

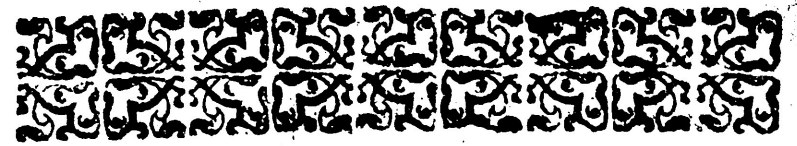
The Tragical History of the Life and Death of *Doctor Faustus*.

Written by *Ch. Marlowe*.



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THE
TRAGEDIE OF
Doctor Faustus.

Eater Chorus.

Not marching in the fields of Thrasimen,
Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthagens,
Nor sporting in the dalliance of loue
In Courts of Kings, where state is ouerturn'd
Nor in the pompe of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt his heavenly verse
Onely this, Gentles: we must now performe
The forme of Faustus fortunes, good or bad,
And now to patient iudgements we appeale,
And speake for Faustus in his infancie.
Now is he bozne, of parents bale of stocks,
In Germany, within a Towne call'd Rhodes:
At riper yeares to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him vp;
So much he profits in Diuinitie,
That shortly he was grac'd with Doctors name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In th' heavenly matters of Theologie,
Will swolne with cunning, of a selfe conceit,
His wauen wings did mount aboue his reach,
And melting, heauens conspir'd his ouerthrow:
For falling to a diuellisher exercise,
And glutted now with learnings golden gifts,
He surfets vpon cursed Necromancie:

Nothing so sweet as Magicke is to him;
Which he preferres before his chiefest blisse,
And this the man that in his study sits.

Faustus in his study.

Faust. Settle thy studies Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt professe,
Having comment'd, be a Diuine in shew,
Yet leuell at the end of euery Art,
And liue and die in Aristotles woorkes.
Sweet Analitikes, tis thou hast rauisht me,
Bene differere est finis Logicis.
As to disputes well Logickes chiefest end?
Affords this Art no greater miracle?
Then read no more, thou hast attain'd that end:
A greater subiect sitteth Faustus wit:
Bid Oeconomy farewell; and Galen come:
Be a Christian Faustus, heape vp gold,
And be priz'd for some wondrous cure:
Summum bonum, medicinae sanitas,
The end of Physicke is our bodies health:
Why Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Are not thy bills hung vp as monuments,
Wherby whole Cities haue escap't the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies beene cur'd?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Couldst thou make men to liue eternally,
Or being dead, raise them to life againe,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physicks farewell: where is Iustinian?
Si vna eademque res legatus duobus,
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.
A petty case of paltry Legacies,
Exhereditari filium non potest pater, nisi
Such is the subiect of the institute,
And vniuersall body of the law.
This study fits a Mercenarie vnderidge,
Who aims at nothing but externall trash,
A vile and illiberall for mee.

When all is done, Diuinitie is best:
Ieromes Bible Faustus, vieto it well:
Stipendium peccati, mors est: ha, stipendium, &c.
The reward of sin is death: that's hard:
Si peccasse, negamus, fallimur, & nulla est in nobis veritas:
If we say that we haue no sinne
We deceiue our selues, and there is no truth in vs.
Why then belike we must sinne,
And so consequently die,
I, we must die, an euerlasting death.
What doctrine call you this? Che sera, sera:
What will be, shall be; Diuinitie adieu.
These Metaphisicks of Magicians,
And Pseudomantick bookes are heavenly,
Lines, Circles, Letters, Characters:
I these are those that Faustus most desires.
What a world of profite and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious Artizan?
All things that moue betweene the quiet Poles
Shall be at my command: Emperors and Kings,
Are but obey'd in their seuerall Provinces:
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as farre as doth the mind of man:
A sound Magitian is a Demi-god,
Heretire my braines to get a Deity.

Enter Wagner.

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
The Germane Valdes and Cornelius,
Request them earnestly to visit me.

Wag. I will sir.

Exit.

Faust. Their conference will be a greater helpe to me,
Then all my labours, plod I ne're will.

Enter the Angell and Spirit.

Good A. O Faustus, lay that damned booke aside,
And gaze not on it least it tempt thy soules,
And heape Gods heauy wrath upon thy head.

A 3

Heade,

Heade, reade the Scriptures: that is blasphemy.

Bad A. Go forward Faustus in that famous Art
Wherein all natures treasure is contain'd:
Be thou on earth as loue is in the skye,
Lord and Commander of these elements:

Faust. How am I glutt'd with conceipt of this?
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please?
Resolue me of all ambiguities?

Performe what desperate enterprize I will:
I'll haue them lie to Indian for gold;
Ransacke the Ocean for Orient Pearle,
And search all corners of the new-found-world
For pleasant fruites, and Princely delicates.
I'll haue them read me strange Philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foraine Kings:
I'll haue them wall all Germany with Brasse,
And make swift Rhine, circle faire Wittenberge:
I'll haue them fill the publique Schooles with skill,
Wherewith the Students shall be brauely clad.
I'll leauy souldiers with the coynes they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our Land,
And raigne sole King of all the Prouinces.
Pea stranger engines for the brunt of warre,
Then was the fiery keele at Anwerpe bridge,
I'll make my seruile spirits to inuent.

Come Germane Valdes and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference. Enter Valdes
Valdes, sweete Valdes and Cornelius, and Cornelius.
Know that your words haue won me at the last.

To practise Magicke and concealed Arts.
Philosophy is odious and obscure:
Both Law and Physicke are for petty wits,
'Tis magick, magick, that hath rauisht me.
Then gentle friends aid me in this attempt,
And I, that haue with subtle Sillogismes
Crus'd the Pastors of the Germane Church,
And made the stouzing pride of Wittenberg
Oppoyns to my Pr'oblemes, as th' infernall spirits

OF Doctor Faustus.

On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

Val. Faustus, these bookes, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all Nations to Canonize vs,
As Indian Moores, obey their Spanish Lords:
So shall the spirits of euery element,
Be allwaies seruiceable to vs thre:
Like Lyons shall they guard vs when we please,
Like Almaine Cutters with their horsemen staues,
Or Lopland Giants trotting by our sides,
Sometimes like women or vnwedded Maides:
Shadowing more beauty in their Airie browes,
Then has the white breasts of the Queene of loue.
From Venice shall they drag huge Argosies,
And from America the Golden Fleete,
That yearely stuff'd old Phillips treasury,
If learned Faustus will be resolute.

Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this,
As thou to liue, therefore object it not.

Corn. The miracles that magick will performe,
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
But that is grounded in Astrology,
In night with tongues, well seene in Minerals,
Hath all the Principles Magick doth require:
Then doubt not Faustus but to be renown'd,
And noze frequented for this mysterie,
The heereetofore the Delphian Oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foraine w'ackes:
Pea all the wealth that our fore-fathers hid,
Within the massy entrailes of the earth:
Then tell me Faustus what shall we thre want?

Faust. Nothing Cornelius; I this cheeres my soule:
Come, shew me some demonstrations Magicall,
That I may coniure in some bushy Grove,
And haue these ioies in full possession.

Val. Then hast thee to some solitary Grove,

On

And

And beare wise Bacons, and Albanus woꝝkes,
The Hebrew Psalter, and new Testament;
And whatsoeuer else is requisite,
We will informe thee e're our conference cease.

Cor. Valdes, first let him know the woꝝds of Art,
And then all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himselfe.

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

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and after meate
We'll canuase euery quidditie thereof:
For e're I sleep, I'll try what I can do:
This night I'll coniuere tho I die therefore. Excunt om.

Enter two Schollers.

1 Sch. I wonder what's become of Faustus that was wont
To make our schooles ring, with sic probò. Enter Wag.

2 Sch. What shall we presently know, here comes his boy.

1 Sch. How now sirra, where's thy Maister?

Wag. God in heauen knowes.

2 Sch. Why dost not thou know then!

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

1 Sch. Go to sirra, leaue your iesting, & tell vs where he is.

Wag. That followes not by foꝛce of argument, which
you, being Licentiats, should stand vpon, therefore acknow-
ledge your errour, and be attentiuè.

2 Sch. When you will not tell vs?

Wag. You are deceiu'd, for I will tell you: yet if you
were not dunces, you would neuer aske me such a question:
For is he not Corpus naturale? and is not that Mobile? Then
wherefore should you aske me such a question? But that I
am by nature slegmatique, slow to wrath, & prone to letcherie
(to loue I would say) it were not for you to come within for-
tie foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt but
to see you both hang'd the next Sessions. Thus hauing tri-
umph't ouer you, I will set my countenance like a Precisian,
and begin to speake thus: Truly my deere bꝛethꝛen, my M^r.

Of Doctor Faustus.

is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine,
if it could speake, would informe your Worships: and so
the Lord blesse you, pꝛeserue you, and keepe you, my deere
bꝛethꝛen. Exit.

1 Sch. Doctor Faustus, then I feare y^e which I haue long suspected:
That thou art false into that damned Art
For which they two are infamous through the world.

2 Sch. Were he a stranger, not allyed to me,
The danger of his soule would make me mourne:
But come, let vs go, and informe the Rector:
It may be his graue counsell may reclaime him.

1 Sch. I feare me, nothing will reclaime him now.

2 Sch. Yet let vs see what we can do. Excunt.

Thunder. Enter Lucifer and 4 deuils, Faustus to them
with this speech.

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orions dꝛissing looke,
Leapes from th' Antarticke world vnto the skie,
And dꝛyng the Welkin, with her pitchy bꝛeath:
Faustus, begin thine Incantations,
And try if deuils will obey thy Wilt,
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Iehoua's Name,
Forward, and backward, Anagramatiz'd:
Th' abꝛeuiated names of holy Saints,
Figures of euery adiunct to the heauens,
And Characters of Signes, and euening Starres,
By which the spirits are inforz'd to rise:
Then feare not Faustus to be resolute
And try the vtmost Magicke can perfoꝛme.

Thunder, Sicut mihi Dij Acherontis propitij, valeat numen tri-
plex Iehoua, ignei Aerij, Aquarum spiritus saluete: Orientis
Princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha & demigor-
gon, propitiamus vos, vt appareat, & surgat Mephostophilis
Dragon, quod tumeraris; per Iehouam, gehennam, & con-
secraram

secretam aquam, quam nunc spargo; signumq; crucis quod nunc facio; & per vota nostra ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatis Mephostophilis.

Enter a Deuill.

I charge thee to returne, and change thy shape,
Thou art too vgly to attend on me:
Go and returne an old Franciscan frier,
That holy shape becomes a deuill best. Exit deuill.
I see there's vertue in my heauenly words.
Who would not be proficient in this Art?
How pliant is this Mephostophilis?
Full of obedience and humility,
Such is the force of Magicke, and my spels.

Enter Mephostophilis.

Meph. Now Faustus what wouldst thou haue me do?
Faust. I charge thee waite vpon me whilst I liue
To do what euer Faustus shall command:
Be it to make the Doone drop from her Sphere,
Or the Ocean to ouerwhelme the world.
Meph. I am a seruant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leaue;
No more then he commands, must we perforce.
Faust. Did not he charge thee to appeare to me?
Meph. No, I came now hether of mine owne accord.
Faust. Did not my coniuring raise thee? speake.
Meph. That was the cause, but yet per accident:
For when we heare one racker the name of God,
Abiure the Scriptures, and his Saviour Christ:
We flye in hope to get his glorious soule;
Nor will we come vnlesse he vse such meanes,
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd:
Therefore the mostest cut for coniuring
Is stoutly to abiure all godlinesse,
And pray deuoutely to the Prince of hell.
Faust. So Faustus hath already done, and holds this princi-
ple, is no chiefe but onely Beelzebub:

To whom Faustus doth dedicate himselfe.
This word Damnation, terrifies not me,
For I confound hell in Elizium:
My Ghost be with the old Philosophers,
But leauing these vaine trifles of mens soules,
Tell me, what is that Lucifer, thy Lord?
Meph. Arch-regent and Commander of all Spirits.
Faust. Was not that Lucifer an Angell once?
Meph. Yes Faustus, and most deereely lou'd of God.
Faust. How comes it then that he is Prince of Devils?
Meph. D: by aspiring pride and insolence,
For which God throw him from the face of heauen.
Faust. And what are you that liue with Lucifer?
Meph. Unhappy spirits that liue with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for euer damn'd with Lucifer.
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 that saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternall Ioyes of heauen,
Am not tormented with ten thousand helms,
In being depriv'd of euerlasting blisse?
O Faustus leaue these triuolous demandes,
Which strikes a terrore to my fainting soule.
Faust. What is great Mephostophilis so passionate
For being depriv'd of the Ioyes of heauen?
Learne thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scoone those Ioyes thou neuer shalt possesse.
Go heare these tydings to great Lucifer,
Seeing Faustus hath incur'd eternall death,
By desperate thoughts against Ioues Deity:
Say he surrenders vp to him his soule,
So he will spare him foure and twenty yeares,
Letting him liue in all voluptuousnesse,
Hauing thee euer to attend on me,
To giue me whatsoever I shall aske;
To tell me whatsoever I demand:

To slay mine enemies, and to aid my friends,
And alwaies be obedient to my will.
Go, and returne to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my Study, at Midnight,
And then resoluē me of thy Maisters mind.

Meph. I will Faustus. Exit.

Faust. Had I as many soules, as there be Starres,
I'de giue them all for Mephostophilis.
By him, I'll be great Emperour of the world,
And make a bridge, through the mouing Aire,
To passe the Ocean: with a band of men
I'll ioyne the Iles that bind the Africk shore,
And make that Country, continent to Spaine,
And both contributory to my Crowne.
The Emperour shall not liue, but by my leaue,
Nor any Potentate of Germany.
Now that I haue obtain'd what I desir'd
I'll liue in speculation of this Art
Till Mephostophilis returne againe. Exit.

Enter Wagner and the Clowne.

Wag. Come hither sirra boy.

Clo. Boy? O disgrace to my person: Zounds boy in your face, you haue seene many boyes with beards I am sure.

Wag. Sirra, hast thou no commings In?

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

Wag. Alas poore slaue, see how pouerty tests in his nakednesse, I know the Villaines out of seruice, and so hungry, that I know he would giue his soule to the deuill, for a shoulder of Mutton, tho it were bloud raw.

Clo. Not so neither; I had need to haue it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so deere, I can tell you.

Wag. Sirra, wilt thou be my man and waite on me: and I will make thee go, like Qui mihi discipulus.

Clo. What, in these?

Wag. No slaue, in beaten silke, and fauces-aker.

Clo. Fauces-aker? that's good to kill Veruine: then be-

like if I serue you, I shall be lousy.

Wag. Why so thou shalt be, whether thou dost it or no: for sirra, if thou dost not presently bind thy selfe to me for seuen yeares, I'll turne all the lice about thee into Familiars, and make them tare thee in peeces.

Clo. Nay sir, you may save your selfe a labour, for they are as familiar with me, as if they payd for their meate and drinke, I can tell you.

Wag. Well sirra, leaue your iesting, and take these Guilders.

Clo. Yes marry sir, and I thanke you to. (Goes.)

Wag. So, now thou art to bee at an howres warning, whensoever, and wheresoener the deuill shall fetch thee.

Clo. Here, take your Guilders I'll none of 'em.

Wag. Not I, thou art best, prepare thy selfe, for I will presently raise vp two deuils to carry thee away: Banio, Belcher.

Clo. Belcher? and Belcher come here, I'll belch him: I am not afraid of a deuill. Enter 2 deuils.

Wag. How now sir will you serue me now?

Clo. I good Wagner take away the deuill then.

Wag. Spirits away; now sirra follow me.

Clo. I will sir; but hearken you Maister, will you teach me this coniuring Occupation?

Wag. I sirra, I'll teach thee to turne thy selfe to a Dog, or a Cat, or a Mouse, or a Kat, or any thing.

Clo. A Dog, or a Cat, or a Mouse, or a Kat? O braue Wagner.

Wag. Willaine, call me Maister Wagner, and see that you walke attentiuely, and let your right eye be alwaies, Diamentrally first vpon my left heele, that thou maist, Quasi vestigias nostras insistere.

Clo. Well sir, I warrant you. Exeunt.

Enter Faustus in his Study.

Faust. How Faustus, must thou needs be damn'd? Canst thou not be sau'd?

What bootes it then to thinke on God or Heauen?

Away with such vaine fancies, and despaire,
 Despaire in God, and trust in Belzebub,
 Now go not backward Faustus, be resolute.
 Why wauerst thou? O something soundeth in mine eare.
 Abiure this Magicke, turne to God againe. (appetite
 Why he loues thee not: The God thou seru'st is thine owne
 Wherein is first the loue of Belzebub,
 To him, I'll build an Altar and a Church,
 And offer luke-warme blood, of new bozne babes.

Enter the two Angels.

Euill An. Go forward Faustus in that famous Art.

Good An. Sweete Faustus leaue that execrable Art.

Faust. Contrition, Prayer, Repentance? what of these?

Good A. O they are meanes to bring thee vnto heauen.

Bad A. Kather illusions, fruits of lunacy.

That make them foolish that do vse them most.

Good A. Sweet Faustus think of heauen, & heavenly things.

Bad A. No Faustus thinke of honour and of wealth. Ex. An.

Faust. Wealth? Why the Signory of Embden shall be mine:

When Mephostophilis shall stand by me,

What power can hurt me? Faustus thou art safe.

Cast no more doubts; Mepho: come

And bring glad tydings from great Lucifer.

Is not midnight? come Mephostophilis.

Veni veni Mephostophile.

Enter Mephosto

Now tell me what saith Lucifer thy Lord.

M. That I shall waite on Faustus whilst he liues,

So he will buy my seruice with his soule.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Meph. But now thou must bequeath it solemnly,

And wright a Deed of Gift with thine owne blood;

For that security craves Lucifer.

If thou deny it I must backe to hell.

Faust. Stay Mephosto. and tell me,

What good will my soule do thy Lord?

Enlarge his Kingdome.

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts vs thus?

Meph. Solamen miseris, socios habuisse doloris.

Faust. Why, haue you any paine that torture other?

Meph. As great as haue the humane soules of men.

But tell me Faustus, shall I haue thy soule?

And I will be thy slaue and waite on thee,

And giue thee moze then thou hast wit to aske.

Faust. I Mephostophilis, I'll giue it him.

Meph. Then Faustus stab thy Arme couragiously,

And bind thy soule, that at some certaine day

Great Lucifer may claime it as his owne,

And then be thou as great as Lucifer. (Arme,

Faust. Loe Mephosto: for loue of thee Faustus hath cut his

And with his prope rbloud assures his soule to be great Luci-

Chiefe Lord and Regent of perpetuall night. (fers,

View here this blood that trickles from mine arme,

And let it be propitious for my wish.

Meph. But Faustus

Write it in manner of a Deed of Gift.

Faust. I so I do; but Mephostophilis

My blood congeales, and I can write no moze.

Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolue it streight. Exit.

Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend?

Is it unwilling I should write this byll?

Why streames it not, that I may write a fresh?

Faustus giues to thee his soule: O there it staid.

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

Then write againe: Faustus giues to thee his soule.

Enter Mephostoph: with the Chafer of Fire.

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

Faust. So, now the blood begins to cleere againe:

Now will I make an end immediately.

Meph. What will not I do to obtaine his soule?

Faust. Consummatum est: this byll is ended,

And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soule to Lucifer.

But what is this Inscription on mine Arme?

Homo fuge, whether should I flye?
 If vnto heauen, hee'le throw me downe to hell.
 My senses are deceiu'd, here's nothing wright:
 O yes, I see it plaine, euen heere is wright
 Homo fuge, yet shall not Faustus flye.

Meph. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his minde.

Exit.

Enter Devils, giuing Crownes and rich apparell to
 Faustus: they dance, and then depart.

Enter Mephostophilis.

Faust. What meanes this shew? speake Mephostophilis.

Meph. Nothing Faustus but to delight thy mind,
 And let thee see what Magicke can perfozme.

Faust. But may I raise such spirits when I please?

Meph. I Faustus, and do greater things then these.

Faust. When Mephostophilis receiue this scrole,
 A Deed of Gift, of body and of soule:

But yet conditionally, that thou perfozme

All Couenants, and Articles, betweene vs both.

Meph. Faustus, I sweare by Hell and Lucifer,
 To effect all promises betweene vs both.

Faust. Then heare me read it Mephostophilis.
 On these conditions following.

First, that Faustus may be a spirit in forme and substance.

Secondly, that Mephostophilis shall be his seruant, and be by
 him commanded.

Thirdly, that Mephostophilis shall doe for him, and bring him
 whatsoever.

Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house inuisible.

Lastly, that hee shall appeare to the said Iohn Faustus, at all
 times, in what shape and forme soeuer he please.

I Iohn Faustus of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents, doe
 giue both body and soule to Lucifer, Prince of rhe East, and
 his Minister Mephostophilis, and furthermore grant vnto them
 that foure and twentie yeares being expired, and these Articles
 boue written being inuolate, full power to fetch or carry the

said Iohn Faustus, body and soule, flesh, bloud, into their ha-
 bitation wheresoeuer.

By me Iohn Faustus.

Meph. Speake Faustus, do you deliuer this as your Deed:

Faust. I take it, and the deuill giue thee good of it.

Meph. So, now Faustus aske me what thou wilt.

Faust. First, I will question thee about hell:

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

Meph. Under the heauens.

Faust. I, so are all things else; but whereabouts?

Meph. Within the bowels of these Elements,
 Where we are tortur'd, and remains for euer.

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd,

In one selfe place: but where we are is hell,

And where hell is there must we euer be.

And to be short, when all the world dissolues,

And every creature shall be purifi'd,

All places shall be hell that is not heauen.

Faust. I thinke Hell's a fable.

Meph. I, thinke so still, till experience change thy mind.

Faust. Why, dost thou thinke that Faustus shall be damn'd?

Meph. I, of necessity, for here's the scrole
 In which thou hast giuen thy soule to Lucifer.

Faust. I, and body too, but what of that:

Thinke't thou that Faustus, is so fond to imagine,

That after this life there is any paine?

No, these are trifles, and meere old wines Tales,

Meph. But I am an instance to proue the contrary:

For I tell thee I am damn'd, and now in hell.

Faust. Nay, and this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd.

What sleeping, eating, walking and disputing?

But leaning this, let me haue a wife, the fairest Maid in

Germany, for I am wanton and lasciuious, and cannot loue

without a wife.

Meph. Well Faustus, thou shalt haue a wife.

He fetches in a woman deuill.

Faust. What sight is this?

E

Meph.

Meph. How Faustus wilt thou haue a wife?

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

Meph. Marriage is but a ceremoniall toy,

And if thou louest me thinke no more of it,
I'll cull thee out the fairest Curtezans,
And bring them euery morning to thy bed:
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall hate,
More she as chaste as was Penelope;
As wise as Saba, or as beautifull
As was bright Lucifer befoze his fall.

Here, take this booke, and peruse it well:
The Iterating of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings Thunder, Whirle-winds, Storme and Lightning:
Pronounce this thrice deuoutly to thy selfe,
And men in harnesse shall appeare to thee,
Ready to execute what thou commandst.

Fault. Thankes Mephostophilis for this sweete booke.
This will I keepe, as chary as my life.

Exeunt.

Enter Wagner solus.

Wag. Learned Faustus
To know the secrets of Astronomy
Grauen in the booke of Ioues high firmament,
Did mount himselfe to scale Olympus top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawne by the strength of yoaaky Dragons necks,
He now is gone to poue Cosmography,
And as I gesse will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his Court;
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
That to this day is highly solemnized.

Exit Wagner.

Enter Faustus in his Study, and Mephostophilis.

Fault. When I behold the heavens then I repent
I curse thee wicked Mephostophilis,

Because

Because thou hast depriu'd me of those Joyes.

Meph. 'Twas thine own seeking Faustus, thanke thy selfe.
But thinke it thou heauen is such a glozious thinge
I tell thee Faustus it is not halfe so faice
As thou, or any man that breathe on earth.

Fault. How prou'st thou that?

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

Fault. If Heauen was made for man, 'twas made for me;
I will renounce this Magicke and repent.

Enter the two Angels.

Good A. Faustus repent, yet God will pittie thee.

Bad A. Thou art a spirit, God cannot pity thee.

Fault. Who buzzeth in mine eares I am a spirit?
Be I a deuill yet God may pittie me.

Yea, God will pittie me if I repent.

Evill An. I, but Faustus neuer shall repent.

Exit Angels.

Fault. My heart is hardned, I cannot repent:
Scarce can I name saluation, faith, or heauen.
Swords, poyson, halters, and inuendomb'd Steele,
Are laid befoze me to dispatch my selfe:
And long's're this, I should haue done the deed,
Had not sweete pleasure conquer'd deepe despaire.
Haue not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexanders loue, and Oenons death?
And hath not he that built the walles of Thebes,
With rauishing sound of his melodious Harpe,
Made musicke with my Mephostophilis?
Why should I die then, or basely despaire?
I am resolu'd, Faustus shall not repent.
Come Mephostophilis let vs dispute againe,
And reason of diuine Astrology.
Speake, are there many Spheres about the Moone?
Are all Celsiual bodies but one Globe,
As is the substance of this centricke earth?

Meph.

The Tragick Historie

Meph. As are the elements, such are the heavens,
Euen from the Moone vnto the Emperiall Dybe,
Mutually folded in each others Sphaeres,
And iointly moue vpon one Arle-tree,
Who euening, is tearmed the worlds wide Pole.
For are the names of Saturne, Mars, or Iupiter,
Iustitid, but are euening Starres.

Fault. But haue they all one motion, both situ & tempore?

Meph. All moue from East to West, in foure and
twenty houres, vpon the poles of the world, but differ in
their motions vpon the poles of the Zodiacke.

Fault. These slender questions Wagner can decide:
Hath Mephostophilis no greater skill?
Who knowes not the double motion of the Planets?
What the first is finisht in a naturall day?

The second thus, Saturne in 30 yeares;
Iupiter in 12, Mars in 4, the Sun, Venus, and
Mercury in a yeare; the Moone in twenty eight daies.

These are fresh mens questions: But tell me, hath euery
Sphaere a Dominion, or Intelligentia. Meph. I.

Fault. How many Heauens, or Sphaeres, are there?

Meph. Nine, the seuen Planets, the Firmament, and the
Emperiall heauen.

Fault. But is there not Coelum igneum, & Christalinum?

Meph. No Faultus they be but Fables.

Fault. Resolue me then in this one question:

Why are not Coniunctions, Oppositions, Aspects, Eclipses,
all at one time, but in some yeares we haue moze, in some lesse?

Meph. Per inaequalem motum, respectu totius.

Fault. Well, I am answer'd: now tell me who made the

Meph. I will not (world?)

Fault. Sweet Mephostophilis tell me.

Meph. Doue me not Faultus.

Fault. Willaine, haue not I bound thee to tell me any thing?

Meph. I, that is not against our Kingdome.

This is: Thou art damn'd, think thou of hell.

Fault. Thinke Faultus vpon God, that made the world.

Meph. Remember this, ———— Exit.

Of Doctor Faustus.

Fault. I, go accursed spirit to ugly hell:
'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus soule. Is not too late?

Enter the two Angels.

Bad. Too late.

Good. Neuer too late, if Faustus will repent.

Bad. If thou repent, devils will teare thee in peeces.

Good. Repent and they shall neuer raise thy skin. Ex.A.

Fault. O Christ my Saviour, my Saviour,
Helpe to saue distressed Faustus soule.

Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephostophilis.

Lucif. Christ cannot saue thy soule, for he is iust,
There's none but I haue interest in the same.

Fault. O what art thou that look'st so terribly.

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

Fault. O Faustus they are come to fetch thy soule. (hell.)

Belz. We are come to tell thee thou dost iniure vs.

Lucif. Thou calst on Christ contrary to thy promise.

Belz. Thou should'st not thinke on God.

Lucif. Thinke on the deuill.

Belz. And his dam to.

Fault. No will Faustus henceforth: pardon him for this,
And Faustus vswes neuer to looke to heauen.

Lucif. So shalt thou shew thy selfe an obedient seruant,
And we will highly gratify thee for it.

Belz. Faustus we are come from hell in person to shew
thee some pastime: sit downe and thou shalt behold the seuen
deadly sinnes appears to thee in their owne proper shapes
and likenesse.

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

Lucif. Talke not of Paradise or Creation, but markes
the shew, go Mephostoph. fetch them in.

Enter the 7 deadly sinnes.

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

Fault.

Faust. What shall I soone: What art thou the first?

Pride. I am Pride; I disdaine to haue any parents: I am like to Ouids flea, I can creepe into euery corner of a Wench: Sometimes, like a Perriwig, I sit vpon her Brow: next, like a Pecke-lace I hang about her Pecke: Then, like a Fan of feathers, I kisse her; And then turning my selfe to a wrought Smocke do what I list. But sye, what a smell is heere? Ile not speake a word more for a Kings ransome, vnlesse the ground be perfum'd, and couer'd with cloth of Arras.

Faust. Thou art a proud knaue indeed: What art thou the second?

Couet. I am Couetousnesse: begotten of an old Churle in a leather bag; and might I now obtaine my wish, this house you and all, should turne to Gold, that I might locke you safe into my Chest: O my sweete Gold!

Faust. And what art thou the third?

Enuy. I am Enuy, begotten of a Chimney-sweeper, and an Dyser-wife: I cannot read, and therefore with all booke burn'd. I am leane with seeing others eate: O that there would come a famine ouer all the world, that all might die, and I liue alone, then thou shouldst see how fat I de be. But must thou sit, and I stand? come downe with a vengeance.

Faust. Out enuious wretch: But what art thou the fourth?

Wrath. I am Wrath; I had neither father nor mother, I leapt out of a Lyons mouth when I was scarce an houre old, and euer since haue run vp and downe the world with these case of Rapiers, wounding my selfe when I could get none to fight withall: I was bozne in hell, and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Faust. And what art thou the fifth?

Glut. I am Gluttony; my parents are all dead, and the do will a peny they haue left me, but a small pension, and that buyes me thirty meales a day, and ten Beauers: a small frisk to suffice nature. I come of a Royall Pedigree, my father was a Gammon of Bacon, and my mother was a Hogs-head of Claret Wine. My godfathers were these: Peter-herring, and Martin Martlemasse-beere: But my god-

mother, O she was an ancient Gentlewoman, her name was Margery March-beere: Now Faustus thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. Not I.

Glut. Then the deuill chooke thee.

Faust. Choke thy selfe Glutton: What art thou the first?

Sloth. Hey ho; I am Sloth: I was begotten on a sunny bank; hey ho; Ile not speak a word more for a Kings ransome.

Faust. And what are you Mistris Pinks, the seventh & last?

Letch. Who I I sir: I am one that loues an inch of rawutton, better then an ell of fryde Stockfish: and the first letter of my name begins with Letchery.

Luc. Away to hell, away on piper. Ex. the 7 sinnes.

Faust. O how this sight doth delight my soule.

Luc. But Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

Faust. O might I see hell, and returne againe safe, how happy were I then.

Luc. Faustus, thou shalt, at midnight I will send for thee; Meane while peruse this booke, and view it throughtly, And thou shalt turne thy selfe into what shape thou wilt.

Faust. Thanks mighty Lucifer:

This will I keepe as chary as my life.

Luc. Now Faustus farewell.

Faust. Farewell great Lucifer: come Mephostophilis
Exeunt omnes, seuerall waies.

Enter the Clowne.

What Dick, looke to the hozses there till I come againe. I haue gotten one of Doctor Faustus coniuring bookes, and now we haue such knauery, as't passes.

Enter Dick.

Dick. What Robin, you must come away & walk the hozses.

Rob. I walke the hozses, I scozn't faith, I haue other matters in hand, let the hozses walk themselues and they will. A persea, t. h. e the: o per se o deny orgon, gorgon: keeps further from me O thou illiterate, and vnlearned Hoßler.

Dick. Snayles, what hast thou got there a book? why thou canst not tell me's a word on't.

Rob.

Rob. That thou shalt see presently: keep out of the circle, I say, least I send you into the Dkry with a vengeance.

Dick. That's like 'faith: you had best leaue your foolery, for an my Maister come, he'le coniure you 'faith.

Rob. My Maister coniure me? I'le tell thee what, an my Maister come here, I'le clap as faire a paire of hertes on's head as e're thou sawest in thy life.

Dick. Thou needst not do that, for my Mistresse hath done it.

Rob. I, there be of vs here, that haue waded as deepe into matters, as other men, if they were disposed to talke.

Dick. A plague take you, I thought you did not sneake by and downe after her for nothing. But I pzethee tell me, in good sadnesse Robin, is that a coniuring booke?

Rob. Do but speake what thou't haue me to do, and I'le do't: If thou't dance naked, put off thy cloathes, and I'le coniure thee about presently: Or if thou't go but to the Tavernne with me, I'le giue thee white wine, red wine, claret wine, Sacke, Muscadins, Palmesey and Whippincrust, hold belly hold, and wee'le not pay one peny for it.

Dick. Oh haue, pzethee let's to it presently, for I am as dzy as a dog.

Rob. Come then let's away.

Exeunt.

Enter the Chorus.

Learned Faustus to find the secrets of Astronomy,
Grauen in the booke of Ioues high firmament,
Did mount him vp to scale Olympus top.
Where sitting in a Chariot burning bright,
Drawne by the strength of yoked Dragons neckes;
He viewes the cloudes, the Planets, and the Starres,
The Tropick, Zones, and quarters of the skye,
From the bright circle of the horned Moone,
Cuen to the height of Primum Mobile:
And whirling round with this circumference,
Within the concaue compasse of the Pole,
From East to West his Dragons swiftly glide,
In eight daies did bring him home againe.

Not long he stayed within his quiet house,
To rest his bones after his weary toyle,
But new exploits do hale him out agen,
And mounted then vpon a Dragons backe,
That with his wings did part the subtle aire:
He now is gone to p'ous Cosmography,
That measures costs, and kingdomes of the earth:
And as I guesse will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his Court,
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
The which this day is highly solemnized.

Exit.

Enter Faustus and Mephostophilis.

Faust. Having now my good Mephostophilis,
Wast with delight the stately Towne of Trier:
Inuironed round with airy mountaine tops,
With wals of Flint, and deepe intrenched Lakes,
Not to be wonne by any conquering Prince.
From Paris next, crossing the Realme of France,
We saw the Riuer Maine, fall into Rhines,
Whose bankes are set with Groues of fruitfull Vines.
Then by to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings faire, and gorgeous to the eye,
The streetes straight forth, and paved with finest brick.
There saw we learned Maroes golden tombe:
The way he cut an English mile in length,
Through a rocke of Stone in one nights space:
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the East,
In one of which a sumptuous Temple stands,
That threates the starres with her aspiring top,
Whose frame is paved with sundry coloured Stones,
And roof't aloft with curious worke in gold.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time.
But tell me now, what resting place is this?
Wast thou, as earst I did command,
Conducted me within the walles of Rome?
Meph. I haug my Faustus, and for proofe thereof,

This is the goodly Palace of the Pope :
And cause we are no common guests,
I chuse his priuy chamber for our vse.

Fault. I hope his Holinesse will bid vs welcome.

Meph. All's one, for wee'l be bold with his Vencor.

But now my Faustus, that thou maist perceiue,
What Rome containes for to delight thine eyes.
Know that this City stands vpon seven hills,
That vnderprop the ground-wozke of the same:
Just through the midst runnes flowing Tybers streame,
With winding bankes that cut it in two parts;
ouer the which two stately Bridges leane,
That make safe passage, to each part of Rome.
vpon the Bridge, call'd Ponto Angelo,
Created is a Castle passing strong,
Where thou shalt see such store of Ordnance,
As that the double Cannons forg'd of brasse,
Do watch the number of the daies contain'd,
Within the compasse of one compleat yeare:
Beside the gates, and high Pyramydes,
That Iulius Cæsar brought from Affrica.

Fault. Now by the Kingdomes of Infernall Rule,
Of Stix, of Acheron, and the fiery Lake,
Of euer-burning Phlegeton, I swear,
That I do long to see the Monuments
And situation of bright splendent Rome,
Come therefore, let's away.

Meph. Nay stay my Faustus: I know you'd see the Pope
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
The which this day with high solemnity,
This day is held through Rome and Italy,
In honour of the Popes triumphant victoꝝ.

Fault. Sweete Mephosto. thou pleasest me
Whilst I am here on earth: Let me be cloyd
With all things that delight the heart of man.
By foure and twenty yeares of liberty
I spend in pleasure and in dalliance,
In thy Faustus name, whilst this bright frame doth stand,

May be admired through the furthest Land.

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

Fault. Nay stay my gentle Mephostophilis,
And grant me my request, and then I go.
Thou know'st within the compasse of eight daies,
We beiv'd the face of heauen, of earth and hell.
So high our Dragons soar'd into the aire,
That looking downe the earth appear'd to me,
No bigger then my hand in quantity.
There did we view the Kingdomes of the world,
And what might please mine eye, I there beheld.
Then in this shew let me an Actor be,
That this proud Pope may Faustus comming see.

Meph. Let it be so my Faustus, but first stay,
And view their triumphs, as they passe this way.
And then devise what best contents thy minde,
By comming in thine Art to crosse the Pope,
Or dash the pride of this solemnity;
To make his Monkes and Abbots stand like Apes,
And point like Antiques at his triple Crowne:
To beate the beades about the Friers Wates,
Or clap huge hoznes, vpon the Cardinals heads:
Or any villany thou canst devise,
And I'll performe it Faustus: heark they come:
This day shall make thee be admir'd in Rome.

Enter the Cardinals and Bishops, some bearing Crofiers, some
the Pillars, Monkes and Friers, singing their Procession:
Then the Pope, and Raymond King of Hunga-
ry, with Bruno led in chaines.

Pope. Cast downe our Foot-stoole,

Ray. Haron Bruno stoops,
Whilst on thy backe his holinesse ascends
Saint Peters Chaire and State Pontificall.

Bru. Proud Lucifer, that State belongs to me:
But thus I fall to Peter, not to thee.

Pope Lome and Peter, shalt thou grouelling lie,
And crouch before the Papall dignity:
Sound Trumpets then, for thus Saint Peters Veire,
From Bruno's backe, ascends Saint Peters Chaire.

A Flourish while he ascends.

Thus, as the Gods, creepe on with fate of woe,
Long ere with Iron hands they punish woe,
So shall our sleeping vengeance now arise,
And smite with death thy hated enterprize.
Lozd Cardinals of France and Padua,
Go forth with to our holy Consistory,
And read amongst the Statutes Decretall,
What by the holy Councell held at Trent,
The sacred Sinod hath decreed for him,
That doth assume the Papall government,
Without election, and a true consent:
Away and bring vs word with speed.

1. Card. We go my Lozd. Execunt Cardinals.

Pope. Lozd Raymond.

Fault. Go hast the gentle Mephostophilis,
Follow the Cardinals to the Consistory;
And as they turne their superstitious Bookes,
Strike them with sloth, and drowsy idlenesse;
And make them sleepe so sound, that in their shapes,
Thy selfe and I, may parly with this Pope:
This proud confronter of the Emperour,
And in despite of all his Holinesse
Restore this Bruno to his liberty,
And beare him to the States of Germany.

Meph. Faustus, I goe.

Fault. Dispath it soone,

The Pope shall curse that Faustus came to Rome.

Exit Faustus and Meph.

Bruno. Pope Adrian let me haue some right of Law,
I was elected by the Emperour.

Pope. We will depose the Emperour for that deed,
And curse the people that submit to him;
With he and thou shalt stand excommunicate,

And interdict from Churches priuiledge,
And all society of holy men:
He growes to proud in his authority,
Lifting his loftie head about the clouds,
And like a Steeple ouer-pæres the Church.
But wee'le pul downe his haughty insolence:
And as Pope Alexander our Progenitor,
Tode on the neck of Germane Fredericke,
Adding this golden sentence to our praise;
That Peters heires should tread on Emperours,
And walke vpon the dreadfull Adders backe,
Treading the Lyon, and the Dragon downe.
And searelesse spurne the killing Basillike:
So will we quell that haughty Schismaticke;
And by authority Apostolicall
Depose him from his Regall Government.

Bru. Pope Iulius swoze to Princely Sigismund,
For him, and the succeeding Popes of Rome,
To hold the Emperours their lawfull Lords.

Pope. Pope Iulius did abuse the Churches Rites,
And therefore none of his Decrees can stand.
Is not all power on earth bestowed on vs?
And therefore tho we would we cannot erre.
Behold this Silver Belt whereto is first
Seuen golden seales fast sealed with seuen seales,
In token of our seuen-fold power from heauen,
To binde or loose, lock fast, condemne, or iudge,
Resigne, or seale, or what so pleaseth vs.
Then he and thou, and all the world shall scoope,
Or be assured of our dreadfull curse,
No light as heauy as the paines of hell.

Enter Faustus and Mephosto. like the Cardinals.

Meph. Now tell me Faustus, are we not fitted well?
Faust. Yes Mephosto. and two such Cardinals
We're seru'd a holy Pope, as we shall do.
But whilst they sleepe within the Consistory,

Let vs salute his reuerend father-hood.

Ray. Behold my Lord, the Cardinals are return'd.

Pope. Welcome graue fathers, and were presently,
What haue our holy Councell there decreed,
Concerning Bruno and the Emperour,
In quittance of their late conspiracie
Against our State, and Papall dignitie?

Fault. 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 Germane Emperour
Be held as Lollards, and bold Schismatiques,
And proud disturbers of the Churches peace.
And if that Bruno by his owne assent,
Without inforcement of the German Princes,
Did seeke to weare the triple Diadem,
And by your death to cline S. Peters Chaire,
The Statutes Decretall haue thus decreed,
He shall be streight condemn'd of heresie,
And on a pile of fagots burnt to death.

Pope. It is enough: here, take him to your charge,
And beare him streight to Ponto Angelo,
And in the strongest Tower inclose him fast,
To morrow, sitting in our Consistory,
With all our Colledge of graue Cardinals,
We will determine of his life or death.
Here, take his triple Crowne along with you,
And leaue it in the Churches treasury.
Make haste againe, my good Lord Cardinals,
And take our blessing Apostolicall.

Meph. So, so, was neuer Dinell thus blest before.

Fault. Away sweet Mephasto, be gone,
The Cardinals will be plagu'd for this anon. Ex. Fa. & Meph.

Pope. Go presently, and bring a banquet forth,
That we may solemnize S. Peters feast,
And with Lord Raymond, King of Hungary,
Drinke to our late and happy victory.

Exeunt

Of Doctor Faustus.

A Senit while the Banquet is brought in; and then Enter
Faustus and Mephastophilis in their owne
shapes.

Meph. Now Faustus, come prepare thy selfe for mirth,
The sleepe Cardinals are hard at hand,
To censure Bruno, that is posted hence,
And on a proud pards Steed, as swift as thought,
Flies oze the Alpes to fruitfull Germany,
There to salute the wofull Emperour.

Fault. The Pope will curse them for their sloth to day.
That slept both Bruno and his crowne away,
But now, that Faustus may delight his minde,
And by their folly make some merriment,
Sweet Mephasto: so charme me here,
That I may walke inuisible to all,
And doe what ere I please, vnscene of any.

Meph. Faustus thou shalt, then knieele downe presently,
Whilst on thy head I lay my hand,
And charme thee with this Magicke wand,
First weare this girdle, then appeare
Inuisible to all are here:
The Planets seuen, the gloomy aire,
Hell and the Furies forked haire,
Pluto's blew fire, and Hecat's tree,
With Magicke spels so compasse thee,
That no eye may thy body see.

So Faustus, now for all their holinesse,
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

Fault. Thanks Mephasto: now friers take heed,
Lest Faustus make your shauen crownes to bleed.

Meph. Faustus no more: see where the Cardinals come.

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

Pope. Welcome Lord Cardinals: come sit downe.

Lord Raymond, take your seate, Friers attend,
And see that all things be in readinesse,
As best becomes this solemne festiuall.

1. Card. First, may it please your sacred Holinesse,
To view the sentence of the reuerend Synod,
Concerning Bruno and the Emperour.

Pope. What needs this question: Did I not tell you,
To morrow we would sit i'th Consistory,
And there determine of his punishment?
You brought vs word euen now, it was decreed,
That Bruno and the cursed Emperour
Were by the holy Councell both condemn'd
For lothed Lollards, and base Schismatiques:
Then wherefore would you haue me view that booke?

1. Card. Your Grace mistakes, you gaue vs no such charge.

Ray. Deny it not, we all are witnesses
That 'Bruno here was late deliuered you,
With his rich triple crowne to be reseru'd,
And put into the Churches treasury.

Amb. Card. By holy Paul we saw them not.

Pope. By Peter you shall dye,
Unlessse you bring them forth immediatly:
Hale them to prison, laue their limbes with gyues:
False Prelates, for this hateful treachery,
Curst be your soules to hellish misery.

Fault. So, they are safe: now Faustus to the feast,
The Pope had neuer such a stolicke guest.

Pope. Lord Archbishop of Reames, sit downe with vs.

Bish. I thanke your Holinesse.

Fault. Fall to, the Diuell choke you an you spare.

Pope. Who's that spoke? Friers looke about,
Lord Raymond pray fall to, I am beholding
To the Bishop of Millaine, for this so rare a present.

Fault. I thanke you sir.

Pope. How now? who snatch't the meat from me!
Millaine why speake you not?

Lord Archbishop, heres a most daintie dish,
Cut me from a Cardinall in France.

Fault. I'le haue that too.

Pope. What Lollards do attend our Holinesse,
That we receiue such great indignity? fetch me some wine.

Fault. I, pray do, for Faustus is a dry.

Pope. Lord Kaymond, I drinke vnto your grace.

Fault. I pledge your grace.

Pope. My wine gone too? yes Lubbers look about
And find the man that doth this villany,
Or by our sanctitude you all shall die.
I pray my Lords haue patience at this
Troublesome banquet.

Bish. Please it your holinesse, I thinke it be some Ghost
crept out of Purgatory, and now is come vnto your holi-
nesse for his pardon.

Pope. It may be so:

Go then command our Priests to sing a Dirge,
To lay the fury of this same troublesome ghost.

Fault. How now? must enery bit be spiced with a Crosse?
Nay then take that.

Pope. O I am slaine, help me my Lords:
O come and help to beare my body hence:
Damb'd be this soule for euer, for this deed.

Exeunt the Pope and his traine.

Mc. Now Faustus, what will you do now? for I can tell you
You'le be curst with Bell, Booke, and Candle.

Fault. Bell, Booke, and Candle; Candle, Booke, and Bell,
Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell.

Enter the Friers with Bell, Booke, and Candle,
for the Dirge.

1. Frier. Come brethren, let's about our business with
good deuotion.

Curst be he that stole his holinesse meate from the Table.

Maledicat Dominus.

Curst be he that stroke his holinesse a blow the face.

Maledicat Dominus.

E

Curst

Curfed be he that ftrucke fryer Sandelo a blow on the pate,
Maledicat Dom.

Curfed be he that disturbeth our holy Dirge.
Maledicat Dom.

Curfed be he that tooke away his holinesse wine,
Maledicat Dom.

Beate the Friers, fling fire worke among them,
and Excunt. Excunt.

Enter Clowne and Dicke, with a Cup.

Dick. Sirra Robin, we were best looke that your deuill
can answere the stealing of this same cup, for the Vintners
boy folloves vs at the hard heeles.

Rob. 'Tis no matter, let him come; an he follovs vs, I'le se
coniuere him, as he was neuer coniu'r'd in his life, I warrant
him: let me see the cup.

Enter Vintner.

Dick. Here 'tis: Ponder he comes: Now Robin, now or
neuer thew thy cunning.

Vint. O, are you here? I am glad I haue found you, you
are a couple of fine companions: pray where's the cup you
stole from the Tauerne?

Rob. How, how? we steale a cup? take heed what you say,
we looke not like cup stealers I can tell you.

Vint. Neuer deny't, for I know you haue it, and I'le
search you.

Rob. Search me? I and spare not: hold the cup Dick,
come, come, search me, search me.

Vint. Come on sirra, let me search you now.

Dick. I, I, do, do, hold the cup Robin, I feare not your
searching; we scozne to steale your cups I can tell you.

Vint. Neuer out face me for the matter, for sure the cup is
betweene you two.

Rob. Nay there you lie, 'tis beyond vs both.

Vint.

Vint. A plague take you, I thought 'twas your knaury
to take it away: Come, giue it me againe.

Rob. I much, when can you tell: Dick, make me a cir-
cle, and stand close at my backe, and stir not for thy life, Vint-
ner you shall haue your cup anon, say nothing Dick: O per-
se o, demogorgon, Belcher and Mephostophilis.

Enter Mephostophilis.

Meph. You Vincible Legions of infernall Kule,
How am I vexed by these villaines Charms?
From Constantinople haue they brought me now,
Onely for pleasure of these damned slaues.

Rob. By Lady sir, you haue had a shroud iourney of it,
will it please you to take a shoulder of Mutton to supper, and
a Letter in your purse, and go backe againe.

Dick. I, I pray you heartily sir; for we cal'd you but in
ieast I promise you.

Meph. To purge the rashnesse of this cursed deed,
First, be thou turned to this ugly shape,
For Apish deeds transfozmed to an Ape.

Rob. O braue, an Ape? I pray sir, let me haue the carry-
ing of him about to shew some trickes.

Meph. And so thou shalt: be thou transfoz'm'd to a dog, and
carry him vpon thy backe; away be gone.

Rob. A dog? that's excellent: let the Maids looke well to
their porridge pots, for I'le into the kitchin presently: come
Dick, come. Excunt the two Clownes.

Meph. Now with the flames of euer-burning fire,
I'le wing my selfe and forth with sie amaine
Vnto my Faustus to the great Turkes Court. Exit.

Enter Martino, and Frederick at severall doores.

Mart. What ho, Officers, Gentlemen,
Hye to the presence to attend the Emperour,
Good Fredericke see the roomes be voyded straight,

His Maiesty is coming to the Hall;
Go backe, and see the State in readinesse.

Fre. But where is Bruno our elected Pope,
That on a furies back came post from Rome,
Will not his grace consort the Emperour.

Mart. Yes, and with him comes the Germane Coniurer.
The learned Faustus, fame of Wittenberge,
The wonder of the world for Magick Art;
And he intends to shew great Carolus,
The race of all his stout progenitors;
And bring in presence of his Maiesty,
The royall shapes and warlike semblances
Of Alexander and his beauteous Paramour.

Fre. Where is Benuolio?

Mart. Fast a sleepe I warrant you,
He took his rouse with hopes of Rhenish wine,
So kindly yesternight to Bruno's health,
That all this day the sluggard keeps his bed.

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

Mart. What hoe, Benuolio.

Enter Benuolio about at a window, in his
nightcap, burtoning.

Benu. What a deuill ayle you thoo?

Mar. Speak softly sir, least the deuill heare you:

For Faustus at the Court is late arriv'd,
And at his heeles a thousand furies waite,
To accomplish what soeuer the Doctoz please.

Benu. What of this?

Mar. Come leaue thy chamber first, and thou shalt see
This Coniurer perfozme such rare exploits,
Before the Pope and royall Emperour,
As neuer yet was seene in Germany.

Benu. Was not the Pope enough of coniuering yet?
He was upon the deuils backe late enough,
And if he be so fast in loue with him,

I would he would post with him to Rome againe.
Fred. Speake, wilt thou come and see this sport?

Ben. Not I.

Mar. Wilt thou stand in thy Window, and see it thence?

Ben. I, and I fall not asleepe i' th meane time.

Mar. The Emperour is at hand, who comes to see
What wonders by blacke spels may compass be.

Ben. Well, go you attend the Emperour: I am content
for this once to thrust my head out at a window: for they say,
if a man be drunke ouer night, the Diuell cannot hurt him in
the morning: if that bee true, I haue a charme in my head,
shall controule him as well as the Coniurer, I warrant you.
Exit.

A Senit. Charles the Germane Emperour, Bruno,
Saxony, Faustus, Mephostophilis, Fredericke
Martino, and Attendants.

Emp. Wonder of men, renown'd Magitian,
Thrice learned Faustus, welcome to our Court.

This deed of thine, in setting Bruno free
From his and our protested enemy,
Shall adde more excellence vnto thine Art,
Then if by powerfull Necromantick spels,
Thou couldst command the worlds obedience:
For euer be belou'd of Carolus.

And if this Bruno thou hast late redem'd,
In peace possesse the triple Diadem,
And sit in Peters Chaire, despite of chance,
Thou shalt be famous through all Italy,
And honour'd of the Germane Emperour.

Faust. These gracions words, most royall Carolus,
Shall make poze Faustus to his utmost power,
Both loue and serue the Germane Emperour,
And lay his life at holy Bruno's feet.
For prooze whereof, if so your Grace be pleas'd,

The Doctor stands prepar'd, by power of Art,
To cast his Magicke charmes, that shall pierce through
The Ebony gates of euer-burning hell,
And hale the Stubborne furies from their causes,
To compass whatsoeuer your grace commands.

Ben. Bloud he speaks terribly: but for all that, I doe not
greatly beleene him, he lookes as like Coniurer as the Pope to
a Coffet-monger.

Emp. Then Faustus as thou late didst promise vs,
We would behold that famous Conquerour,
Great Alexander, and his Paramour,
In their true shapes, and state Maiesticall,
That we may wonder at their excellence.

Faust. Your Maiesty shall see them presently,
Mephosto away.

And with a solemne noyse of trumpets sound,
Present befoze this royall Emperour,
Great Alexander and his beauteous Paramour.

Meph. Faustus I will.

Ben. Well M. Doctor, an your Diuels come not away
quickly, you shall haue me asleepe presently: for I could
eate my selfe for anger, to thinke I haue beene such an Ass
all this while, to stand gaping after the diuels Couerous, and
can see nothing.

Faust. He make you feele something anon, if my Art faile
me not.

My Lord, I must forewarne your Maiesty,
That when my Spirits present the royall shapes
Of Alexander and his Paramour,
Your grace demand no questions of the King,
But in dumbe silence let them come and goe.

Emp. Be it as Faustus please, we are content.

Ben. I, I, and I am content too: and thou bring Alex-
ander and his Paramour befoze the Emperour, He be Acte-
on, and turne my selfe to a Stagge.

Faust. And He play Diana, and send you the hoznes pre-
sently.

Senit. Enter at one the Emperour Alexander, at the other
Darius; they meete, Darius is throwne downe, Alexan-
der kifs him; takes off his Crowne, and offering to goe
out, his Paramour meetes him, he embraceth her, and
sets Darius Crowne vpon her head; and conti-
nig backe, both salute the Emperour,
who leauing his State, offers to em-
brace them, which Faustus seeing,
suddenly staies him. Then trum-
pets cease, and Musicke
sounds.

My gracious Lord, you doe forget your selfe,
These are but shadowes, not substantiall.

Emp. O pardon me, my thoughts are so rauished
With sight of this renowned Emperour,
That in mine armes I would haue compass him.
But Faustus, since I may not speake to them,
To satisfie my longing thoughts at full,
Let me this tell thee: I haue heard it said,
That this faire Lady, whilest she liu'd on earth,
Had on her necke a little wart, or mole;
How may I proue that saying to be true?

Faust. Your Maiesty may boldly goe and see.

Emp. Faustus I see it plaine,
And in this sight thou better pleasest me,
Then if I gain'd another Monarchie.

Faust. Away, be gone. Exit Show.

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

Emp. O wondrous sight: see Duke of Saxony,
Two spreading hoznes most strangely fastened
Upon the head of yong Benvolio.

Sax. What is he asleepe, or dead?

Faust. He sleeps my Lord, but dreames not of his hoznes.

Emp. This sport is excellent: woe I call and wake him.
What ho, Benvolio.

Ben.

Ben. A plague vpon you, let me sleepe a while.
Emp. I blame thee not to sleepe much, hauing such a head
of thine owne.

Sax. Awake vpon Benvolio, tis the Emperour calls.

Ben. The Emperour? where? O yownds my head.

Emp. Stay, and thy hoznes hold, tis no matter for thy
head, for that's arm'd sufficiently.

Fault. Why how now sir knight, what hang'd by the
hoznes? this most horrible: fie, fie, pull in your head for shame,
let not all the world wonder at you.

Ben. Zownds Doctor, is this your villany?

Fault. I say not so sir: the Doctor has no skill,
No Art, no cunning, to present these Lords,
O bring befoze this royall Emperour
The mightie Monarch, warlike Alexander.
If Faustus do it, you are streight resolu'd,
In bold Acteons shape to turne a Stagge.
And therefore my Lord, so please your Maiesty,
He raise a kennell of Hounds shall hunt him so,
As all his footmanship shall scarce preuaile,
To keepe his Carcasse from their bloudy phangs.
Ho, Belimote, Argiron, Akerote.

Ben. Hold, hold: yownds he'll raise vp a kennell of Hounds
I thinke anon: good my Lord intreate for me: 'sblood I am
neuer able to endure these torments.

Emp. When good Doctor,
Let me intreate you to remoue his hoznes,
He has done penance now sufficiently.

Fault. My gracious Lord, not so much for iniury done to
me, as to delight your Maiesty with some mirth: hath Faustus
iustly requited this iniurious knight, which being all I de-
sire, I am content to remoue his hoznes. Mcphastophilis,
transforme him; and hereafter sir, looke you speake well of
Schollers.

Ben. Speake well of yee? 'sblood and Schollers be such
Cuckold-makers to clap hoznes of honest mens heades o' this
order, He nere trust smooth faces, and small cusses more. But

an I be not reueng'd for this, would I might be turn'd to a
gaping Dyster, and drinke nothing but salt water.

Emp. Come Faustus while the Emperour liues,
In recompence of this thy high desert,
Thou shalt command the State of Germany,
And liue below'd of mightie Carolus. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Benvolio, Martino, Fredericke, and
Souldiers.

Mar. Stay sweet Benvolio, let vs stay thy thoughts
From this attempt against the Coniurer.

Ben. Away, you loue me not, to urge me thus,
Shall I let slip so great an iniury,
When euery seruile grome iearns at my hoznes,
And in their rusticke gambals proudly say,
Benvolio's head was grac't with hoznes to day?
O may these eye-lids neuer close againe,
Till with my sword I haue that Coniurer slaine.
If you will aid me in this enterprize,
When draw your weapons, and be resolute:
If not, depart: here will Benvolio die,
But Faustus death shall quit my infamie.

Fred. Stay, we will stay with thee, beside what may,
And kill that Doctor if he come this way.

Ben. When gentle Fredericke bid thee to the groue,
And place our seruants, and our followers
close in an ambush there behinde the trees,
By this (I know) the Coniurer is nere,
I saw him kneele, and kisse the Emperours hand,
And take his leaue, laden with rich rewards.
When Souldiers boldly fight; if Faustus die,
Take you the wealth, leaue vs the victorie.

Fred. Come souldiers, follow me vnto the groue,
Who kils him shall haue gold, and endless loue.
Exit Frederick with the Souldiers.

Ben. My head is lighter then it was by th' hoznes,

But

But yet my heart moze ponderous then my head,
And pants vntill I see that Coniurer dead.

Mar. Where shall we place our selues Benvolio?

Ben. Here will we stay to bide the first assault,
O were that damned Hell-hound but in place,
Thou sone shouldst see me quit my soule disgrace.

Enter Fredericke.

Fred. Close, close, the Coniurer is at hand,
And all alone, comes walking in his gowne;
We ready then, and strike the Deasant downe.

Ben. Mine be that honour then: now sword strike home,
For hoznes he gaue, Ile haue his head anone.

Enter Faustus with the false head.

Mar. See, see, he comes.

Ben. No words: this blow ends all,
Hell take his soule, his body thus must fall.

Fault. Oh.

Fred. Grone you Master Doctor?

Ben. Bzeake may his heart with grones: deere Frederik see
Thus will I end his griefes immediatly.

Mar. Strike with a willing hand, his head is off.

Ben. The Diuel's dead, the Fates now may laugh.

Fred. Was this that sterne aspect, that awfull frowne,
Made the grim monarch of infernall spirits,
Tremble and quake at his commanding charmes?

Mar. Was this that damned head, whose heart conspir'd
Benvolio's shame befoze the Emperour.

Ben. A, that's the head, and here the body lies,
Justly rewarded for his villanies.

Fred. Come, let's deuise how we may adde moze shame
To the blacke scandall of his hated name.

Ben. First, on his head, in quittance of my wrongs,
Ile naile huge sorked hoznes, and let them hang
Within the window where he yoked me first,
That all the world may see my lust reuenge.

Mar. What else shall we put his beard to?

Ben.

Ben. What I sell it to a Chimney-swooper: it will weare out
ten birchin broomes I warrant you.

Fred. What shall eyes doe?

Ben. What I put out his eyes, and they shall serue for
butons to his lips, to keepe his tongue from catching cold.

Mar. An excellent policie: and now sirs, hauing diuided
him, what shall the body doe?

Ben. Zounds the Diuel's alius agen.

Fred. Gius him his head for Gods sake.

Fault. Nay keepe it: Faustus will haue heads and hands,
I call your hearts to recompence this deed.

I knew you not Traytors, I was limited
For foure and twenty yeares, to bzeathe on earth?

And had you cut my body with your swords,
O, how'd this flesh and bones as small as sand,

Yet in a minute had my spirit return'd,
And I had bzeath'd a man made free from harme.

But wherefore doe I dally my reuenge?

Afteroth, Belimoth, Mephostophilis,

Go hozse these traytors on your fiery backes, } Ent. Meph. &
And mount aloft with them as high as heauen, } other Diuels.

Thence pitch them headlong to the lowest hell:

Yet say, the world shall see their miserie,

And hell shall after plague their treacherie.

Go Belimoth, and take this caitife hense,

And hurle him in some lake of mud and dirt:

Take thou this other, dragge him thzough the woods,

Amongst the pricking thoznes, and sharpest bziets,

Whilst with my gentle Mephostophilis,

This Traytoz lies vnto some Rapie rocke,

That rowling downe, may bzeake the villaines bones,

As he intended to dismember me.

Fly hence, dispatch my charge immediatly.

Fred. Witie vs gentle Faustus, saue our liues,

Fault. Away.

Fred. We must needs goe that the Diuell ordines.

Exeunt Spirits with the knights.

F 2

Enter

Enter the ambusht Souldiers.

1 Sold. Come sirs, prepare your selues in readinesse,
Make hast to help these noble Gentlemen,
I heard them parly with the Coniurer.

2 Sold. See where he comes, dispatch, and kill the flage.

Fault. What's here; an ambush to betray my life:
When Faustus try thy skill: base peasants stand,
Foz loe these Trees remoue at my command,
And stand as Bulwarkes twixt your selues and me,
To sheild me from your hated treachery:
Yet to encounter this your weake attempt,
Behold an Army comes incontinent.

Faustus strikes the dore, and enter a deuill playing on a Drum,
after him another bearing an Ensigne: and diuers with
weapons, Mephostophilis with fire-workes; they set vpon
the Souldiers and driue them out.

Enter at seuerall doores, Benuolio, Fredericke, and Martino,
their heads and faces bloody, and besmear'd with
mud and durt; all hauing hornes on
their heads.

Mart. What ho, Benuolio.

Benu. Here, what Frederick, ho.

Fred. O help me gentle friend; where is Martino?

Mart. Where Frederick here,

Walse smother'd in a Lake of mud and durt,
Through which the furies drag'd me by the heeles.

Fred. Martino ses,

Benuolio's hornes againe.

Mart. O misery, how now Benuolio?

Benu. Defend me heauen, shall I be haunted still?

Mart. Nay feare not man we haue no power to kill.

Benu. My friends transform'd thus: O hellish spite,

Out:

OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

Your heads are all set with hornes.

Fred. You hit it right,

It is your owne you meane feels on your head.

Benu! Zons, hornes againe.

Mart. Nay chase not man, we all are spee.

Benu. What deuill attends this damn'd Magician,
That spite of spite, our wrongs are doubled?

Fred. What may we do, that we may hide our shames?

Benu. If we should follow him to worke reuenge,

We'd diuine long Asses eares to these huge hornes,
And make vs laughing stockes to all the world.

Mart. What shall we then do deere Benuolio?

Benu. I haue a Castle toyning neere these woods,

And thither wee'll repaire and liue obscure,

Will time shall alter this our brutish shap:

With blacke disgrace hath thus eclips'd our fame.

We'll rather die with grieffe, then liue with shame.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Faustus, and the Horse-courser, and
Mephostophilis.

Horse. I beseech your worship accept of these forty
Dollozs.

Fault. Friend, thou canst not buy so good a horse, for so
small a price: I haue no great need to sell him, but if thou
likest him for ten Dollozs more, take him, because I see thou
hast a good minde to him.

Horse. I beseech you sir accept of this; I am a very poore
man, and haue lost very much of late by horse flesh, and this
bargaine will set me vp againe.

Fault. Well, I will not stand with thee, giue me the mo-
ney: now sirra I must tell you, that you may ride him o're
hedge and ditch, and spare him not; but do you heare: in any
safe, ride him not into the water.

Horse. How sir, not into the water? why will he not drink
of all waters?

F 3

Fault.

Faust. Yes, he will drinke of all waters, but ride him not into the water; o'ze hedge and ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water: So bid the Hostler deliuer him vnto you, and remember what I say.

Horse. I warrant you sir; O ioyfull day: How am I a made man for euer.

Exit.

Faust. What art thou Faustus but a man condemn'd to die? Thy fatall time drawes to a finall end; Despaire doth driue distrust into my thoughts; Confound these passions with a quiet sleepe: Wish Christ did call the Wheefe vpon the Crosse, When rest thee Faustus quiet in conceit.

He sits to sleepe.

Enter the Horse-courser wet.

Horse. O what a colening Doctoꝝ was this? I riding my horse into the water, thinking some hidden mystery had bene in the horse, I had nothing vnder me but a little straw, and had much ado to escape dꝛowning: Well I le go rouse him, and make him giue me my forty Dolloꝝs againe. Ho sirra Doctoꝝ, you coloning scab; Haister Doctoꝝ awake, and rise, and giue me my money againe, for your horse is turned to a bottle of Hay, — Haister Doctoꝝ. He puld off his leg; Alas I am vndone, what shall I do? I haue puld off his leg.

Faust. O help, help, the villaine hath murder'd me.

Horse. Murder or not murder, now he has but one leg; I le out-run him, and cast this leg into some ditch or other.

Faust. Stop him, stop him, stop him — ha, ha, ha, Faustus hath his leg againe, and the Horse-courser a bundle of hay for his forty Dolloꝝs.

Enter Wagner.

How now Wagner what newes with thee?

Wag. If it please you, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreate your company, and hath sent some of his men attend you with pꝛouision fit for your iourney.

Faust.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt's an honourable Gentleman, and one to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning; Come away.

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne, Dick, Horse-courser, and a Carter.

Cart. Come my Haisters, I le bzing you to the best beere in Europe, what ho, Hostis; where be these Whoꝝes?

Enter Hostis.

Host. How now, what lacke you? What my old Gueste welcome.

Clow. Sirra Dick, dost thou know why I stand so mute?

Dick. No Robin, why is't?

Clow. I am eightene pence on the scoze, but say nothing, see if she haue forgotten me.

Host. Who's this, that stands so solemnly by himselfe; what my old Gueste?

Clow. O Hostisse how do you? I hope my scoze stands still.

Host. I there's no doubt of that, for me thinkes you make no hast to wipe it out.

Dick. Why Hostesse, I say, fetch vs some Ware. (Exit.

Host. You shall presently: looke vp into th' hall there ho.

Dick. Come sirs, what shall we do now till mine Hostesse comes?

Cart. Harry sir, I le tell you the bꝛauest tale how a Coniurer seru'd me; you know Doctoꝝ Fauster.

Horse. I, a plague take him, heere's some on's hane cause to know him; did he coniure thee too?

Cart. I le tell you how he seru'd me: As I was going to Wittenberge t'other day, with a load of Hay, he met me, and asked me what he should giue me for as much Hay as he could eate; now sir, I thinking that a little would serue his turne, bad him take as much as he would for thꝛee farthings; so he presently gau me my money, and fell to eating; and as I am a cursen man, he neuer left eating, till he had eate vp all my load of hay.

All. O monstrous, eate a whole load of Hay!

Clow.

The Tragical Historie

Clow. Yes, yes, that may be, for I have heard of one, that
ha's eate a load of logges.

Horse. Now sir, you shall heare how villanously he seru'd
mee: I went to him yesterday to buy a horse of him, and he
would by no meanes sell him vnder 40 Dolloz; so sir, because
I knew him to be such a horse, as would run ouer hedge and
ditch, and neuer tyre, I gaue him his money; so when I had
my horse, Doctor Fauster had me ride him night and day, and
spare him no time; but, quoth he, in any case ride him not in-
to the water. Now sir, I thinking the horse had had some
quality that he would not haue me know of, what did I but
rid him into a great riuer, and when I came out in the midst
my horse vanisht away, and I sate straddling vpon a bottle
of Hay.

All. O braue Doctor.

Horse. But you shall heare how brauely I seru'd him for
it; I went me home to his house, and there I found him
a sleepe; I kept a hallowing and whooping in his eares, but
all could not wake him: I seeing that, tooke him by the leg,
and neuer rested pulling, till I had pul'd me his leg quite off,
and now 'tis at home in mine Hostry.

Clow. And has the Doctor but one leg then? that's excel-
lent, for one of his deuils turn'd me, into the likeness of an
Apes face.

Cart. Some more drinke Hostesse.

Clow. Hearke you, we'le into another roome and drinke
a while, and then we'le go seeke out the Doctor.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Duke of Vanholt; his Dutches,
Faustus, and Mephostophilis.

Duke. Thanks Maister Doctor, for these pleasant sights,
for know I how sufficiently to recompence your great ser-
uents in erecting that enchanted Castle in the Aire: the
sight whereof so delighted me,
nothing in the world could please me more.

Faust.

OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

Faust. I do thinke my selfe my good Lord, highly recom-
penced, in that it pleaseth your grace to thinke but well of
that which Faustus hath perfozmed. But gracions Lady, if
may be, that you haue taken no pleasure in those sights;
therofor I pray you tell me, what is the thing you most de-
sire to haue, be it in the world, it shall be yours: I haue heard
that great bellied women, do long for things, are rare and
dainty.

Lady. True Maister Doctor, and since I finde you so kind
I will make knowne vnto you what my heart desires to
haue, and were it now Summer, as it is January, a dead
time of the Winter, I would request no better meate, then
a dish of ripe grapes.

Fau. This is but a small matter: Go Mephostophilis, away.
Exit Mephosto.

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

Enter Mepho. agen with the grapes.

Here, now taste yee these, they should be good
for they come from a farre Country I can tell you.

Duke. This makes me wonder more then all the rest, that
at this time of the yeare, when surely Earth is barren of his
fruits, from whence you had these ripe grapes.

Faust. Please it your grace, the yeare is diuided into two
circles ouer the whole world, so that when it is Winter with
vs, in the contrary circle it is likewise Summer with them,
as in India, Saba, and such Countries that lye farre East,
where they haue fruit twice a yeare. From whence, by meanes
of a swift spirit that I haue, I had these grapes brought as
you see.

Lady And trust me, they are the sweetest grapes that
e're I tasted.

The Clowne bounce at the gate, within.

Duke. What rude disturbers haue we at the gate?

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So pacifie their fury let it ope,
And then demand of them, what they would haue.

They knocke againe, and call out to talke with Faustus.

A Seruant. Why how now Paistors, what a coyle is there?

What is the reason you disturbe the Duke?

Dick. We haue no reason for it, therefore a fig for him.

Ser. Why saucy varlets, dare you be so bold.

Horse. I hope sir, we haue wit enough to be moze bold then welcome.

Ser. It appeares so, pray be bold else where,
And trouble not the Duke.

Duke. What would they haue?

Ser. They all cry out to speake with Doctoz Faustus.

Carr. I, and vs will speake with him,

Duke. Will you sir? Commit the Kalsals.

Dick. Commit with vs, he were as good commit with his father, as commit with vs.

Faust. I do beseech your grace let them come in,
They are good subiect for a merriment.

Duke. Do as thou wilt Faustus, I giue thee leaue.

Faust. I thanke your grace :

Enter the Clowne, Dick, Carter, and
Horse-courser.

Why, how now my goods friends?

Faith you are too outragious, but come neere,
I haue procur'd your pardons: welcome all.

Clow. Nay sir, we will be wellcome for our money, and
we will pay for what we take: What ho, giue's halfe a do-
sen of Beere here, and be hang'd.

Faust. Nay, hearken you, can you tell me where you are?

Carr. I marry can I, we are vnder heauen.

Ser. I but sir sauce boy, know you in what place?

Horse

Horse. I, I, the house is good enough to dzink in: Zons
fill vs some Beere, or we'll bzoake all the barrells in the hou se,
and dash out all your bzaines with your Bottles.

Faust. Be not so furious: come you shall haue Beere.
By Lord, beseech you giue me leaue a while,
I'le gage my credit, 'twill content your grace.

Duke. With all my heart kind Doctoz, please thy selfe,
Our seruants, and our Courts at thy command.

Faust. I humbly thanke your grace: then fetch some
Beere.

Horse. I marry, there spake a Doctoz indeed, and 'saith He
dzinks a health to thy wooden leg for that word.

Faust. My wooden leg? what dost thou meane by that?
Carr. Ha, ha, ha, dost heare him Dick, he has forgot his
legge.

Horse. I, I, he does not stand much vpon that.
Faust. No faith, not much vpon a wooden leg.
Carr. Good Lord, that flesh and blood should be so fraile
with your Wozship: Do not you remember a Horse-courser
you sold a horse to?

Faust. Yes, I remember I sold one a horse.
Carr. And do you remember you bid he should not ride
into the water?

Faust. Yes, I do verte well remember that.
Carr. And do you remember nothing of your leg?

Faust. No in good sooth.
Carr. When I pray remember your curtessie.

Faust. I thank you sir.
Carr. 'Tis not so much worth; I pray you tel me one thing.
Faust. What's that?

Carr. Be both your legs bedfellowes euery nig'ht together?
Faust. Wouldst thou make a Colossus of me, that thou as-
kest me such questions?

Carr. No truelie sir, I would make nothing of you, but
I would faine know that.

Enter Hostesse with drinke.
Faust. When I assure thee certainelie they are.

Carr.

Carr. I thanke you, I am fully satisfied.

Fault. But wherefoze dost thou aske?

Carr. For nothing sir: but me thinkes you should haue a wooden bedfellow of one of 'em.

Horse. Why do you heare sir, did not I pull off one of your legs when you were asleepe?

Fault. But I haue it againe now I am awake: looke you heere sir.

All. O horrible, had the Doctor three legs.

Carr. Do you remember sir, how you cosened me and eat by my load of —

Faustus charmes him dumb.

Dick. Do you remember how you made me weare an Apes —

Horse. You whozefon coniuring scab, do you remember how yo cosened me with a ho —

Clow. Ha' you forgotten me? you thinke to carry it away with your Hey-passe, and Re-passe: do you remember the dogs sa —

Exeunt Clownes.

Hofst. Who payes for the Ale? heare you Maister Doctor, now you haue sent away my guesse, I pray who shall pay me for my A — ?

Exit Hofstesse.

Lady. My Lord,
We are much beholding to this learned man.

Duke. So are we Madam, which we will recompence
With all the loue and kindnesse that we may.
His Artfull sport, dizes all sad thoughts away. Exeunt.

Thunder and lightning: Enter deuils with couer'd
dishes: Mephostophilis leades them into
Faustus Study: Then enter
Wagner.

Wag. I think my Maister means to die shortly, he has made
his will, & giuen me his wealth, his house, his goods, & store of
golden

golden plate; besides two thousand duckets ready coin'd: I
wonder what he meanes, if death were nic, he would not fro-
lick thus: he's now at supper with the schollers, where ther's
such belly-chere, as Wagner in his life nere sawe the like: and
see where they come, belike the feast is done. Exit.

Enter Faustus, Mephostophilis, and two or three
Schollers.

1. Schol. O. Doctor Faustus, since our conference about
faire Ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, we
haue determin'd with our selues, that Hellen of Greece was
the admirabest Lady that euer liu'd: therefore O. Doctor, if
you will doe vs so much fauour, as to let vs see that percelles
dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for Maiesty, we
should thinke our selues much beholding vnto you.

Fault. Gentlemen, for y I know your friendship is unfain'd,
It is not Faustus custome to deny
The iust request of those that wish him well:
You shall behold that percelles dame of Greece,
As otherwise for pompe or Maiesty,
Then when sit Paris cross the seas with her,
And brought the spoiles to rich Dardania:
Be silent then, for danger is in words.

Musicke sound, Mephosto brings in Hellen, she passeth
ouer the stage.

2 Was this faire Hellen, whose admired worth
Made Greece with ten yeares warres afflict wozth Troy?

3 Too simple is my wit to tell her wozth,
Whom all the world admires for maiesty.

1 Now we haue seene the pride of Natures worke,
Wee'l take our leaues, and for this blessed sight
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore. Exeunt Schollers.

Fault. Gentlemen farewell: the same wish I to you.

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Enter

Enter an old Man.

Old Man. O gentle Faustus leaue this damned Art,
This Magicke, that will charme thy soule to hell,
And quite bereaue thes of saluation.
Though thou hast now offended like a man,
Doe not persener in it like a Diuell;
Yet, yet, thou hast an amiable soule,
If sin by custome grow not into nature:
Then Faustus, will repentance come too late,
When thou art banisht from the sight of heauen;
No mortall can expresse the paines of hell.
It may be this my exhortation
Seemes harsh, and all vnpleasant; let it not,
For gentle sonne, I speake it not in wrath,
O; enuy of thee, but in tender loue,
And pittie of thy future miserie.
And so haue hope, that this my kinde rebuke,
Checking thy body, may amend thy soule.

Faust. Where art thou Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?
Hell claimes his right, & with a roaring voyce, Meph. giues
Saies Faustus come, thine houre is almost come, him a dag-
And Faustus now will come to do this right. ger.

Old. O stay good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps.
I see an Angell houer oze thy head,
And with a byoll full of pretious graces,
Offers to poure the same into thy soule,
Then call for mercy, and auoyd despaire.

Fa. O friend, I feele thy words to comfort my distressed soule,
Leane me a while, to ponder on my sinnes.

Old. Faustus I leaue thee, but with grieffe of heart,
Fearing the enemy of thy haplesse soule. Exit.

Faust. Accursed Faustus, wretch what hast thou done?
I do repent, and yet I doe despaire,
Hell Arriues with grace for conquest in my breast:
What shall I doe to shun the snares of death?

Meph. Thou traytor Faustus, I arrest thy soule,
For disobedience to my soueraigne Lord,

Keuolt,

Of Doctor Faustus.

Keuolt, or I'll in peece-meale teare thy flesh.

Faust. I do repent I ere offended him,
Sweet Mephasto: intreat thy Lord
To pardon my vniust presumption,
And with my blond againe I will confirme
The former vow I made to Lucifer.
Do it then Faustus, with vnfained heart,
Lest greater dangers do attend thy dist.
Torment sweet friend, that base and aged man,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torment that our hell affoord.

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

Faust. One thing good seruant let me craue of thee,
To glut the longing of my hearts desire,
That I may haue vnto my paramour,
That heauenly Hellen, which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embraces may extinguishe cleare,
Whose thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keepe my vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. This, or what else my Faustus shall desire,
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Enter Hellen againe, passing ouer betweene
two Cupids.

Faust. Was this the face that launcht a thousand ships,
And burnt the toplesse Towers of Ilium?
Sweet Hellen make me immortall with a kisse:
Her lips sucke forth my soule, see where it flies.
Come Hellen, come, giue me my soule againe,
Here will I dwell, for heauen is in these lippes,
And all is posse that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for loue of thee,
In head of Troy shall Wittenberg be sack't,
And I will combat with weake Menelaus,
And weare thy colours on my plumed crest.

Hea,

Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heele,
 And then returne to Hellen for a kisse.
 O thou art fairer then the euening's aire,
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand starres:
 Brighter art thou then flaming Iupiter,
 When he appear'd to haplesse Semele:
 More louely then the Monarch of the sky,
 In wanton Arethusa's azure armes,
 And none but thou shalt be my Paramour.

Exeunt.

Thunder. Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephostophilis.

Lucif. Thus from infernall Dis do we ascend
 To view the subiects of our Monarchy,
 Those soules which sinne, seales the blacke sonnes of hell,
 Whom which as chiefe, Faustus we come to thee,
 Bringing with vs lasting damnation,
 To wait vpon thy soule; the time is come
 Which makes it forfeit.

Meph. And this gloomy night,
 Here in this roome will wretched Faustus be.

Belf. And here wee'l stay,
 To marke him how he both demeane himselfe.

Meph. How should he, but in desperate lunacie,
 Fond mozdoling, now his heart bloud dries with griefe;
 His conscience kills it, and his labouring bzaine,
 Begets a world of idle fantasies,
 To ouer-reach the Diuell; but all in vaine,
 His store of pleasures must be sauc'd with paine.

He and his seruant Wagner are at hand,
 Both come from drawing Faustus latest will.
 See where they come. Enter Faustus and Wagner.

Faust. Say Wagner, thou hast perus'd my will,
 How dost thou like it?

Wag. Sir, so wondrous well,
 As in all humble dutie, I do yeeld

and lasting seruice for your loue. Enter the Scholers.

Faust.

Faust. Gramercies Wagner. Welcome gentlemen.

1 Now worthy Faustus: me thinks your looks are chang'd.
 Faust. Oh gentlemen.

2 What ailes Faustus?

Faust. Oh my sweet chamber-fellow, had I liu'd with thee,
 When had I liued still, but now must dye eternally.
 Loke sirs, comes he not, comes he not?

1 O my deere Faustus what imports this feare?

2 Is all our pleasure turn'd to melancholy?

3 He is not well with being ouer solitarie.

2 If it be so, wee'l haue Physicians, and Faustus shall bee cur'd.

3 'Tis but a surfet sir, feare nothing.

Faust. A surfet of deadly sin, that hath damn'd both body
 and soule.

2 Yet Faustus looke vp to heauen, and remember mercy is
 infinite.

Faust. But Faustus offence can nere be pardoned,
 The serpent that tempted Eue may be saued,
 But not Faustus. O gentlemen heare with patience, and trem-
 ble not at my speeches, (though my heart pant & quier to re-
 member that I haue bene a student here these 30 yeares. O
 would I had neuer seene Wittenberg, neuer read book, & what
 wonders I haue done, all Germany can witnesse: yea all the
 world, for which Faustus hath lost both Germany & the world,
 yea heauen it selfe: heauen the seate of God, the Throne of
 the Blessed, the Kingdoms of Joy, and must remaine in hell
 for euer. Hell, O hell for euer. Sweet friends, what shall be-
 come of Faustus being in hell for euer?

2 Yet Faustus call on God.

Faust. O God, whom Faustus hath abjur'd: on God, whom
 Faustus hath blasphem'd: O my God, I would weepe, but the
 Diuell draws in my teares. Gush forth blood in stead of
 teares, yea life and soule: oh hee stayes my tongue: I would
 lift vp my hands, but see they hold 'em, they hold 'em.

All. Who Faustus?

Faust. Why Lucifer and Mephostophilis: O gentlemen,

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I gaue them my soule for my cunning.

All. O God forbid.

Faust. God forbade it indeed, but Faustus hath done it: for the vaine pleasure of foure and twenty yeares hath Faustus lost eternall ioy and felicitie. I writ them a bill with mine owne blood, the date is expired: this is the time, and he will fetch me.

1 Why did not Faustus tell vs of this befoze, that Diuinitie might haue prayd for thee?

Faust. O it haue I thought to haue done so: but the Diuel threathned to teare me in peeces if I nam'd God: to fetch me body and soule, if I once gaue eare to Diuinitie: and now 'ts too late. Gentlemen away, leaſt you periſh with me.

2 O what may we do to ſaue Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but ſaue your ſelues and depart.

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

1. Tempt not God ſweet friend, but let vs into the next roome, and pray for him.

Faust. I, pray for me, pray for me: and what noiſe ſoener you heare, come not vnto me, for nothing can reſcuer me.

2. Pray thou, and we will pray, that God may haue mercie vpon thee.

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

All. Faustus, farewell. Exeunt Schollers.

Meph. I Faustus, now thou haſt no hope of heauen, therefore deſpaire, thinks onely vpon hell; for that muſt be thy manſion, there to dwell.

Faust. O thou bewitching fiend, 'twas thy temptation; hath rob'd me of eternall happineſſe.

Meph. I doe confeſſe it Faustus, and reioyce; 'twas I, that when thou waſt t' the way to heauen, Damb'd vpon thy paſſage, when thou took'ſt the booke, To view the Scriptures, then I turn'd the leaues And led thine eye.

1. 'Tis too late, deſpaire, farewell,

Foles

Foles that will laugh on earth, moſt weep in hell. Exit

Enter the good Angell, and the bad Angell at ſeueral doores.

Good. O Faustus, if thou hadſt giuen eare to me, Innumerable ioyes had followed thee. But thou didſt loſe the world.

Bad. Gave eare to me, And now muſt taſte hels paines perpetually.

Good. O what will all thy riches, pleaſures, pomps, ſuaile thee now?

Bad. Nothing but here thou moze, To want in hell, that had on earth ſuch ſtoze.

Muſicke while the Throne deſcends.

Good. O thou haſt loſt celeftiall happineſſe, Pleaſures vnſpeakeable, bliſſe without end.

Hadſt thou affected ſweet diuinitie, Hell, or the Diuell, had had no power on thee.

Hadſt thou kept on that way, Faustus behold, In what reſplendant glozy thou hadſt ſet

In yonder throne, like thoſe bright ſhining Saints, And triumpht ouer hell, that haſt thou loſt,

And now poze ſoule muſt thy good Angell leaue thee, The lawes of hell are open to receiue thee. Exit.

Hell is diſcouered.

Bad. Now Faustus let thine eyes with horroz ſtare Into that baſte perpetuall torture-houſe,

There are the Furies toſſing damned ſonles, On burning ſozkes: their bodies boyle in lead.

There are liue quarters boyling on the coles, That ner'e can die: this euer-burning chaire,

Is for oze-tortur'd ſoules to reſt them in. Theſe, that are fed with ſoppes of flaming fire,

Were gluttons, and lou'd only delicates, And laught to ſee the poze ſtarue at their gates:

But yet all theſe are nothing, thou ſhalt ſee

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ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

Fault. O, I haue seene enough to torture me.

Bad. Nay, thou must feele them, taste the smart of all.
He that loues pleasure, must for pleasure fall:
And so I leaue thee Faustus till anon,
Then wilt thou tumble in confusion.

Exit.

The Clock strikes eleuen.

Faust. O Faustus

Now hast thou but one bare houre to liue,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.
Stand still you euer mouing Spheres of heauen,
That time may cease, and midnight neuer come.
Faire natures eye, rise, rise againe and make
Perpetuall day: or let this houre be but a yeare,
A month, a weeke, a naturall day,
That Faustus may repent, and saue his soule.

O lente lente currite noctis equi:

The Stars moue still, Time runs, the Clocke will strike.

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

O I'll leape vp to heauen: who palls me downe?

One drop of blood will saue me; oh my Christ,

Reend 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 a threating Arme, an angry Bow.

Mountaines and Hills, come, come, and fall on me,

And hide me from the heauy wrath of heauen.

No: Then will I headlong run into the earth:

Cape earth; O no, it will not harbour me.

You Starres that raignd at my natiuity,

Whose influence hath allotted death and hell;

Now draw vp Faustus like a foggy mist,

Into the entrals of yon labouring cloud,

That when you vomite forth into the aire,

My limbes may issue from your smoky mouthes,

But let my soule mount, and ascend to heauen.

The Watch strikes.

O halfe the houre is past: 'twill all be past anon?

O, if my soule must suffer for my sinne,

Impose some end to my incessant paine:

Let Faustus liue in hell a thousand yeares,

A hundred thousand, and at last be sau'd.

No end is limited to damned soules.

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soule?

O? why is this immortall that thou hast?

O Pythagoras Metempsychosis; were that true,

This soule should flie from me, and I be chang'd

Into some brutish beast.

All beasts are happy, for when they die,

Their soules are soone dissolu'd in elements,

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

Curst be the parents that ingendred me;

O Faustus, curse thy selfe, curse Lucifer,

That hath depriv'd thee of the ioyes of heauen.

The clocke strikes twelue

It strikes, it strikes; now body turne to aite,

O? Lucifer will beare thee quicke to hell.

O soule be chang'd into small water drops,

and fall into the Ocean ne're be found.

Thunder, and enter the deuils.

O mercy heauen, looke not so fierce on me;

Adders and serpents let me breathe a while:

Ugly hell gape not; come not Lucifer,

I'll burne my bookes; oh Mephostophilis.

Exeunt.

Enter the Schollers.

1 Come Gentlemen, let vs go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadfull night, was neuer seene,
Since first the worlds creation did begin.
Such fearefull shrikes, and cries, were neuer heard,
Pray heauen the Doctor haue escap't the danger.

2 O help vs heauen, see, here are Faustus limbes,
All tozne asunder by the hand of death.

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3 The

3 The devils whom Faustus serv'd have to him brought
For twirt the houres of twelue and one, he thought
I heard him threeke and call aloud for helpe,
At which selfe time the house seem'd all on fire,
With dreadfull horrour of these damned senns.

2 Well Gentlemen, the Faustus end be such
As every Christian heart laments to thinke on:
Yet for he was a Scholler, once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our Germane schooles,
We'll give his mangled limbs due burvall:
And all the Students clothed in mourning blacke,
Shall waite upon his heavy funeral. **Exeunt**

Enter Chorus.

Cut is the branch that might have growne full straight,
And burned is Apollo's Lawrell bough,
That some time grew within this learned man,
Faustus is gone, regard his helth fall,
Whose fendfull fortune may exhort the wise
Onely to wonder at unlatofull things:
Whose despnesse doth intice such forward wits,
No practise more than heavenly power permits.

Terminat hora diem, Terminat Author opus.

F I N I S.