

***CHRISTOPHER  
MARLOWE***

***Doctor Faustus***

***Free***editorial 

## **Chorus**

*Enter CHORUS*

### *Chorus*

NOT marching now in fields of Trasimene,  
Where Mars did mate 1 the Carthaginians;  
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,  
In courts of kings where state is overturned'd; 5  
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,  
Intends our Muse to vaunt his heavenly verse:  
Only this, gentlemen, — we must perform  
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad. 10  
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud, 2  
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.  
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,  
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes; 3  
Of riper years to Wittenberg he went,  
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up. 15  
So soon he profits in divinity,  
The fruitful plot of scholarism grac'd, 4  
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,  
Excelling all those sweet delight disputes  
In heavenly matters of theology; 20  
Till swollen with cunning, 5 of a self-conceit,  
His waxen wings 6 did mount above his reach,

And, melting, Heavens conspir'd his overthrow;  
For, falling to a devilish exercise,  
And glutted [now] with learning's golden gifts,  
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.*]

25

**Note 1.** Confound. But Hannibal was victorious at Lake Trasimenus, B. C. 217.

**Note 2.** For applause.

**Note 3.** Roda, in the Duchy of Saxe-Altenburg, near Jena.

**Note 4.** The garden of scholarship being adorned by him.

**Note 5.** Knowledge.

**Note 6.** An allusion to the myth of Icarus, who flew too near the sun.

## Scene I

FAUSTUS [*discovered*] in his Study

*Faust.* Settle my studies, Faustus, and begin  
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess; 1  
Having commenc'd, be a divine in show,  
Yet level 2 and at the end of every art, 5  
And live and die in Aristotle's works.  
Sweet Analytics, 3 'tis thou hast ravish'd me,  
*Bene disserere est finis logices.* 4  
Is to dispute well logic's chiefest end?  
Affords this art no greater miracle? 10  
Then read no more, thou hast attain'd the end;  
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit.  
Bid [Greek] 5 farewell; Galen come,  
Seeing *Ubi desinit Philosophus ibi incipit Medicus*; 6  
Be a physician, Faustus, heap up gold, 15  
And be eternis'd for some wondrous cure.  
*Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,* 7  
"The end of physic is our body's health"  
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end!  
Is not thy common talk sound Aphorisms? 8  
Are not thy bills 9 hung up as monuments,  
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,  
And thousand desperate maladies been eas'd?

Yet art thou still but Faustus and a man.  
 Couldst thou make men to live eternally, 25  
 Or, being dead, raise them to life again,  
 Then this profession were to be esteem'd.  
 Physic, farewell. — Where is Justinian? [*Reads.*]  
*Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.*  
 10  
 A pretty case of paltry legacies! [*Reads.*] 30  
*Ex hæreditare filium non potest pater nisi, &c.* 11  
 Such is the subject of the Institute 12  
 And universal Body of the Law. 13  
 His 14 study fits a mercenary drudge,  
 Who aims at nothing but external trash; 35  
 Too servile and illiberal for me.  
 When all is done, divinity is best;  
 Jerome's Bible, 15 Faustus, view it well. [*Reads.*]  
*Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! Stipendium, &c.*  
 "The reward of sin is death." That's hard. [*Reads.*] 40  
*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 45  
 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, 50  
 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. Emperor and kings  
 Are but obeyed in their several provinces, 55

Nor can they raise the wind or rend the clouds;  
But his dominion that exceeds 16 in this  
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man.  
A sound magician is a mighty god:  
Here, Faustus, try thy 17 brains to gain a deity. 60  
Wagner!

*Enter WAGNER*

Commend me to my dearest friends,  
The German Valdes and Cornelius;  
Request them earnestly to visit me. 65  
*Wag.* I will, sir. *Exit.*

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

*Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL*

*G. Ang.* O Faustus! lay that damned book aside, 70  
And gaze not upon it lest it tempt thy soul,  
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head.  
Read, read the Scriptures: that is blasphemy.

*E. Ang.* Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art, 75  
Wherein all Nature's treasure is contain'd:  
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,  
Lord and commander of these elements. [*Exeunt Angels.*]

*Faust.* How am I glutted with conceit 18 of this!  
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,  
Resolve me of all ambiguities, 80  
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; 85  
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, 19 90  
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, 20  
And reign sole king of all the provinces;  
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war 95  
Than was the fiery keel 21 at Antwerp's bridge,  
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

*Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS 22*

Come, German Valdes and Cornelius,  
And make me blest with your sage conference. 100  
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,  
Know that your words have won me at the last  
To practise magic and concealed arts:  
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy  
That will receive no object, for my head 105  
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 vile: 110  
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.  
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;  
And I that have with concise syllogisms  
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,  
And made the flowering pride of Wittenberg 115  
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits  
On sweet Musaeus, 23 when he came to hell,

Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,  
Whose shadows made all Europe honour him.

*Vald.* Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience 120  
Shall make all nations to canònise us.  
As Indian Moors 24 obey their Spanish lords,  
So shall the subjects 25 of every element  
Be always serviceable to us three;  
Like lions shall they guard us when we please; 125  
Like Almain rutters 26 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 have the white breasts of the queen of love: 130  
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,  
And from America the golden fleece  
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;  
If learned Faustus will be resolute.

*Faust.* Valdes, as resolute am I in this 135  
As thou to live; therefore object is not.

*Corn.* The miracles that magic will perform  
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.  
He that is grounded in astrology,  
Enrich'd with tongues, as well seen 27 in minerals, 140  
Hath all the principles magic doth require.  
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,  
And more frequented for this mystery  
Than heretofore the Delphian Oracle.  
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea, 145  
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,  
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid  
Within the massy entrails of the earth;  
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?



*Faust.* Nothing, Cornelius! O this cheers my soul! 150  
Come show me some demonstrations magical,  
That I may conjure in some lusty grove,  
And have these joys in full possession.

*Vald.* Then haste thee to some solitary grove,  
And bear wise Bacon's 28 and Albanus' 29 works, 155  
The Hebrew Psalter and New Testament;  
And whatsoever else is requisite  
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

*Corn.* Valdes, first let him know the words of art;  
And then, all other ceremonies learn'd, 160  
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

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

*Faust.* Then come and dine with me, and after meat,  
We'll canvass every quiddity thereof; 165  
For ere I sleep I'll try what I can do:  
This night I'll conjure though I die therefore. [*Exeunt.*

**Note 1.** Teach publicly.

**Note 2.** Aim.

**Note 3.** Logic.

**Note 4.** "To argue well is the end of logic."

**Note 5.** This is Mr. Bullen's emendation of Q1., Oncaymæon, a corruption of the Aristotelian phrase for "being and not being."

**Note 6.** "Where the philosopher leaves off, there the physician begins."

**Note 7.** This and the previous quotation are from Aristotle.

**Note 8.** Medical maxims.

**Note 9.** Announcements.

**Note 10.** "If one and the same thing is bequeathed to two person,

one gets the thing and the other the value of the thing.”

**Note 11.** “A father cannot disinherit the son except,” etc.

**Note 12.** Of Justinian, under whom the Roman law was codified.

**Note 13.** Q1., Church.

**Note 14.** Its.

**Note 15.** The Vulgate.

**Note 16.** Excels.

**Note 17.** Q3., tire my.

**Note 18.** Idea.

**Note 19.** Qq., skill.

**Note 20.** The Netherlands, over which Parma re-established the Spanish dominions.

**Note 21.** A ship filled with explosives used to blow up a bridge built by Parma in 1585 at the siege of Antwerp.

**Note 22.** The famous Cornelius Agrippa. German Valdes is not known.

**Note 23.** Cf. Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 667; Dryden’s trans. vi. 905 ff.

**Note 24.** American Indians.

**Note 25.** Q3., spirits.

**Note 26.** Troopers, Germ. *Reiters*.

**Note 27.** Versed.

**Note 28.** Roger Bacon.

**Note 29.** Perhaps Pietro d’Abano, a medieval alchemist; perhaps a misprint for Albertus (Magnus), the great schoolman.

## Scene II

[*Before FAUSTUS'S House*]

*Enter two SCHOLARS*

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

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

*Enter WAGNER*

*1st Schol.* How now, sirrah! Where's thy master?

5

*Wag.* God in heaven knows!

*2nd Schol.* Why, dost not thou know?

*Wag.* Yes, I know. But that follows not.

*1st Schol.* Go to, sirrah! Leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

*Wag.* That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, <sup>10</sup> being licentiate, should stand upon't: therefore, acknowledge your error and be attentive.

*2nd Schol.* Why, didst thou not say thou knew'st?

*Wag.* Have you any witness on't?

*1st Schol.* Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

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

*2nd Schol.* Well, you will not tell us?

15

*Wag.* 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*?<sup>2</sup> 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 feet of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hang'd the next sessions. Thus having triumph'd over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian,<sup>3</sup> 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, my dear brethren.

*1st Schol.* Nay, then, I fear he has fallen into that damned Art, for which they two are infamous through the world.

*2nd Schol.* 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.

*1st Schol.* O, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him.

*2nd Schol.* Yet let us try what we can do. [*Exeunt.*

20

**Note 1.** “Thus I prove” — a common formula in scholastic discussions. [back]

**Note 2.** “‘*Corpus naturale seu mobile*’ is the current scholastic expression for the subject-matter of physics.” — *Ward*. [back]

**Note 3.** Puritan. [back]

### Scene III

[A Grove.]

*Enter FAUSTUS to conjure*

*Faust.* Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth  
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,  
Leaps from the 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 pray'd and sacrific'd to them.

5

Within this circle is Jehovah's name,  
Forward and backward anagrammatis'd,  
The breviated names of holy saints,  
Figures of every adjunct to the Heavens,  
And characters of signs and erring 1 stars,  
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:

10

Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,  
And try the uttermost magic can perform.

15

*Sint mihi Dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovae!  
Ignei, aerii, aquatani spiritus, salvete! Orientis princeps Belzebub,  
infernii ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut  
appareat et surgat Mephistophilis. Quid tu moraris? per Jehovaham,  
Gehennam et consecratum aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque*

*crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis  
dicatus Mephistophilis! 2*

*Enter [MEPHISTOPHILIS] a DEVIL*

I charge thee to return and change thy shape;  
Thou art too ugly to attend on me. 20  
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 Mephistophilis, 25  
Full of obedience and humility!  
Such is the force of magic and my spells.  
[Now,] Faustus, thou art conjuror laureat,  
Thou canst command great Mephistophilis:  
*Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine. 3* 30

*Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS [like a Franciscan Friar]*

**Meph.** Now, Faustus, what would'st thou have me to do?

**Faust.** I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,  
To do whatever Faustus shall command,  
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere, 35  
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

**Meph.** I am a servant to great Lucifer,  
And may not follow thee without his leave  
No more than he commands must we perform.

**Faust.** Did not he charge thee to appear to me? 40

**Meph.** No, I came hither of mine own accord.

**Faust.** Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? Speak.

*Meph.* That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*;  
For when we hear one rack 4 the name of God,  
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ, 45  
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 damn'd:  
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring  
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity, 50  
And pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell.

*Faust.* So Faustus hath  
Already done; and holds this principle,  
There is no chief but only Belzebub,  
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself. 55  
This word "damnation" terrifies not him,  
For he confounds hell in Elysium; 5  
His ghost be with the old philosophers!  
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,  
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord? 60

*Meph.* Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

*Faust.* Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

*Meph.* Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

*Faust.* How comes it then that he is Prince of devils?

*Meph.* O, by aspiring pride and insolence; 65  
For which God threw him from the face of Heaven.

*Faust.* And what are you that you live with Lucifer?

*Meph.* Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,  
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,  
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer. 70

*Faust.* Where are you damn'd?

*Meph.* In hell.

*Faust.* How comes it then that thou art out of hell?

*Meph.* Why this is hell, nor am I out of it.

Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God, 75

And tasted the eternal joys of Heaven,

Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,

In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?

O Faustus! leave these frivolous demands,

Which strike a terror to my fainting soul. 80

*Faust.* What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate

For being depriv'd of the joys of Heaven?

Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,

And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.

Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer: 85

Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death

By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,

Say he surrenders up to him his soul,

So he will spare him four and twenty years,

Letting him live in all voluptuousness; 90

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. 95

Go and return to mighty Lucifer,

And meet me in my study at midnight,

And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

*Meph.* I will, Faustus. *Exit.*

*Faust.* Had I as many souls as there be stars, 100



I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.

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:

I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,

105

And make that [country] continent to Spain,

And both contributory to my crown.

The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,

Nor any potentate of Germany.

Now that I have obtain'd what I desire,

110

I'll live in speculation 7 of this art

Till Mephistophilis return again. *Exit.*

**Note 1.** Wandering. [back]

**Note 2.** "Be propitious to me, gods of Acheron! May the triple deity of Jehovah prevail! Spirits of fire, air, water, hail! Belzebub, Prince of the East, monarch of burning hell, and Demogorgon, we propitiate ye, that Mephistophilis may appear and rise. Why dost thou delay? By Jehovah, Gehenna, and the holy water which now I sprinkle, and the sign of the cross which now I make, and by our prayer, may Mephistophilis now summoned by us arise!" [back]

**Note 3.** "For indeed thou hast power in the image of thy brother Mephistophilis." [back]

**Note 4.** Twist in anagrams. [back]

**Note 5.** Heaven and hell are indifferent to him. [back]

**Note 6.** Inform. [back]

**Note 7.** Study. [back]

## Scene IV

[A Street.]

Enter WAGNER and CLOWN

**Wag.** Sirrah, boy, come hither.

**Clown.** How, boy! Swowns, 1 boy! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadevaunts 2 as I have. Boy, quotha!

**Wag.** Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in?

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

5

**Wag.** 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.

**Wag.** Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus?* 3

**Clown.** How, in verse?

*Wag.* No, sirrah; in beaten silk and stavesacre. 4

10

*Clown.* How, how, Knave's acre! 5 Ay, I thought that was all the land his father left him. Do you hear? I would be sorry to rob you of your living.

*Wag.* Sirrah, I say in stavesacre.

*Clown.* Oho! Oho! Stavesacre! Why, then, belike if I were your man I should be full of vermin.

*Wag.* 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 your hear, sir? You may save that labour; they are too familiar with me already. Swowns! they are as bold with my flesh as if they had paid for [their] meat and drink. <sup>15</sup>

*Wag.* Well, do you hear, sirrah? Hold, take these guilders. [*Gives money.*]

*Clown.* Gridirons! what be they?

*Wag.* 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?

*Wag.* Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an hour's warning, whensoever and wheresoever the Devil shall fetch thee. <sup>20</sup>

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

*Wag.* Truly I'll none of them.

*Clown.* Truly but you shall.

**Wag.** Bear witness I gave them him.

**Clown.** Bear witness I gave them you again.

25

**Wag.** Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee away — Baliol and Belcher.

**Clown.** Let your Baliol and your Belcher come here, and I'll knock them, they were never so knock'd since they were devils. Say I should kill one of them, what would folks say? "Do you see yonder tall fellow in the round slop 6 —he has kill'd the devil." So I should be called Kill-devil all the parish over.

*Enter two Devils: the Clown runs up and down crying*

**Wag.** Baliol and Belcher! Spirits, away! *Exeunt Devils.*

**Clown.** What, are they gone? A vengeance on them, they have vile 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 clifts and cloven feet.

30

**Wag.** Well, sirrah, follow me.

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

**Wag.** I will teach thee to turn thyself 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 anything, let it be in the likeness of a little pretty frisky flea, that I may be here and there and everywhere. Oh, I'll tickle the pretty wenches' plackets; I'll be amongst them, i' faith.

**Wag.** Well, sirrah, come.

35

**Clown.** But, do you hear, Wagner?

**Wag.** How! Baliol and Belcher!

**Clown.** O Lord! I pray, sir, let Banio and Belcher go sleep. *Wag.* Villain—call me Master Wagner, and let thy left eye be diametarily 7 fixed upon my right heel, with *quasi vestigias nostras insistere.* 8 *Exit.*

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

**Note 1.** Zounds, *i. e.*, God's wounds. [back]

**Note 2.** Beards cut to a sharp point (Fr. *pic-à-devant*). [back]

**Note 3.** Dyce points out that these are the first words of W. Lily's "*Ad discipulos carmen de moribus.*" [back]

**Note 4.** A kind of larkspur, used for destroying lice. [back]

**Note 5.** A mean street in London. [back]

**Note 6.** Short wide breeches. [back]

**Note 7.** For diametrically. [back]

**Note 8.** "As if to tread in my tracks." [back]

## Scene V

FAUSTUS [*discovered*] in his Study

*Faust.* Now, Faustus, must  
Thou needs be damn'd, and canst thou not be sav'd:  
What boots it then to think of God or Heaven?  
Away with such vain fancies, and despair: 5  
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub.  
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. 10  
To God?—He loves thee not—  
The God thou serv'st is thine own appetite,  
Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub;  
To him I'll build an altar and a church,  
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes. 15

*Enter* GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL

*G. Ang.* Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

*Faust.* Contrition, prayer, repentance! What of them?

*G. Ang.* O, they are means to bring thee unto Heaven.

*E. Ang.* Rather, illusions, fruits of lunacy, 20

That makes men foolish that do trust them most.

*G. Ang.* Sweet Faustus, think of Heaven, and heavenly things.

*E. Ang.* No, Faustus, think of honour and of wealth. [*Exeunt*  
ANGELS.

*Faust.* Of wealth!

What the signiory of Embden 1 shall be mine. 25

When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,

What God can hurt thee, Faustus? Thou art safe;

Cast no more doubts. Come, Mephistophilis,

And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—

Is't not midnight? Come, Mephistophilis; 30

*Veni, veni, Mephistophile!*

*Enter* MEPHISTOPHILIS

Now tell me, what says Lucifer thy lord?

*Meph.* That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,

So he will buy my service with his soul. 35

*Faust.* Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

*Meph.* 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. 40

*Faust.* Stay, Mephistophilis! and tell me what good

Will my soul do thy lord.

*Meph.* Enlarge his kingdom.

*Faust.* Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

*Meph.* Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris. 2

45

*Faust.* Why, have you any pain that torture others?

*Meph.* 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.

50

*Faust.* Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

*Meph.* Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously.

And bind thy soul that at some certain day

Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;

And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

55

*Faust.* [*stabbing his arm.*] 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 the blood that trickles from mine arm.

And let it be propitious for my wish.

60

*Meph.* But, Faustus, thou must

Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

*Faust.* Ay, so I will. [*Writes.*] But, Mephistophilis,

My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

65

*Meph.* I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. *Exit.*

*Faust.* 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 stay'd.

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

70



Then write again. *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

*Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a chafer of coals*

**Meph.** Here's fire. Come, Faustus, set it on.

75

**Faust.** So now the blood begins to clear again;  
Now will I make an end immediately. [*Writes.*]

**Meph.** O what will not I do to obtain his soul. [*Aside.*]

**Faust.** *Consummatum est*: 3 this bill is ended,  
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer —

80

But what is this inscription on mine arm?

*Homo, fuge!* 4 Whither should I fly?

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

My senses are deceiv'd; here's nothing writ: —

I see it plain; here in this place is writ

85

*Homo, fuge!* Yet shall not Faustus fly.

**Meph.** I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter [MEPHISTOPHILIS] with Devils, giving crowns and rich  
apparel to FAUSTUS, dance, and depart*

**Faust.** Speak Mephistophilis, what means this show?

**Meph.** Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,  
And to show thee what magic can perform.

90

**Faust.** But may I raise up spirits when I please?

**Meph.** Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

**Faust.** Then there's enough for a thousand souls.

Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,

95

A deed of gift of body and of soul:

But yet conditionally that thou perform

All articles prescrib'd between us both.

**Meph.** Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer

To effect all promises between us made.

100

**Faust.** Then hear me read them: *On these conditions following.*

*First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him and bring him whatsoever [he desires]. Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, and in what form or shape soever he pleases. I, John Faustus, of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents do give both body and soul to Lucifer, Prince of the East, and his minister, Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that twenty-four 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.*

**Meph.** Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

**Faust.** Ay, take it, and the Devil give thee good on't.

**Meph.** Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

**Faust.** First will I question with thee about hell.

105

Tell me where is the place that men call hell?

**Meph.** Under the Heaven.

**Faust.** Ay, but whereabout?

**Meph.** Within the bowels of these elements,

Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever;

110

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd

In one self place; for where we are is hell,

And where hell is there 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.

115

*Faust.* Come, I think hell's a fable.

*Meph.* Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

*Faust.* Why, think'st thou then that Faustus shall be damn'd?

*Meph.* Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll  
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

120

*Faust.* 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?  
Tush; these are trifles, and mere old wives' tales.

125

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

*Faust.* How! now in hell!  
Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd here;  
What? walking, disputing, &c.?  
But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,  
The fairest maid in Germany;  
For I am wanton and lascivious,  
And cannot live without a wife.

130

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

135

*Faust.* Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one, for I will have one.

*Meph.* Well—thou wilt have one. Sit there till I come:  
I'll fetch thee a wife in the Devil's name. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a DEVIL dressed like a woman, with  
fireworks* 140

**Meph.** Tell me, Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

**Faust.** A plague on her for a hot whore!

**Meph.** Tut, Faustus,

Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;

And if thou lovest me, think no more of it. 145

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, 6 or as beautiful 150

As was bright Lucifer before his fall.

Here, take this book peruse it thoroughly: [*Gives a book.*]

The iterating 7 of these lines brings gold;

The framing of this circle on the ground

Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder and lightning; 155

Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,

And men in armour shall appear to thee,

Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

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

**Meph.** Here they are, in this book. *Turns to them.* 160

**Faust.** 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.

**Meph.** Here they are too. *Turns to them.*

**Faust.** 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.

*Meph.* Here they be.

*Faust.* O, thou art deceived.

165

*Meph.* Tut, I warrant thee. *Turns to them. Exeunt.*

**Note 1.** Emden, near the mouth of the river Ems, was an important commercial town in Elizabethan times. [back]

**Note 2.** “Misery loves company.” [back]

**Note 3.** “It is finished.” [back]

**Note 4.** “Man, fly!” [back]

**Note 5.** Foolish. [back]

**Note 6.** The Queen of Sheba. [back]

## Scene XII

[*The Court of the Duke of Vanholt.*]

*Enter the DUKE [of VANHOLT], the DUCHESS, FAUSTUS, and  
MEPHISTOPHILIS*

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

*Faust.* 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.

*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.

*Faust.* Alas, madam, that's nothing! Mephistophilis, begone. (*Exit* MEPHISTOPHILIS.) Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

5

*Re-enter* MEPHISTOPHILIS *with the grapes*

Here they be, madam; wilt please you taste on them?

*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.

*Faust.* 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?

*Duchess.* Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that I e'er tasted in my life before. <sup>10</sup>

*Faust.* I am glad they content you so, madam.

*Duke.* Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath show'd to you.

*Duchess.* And so I will, my lord; and, whilst I live, rest beholding for this courtesy.

*Faust.* I humbly thank your Grace.

*Duke.* Come, Master Doctor, follow us and receive your reward.  
[*Exeunt.*]

### Scene XIII

[A room in Faustus' House.]

Enter WAGNER

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

5

Enter FAUSTUS, with two or three SCHOLARS [and  
MEPHISTOPHILIS]

10

*1st Schol.* 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 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.

*Faust.* 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, 15  
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,  
No otherways for pomp and majesty  
Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,  
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.  
Be silent, then, for danger is in words. *Music sounds, and HELEN* 20  
*passeth over the stage.*

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

**3rd Schol.** No marvel though the angry Greeks pursued  
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,  
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare. 25

**1st Schol.** Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,  
And only paragon of excellence,  
Let us depart; and for this glorious deed  
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

**Faustus.** Gentlemen, farewell—the same I wish to you. *Exeunt* 30  
*SCHOLARS [and WAGNER].*

*Enter an OLD MAN*

**Old Man.** Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail  
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,  
By which sweet path thou may'st attain the goal  
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest! 35  
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,  
Tears falling from repentant heaviness  
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,  
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul  
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sins 40  
As no commiseration may expel,  
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,

Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

**Faust.** Where art thou, Faustus? Wretch, what hast thou done?

Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair and die!

45

Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice

Says "Faustus! come! thine hour is [almost] come!"

And Faustus [now] will come to do the right. MEPHISTOPHILIS  
*gives him a dagger.*

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

I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,

50

And, with a vial full of precious grace,

Offers to pour the same into thy soul:

Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

**Faust.** Ah, my sweet friend, I feel

Thy words do comfort my distressed soul.

55

Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

**Old Man.** I go, sweet Faustus, but with heavy cheer,

Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul. [*Exit.*]

**Faust.** Accursed Faustus, where is mercy now?

I do repent; and yet I do despair;

60

Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:

What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

**Meph.** Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul

For disobedience to my sovereign lord;

Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.

65

**Faust.** Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord

To pardon my unjust presumption.

And with my blood again I will confirm

My former vow I made to Lucifer.

**Meph.** Do it then quickly, with unfeigned heart,

70

Lest greater danger do attend thy drift. [FAUSTUS *stabs his arm and writes on a paper with his blood.*]

*Faust.* Torment, sweet friend, that base and crooked age, 1  
That durst dissuade me from my Lucifer,  
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

*Meph.* His faith is great, I cannot touch his soul; 75  
But what I may afflict his body with  
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

*Faust.* 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 80  
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.

*Meph.* Faustus, this or what else thou shalt desire 85  
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

*Re-enter HELEN*

*Faust.* Was this the face that launched a thousand ships  
And burnt the topless 2 towers of Ilium?  
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss. [*Kisses her.*] 90  
Her lips suck forth my soul; see where it flies! —  
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.  
Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips,  
And all is dross that is not Helena. *Enter OLD MAN.*  
I will be Paris, and for love of thee, 95  
Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack'd;  
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. 100  
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;  
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter  
When he appear'd to hapless Semele:  
More lovely than the monarch of the sky 105  
In wanton Arethusa's azured arms:  
And none but thou shalt be my paramour. *Exeunt.*

*Old Man.* Accursed Faustus, miserable man,  
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of Heaven,  
And fly'st the throne of his tribunal seat! 110

*Enter 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 smiles 115  
At your repulse, and laughs your state to scorn!  
Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God. *Exeunt [on one side*  
*DEVILS, on the other, OLD MAN].*

**Note 1.** Old man. [back]

**Note 2.** Unsurpassed in height. [back]

## Scene XIV

[*The Same.*]

*Enter FAUSTUS with SCHOLARS*

*Faust.* Ah, gentlemen!

*1st Schol.* What ails Faustus?

*Faust.* 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?

*2nd Schol.* What means Faustus? 5

*3rd Schol.* Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over solitary.

*1st Schol.* If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him. 'Tis but a surfeit. Never fear, man.

*Faust.* A surfeit of deadly sin that hath damn'd both body and soul.

*2nd Schol.* Yet, Faustus, look up to Heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

*Faust.* But Faustus' offenses can never be pardoned: the serpent <sup>10</sup> that tempted Eve may be sav'd, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen,

hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, oh, would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! And what wonders I have done, All Germany can witness, yea, 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 for ever?

*3rd Schol.* Yet, Faustus, call on God.

*Faust.* On God, whom Faustus hath abjur'd! 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?

*Faust.* Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

*All.* God forbid!

15

*Faust.* God forbade it indeed; but Faustus hath done it. For vain pleasure of twenty-four 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.

*1st Schol.* Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have pray'd for thee?

*Faust.* Oft have I thought to have done so; but the Devil threat'ned to tear me in pieces if I nam'd 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.

*2nd Schol.* Oh, what shall we do to save Faustus?

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

20

*3rd Schol.* God will strengthen me. I will stay with Faustus.

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

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

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

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

25

*All.* Faustus, farewell! *Exeunt* SCHOLARS. *The clock strikes eleven.*

*Faust.* Ah, Faustus,

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,

And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!

Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of Heaven,

30

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!

35

*O lente, lente, curite noctis equi.* 1

The stars move still, 2 time runs, the clock will strike,

The Devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.

O, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?

See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!

40

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! —

Where is it now? 'Tis gone; and see where God

Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!

45

Mountain 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!

50

You stars that reign'd at my nativity,

Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,

Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist

Into the entrails of yon labouring clouds,

That when they vomit forth into the air,

55

My limbs may issue from their smoky mouths,

So that my soul may but ascend to Heaven. *The watch strikes [the half hour].*

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

O God!

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,

60

Yet for Christ's sake whose blood hath ransom'd me,

Impose some end to my incessant pain;

Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years—

A hundred thousand, and—at last—be sav'd!

O, no end is limited to damned souls!

65

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 chang'd

Unto some brutish beast! All beasts are happy,

70

For when they die,

Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;

But mine must live, still to be plagu'd in hell.

Curst be the parents that engend'red me!

No, Faustus: curse thyself: curse Lucifer

75

That hath depriv'd 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. *Thunder and lightning.*



O soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,  
And fall into the ocean — ne'er be found. 80  
My God! my God! look not so fierce on me! *Enter* DEVILS.  
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!  
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!  
I'll burn my books! — Ah Mephistophilis! *Exeunt* DEVILS *with*  
FAUSTUS.

*Enter* CHORUS 85

**Cho.** Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,  
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough,  
That sometime grew within this learned man.  
Faustus is gone; regard his hellish fall,  
Whose fiendfull fortune may exhort the wise 90  
Only to wonder at unlawful things,  
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits  
To practise more than heavenly power permits. [*Exit.*]

**Note 1.** "Run softly, softly, horses of the night." —Ovid's *Amores*, i,  
13. [back]

**Note 2.** Without ceasing. [back]

***Freeditorial*** 