tomorrow, sitting in our consistory,
With all our college of grave cardinals,
We will determine of his life or death.
Here, take his triple crown along with you,
And leave it in the Church's treasury.

FAUSTUS
Away, sweet Mephistophilis, be gone.
The cardinals will be plagued for this anon.

Exit Faustus and Mephistophilis.

POPE
Go presently, and bring a banquet forth,
That we may solemnize Saint Peter's feast,
And with Lord Raymond, King of Hungary,
Drink to our late and happy victory. Exeunt.

SCENE III.ii

A sennet while the banquet is brought in, and then enter Faustus and Mephistophilis in their own shapes.

MEPHISTOPHILIS
Now, Faustus, come prepare thyself for mirth;
The sleepy cardinals are hard at hand,
To censure Bruno that is posted hence,
And on a proud paced steed, as swift as thought
Flies o'er the Alps to fruitful Germany,
There to salute the woeful Emperor.

FAUSTUS
The Pope will curse them for their sloth today.

That slept both Bruno and his crown away.
But now that Faustus may delight her mind,
And by their folly make some merriment,
Sweet Mephistophilis, so charm me here,
That I may walk invisible to all,
And do what e'er I please, unseen of any.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Faustus, thou shalt. Then kneel down presently.
And charm thee with this magic wand,
First wear this girdle, then appear
Invisible to all are here.
The planets seven, the gloomy air,
Hell and the Furies' forked hair,
Pluto's blue fire, and Hecat's tree,
With magic spells so compass thee,
That no eye may thy body see.
So, Faustus, now for all their holiness,
Do what thou wilt; thou shalt not be discerned.

FAUSTUS

Thanks, Mephistophilis. Now, Friars, take heed,
Lest Faustus make your shaven crowns to bleed.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Faustus, no more. See where the cardinals come.

Enter Pope and all the Lords. Enter the Cardinals with a book.

POPE

Welcome, lord cardinals. Come sit down.
Lord Raymond, take your seat; Friars attend,
And see that all things be in readiness,

As best beseems this solemn festival.

FIRST CARDINAL

First, may it please your sacred Holiness,
To view the sentence of the reverend synod,
Concerning Bruno and the Emperor.

POPE

What needs this question? Did I not tell you,
Tomorrow we would sit i'th'consistory,
And there determine of his punishment?
You brought us word even now, it was decreed,
That Bruno and the cursed Emperor
Were by the holy council both condemned
For loathed Lollards, and base schismatics.
Then wherefore would you have me view that book?

FIRST CARDINAL

Your Grace mistakes; you gave us no such charge.

RAYMOND

Deny it not; we all are witnesses
That Bruno here was late delivered you,
With his rich triple crown to be reserved,
And put into the Church's treasury.

SECOND CARDINAL

By holy Paul we saw them not.

POPE

By Peter, you shall die,
Unless you bring them forth immediately.
Hale them to prison, lade their limbs with gyves.
False prelates, for this hateful treachery,
Cursed be your souls to hellish misery.

FAUSTUS So, they are safe. Now, Faustus, to the feast.

POPE Lord Raymond, sit down with us.

RAYMOND I thank your Holiness.

FAUSTUS Fall to, the Devil choke you an you spare.

POPE Who's that 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.

(Snatches it)

POPE How now! Who snatched the meat from me?
Villains, why speak you not?
My good Lord Archbishop, here's a most dainty dish,
Was sent me from a cardinal in France.

FAUSTUS I'll have that too.

POPE What Lollards do attend our Holiness
That we receive such great indignity?
Fetch me some wine.

FAUSTUS Ay, pray do, for Faustus is a dry.

POPE Lord Raymond, I drink unto your grace.

FAUSTUS I pledge your grace.

POPE My wine gone too? Ye Lubbers look about
And find the man that doth this villainy,
Or by our sanctitude you all shall die.
I pray my lords have patience at this
Troublesome banquet.

RAYMOND 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.
Go then command our friars to sing a dirge,
To lay the fury of this same troublesome ghost.

(The Pope crosseth himself.)

FAUSTUS How now? Must every bit be spiced with a cross?

(The Pope crosseth himself again.)

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

(The Pope crosses himself again, and Faustus hits him a box of the ear)

POPE O, I am slain; help me my lords.
O, come and help to bear my body hence.
Damned be this soul forever for this deed.

(Exeunt the Pope and his train.)

MEPHISTOPHILIS Now, Faustus, what will you do now, for I can tell

you, you'll be cursed with bell, book, and candle?

FAUSTUS

Bell, book, and candle: candle, book, and bell;

Forward and backward to curse Faustus to hell

(Enter the Friars with bell, book, and candle, for the dirge.)

FIRST FRIAR

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

Cursed be he that stole his Holiness' meat from the table.

Maledicat Dominus.

Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow the face.

Maledicat Dominus.

Cursed be he that struck Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate.

Maledicat Dominus.

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge.

Maledicat Dominus.

(Beat the Friars, fling fireworks among them, and exeunt.)

SCENE III.iii

Enter [Robin the] Clown and Dick, with a cup.

DICK

Sirrah Robin, we were best look that your devil can answer the stealing of this same cup, for the vintner's boy follows us at the hard heels.

ROBIN

Tis no matter; let him come. If he follow us, I'll so conjure him, as he was never conjured in his life, I

warrant him. Let me see the cup.

Enter Vintner.

DICK Here 'tis. Yonder he comes. Now Robin, now or never, show thy cunning.

VINTNER O, are you here? I am glad I have found you; you are a couple of fine companions. Pray where's the cup you stole from the tavern?

ROBIN How, how? We steal a cup? Take heed what you say; we look not like cup-stealers I can tell you.

VINTNER Never deny't, for I know you have it, and I'll search you.

ROBIN Search me? Ay and spare not. Hold the cup Dick. Come, come, search me, search me.

VINTNER Come on sirrah, let me search you now.

DICK Ay, ay, do, do; hold the cup Robin. I fear not your searching; we scorn to steal your cups I can tell you.

VINTNER Never outface me for the matter, for sure the cup is between you two.

ROBIN Nay, there you lie; 'tis beyond us both.

VINTNER A plague take you; I thought 'twas your knavery to take it away. Come, give it me again.

ROBIN Ay, much. When, can you tell? Dick, make me a circle, and stand close at my back, and stir not for thy life. Vintner, you shall have your cup anon; say nothing, Dick. O per se o, demogorgon. Belcher and Mephistophilis.

Enter Mephistophilis

MEPHISTOPHILIS You princely legions of infernal rule,
How am I vexed by these villains charms?
From Constantinople have they brought me now,
Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.

ROBIN By lady sir, you have had a shroud journey of it;
Will it please you to take a shoulder of mutton to supper, and a tester in your purse, and go back again?

DICK Ay, I pray you heartily sir, for we called you but in jest, I promise you.

MEPHISTOPHILIS To purge the rashness of this cursed deed,
First, be thou turned to this ugly shape,
For apish deeds transformed to an ape.

ROBIN O brave, an ape? I pray sir, let me have the carrying of him about to show some tricks.

MEPHISTOPHILIS And so thou shalt: be thou transformed to a dog, and carry him upon thy back. Away, be gone.

ROBIN

A dog? That's excellent. Let the maids look well to their porridge-pots, for I'll into the kitchen presently. Come, Dick, come.

(Exeunt the two Clowns.)

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Now with the flames of ever-burning fire,
I'll wing myself and forth-with fly amain
Unto my Faustus to the great Turk's court.

Exit.

SCENE IV.i

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS

When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
She stayed her course, and so returned home,
Where such as bear her absence, but with grief,
I mean her friends and nearest companions,
Did gratulate her safety with kind words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching her journey through the world and air,
They put forth questions of astrology,
Which Faustus answered with such learned skill,
As they admired and wondered at her wit.
Now is her fame spread forth in every land;
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the fifth, at whose palace now

Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
What there she did in trial of her art,
I leave untold your eyes shall see perform'd.

Enter Martino, and Frederick at several doors.

MARTINO What ho, officers, gentlemen!

 Hie to the presence to attend the Emperor,
 His majesty is coming to the hall.

 Go back and see the state in readiness.

FREDERICK But where is Bruno, our elected pope,

 That on a fury's back came post from Rome.

 Will not his grace consort the Emperor?

MARTINO O yes, and with him comes the German conjuror,

 The learned Faustus, fame of Wittenberg,

 The wonder of the world for magic art,

 And she intends to show great Carolus,

 The royal shapes and warlike semblances

 Of Alexander and his beauteous paramour.

FREDERICK Where is Benvolio?

MARTINO Fast asleep I warrant you.

 He took his rouse with stoups of Rhennish wine

 So kindly yesternight to Bruno's health,

 That all this day the sluggard keeps his bed.

FREDERICK See, see his window's ope; we'll call to him.

MARTINO What ho, Benvolio!

Enter Benvolio above at a window, in his nightcap, buttoning.

BENVOLIO What a devil ail you two?

MARTINO Speak softly, sir, lest the devil hear you,
For Faustus at the court is late arrived,
And at her heels a thousand furies wait
To accomplish whatsoever the Doctor please.

BENVOLIO What of this?

MARTINO Come leave thy chamber first, and thou shalt see
This conjuror perform such rare exploits
Before the Pope and royal Emperor,
As never yet was seen in Germany.

BENVOLIO Has not the Pope enough of conjuring yet?
He was upon the devil's back late enough,
And if he be so far in love with him,
I would he would post with him to Rome again.

MARTINO The Emperor is at hand; who comes to see
What wonders by black spells may compass be.

BENVOLIO Well, go you attend the Emperor. I am content
for this once to thrust my head out at a window, for
they say, if a man be drunk overnight, the Devil
cannot hurt him in the morning. If that be true, I

have a charm in my head shall control him as well as
the conjuror, I warrant you.

Exit.

SCENE IV.ii

A sennet. Charles the German Emperor, Bruno Saxony, Faustus, Mephistophilis, Frederick, Martino, and Attendants

EMPEROR Wonder of men, renowned magician,
Thrice-learned Faustus, welcome to our court
This deed of thine in setting Bruno free
From his and our professed enemy
Shall add more excellence unto thine art,
Than if by powerful necromantic spells,
Thou could'st command the world's obedience,
Forever be beloved of Carolus.

FAUSTUS These gracious words, most royal Carolus,
Shall make poor Faustus to her utmost power,
Both love and serve the German Emperor,
And lay her life at holy Bruno's feet.
For proof whereof, if so your Grace be pleased,
The Doctor stands prepared, by power of art,
To cast her magic charms that shall pierce through
The ebon' gates of ever-burning hell,
And hail the stubborn Furies from their caves
To compass whatsoever your grace commands.

BENVOLIO Blood, she speaks terribly, but for all that, I do not greatly believe her; she looks as like conjuror as the Pope to a coster-monger.

EMPEROR Then, Faustus, as thou late did'st promise us
We would behold that famous conqueror,
Great Alexander, and his paramour,
In their true shapes and state majestic,
That we may wonder at their excellence.

FAUSTUS Your majesty shall see them presently.
Mephistophilis, away.
And with a solemn noise of trumpets sound,
Present before this royal Emperor,
Great Alexander and his beauteous paramour.

MEPHISTOPHILIS Faustus, I will.

BENVOLIO Well, Master Doctor, an your devils come not away quickly, have me asleep presently.

FAUSTUS My Lord, I must forewarn your majesty
That when my spirits present the royal shapes
Of Alexander and his paramour,
Your grace demand no questions of the King,
But in dumb silence let them come and go.

EMPEROR Be it as Faustus please; we are content.

BENVOLIO Ay, ay, and I am content too, and thou bring

Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor. I'll
be Acteon, and turn myself to a stag.

FAUSTUS And I'll play Diana, and send you the horns
presently.

Sennet. Enter at one the Emperor Alexander. He salutes the Emperor, who, leaving his state, offers to embrace them, which Faustus seeing, suddenly stays him.

FAUSTUS My gracious lord, you do forget yourself;
These are but shadows, not substantial.

EMPEROR O, pardon me, my thoughts are so ravished
With sight of this renowned Emperor,
That in mine arms I would have compassed him.
But, Faustus, since I may not speak to them,
To satisfy my longing thoughts at full,
Let me this tell thee: I have heard it said
That this fair lady, whilst she lived on earth,
Had on her neck a little wart or mole.
How may I prove that saying to be true?

FAUSTUS Your Majesty may boldly go and see.

EMPEROR Faustus, I see it plain,
And in this sight thou better pleasest me
Than if I gained another monarchy.

FAUSTUS Away, be gone.

(Exit Show.)

See, see, my gracious lord, what strange beast is yon,
that thrusts his head out at window.

EMPEROR O, wondrous sight. See, Duke of Saxony,
Two spreading horns most strangely fastened
Upon the head of young Benvolio.

SAXONY What, is he asleep? Or dead?

FAUSTUS He sleeps, my lord, but dreams not of his horns.

EMPEROR This sport is excellent. We'll call and wake him.
What ho, Benvolio!

BENVOLIO A plague upon you! Let me sleep a while.

EMPEROR I blame thee not to sleep much, having such a head
of thine own.

SAXONY Look up, Benvolio, 'tis the Emperor calls.

BENVOLIO The Emperor? Where? O, zounds, my head.

FAUSTUS Why, how now, sir Knight? What, hanged by the
horns? Fie, fie, pull in your head for shame;
let not all the world wonder at you.

BENVOLIO Zounds, Doctor, is this your villainy?

FAUSTUS O, say not so, sir. The Doctor has no skill,
No art, no cunning, to present these lords,
Or bring before this royal Emperor

The mighty monarch, warlike Alexander.
If Faustus do it, you are straight resolved
In bold Acteon's shape to turn a stag.
And therefore, my lord, so please your majesty,
I'll raise a kennel of hounds shall hunt him so
As all his footmanship shall scarce prevail
To keep his carcass from their bloody fangs.
Ho, Belimote, Argiron, Asterote.

BENVOLIO Hold, hold! Zounds, she'll raise up a kennel of
devils, I think anon. Good, my lord, entreat for me.

EMPEROR Then good Master Doctor,
Let me entreat you to remove his horns;
He has done penance now sufficiently.

FAUSTUS My gracious Lord, not so much for injury done to
me, as to delight your majesty with some mirth hath
Faustus justly requited this injurious knight, I am
content to remove his horns. Mephistophilis,
transform him, and hereafter, sir, look you speak
well of scholars.

BENVOLIO Speak well of ye? 'Sblood, I'll ne'er trust smooth
faces and small ruffs more.

EMPEROR Come, Faustus, while the Emperor lives,
In recompense of this thy high desert,

Thou shalt command the state of Germany,
And live beloved of mighty Carolus.

(Exeunt omnes.)

SCENE IV.iii

Enter Benvolio, Martino, Frederick

MARTINO Nay, sweet Benvolio, let us sway thy thoughts
From this attempt against the conjuror.

BENVOLIO Away, you love me not to urge me thus,
Shall I let slip so great an injury,
When every servile groom feasts at my wrongs,
And in their rustic gambols proudly say
Benvolio's head was graced with horns to day?
O, may these eyelids never close again
Till with my sword I have that conjuror slain.
If you will aid me in this enterprise,
Then draw your weapons and be resolute.
If not, depart. Here will Benvolio die,
But Faustus' death shall quit my infamy.

FREDERICK Nay, we will stay with thee; betide what may,
And kill that Doctor if she come this way.

MARTINO See, see, she comes.

BENVOLIO No words. This blow ends all.
Hell take her soul; her body thus must fall.

FAUSTUS Oh!

FREDERICK Groan you, Master Doctor?

BENVOLIO Break may her heart with gropes. Dear Frederick, see
Thus will I end her griefs immediately.

MARTINO Strike with a willing hand; her head is off.

BENVOLIO The devil's dead; the Furies now may laugh.

FREDERICK Was this that stern aspect, that awful frown,
Made the grim monarch of infernal spirits
Tremble and quake at her commanding charms?

MARTINO Was this that damned head, whose heart conspired
Benvolio's shame before the Emperor?

BENVOLIO Ay, that's the head and here the body lies,
Justly rewarded for her villainies.
Zounds, the devil's alive again!

FREDERICK Give her her head, for God's sake.

FAUSTUS Nay, keep it. Faustus will have heads and hands.
I call your hearts to recompense this deed.
Asteroth, Belimoth, Mephistophilis,

(Enter Mephistophilis and other Devils.)

Go horse these traitors on your fiery backs,
And mount aloft with them as high as heaven;

Thence pitch them headlong to the lowest hell.
Go, Belimothe and take this caitiff hence,
And hurl him in some lake of mud and dirt.
Take thou this other; drag him through the woods
Amongst the pricking thorns and sharpest briars,
Whil'st with my gentle Mephistophilis,
This traitor flies unto some steep rock,
That rolling down, may break the villain's bones,
As he intended to dismember me.

BENVOLIO Pity us, gentle Faustus; save our lives.

FAUSTUS Away.

SCENE IV.iv

Enter at several doors Benvolio, Frederick, and Martino, their heads and faces bloody and besmeared with mud and dirt, all having horns on their heads.

BENVOLIO What Frederick, ho.

FREDERICK O help me, gentle friend; where is Martino?

MARTINO O misery! How now, Benvolio?

BENVOLIO My friends transformed thus. O hellish spite! Your
heads are all set with horns.

FREDERICK You hit it right;
It is your own you mean. Feel on your head.

BENVOLIO Zounds, horns again!

MARTINO Nay, chafe not man; we all are sped.

FREDERICK What may we do, that we may hide our shames?

BENVOLIO If we should follow her to work revenge,
She'd join long asses' ears to these huge horns,
And make us laughing stocks to all the world.

MARTINO What shall we then do, dear Benvolio?

BENVOLIO I have a castle joining near these woods,
And thither we'll repair and live obscure,
Since black disgrace hath thus eclipsed our fame,
We'll rather die with grief, than live with shame.

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE IV.v

Enter Faustus and the Horse-courser and Mephistophilis

HORSE-COURSER I beseech your worship, accept of these forty
dollars.

FAUSTUS Friend, thou canst not buy so good a horse for so
small a price. I have no great need to sell him, but if
thou lik'st him for ten dollars more, take him,
because I see thou hast a good mind to him.

HORSE-COURSER I beseech you, sir, accept of this; I am a very poor
man, and have lost very much of late by horse flesh,
and this bargain will set me up again.

FAUSTUS Well, I will not stand with thee. Give me the money.
Now, sirrah, I must tell you that you may ride him
o'er hedge and ditch and spare him not, but do you
hear? In any case, ride him not into the water.

HORSE-COURSER How, sir, not into the water? Why will he not drink
of all waters?

FAUSTUS Yes, he will drink of all waters, but ride him not
into the water. O'er hedge and ditch, or where thou
wilt, but not into the water. Go bid the hostler
deliver him unto you and remember what I say.

HORSE-COURSER I warrant you, sir, O joyful day, now am I a
made man forever.

(Exit.)

FAUSTUS What art thou, Faustus, but a woman condemned to die?
Thy fatal time draws to a final end.
Despair doth drive distrust into my thoughts.
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep.

She sits to sleep.

Enter the Horse-courser, wet.

HORSE-COURSER O, what a cozening Doctor was this? I, riding my
horse into the water, thinking some hidden mystery
had been in the horse, I had nothing under me but a
little straw, and had much ado to escape drowning.

Well, I'll go rouse her, and make her give me my forty dollars again. Ho, sirrah Doctor, you cozening scab. Master Doctor, awake and rise and give me my money again, for your horse is turned to a bottle of hay, Master Doctor.

He pulls off her leg.

Alas, I am undone; what shall I do? I have pulled off her leg.

FAUSTUS

O, help, help, the villain hath murdered me!

HORSE-COURSER

Murder or not murder, now she has but one leg. I'll out-run her, and cast this leg into some ditch or other.

FAUSTUS

Stop him, stop him, stop him! ha, ha, ha! Faustus hath her leg again, and the Horse-courser a bundle of hay for his forty dollars.

Enter Wagner.

How now, Wagner, what news with thee?

WAGNER

If it please you, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company, and hath sent some of his men to attend you with provision fit for your journey.

FAUSTUS

The Duke of Vanholt's an honorable gentleman.

Come away.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE IV.vi

Enter Hostess.

HOSTESS How now? What, my old guests, welcome.

ROBIN O, Hostess, how do you? I hope my score stands still.

HOSTESS Ay, there's no doubt of that, for me thinks you make
no haste to wipe it out.

DICK Why, Hostess, I say, fetch us some beer.

HOSTESS You shall presently. Look up into th'hall there, ho.

Exit.

DICK Come, sirs, what shall we do now till mine hostess
comes?

CARTER Marry, sir, I'll tell you the bravest tale how a
conjurer served me. You know Doctor Faustus?

HORSE-COURSER Ay, a plague take her. Did she conjure thee too?

CARTER I'll tell you how she served me. As I was going to
Wittenberg th'other day, with a load of hay, she met
me, and asked me what she should give me for as
much hay as she could eat. Now, sir, I, thinking that
a little would serve her turn, bade her take as much

as she would for three farthings. So she presently gave me my money and fell to eating, and as I am a cursen man, she never left eating till she had eat up all my load of hay.

ALL O monstrous! Eat a whole load of hay?

ROBIN Yes, yes, that may be, for I have heard of one that has eat a load of logs.

HORSE-COURSER Now, sirs, you shall hear how villainously she served me. I went to her yesterday to buy a horse of him. Doctor Faustus bade me ride him night and day, and spare him no time. But, quoth she, in any case ride him not into the water. Now, sir, I thinking the horse had had some quality that she would not have me know of, what did I but rid him into a great river, and [...] I sat straddling upon a bottle of hay.

ALL O, brave Doctor!

HORSE-COURSER But you shall hear how bravely I served her for it; I found her asleep, and [...] now 'tis at home in mine hostry.

ROBIN And has the Doctor but one leg then? That's excellent, for one of her devils turned me into the likeness of an ape.

CARTER Some more drink, Hostess.

ROBIN

Hark you, we'll into another room and drink
a while, and then we'll go seek out the Doctor.

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE IV.vii

Enter the Duke of Vanholt, his Duchess, Faustus, and Mephistophilis.

DUKE OF VANHOLT

Thanks Master Doctor, for these pleasant sights.
Nor know I how sufficiently to recompense your
great deserts in erecting that enchanted castle in the
air, the sight whereof so delighted me, as nothing in
the world could please me more.

FAUSTUS

I do think myself, my good lord, highly
recompensed, in that it pleaseth your grace. But,
gracious lady, it I pray you tell me what is the thing
you most desire to have? Be it in the world, it shall
be yours. I have heard that great-bellied women do
long for things are rare and dainty.

DUCHESS

True, Master Doctor, and since I find you so kind,
I will make known unto you what my heart desires
to have, and were it now summer, as it is January, a
dead time of the winter, I would request no better
meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

FAUSTUS

This is but a small matter. Go, Mephistophilis, away.

Exit Mephistophilis.

Madam, I will do more than this for your content.

Enter Mephistophilis again with the grapes.

Here, now taste ye these. They should be good
For they come from a far country, I can tell you.

DUCHESS And trust me, they are the sweetest grapes that e'er I
tasted.

The Clowns bounce at the gate within.

DUKE OF VANHOLT What rude disturbers have we at the gate?

They knock again and call out to talk with Faustus.

WAGNER Why, how now, masters? What a coil is there?
What is the reason you disturb the Duke?

DICK We have no reason for it, therefore a fig for him.

WAGNER Why, saucy varlets, dare you be so bold?

HORSE-COURSER I hope, sir, we have wit enough to be more bold
than welcome.

WAGNER It appears so. Pray be bold elsewhere,
And trouble not the Duke.

DUKE OF VANHOLT What would they have?

WAGNER They all cry out to speak with Doctor Faustus.

CARTER Ay, and we will speak with her.

DUKE OF VANHOLT Will you, sir? Commit the rascals.

DICK Commit with us! She were as good commit with her mother as commit with us.

FAUSTUS I do beseech your grace let them come in.
They are good subject for a merriment.

DUKE OF VANHOLT Do as thou wilt, Faustus. I give thee leave.

FAUSTUS I thank your grace.

Enter the [Robin the] Clown, Dick, Carter, and Horse-courser.

Why, how now, my goods friends?
Faith you are too outrageous, but come near.
I have procured your pardons. Welcome all.

ROBIN Nay, sir, we will be welcome for our money, and we will pay for what we take. What ho! Give's half a dozen of beer here, and be hanged.

FAUSTUS Nay, hark you, can you tell me where you are?

CARTER Ay, marry can I. We are under heaven.

WAGNER Ay, but, sir sauce-box know you in what place?

HORSE-COURSER Ay, ay, the house is good enough to drink in.
Zounds, fill us some beer, or we'll break all the barrels in the house, and dash out all your brains with your bottles.

FAUSTUS Be not so furious. Come, you shall have beer.
 My lord, beseech you give me leave awhile.
 I'll gage my credit; 'twill content your grace.

DUKE OF VANHOLT With all my heart, kind Doctor, please thyself,
 Our servants, and our courts at thy command.

FAUSTUS I humbly thank your grace. Then fetch some beer.

HORSE-COURSER Ay, marry. There spake a Doctor indeed, and 'faith
 I'll drink a health to thy wooden leg for that word.

FAUSTUS My wooden leg? What dost thou mean by that?

CARTER Ha, ha, ha! Dost hear her Dick? She has forgot her
 leg.

HORSE-COURSER Ay, ay, she does not stand much upon that.

FAUSTUS No, faith. Not much upon a wooden leg.

CARTER Good Lord, that flesh and blood should be so frail
 with your worship. Do not you remember a horse-
 courser you sold a horse to?

FAUSTUS Yes, I remember I sold one a horse.

CARTER And do you remember you bid he should not ride
 into the water?

FAUSTUS Yes, I do very well remember that.

CARTER And do you remember nothing of your leg?

FAUSTUS No, in good sooth.

CARTER Then I pray you, tell me one thing.

FAUSTUS What's that?

CARTER Be both your legs bedfellows every night together

Enter Wagner with drink.

FAUSTUS I assure thee certainly they are.

CARTER I thank you; I am fully satisfied.

HORSE-COURSER Why do you hear, sir? Did not I pull off one of your legs when you were asleep?

FAUSTUS But I have it again now I am awake.

ALL O horrible! Had the Doctor three legs?

CARTER Do you remember, sir, how you cozened me and eat up my load of —

Faustus charms him dumb.

DICK Do you remember how you made me wear an ape's —

HORSE-COURSER You whoreson conjuring scab, do you remember how you cozened me with a ho---

ROBIN Ha'you forgotten me?

(Exeunt Clowns.)

DUCHESS My Lord, we are much beholding to this learned
man.

DUKE OF VANHOLT So are we madam, which we will recompense
With all the love and kindness that we may.
Her artful sport drives all sad thoughts away.

Exeunt.

SCENE V.i

Thunder and lightning. Enter devils with covered dishes; Mephistophilis leads them into Faustus' study. Then enter Wagner.

WAGNER I think my master means to die shortly. She hath
made her will and given me her wealth, her house,
her goods, and store of golden plate, besides two
thousand ducats ready coined. I wonder what she
means. If death were nie, she would not frolick thus.
She's now at supper with the scholars, where there's
such belly-cheer as Wagner in his life ne'er saw the
like. And see where they come; belike the feast is
done.

Exit.

Enter Faustus, Mephistophilis, and two Scholars.

FIRST SCHOLAR Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about
fair ladies, which was the beautifulest 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 so much favor 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,
It is not Faustus' custom to deny
The just request of those that wish her well.
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherwise for pomp or majesty,
Than when Sir Paris cross the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent then, for danger is in words.

Music sounds. Mephistophilis brings in Helen; she passeth over the stage.

SECOND SCHOLAR

Was this fair Helen whose admired worth
Made Greece with ten years wars afflict poor Troy?
Too simple is my wit to tell her worth,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

FIRST SCHOLAR

Now we have seen the pride of nature's work,
We'll take our leaves, and for this blessed sight
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

Exeunt Scholars.

FAUSTUS

Gentlemen, farewell; the same wish I to you.

Enter an Valdes and Cornelius.

VALDES O, gentle Faustus, leave this damned art,
This magic, that will charm thy soul to hell,
And quite bereave thee of salvation.

CORNELIUS Though thou hast now offended like a man,
Do not persevere in it like a devil.

VALDES Yet, yet, thou hast an amiable soul!

CORNELIUS If sin by custom grow not into nature;
Then, Faustus, will repentance come too late.

VALDES Then thou art banished from the sight of heaven.

CORNELIUS It may be this our exhortation
Seems harsh, and all unpleasant; let it not.

VALDES For, gentle friend, we speak it not in wrath
Or envy of thee but in tender love,
And pity of thy future misery.

FAUSTUS O, friend, I feel thy words to comfort my distressed soul.
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

(They exit.)

Where art thou, Faustus? Wretch, what hast thou done?
Hell claims his right, and with a roaring voice
Says, Faustus, come, thine hour is almost come.
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?

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

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

MEPHISTOPHILIS Do it then, quickly, with unfeigned heart,
Lest greater dangers do attend thy drift.

FAUSTUS One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee
To glut the longing of my heart's desire,
That I may have unto my paramour,
That heavenly Helen, which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish clear
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep my vow I made to Lucifer.

MEPHISTOPHILIS This, or what else my Faustus shall desire,
Shall be performed in twinkling of an eye.

Enter Helen again, passing over.

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.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy shall Wittenberg 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 fairr than the evening's air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.
Brighter art thou then flaming Jupiter,
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE V.ii

Thunder. Enter Lucifer, Beelzebub, and Mephistophilis.

LUCIFER	Thus from infernal Dis do we ascend To view the subjects of our monarchy, Those souls which sin seals the black sons of hell, Mong which as chief, Faustus, we come to thee, Bringing with us lasting damnation, To wait upon thy soul. The time is come Which makes it forfeit.
MEPHISTOPHILIS	And this gloomy night,

Here in this room will wretched Faustus be.

BEELZEBUB

And here we'll stay,

To mark her how she doth demean herself.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

How should she, but in desperate lunacy?

Fond worldling, now her heart blood dries with grief

Her conscience kills it, and her laboring brain

Begets a world of idle fantasies

To overreach the devil, but all in vain.

Her store of pleasures must be sauced with pain.

Enter Faustus.

FAUSTUS

O, thou bewitching fiend, 'twas thy temptation

Hath robbed me of eternal happiness.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

I do confess it Faustus, and rejoice

'Twas I that when thou wert i'the way to heaven,

Damned up thy passage; when thou took'st the book,

To view the scriptures, then I turned the leaves

And led thine eye.

What weep'st thou? 'Tis too late; despair. Farewell.

Fools that will laugh on earth most weep in hell.

(Exit.)

Enter the Scholars.

FIRST SCHOLAR

Now worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are
changed.

FAUSTUS Oh, gentlemen.

SECOND SCHOLAR What ails Faustus?
Is all our pleasure turned to melancholy?

FIRST SCHOLAR She is not well with being over solitary.

SECOND SCHOLAR Tis but a surfeit sir; fear nothing.

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

FIRST SCHOLAR Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, and remember
mercy is infinite.

FAUSTUS But Faustus' offense can ne'er be pardoned; The
serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not
Faustus. O, gentlemen, though I have been a student
here these thirty years, O would I had never seen
Wittenberg, never read book.

SECOND SCHOLAR Yet Faustus, call on God.

FAUSTUS On God, whom Faustus hath abjured? On God,
whom Faustus hath blasphemed? O 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 'em, they hold 'em.

BOTH SCHOLARS Who, Faustus?

FAUSTUS Why, Lucifer and Mephistophilis. O, gentlemen,
I gave them my soul for my cunning.

BOTH SCHOLARS O, God forbid.

FAUSTUS God forbade it indeed but Faustus hath done it.
I writ them a bill with mine own blood; the date is
expired: this is the time, and he will fetch me.

FIRST SCHOLAR O what may we do to save Faustus?

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

SECOND SCHOLAR God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

FIRST SCHOLAR Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next
room, and pray for her.

FAUSTUS Ay, pray for me, pray for me. And what noise soever
you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue
me.

BOTH SCHOLARS Faustus, farewell.

(Exeunt Scholars.)

Enter the Good Angel and the Evil Angel at several doors.

GOOD ANGEL Oh Faustus, if thou had'st given ear to me,
Innumerable joys had followed thee.
But thou did'st love the world.

BAD ANGEL Gave ear to me,

And now must taste hell's pains perpetually.

GOOD ANGEL

O, what will all thy riches, pleasures, pomps,
Avail thee now?

BAD ANGEL

Nothing but vex thee more,
To want in hell, that had on earth such store.

GOOD ANGEL

O, thou hast lost celestial happiness,
Pleasures unspeakable, bliss without end.
Had'st thou affected sweet divinity,
Hell, or the Devil, had had no power on thee.

BAD ANGEL

Now, Faustus, let shine eyes with horror stare
Into that vast perpetual torture-house.
There are the Furies tossing damned souls
On burning forks; their bodies broil in lead.

GOOD ANGEL

And now poor soul must thy good angel leave thee.

Exit.

BAD ANGEL

The jaws of hell are open to receive thee.

Hell is discovered.

FAUSTUS

O, I have seen enough to torture me.

BAD ANGEL

Nay, thou must feel them, taste the smart of all.
She that loves pleasure must for pleasure fall.
And so I leave thee, Faustus, till anon.
Then wilt thou tumble in confusion.

Exit.

The clock strikes eleven.

FAUSTUS

O, 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,

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 her soul.

O lente lente currite 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 heaven; who pulls me down?

Where is it now? 'Tis gone.

Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,

And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven.

The watch strikes.

O, half the hour is past! 'Twill all be past anon.

O, if my soul must suffer for my sin,

Impose some end to my incessant pain.

Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,

A hundred thousand, and at last be saved.

No end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Cursed be the parents that engendered me;
No, Faustus, curse thyself. Curse Lucifer
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

The clock strikes twelve

It strikes, it strikes! Now body turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
O soul be changed into small water drops,
And fall into the ocean ne'er be found.

Thunder and lightning.

My god, my god! Look not so fierce on me;
Adders and serpents let me breathe awhile.
Ugly hell, gape not; come not Lucifer!
I'll burn my books! Oh, Mephistophilis!

(Exeunt.)

Enter Chorus

CHORUS

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's Laurel bough,
That some time grew within this learned woman,
Faustus is gone, regard her hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things:

Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits,
To practice more then heavenly power permits.

End of Play