Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS. Not marching now in fields of Thrasimene,  
Where Mars did meet the Carthaginians;  
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,  
In courts of kings where state is overturned;  
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,  
Intends our Muse to vaunt her heavenly verse:  
Only this, gentlemen,—we must perform  
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad.  
Now is he born of parents base of stock,  
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:  
At riper years, to Wittenberg he went,  
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.  
So much he profits in divinity,  
That shortly he was graced with doctor's name,  
In th' heavenly matters of theology;  
Till swoll'n with cunning and of self-conceit,  
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,  
And, melting, heavens conspir'd his overthrow;  
Glutted now with learning's golden gifts,  
This is the man that in his study sits.

[Exit.]

FAUSTUS in his study.

FAUSTUS. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin  
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:  
Level at the end of every art,  
And live and die in Aristotle's works.  
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me!  

[Reads]  
"To dispute well is logie's greatest end."  
Affords this art no greater miracle?  
Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that end:  
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit.  
Aristotle farewell, and Galen come:
Be a physician, Faustus,
And be eternized for some wondrous cure:

[Reads.]
"The end of physic is our body's health."
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Through thee whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been cur'd.
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Then this profession were to be esteemed.
Physic, farewell! Where is the Law?

[Reads.]
"If one and the same thing is bequeathed to two people, one receives one thing, the other
receives the value of the thing."
A petty case of paltry legacies!
Such is the subject and universal body of the law:
This study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
When all is done, divinity is best:
Jerome's Bible, Faustus; view it well.

[Reads.]
"The reward of sin is death." Ha! That's hard.

[Reads.]
"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there is no truth in us."
Why, then, belike we must sin, and so consequently die
An everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this, Che sera, sera,
What will be, will be? Divinity, adieu!
These metaphysics of magicians,
And necromantic books are heavenly;
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O, what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious artisan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command: emperors and kings
Are but obeyed in their several provinces;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man. .

Enter WAGNER.
Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes and Cornelius;
Request them earnestly to visit me.
WAGNER. I will, sir.

[Exit.]

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

_Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL._

GOOD ANGEL. O, Faustus, lay that damned book aside, And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul!, Read, read the Scriptures:—that is blasphemy.

EVIL ANGEL. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art. Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky, Lord and commander of these elements.

[Exeunt ANGELS.]

FAUSTUS. How am I glutted with conceit of this! Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please, Perform what desperate enterprise I will? I'll have them fly to India for gold, Ransack the ocean for orient pearl, And search all corners of the new-found world For pleasant fruits and princely delicates; I'll have them read me strange philosophy, And tell the secrets of all foreign kings; I'll have them fill the public schools with silk, Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad; I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring, And reign sole king of all the provinces.

_Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS._

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius, And make me blest with your sage conference. Know that your words have won me at the last To practice magic and concealed arts. Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt; And I will be as cunning as Agrippa was, Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

VALDES. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all nations to canonize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the spirits of every element
Be always serviceable to us three.
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
If learned Faustus will be resolute.

FAUSTUS. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live.

CORNELIUS. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology
Hath all the principles magic doth require.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,
Yea, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth:
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

FAUSTUS. Nothing, Cornelius. O, this cheers my soul
That I may have these joys in full possession.

VALDES. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Albertus' works,

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

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

FAUSTUS. Then come and dine with me, and, after meat,
Ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do:
This night I'll conjure, though I die therefore.

[Exeunt.]

Enter two SCHOLARS.

FIRST SCHOLAR. I wonder what's become of Faustus, that was wont
to make our schools ring with "Thus I prove it."
SECOND SCHOLAR. That shall we presently know; here comes his boy.

*Enter Wagner.*

FIRST SCHOLAR. How now, sirrah! where's thy master?

WAGNER. God in heaven knows.

SECOND SCHOLAR. Why, dost not thou know, then?

WAGNER. Yes, I know; but that follows not.

FIRST SCHOLAR. Go to, sirrah!

SECOND SCHOLAR. Then you will not tell us?

WAGNER. You are deceived, for I will tell you: yet, if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question. Thus having triumphed over you, I will speak thus. —Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would inform your worships: and so, the Lord bless you, my dear brethren!

[Exit.]

FIRST SCHOLAR. O Faustus!
Then I fear that thou art fall'n into that damned art
For which those two are infamous through the world.

SECOND SCHOLAR. Come, let us go and inform the Rector:
It may be his grave counsel may reclaim him.

FIRST SCHOLAR. I fear me nothing will reclaim him now.

SECOND SCHOLAR. Yet let us see what we can do.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter Faustus in his study.*

FAUSTUS. Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy voice..
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatiz'd,
Th' abbreviated names of holy saints,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, to be resolute,
And try the utmost magic can perform.

[Thunder.]
Sint mihi dii Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovae! Mephistophilis!

Enter Mephistophilis.

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me:
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best.

[Exit Mephistophilis.]
I see there's virtue in my heavenly words.
How pliant is this Mephistophilis!
Such is the force of magic and my spells.

Re-enter Mephistophilis like a Franciscan friar.

Mephist. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?

Faustus. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command.

Mephist. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave.

Faustus. Did not he charge thee to appear to me? Speak!

Mephist. That was the cause, but yet by accident;
For, when we hear one rack the name of God,
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damned.

Faustus. So Faustus hath
Already done; and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub;
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word "damnation" terrifies not me,
For I confound hell in Elysium.
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

MEPHIST. Commander of all spirits.

FAUSTUS. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

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

FAUSTUS. How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils?

MEPHIST. O, by aspiring pride and insolence.

FAUSTUS. And what are you that live with Lucifer?

MEPHIST. Unhappy spirits that fell
And are forever damn'd with Lucifer.

FAUSTUS. Where are you damn'd?

MEPHIST. In hell.

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

MEPHIST. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it:
Think'st thou that I, that saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?

FAUSTUS. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being deprived of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go, and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight.

MEPHIST. I will, Faustus.

[Exit.]

FAUSTUS. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great emperor of the world.
I'll live in speculation of this art,
Till Mephistophilis return again.

[Exit.]

In the Street. Enter WAGNER and CLOWN.

WAGNER. Come hither, sirrah boy.

CLOWN. Boy!? O, disgrace to my person! ‘Zounds, “boy” in your face! You have seen many boys with beards, I am sure.

WAGNER. See how poverty jests in his nakedness! I know the villain's out of service, and so hungry, that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood-raw.

CLOWN. Not so neither: I had need to have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

WAGNER. Sirrah, wilt thou be my man, and wait on me? If thou dost not presently bind thyself to me for seven years, I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and make them tear thee in pieces.

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

WAGNER. Well, sirrah, leave your jesting, and take these guilders. [Gives money.]

CLOWN. Yes, marry, sir; and I thank you too.

WAGNER. So, now thou art to be at an hour's warning, whensover and wheresover the devil shall fetch thee.

CLOWN. Here, take your guilders again; I'll none of ‘em.
WAGNER. Not I; thou art pressed. Prepare thyself, or I will presently raise up two devils to carry thee away.—Banio! Belcher!

CLOWN. Belcher! If Belcher come here, I'll belch him. I am not afraid of a devil.

Enter two DEVILS.

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

CLOWN. Ay, good Wagner; take away the devils, then.

WAGNER. Spirits, away!

[Exeunt DEVILS.]

Now, sirrah, follow me.

CLOWN. I will, sir: but hark you, master; will you teach me this conjuring?

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

CLOWN. A dog, or a cat, or a rat! O, brave, Wagner!

WAGNER. Villain, call me Master Wagner, and see that you walk attentively, and let your right eye be always diametrically fixed upon my left heel.

CLOWN. Well, sir, I warrant you.

[Exeunt.]

Enter FAUSTUS in his study.

FAUSTUS. Now, Faustus,
Must thou needs be damn'd? Canst thou not be saved?
What boots it, then, to think on God or heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:
Now, go not backward, Faustus; be resolute:
Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in mine ear,
"Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"
Why, he loves thee not;
The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub:
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.
[Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.]

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

GOOD ANGEL. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

FAUSTUS. Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of these?

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

EVIL ANGEL. Rather fruits of lunacy, 
That make men foolish that do use them most.

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

EVIL ANGEL. No, Faustus; think of honour and of wealth.

[Exeunt ANGELS.]

FAUSTUS. Wealth!
Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine.
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What power can hurt me? Faustus, thou art safe:
Cast no more doubts.—Mephistophilis, come,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—
Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

[Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.]
Now tell me what says Lucifer, thy lord?

MEPHIST. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.
Now thou must bequeath thy soul solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;
For that security craves Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I must back to hell.

FAUSTUS. Tell me, what good will my soul do thy lord?

MEPHIST. Enlarge his kingdom.

FAUSTUS. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

MEPHIST. Consolation to the wretched to have fellows in misery.
But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,  
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

FAUSTUS. Ay, Mephistophilis, I'll give it thee.

MEPHIST. Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,  
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day  
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;  
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

FAUSTUS. [Stabbing his arm] Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,  
Faustus hath cut his arm, and with his proper blood  
Assures his soul to be great Lucifer's!  
View here this blood that trickles from mine arm,  
And let it be propitious for my wish.

MEPHIST. But, Faustus,  
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

FAUSTUS. [Writing] Ay, so I do. But, Mephistophilis,  
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

MEPHIST. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight.  
[Exit.]

FAUSTUS. What might the staying of my blood portend?  
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?  
Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?

[Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with the chafer of fire.]

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

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

MEPHIST. [Aside] What will not I do to obtain his soul?

FAUSTUS. Consummatum est; this bill is ended,  
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer.  
But what is this inscription on mine arm?  
_Homo, fuge:_ whither should I fly?  
If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.  
_Homo, fuge:_ yet shall not Faustus fly.
Then, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,
A gift of body and of soul:
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All covenants and articles between us both!

MEPHIST. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us both!

FAUSTUS. Then hear me read it, Mephistophilis.

[Reads.]

On these conditions following.
· First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance.
· Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and be by him commanded.
· Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him, and bring him whatsoever he desires.
· Fourthly, that Mephistophilis shall be in his chamber invisible.
· Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what shape and form soever he please.

I, John Faustus, of Wittenberg, do give both body and soul to Lucifer Prince of the East, and his minister Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that four-and-twenty years being expired, full power to carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh and blood, into their habitation wheresoever.

By me, John Faustus.

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

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

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

FAUSTUS. First I will question with thee about hell.
Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

MEPHIST. Under the heavens.

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

MEPHIST. Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self-place; but where we are is hell,
And where hell is, there must we ever be.
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

FAUSTUS. I think hell's a fable.
MEPHIST. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

FAUSTUS. Why, dost thou think that Faustus shall be damn'd?

MEPHIST. Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll
In which thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

FAUSTUS. Ay, and body too; and what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine
That, after this life, there is any pain?
No, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.

MEPHIST. But I am an instance to prove the contrary,
For I tell thee I am damn'd and now in hell.

FAUSTUS. Nay, if this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd:
What! sleeping, eating, walking, and disputing!
But, leaving this, let me have a wife,
The fairest maid in Germany;
For I am wanton and lascivious.

MEPHIST. Well, Faustus, thou shalt have a wife.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS fetches in a WOMAN-DEVIL.]

FAUSTUS. What sight is this?

MEPHIST. Now, Faustus, wilt thou have a wife?

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

MEPHIST. Marriage is but a ceremonial toy,
And, if thou lov'st me, think no more of it.
I'll cull thee out the fairest courtesans,
And bring them every morning to thy bed:
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have.
Here, take this book, peruse it well:
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings thunder, whirlwinds, storm, and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in harness shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou command'st.
FAUSTUS. Thanks, Mephistophilis, for this sweet book.

[Exeunt.]

Enter FAUSTUS, in his study, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

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

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

FAUSTUS. If heaven was made for man, 'twas made for me:
I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

GOOD ANGEL. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

EVIL ANGEL. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

FAUSTUS. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;
If I repent.

EVIL ANGEL. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

[Exeunt ANGELS.]

FAUSTUS. My heart is harden'd, I cannot repent;
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven:
Swords, poisons, halters, and envenom'd steel
Are laid before me to dispatch myself;
And long ere this I should have done the deed,
Had not sweet pleasure conquered deep despair.
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Oenon's death?
And hath not he, that built the walls of Thebes
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I die, then, or basely despair?
I am resolv'd; Faustus shall not repent.–
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And reason of divine astrology.
Now tell me who made the world?

MEPHIST. I will not.

FAUSTUS. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

MEPHIST. Move me not, Faustus.

FAUSTUS. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me any thing?

MEPHIST. Ay, that is not against our kingdom; this is.
Thou art damned; think thou of hell.

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

MEPHIST. Remember this.

[Exit.]

FAUSTUS. 'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus' soul.
Is't not too late?

Re-enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

EVIL ANGEL. Too late.

GOOD ANGEL. Never too late, if Faustus will repent.

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

GOOD ANGEL. Repent, and they shall never scar thy skin.

[Exeunt ANGELS.]

FAUSTUS. O Christ, my Savior, my Savior
Help to save distressed Faustus' soul!

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

LUCIFER. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just:
There's none but I have interest in the same.
FAUSTUS. O, what art thou that look'st so terribly?

LUCIFER. I am Lucifer,
And this is my companion-prince in hell.

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

LUCIFER. Thou call'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise.

BELZEBUB. Thou shouldst not think on God.

FAUSTUS. Nor will Faustus henceforth: pardon him for this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven.

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

BELZEBUB. Faustus, we are come from hell in person to shew thee some pastime: sit down,
and thou shalt behold the Seven Deadly Sins appear to thee in their own proper shapes and likeness.

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

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

**Mephistophilis brings in the Seven Deadly Sins.**

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

FAUSTUS. That shall I soon.—What art thou, the first?

PRIDE. I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents. I am like to a flea; I can creep into every corner of a wench; sometimes I sit upon her brow; next I hang about her neck; and then, turning myself to a smock, do what I list. But, fie, what a smell is here! I'll not speak a word more for a king's ransom, unless the ground be perfumed and covered with cloth of gold.

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

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

FAUSTUS. And what art thou, the third?

ENVY. I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books burned. I am lean with seeing others eat. O, that there would come a famine over all the world, that all might die, and I live alone! Then thou shouldst see how fat I'd be.

FAUSTUS. Out, envious wretch!–But what art thou, the fourth?

WRATH. I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother. And ever since my birth have run up and down the world with this case of rapiers, wounding myself when I could get none to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

FAUSTUS. And what art thou, the fifth?

GLUTTONY. I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and they have left me but a small pension that buys me thirty meals a-day and ten tankards,—a small trifle to suffice my nature. I come of a royal pedigree: my father was a Rasher of Bacon, my mother was a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were Peter Pickled-herring and Martin Rump-o-beef; but my godmother, O, she was an ancient gentlewoman; her name was Margery Strong-beer. Faustus, now that thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

FAUSTUS. Not I.

GLUTTONY. Then the devil choke thee!

FAUSTUS. Choke thyself, glutton!–What art thou, the sixth?

SLOTH. Heigho! I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank. Heigho! I'll not speak a word more for a king's ransom.

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

LECHERY. Who, I, sir? I am one that loves an length of raw sausage better than an yard of fried fish; and the first letter of my name begins with L.

LUCIFER. Away to hell, away!

    [Exeunt the SINS.]

FAUSTUS. O, how this sight doth delight my soul!
LUCIFER. Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

FAUSTUS. O, might I see hell, and return again safe,
How happy were I then!

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

FAUSTUS. Thanks and farewell, great Lucifer.

[Exeunt LUCIFER and BELZEBUB.]

Come, Mephistophilis.

[Exeunt.]

Enter ROBIN, with a book.

ROBIN. What, Dick! look to the horses there, till I come again. I have gotten one of Doctor Faustus' conjuring-books; and now we'll have some knavery.

Enter DICK.

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

ROBIN. I walk the horses! I scorn't, faith! I have other matters in hand: let the horses walk themselves, if they will.—[Reads.] "A" per se, "a"; "t," "h," "e," "the"; "o" per se, "o"; "Demy orgon gorgon."— Keep further from me, O thou illiterate and unlearned hostler!

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

ROBIN. That thou shalt see presently: keep out of the magic circle, I say, lest I send you into the ostlry with a vengeance.

DICK. What's likely! You had best leave your foolery; for, if my master come, he'll conjure you.

ROBIN. My master conjure me! I'll tell thee what; if my master come here, I'll clap as fair a pair of horns on his head as e'er thou sawest in thy life. But, I prithee, tell me in all seriousness, Robin, is that a conjuring-book?

ROBIN. Do but speak what thou'lt have me to do, and I'll do't. If thou'lt go but to the tavern with me, I'll give thee white wine, red wine, claret-wine, muscadine, or malmsey, and we'll not pay one penny for it.

DICK. O, prithee, let's to it, for I am as dry as a dog.
ROBIN. Come, then, let's away.

[Exeunt.]

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS. Learned Faustus,
To find the secrets of astronomy
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount him up to scale Olympus' top;
Where, sitting in a chariot burning bright,
He views the clouds, the planets, and the stars,
From the bright circle of the horned moon
Even to the height of the heavens;
And, whirling round with this circumference,
From east to west his chariot did swiftly glide,
And in eight days did bring him home again.
Not long he stay'd within his quiet house,
But new exploits do hale him out again:
And, mounted then upon a dragon's back,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
The which this day is highly solemniz'd.

[Exit.]

In the POPE's Great Hall. Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

FAUSTUS. But tell me now, my good Mephistophilis,
What resting-place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

MEPHIST. I have, my Faustus; and, for proof thereof,
This is the goodly palace of the Pope;
And, 'cause we are no common guests,
I choose his privy-chamber for our use.

FAUSTUS. I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.
Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, I swear
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright-splendent Rome:
Come, therefore, let's away.

MEPHIST. Nay, stay, my Faustus: I know you'd see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
The which, this day,
Is held in honor of the Pope's triumphant victory.

FAUSTUS. Sweet Mephistophilis, thou pleasest me.
My four-and-twenty years of liberty
I'll spend in pleasure and in dalliance.

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

FAUSTUS. Nay, stay, my gentle Mephistophilis,
And grant me my request, and then I go.
In this show let me an actor be,
That this proud Pope may Faustus' cunning see.

MEPHIST. Let it be so, my Faustus. But, first, stay,
And view their triumphs as they pass this way;
And then devise what best contents thy mind,
By cunning in thine art to cross the Pope,
Or dash the pride of this solemnity,
Or any villainy thou canst devise;
And I'll perform it, Faustus. Hark! they come:
This day shall make thee be admired in Rome.

Enter the CARDINALS and BISHOPS, MONKS and FRIARS, singing their procession; then the POPE, RAYMOND king of Hungary, the ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS, BRUNO led in chains, and ATTENDANTS.

POPE. Cast down our footstool.

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

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

[A fanfare while the POPE ascends.]
Thus, as the gods creep on with feet of wool,
Long ere with iron hands they punish men,
So shall our sleeping vengeance now arise,
And smite with death thy hated enterprise.—

FAUSTUS. Go, haste thee, gentle Mephistophilis,
Strike the cardinals with sloth and drowsy idleness,
And make them sleep so sound, that in their shapes
Thyself and I may parley with this Pope,
And, in despite of all his holiness,
Restore this Bruno to his liberty.

MEPHIST. Faustus, I go.

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

[Exeunt FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

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

POPE. We will depose the Emperor for that deed,
And curse the people that submit to him:
Both he and thou shall stand excommunicate.
He grows too proud in his authority,
Lifting his lofty head above the clouds,
And, like a steeple, overpeers the church:
But we'll pull down his haughty insolence;
So will we quell that haughty schismatic,
And, by authority apostolical,
Depose him from his regal government.
Is not all power on earth bestow'd on us?
And therefore, though we would, we cannot err.
Behold this silver belt, whereto is fix'd
Seven golden seals, fast sealed with seven seals,
In token of our seven-fold power from heaven,
To bind or loose, lock fast, condemn or judge,
Resign or seal, or what so pleaseth us:
Then he and thou, and all the world, shall stoop,
Or be assured of our dreadful curse,
To fall as heavy as the pains of hell.

Re-enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS, in the shapes of the CARDINALS.
MEPHIST. Now tell me, Faustus, are we not fitted well?

FAUSTUS. Yes, Mephistophilis; and two such cardinals
Ne'er serv'd a holy Pope as we shall do.
Let us salute his reverend fatherhood.

RAYMOND. Behold, my lord, the Cardinals are return'd.

POPE. Welcome, grave fathers: answer presently
What hath our holy council there decreed
Concerning Bruno and the Emperor?

FAUSTUS. Most sacred patron of the church of Rome,
It is thus decreed,—
That Bruno and the German Emperor
Be held as Lollards and bold schismatics.
Bruno shall be straight condemn'd of heresy,
And on a pile of faggots burnt to death.

POPE. It is enough. Here, take him to your charge,
And in the strongest tower enclose him fast.
Tomorrow, with all our grave cardinals,
We will determine of his life or death.
Here, take Bruno's triple crown with you,
And leave it in the church's treasury.
Make haste again, my good Lord Cardinals,
And take our blessing apostolical.

MEPHIST. So, so; was never devil thus bless'd before.

FAUSTUS. Away, sweet Mephistophilis, be gone;
The Cardinals will be plagu'd for this anon.

[Exeunt FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS with BRUNO.]

POPE. Go presently and bring a banquet forth,
That we may solemnize Saint Peter's feast,
And drink to our late and happy victory.

[A fanfare while the banquet is brought in; and then enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS in their own shapes.]

MEPHIST. Now, Faustus, come, prepare thyself for mirth:
The sleepy Cardinals are hard at hand
To condemn Bruno, who is posted hence,
And on a proud-pac'd steed
Flies o'er the Alps to fruitful Germany,
There to salute his woeful Emperor.

FAUSTUS. The Pope will curse them for their sloth today,
That slept both Bruno and his crown away.
But now, sweet Mephistophilis, so charm me here,
That I may walk invisible to all,
And do whate'er I please, unseen of any.

MEPHIST. Faustus, thou shalt: then kneel down presently,
I charm thee with this magic wand.
First, wear this girdle; then appear
Invisible to all are here:
The planets seven, the gloomy air,
Hell, and the Furies' forked hair,
Pluto's blue fire, and Hecat's tree,
With magic spells so compass thee,
That no eye may thy body see!
So, Faustus, now, for all their holiness,
Do what thou wilt.

FAUSTUS. Thanks, Mephistophilis.–Now, friars, take heed,
Lest Faustus make your shaven crowns to bleed.

MEPHIST. Faustus, no more: see, where the Cardinals come!

[Re-enter FIRST and SECOND CARDINAL with a book.]

POPE. Welcome, Lord Cardinals; come, sit down.–
Lord Raymond, take your seat.–Friars, attend,
And see that all things be
As best beseems this solemn festival.

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

POPE. What needs this question? did I not tell you,
Tomorrow we would determine of his punishment?
You brought us word even now, it was decreed
That Bruno and the cursed Emperor
Were by the holy council both condemn'd:
Then wherefore would you have me view that book?

SECOND CARDINAL. Your grace mistakes; you gave us no such charge.

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

ALL CARDINALS. By holy Paul, we saw them not!

POPE. By Peter, you shall die,
Unless you bring them forth immediately!—
Hale them to prison!
False prelates, for this hateful treachery
Curs'd be your souls to hellish misery!

[Exeunt ATTENDANTS with the arrested CARDINALS.]

FAUSTUS. Now, Faustus, to the feast:
The Pope had never such a frolic guest.

POPE. Lord Archbishop of Rheims, sit down with us.

ARCHBISHOP. I thank your Holiness.

FAUSTUS. Fall to; the devil choke you!

POPE. Who is that spoke?—Friars, look about.—
 Lord Raymond, I am beholding
To the Bishop of Milan for this so rare a present.

FAUSTUS. I thank you, sir.

[Snatches the dish.]

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

FAUSTUS. I'll have that too.
[Snatches the dish.]

POPE. What heretics do attend our holiness,
That we receive such great indignity?
Fetch me some wine.

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

POPE. Lord Raymond,
I drink unto your grace.

FAUSTUS. I pledge your grace.

[Snatches the cup.]

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

ARCHBISHOP. Please it your Holiness, I think it be some ghost crept out of Purgatory, and now
is come unto your Holiness for his pardon.

POPE. It may be so.–
Go, then, command our priests to sing a dirge,
To allay the fury of this same troublesome ghost.

[Exit an ATTENDANT.–The POPE crosses himself.]

FAUSTUS. How now! must every bit be spic'd with a cross?–
Nay, then, take that.

[Faustus strikes the POPE.]

POPE. O, I am slain!–Help me, my lords!
O, come and help to bear my body hence!–
Damn'd be his soul for ever for this deed!

[Exeunt all except FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

MEPHIST. Now, Faustus, what will you do now? for you'll be exorcised with bell, book, and
candle.
FAUSTUS. Bell, book, and candle,—candle, book, and bell,—
Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell!

[Re-enter FIRST AND SECOND FRIARS, with bell, book, and candle, for the Dirge.]

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

[They sing.]

FIRST AND SECOND FRIAR:
Cursed be he that stole his holiness' meat from the table!
Maledicat dominus!
Cursed be he that struck his holiness a blow on the face!
Maledicat dominus!
Cursed be he that struck friar sandelo a blow on the pate!
Maledicat dominus!
Cursed be he that took away his holiness' wine!
Maledicat dominus!

[MEPHISTOPHILIS and FAUSTUS beat the FRIARS, and exeunt.]

In the Street. Enter ROBIN and DICK with a cup.

DICK. Sirrah Robin, we were best look that your devil can answer the stealing of this cup, for the Vintner follows us hard at the heels.

ROBIN. 'Tis no matter; let him come: if he follow us, I'll so conjure him as he was never conjured in his life. Let me see the cup.

DICK. Here 'tis.

[Gives the cup to ROBIN.]
Yonder he comes: now, Robin, now or never show thy cunning.

Enter VINTNER.

VINTNER. O, are you here? I am glad I have found you. You are a couple of fine companions! Pray, where's the cup you stole from the tavern? Never deny't, for I know you have it; and I'll search you.

ROBIN. Search me! Sure, and spare not.

[Aside to DICK, giving DICK the cup] Hold the cup, Dick.—
Come, come, search me.

[VINTNER searches him.]
VINTNER. [to Dick] Come, sirrah, let me search you now.

DICK. Ay, ay, do, do.–
[Aside to ROBIN, giving ROBIN the cup] Hold the cup, Robin.–
I fear not your searching.

[VINTNER searches him.]

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

ROBIN. Nay, there you lie.

VINTNER. A plague take you! Come, give it me again.

ROBIN. When, can you tell?–[aside] Dick, make me a circle, and stand close at my back, and
stir not for thy life.– [to the Vintner] Vintner, you shall have your cup anon.– [aside] Say
nothing, Dick.– [Reads from a book] "O per se, O; Demogorgon; Belcher, and Mephistophilis!"

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

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

[Exit VINTNER.]

DICK. [fearful] I pray you heartily, sir; we called you but in jest, I promise you.

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

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

MEPHIST. And so thou shalt: [to Dick] be thou transformed to a dog, and carry him upon thy
back. Away! be gone!

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

[Exeunt ROBIN and DICK.]
MEPHIST. Now with the flames of ever-burning fire
I'll wing myself, and forthwith fly apace
Unto my Faustus.

[Exit.]

[The court of the Emperor. Enter MARTINO and FREDERICK.]

MARTINO. What, ho, officers, gentlemen!
Hie to the presence to attend the Emperor.–
Good Frederick, see the rooms be emptied straight:
His majesty is coming to the hall;
Go, see the state in readiness.

FREDERICK. But where is Bruno, who came post from Rome?
Will not his grace consort the Emperor?

MARTINO. O, yes; and with him comes the German conjurer,
The learned Faustus, fame of Wittenberg,
The wonder of the world for magic art;
And he intends to bring in presence of his majesty
The royal shapes
Of Alexander and his beauteous paramour.

FREDERICK. Where is Benvolio?

MARTINO. Fast asleep, I warrant you;
All this day the sluggard keeps his bed.

FREDERICK. See, see, his window's ope! Let's call to him.

MARTINO. What, ho! Benvolio!

Enter BENVOLIO above, at a window, in his nightcap.

BENVOLIO. What the devil ail you two?

MARTINO. Faustus at the court is late arrived,
And at his heels a thousand devils wait,
To accomplish whatsoe'er the doctor please.

BENVOLIO. What of this?

MARTINO. Come, thou shalt see
This conjurer perform such rare exploits,  
Before Bruno and the royal Emperor,  
As never yet was seen in Germany.

FREDERICK. Speak, wilt thou come and see this sport?  
BENVOLIO. Not I.

MARTINO. Wilt thou stand in thy window, and see it, then?  
BENVOLIO. Ay, if I fall not asleep i' the mean time.

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

BENVOLIO. Well, go you attend the Emperor. I am content, for this once, to thrust my head  
out at a window; for they say, if a man be drunk over night, the devil cannot hurt him in the  
morning.

[Exeunt FREDERICK and MARTINO.]

[A fanfare. Enter CHARLES the German Emperor, BRUNO, DUKE OF SAXONY,  
FAUSTUS, MEPHISTOPHILIS, FREDERICK, MARTINO, and Attendants.]

EMPEROR. Wonder of men, renown'd magician,  
Thrice-learned Faustus, welcome to our court.  
This deed of thine, in setting Bruno free,  
Shall add more excellence unto thine art  
Than if by powerful necromantic spells  
Thou couldst command the world's obedience.  
Thou shalt be famous through all Italy,  
And honored by the German Emperor.

FAUSTUS. These gracious words, most royal Emperor,  
Shall make poor Faustus, to his utmost power,  
Both love and serve thee,  
And lay his life at Bruno's feet:  
For proof whereof, the doctor stands prepar'd by power of art  
To cast his magic charms, that shall pierce through  
The ebon gates of ever-burning hell,  
And rouse the stubborn devils from their caves,  
To compass whatsoe'er your grace commands.

BENVOLIO. [aside] S'blood, he speaks terribly! but, for all that, I do not greatly believe him.
EMPEROR. Then, Faustus,
We would behold that famous conqueror,
Great Alexander, and his paramour,
In their true shapes and state majestical,
That we may wonder at their excellence.

FAUSTUS. Your majesty shall see them presently.–
Mephistophilis, away,
And, present before this royal Emperor
Great Alexander and his beauteous paramour.

MEPHIST. Faustus, I will.

[Exit.]

BENVOLIO. Well, Master Doctor, if your devils come not away quickly, you shall have me asleep presently: 'Zounds, I have been such an ass all this while, gaping after the devil's governor and seeing nothing!

FAUSTUS. [to Benvolio] I'll make you feel something anon, if my art fail me not.–
My lord, I must forewarn your majesty,
That, when my spirits present the royal shapes
Of Alexander and his paramour,
In silence let them come and go.

EMPEROR. Be it as Faustus please.

BENVOLIO. Ay, ay, and if thou bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor, I'll be Actaeon, and turn myself to a stag.

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

Fanfare. Enter, at one door, the EMPEROR ALEXANDER, at the other, DARIUS. They meet. DARIUS is thrown down; ALEXANDER kills him, takes off his crown, and, offering to go out, his PARAMOUR meets him. He embraceth her, and sets DARIUS' crown upon her head; and, coming back, both salute the EMPEROR, who, leaving his state, offers to embrace them; which FAUSTUS seeing, suddenly stays him. Then trumpets cease, and music sounds.

My gracious lord, you do forget yourself;
These are but shadows, not substantial.
EMPEROR. O, pardon me! my thoughts are so ravished
With sight of renowned Alexander
That in mine arms I would have compass'd him.
In this sight thou better pleasest me
Than if I gain'd another monarchy.

FAUSTUS. Away! be gone! [Exit show.]—See, see, my gracious lord! what strange beast is yon,
that thrusts his head out at window?

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

BENVOLIO. O zounds, my head!

FAUSTUS. Why, how now, Sir Knight! Horns?! This is most horrible: fie, fie, pull in your
head, for shame! let not all the world wonder at you.

BENVOLIO. Zounds, doctor, this is your villainy!

FAUSTUS. O, say not so, sir! My lord, so please your majesty,
I'll raise a kennel of hounds shall hunt him so
As all his footmanship shall scarce prevail
To keep his carcass from their bloody fangs.—
Ho, Belimoth, Argiron, Asteroth!

BENVOLIO. Zounds, he'll raise up a kennel of devils, anon! [to the Emperor] Good my lord,
entreat for me.—'Sblood, I am never able to endure these torments.

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

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

BENVOLIO. Speak well of ye! 'Sblood, if I be not revenged for this, would I might be turned to
a gaping oyster!

[Aside, and then exit above.]

EMPEROR. Come, Faustus. While the Emperor lives,
In recompense of this thy high desert,
Thou shalt command the state of Germany,
And live belov’d.

[Exeunt.]

**Outside the court. Enter BENVOLIO, MARTINO, FREDERICK, and SOLDIERS.**

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

BENVOLIO. Away! You love me not, to urge me thus:
Shall I let slip so great an injury,
When every servile groom jests at my wrongs?
O, may these eyelids never close again,
Till with my sword I have that conjurer slain!
If you will aid me in this enterprise,
Then draw your weapons and be resolute.
Gentle Frederick, hie thee to the grove,
And place our servants and our followers
Close in an ambush there behind the trees.
I know the conjurer is near, laden with rich rewards.
Then, soldiers, boldly fight: if Faustus die,
Take you the wealth, leave us the victory.

FREDERICK. Come, soldiers, follow me unto the grove:
Who kills him shall have gold and endless love.

[Exit FREDERICK with SOLDIERS.]

BENVOLIO. My head is lighter, than it was, by the horns;
But yet my heart pants until I see that conjurer dead.

MARTINO. Where shall we place ourselves, Benvolio?

BENVOLIO. Here will we stay to bide the first assault.

-Re-enter FREDERICK.

FREDERICK. Close, close! the conjurer all alone comes walking in his gown;
Be ready, then, and strike the peasant down.

BENVOLIO. Mine be that honour, then. Now, sword, strike home!
For horns he gave I'll have his head anon.
MARTINO. See, see, he comes!

Enter FAUSTUS with a false head.

BENVOLIO. No words. This blow ends all:
Hell take his soul! his body thus must fall.

[BENVOLIO stabs FAUSTUS and strikes off his head.]

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

FREDERICK. Was this that stern aspect, that awful frown,
Made Lucifer quake at his commanding charms?

MARTINO. Was this that damned head, whose art conspir'd
Benvolio's shame before the Emperor?

BENVOLIO. Ay, that's the head, and there the body lies,
Justly rewarded for his villainies.

FREDERICK. Come, let's devise how we may add more shame
To the black scandal of his hated name.

BENVOLIO. I'll nail huge forked horns, and let them hang
Within the window where he yoked me first,
That all the world may see my just revenge.

[FAUSTUS rises.]

BENVOLIO. 'Zounds, the devil's alive again!

FREDERICK. Give him his head, for God's sake.

FAUSTUS. Nay, keep it: Faustus will have heads and hands,
Ay, all your hearts to recompense this deed.
Knew you not, traitors, I was limited
For four-and-twenty years to breathe on earth?
And, had you cut my body with your swords,
Yet in a minute had my spirit return'd?
But wherefore do I dally my revenge?–
Asteroth, Belimoth, Mephistophilis?

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, and other Devils.

Go, horse these traitors on your fiery backs,
And pitch them headlong to the lowest hell.
Yet, wait. The world shall see their misery,
And hell shall after plague their treachery.
Go, Belimoth, and take this caitiff hence,
And hurl him in some lake of mud and dirt.
Take thou this other, drag him through the woods
Amongst the pricking thorns and sharpest briers;
 Whilst, with my gentle Mephistophilis,
This traitor fling unto some steepy rock,
That, rolling down, may break the villain's bones.

FREDERICK. Pity us, gentle Faustus! save our lives!

FAUSTUS. Away!

[Exeunt MEPHISTOPHILIS and DEVILS with BENVOLIO, MARTINO, and FREDERICK. After a moment, re-enter BENVOLIO, FREDERICK, and MARTINO, their heads and faces bloody, and besmeared with mud and dirt; all having horns on their heads.]

MARTINO. What, ho, Benvolio!

BENVOLIO. Here.—What, Frederick, ho!

FREDERICK. O, help me, gentle friend!—Where is Martino?

MARTINO. Dear Frederick, here,
Half smother'd in a lake of mud and dirt,
Through which the Furies dragg'd me by the heels.

FREDERICK. Martino, see, Benvolio's horns again!

MARTINO. O, misery!—How now, Benvolio!

BENVOLIO. Defend me, heaven! shall I be haunted still?

MARTINO. Nay, fear not, man; we have no power to kill.
BENVOLIO. My friends transformed thus! O, hellish spite!
Your heads are all set with horns.

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

BENVOLIO. Zounds, horns again!
What devil attends this damn'd magician,  
That, spite of spite, our wrongs are doubled?

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

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

MARTINO. What shall we, then, do, dear Benvolio?

BENVOLIO. I have a castle joining near these woods;  
And thither we'll repair, and live obscure,  
Till time shall alter these our brutish shapes:  
Sith black disgrace hath thus eclips'd our fame,  
We'll rather die with grief than live with shame.

[Exeunt.]

Thunder and lightning. Enter DEVILS with covered dishes; MEPHISTOPHILIS leads them into FAUSTUS' study; then enter WAGNER.

WAGNER. I think my master means to die shortly; he has made his will, and given me his wealth, his house, his goods, and store of golden plate. I wonder what he means: if death were nigh, he would not frolic thus. He's now at supper with the scholars, where there's such belly-cheer as Wagner in his life ne'er saw the like: and, see where they come! belike the feast is ended.

[Exit.]

Outside FAUSTUS' study. Enter FAUSTUS, MEPHISTOPHILIS, and two or three SCHOLARS.

FIRST SCHOLAR. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifulest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us so much favour as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

FAUSTUS. Gentlemen,  
For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd,  
It is not Faustus' custom to deny  
The just request of those that wish him well:  
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece.  
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.


Music sounds. MEPHISTOPHILIS brings in HELEN; she passeth over the stage.

SECOND SCHOLAR. Was this fair Helen, whose admired worth
Made Greece with ten years' war afflict poor Troy?

THIRD SCHOLAR. Too simple is my wit to tell her worth,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

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

FAUSTUS. Gentlemen, farewell: the same wish I to you.

[Exeunt SCHOLARS.]

Enter an OLD MAN.

OLD MAN. O gentle Faustus, leave this damned art,
This magic, that will charm thy soul to hell,
And quite bereave thee of salvation!
Though thou hast now offended like a man,
Do not persever in it like a devil.
It may be, this my exhortation
Seems harsh and all unpleasant. Let it not;
For, gentle son, I speak it in tender love.
And I have hope that this my kind rebuke,
Checking thy body, may amend thy soul.

FAUSTUS. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?
Hell claims his right, and with a roaring voice
Says, "Faustus, come; thine hour is almost come;"
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS gives FAUSTUS a dagger.]

OLD MAN. O, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps!
I see an angel hover o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul:
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

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

OLD MAN. Faustus, I leave thee; but with grief of heart,
Fearing the enemy of thy hapless soul.

[Exit.]

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

MEPHIST. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord:
Revolt, or I'll in piece-meal tear thy flesh.

FAUSTUS. I do repent I e'er offended him.
Torment, sweet friend, that base and aged man,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

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

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

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

Re-enter HELEN, passing over the stage between two CUPIDS.

FAUSTUS. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?—
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.—

[Kisses her.]
Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies!—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack'd.
O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

[Exeunt.]

Outside FAUSTUS' study. Thunder. Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

LUCIFER. Thus from infernal Dis do we ascend
To view the subjects of our monarchy;
'Mong which, as chief, Faustus, we come to thee,
Bringing with us lasting damnation
To wait upon thy soul: the time is come
Which makes it forfeit.

MEPHIST. And, this gloomy night,
Here, in this room, will wretched Faustus be.

BELZEBUB. And here we'll stay,
To mark him how he doth demean himself.

MEPHIST. How should he but in desperate lunacy?
Fond worldling, now his heart-blood dries with grief;
His conscience kills it; and his labouring brain
Begets a world of idle fantasies
To over-reach the devil; but all in vain;
His store of pleasures must be sauc'd with pain!

Enter SCHOLARS.

FIRST SCHOLAR. Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are chang'd.

FAUSTUS. O, gentlemen!

SECOND SCHOLAR. What ails Faustus?
FAUSTUS. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now must die eternally. Look, sirs, comes he not? comes he not?

FIRST SCHOLAR. O my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

SECOND SCHOLAR. Is all our pleasure turn'd to melancholy?

THIRD SCHOLAR. He is not well with being over-solitary.

SECOND SCHOLAR. If it be so, we'll have physicians,
And Faustus shall be cur'd.

THIRD SCHOLAR. 'Tis but a surfeit, sir; fear nothing.

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

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

FAUSTUS. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. O gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! and for the wonders I have done, Faustus must remain in hell forever. O, hell, forever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus?

SECOND SCHOLAR. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

FAUSTUS. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! On God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! O my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears! O, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold 'em, they hold 'em!

ALL SCHOLARS. Who, Faustus?

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

ALL SCHOLARS. O, God forbid!

FAUSTUS. God forbade it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it: for the vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. This is the time, and he will fetch me.

FIRST SCHOLAR. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for
thee?

FAUSTUS. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God! Now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

SECOND SCHOLAR. O, what may we do to save Faustus?

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

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

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

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

SECOND SCHOLAR. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

FAUSTUS. Gentlemen, farewell. If I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

ALL. Faustus, farewell.

[Exeunt SCHOLARS.]

MEPHIST. Ay, Faustus, now thou hast no hope of heaven; Therefore despair; think only upon hell, For that must be thy mansion, there to dwell.

FAUSTUS. O thou bewitching fiend, 'twas thy temptation Hath robb'd me of eternal happiness!

MEPHIST. I do confess it, Faustus, and rejoice: 'Twas I that, when thou wert i' the way to heaven, Damm'd up thy passage; when thou took'st the book To view the Scriptures, then I turn'd the leaves, And led thine eye. What, weep'st thou? 'tis too late; despair! Farewell: Fools that will laugh on earth must weep in hell.

[Exit.]

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL at several doors.
GOOD ANGEL. O Faustus, if thou hadst given ear to me,
Innumerable joys had follow'd thee!
But thou didst love the world.

EVIL ANGEL. Gave ear to me,
And now must taste hell-pains perpetually.

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

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

GOOD ANGEL. O, thou hast lost celestial happiness,
Pleasures unspeakable, bliss without end!
Hadst thou affected sweet divinity,
Hell or the devil had had no power on thee:
Hadst thou kept on that way, Faustus, behold,

[Music, while a throne descends.]
In what resplendent glory thou hadst sit
In yonder throne, like those bright-shining saints,
And triumph'd over hell! That hast thou lost;
And now, poor soul, must thy good angel leave thee:
The jaws of hell are open to receive thee.

[Exit. The throne ascends.]

EVIL ANGEL. Now, Faustus, let thine eyes with horror stare
[Hell is revealed.]
Into that vast perpetual torture-house:
There are the devils tossing damned souls
On burning forks; there bodies boil in lead;
There are live quarters broiling on the coals.
But yet all these are nothing; thou shalt see
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

FAUSTUS. O, I have seen enough to torture me!

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

[Exit. Hell disappears.—The clock strikes eleven.]
FAUSTUS. O Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day, that Faustus may repent and save his soul!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O, I'll leap up to heaven!–Who pulls me down?–
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven!
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring clouds,
But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven!

[The clock strikes the half-hour.]
O, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.
O, if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
And at last be saved!
No end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
O, that I might be changed
Into some brutish beast! All beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
O, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

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

[Thunder. Enter DEVILS.]
O, mercy, heaven! look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!–O Mephistophilis!
[Exeunt DEVILS with FAUSTUS.]

In FAUSTUS' study. Enter SCHOLARS.

FIRST SCHOLAR. Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never seen.

SECOND SCHOLAR.
O, help us, heaven! See, here are Faustus' limbs,
All torn asunder by the hand of death!

THIRD SCHOLAR.
The devils whom Faustus served have torn him thus;
For, twixt the hours of twelve and one,
I heard him shriek and call aloud for help.

SECOND SCHOLAR. Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such
As every Christian heart laments to think on,
Yet, since he was a scholar once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial;
And all the students, clothed in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral.

[Exeunt SCHOLARS.]

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnéd is Apollo's laurel-bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man.
Faustus is gone. Regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

[Exit.]