English Renaissance Drama

A Norton Anthology

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Doctor Faustus

The era of greatness in Elizabethan tragedy begins with Thomas Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy* and Christopher Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*. Both plays are from the late 1580s, just about the time Shakespeare moved to London and began his work in the theater. Kyd and Marlowe were well acquainted; they shared rooms for a time. Both were obliged to rely on their wits in order to survive and prosper. They were well educated (Kyd, at the Merchant Taylors' School in London, Marlowe at Cambridge), but as persons of no social distinction, they found few career opportunities open to them other than writing. Kyd served as a scrivener for a time; Marlowe, coming from a family of shoemakers in Canterbury, was sent up to Cambridge on scholarship in 1580, where he seems to have become radicalized. And after Cambridge, London was the place for such young men of literary ambition.

Whether fairly or not, Marlowe was known in his time as a freethinker and a debauchee. He spent time in jail for his participation in a fatal duel. In May of 1593, he was arrested on order of the Privy Council as part of an investigation into matters of religious heterodoxy and disloyalty to the Crown. A man named Baines accused Marlowe of having said, among other things, that John the Evangelist and Christ were lovers, that anyone who loved not boys and tobacco was a fool, and that Moses had led the Israelites out of Egypt into the wilderness for forty years, "which journey might have been done in less than one year." When Marlowe died violently in a private house (perhaps a tavern) in Deptford in 1593, the Puritan Thomas Beard saw in that event the avenging hand of God: this young playwright and "poet of scurrility," having given "too large a swing to his own wit" and having permitted his lusts "to have the full reins," fell, "not without just desert, to that outrage and extremity that he denied God and his son Christ." His death, to Beard, was "not only a manifest sign of God's judgment but also an horrible and fearful terror to all that beheld him."

Such a towering reputation for blasphemy is bound to seem relevant to the author of *Doctor Faustus*, for that tragedy presents to us a learned scholar who blasphemes, sells his soul to the devil, and, at the conclusion of the four-and-twenty years of hedonistic pleasure and power for which he has bargained, is carried off to hell by devils. To point out this striking biographical resonance (more so than in any play yet written in the English Renaissance) is, however, to raise an unending set of questions. Was Marlowe in fact an atheist and sybarite? Even if he was, does the play sympathize with Doctor Faustus or condemn him as a reprobate? Is the play subversive or orthodox? Whether designedly or not, the play has become a kind of Rorschach test for readers, revealing in all of us an inclination toward skepticism or faith. Critics simply do not agree, and show no signs of ever being ready to do so. A beauty of the play may well be that it is so magnificently ambiguous about such precious matters as salvation, faith, doubt, and despair.

The case for orthodoxy in *Doctor Faustus* can be simply stated, even though the issue is far from simple. This is a play in which a man succumbs to pride, the most

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deadly of the Seven Deadly Sins, sells his soul to the devil for knowledge and power and pleasure, and is horribly punished for his presumption. Faustus's sin is that of Lucifer himself, when that great angel rose in arrogance against the seat of God and was thrown into eternal torment. Marlowe begins and ends his tragedy with choruses that warn didactically of Faustus's sin and its fearful consequences. The opening Chorus speaks of Faustus as one who, though baseborn, was brilliantly educated and successful as a doctor of divinity: "Till, swoll'n with cunning of a self-conceit, / His waxen wings did mount above his reach, / And, melting, heavens conspired his overthrow" (Prologue 3.0–22). Having fallen "to a devilish exercise," Faustus "surfeits upon cursed necromancy" (Prologue 23, 25). The final Chorus, no less plainly, urges us as spectators to "Regard his hellish fall, / Whose fiendish fortune may exhort the wise / Only to wonder at unlawful things." The language here is filled with moralistic absolutes: "swoll'n," "cunning," "self-conceit," "devilish," "hellish," "fiendful," "unlawful." The condemnation seems total and devastating.

In the course of the play, as well, Faustus's reckless course of self-damnation can be seen as an orthodox demonstration of the wages of sin. He is given plentiful warning of the terrors of hell. Mephistopheles himself cannot deny that he is in hell perpetually. Although God never appears as a character in the play, Faustus invokes God and Christ often (see, for example, 5.2.28–117), plentifully acknowledging God's existence. Faustus is intensely aware of his guilt and his deserving of punishment, as when he confesses to his companion scholars, "But Faustus' offense can n'er be pardoned. The serpent that tempted Eve may be sinned, but not Faustus!" (5.2.15–16). The Good and Evil Angels are manifestations of a clear choice. Almost to the last minute, the Old Man attempts to save Faustus by the teachings of penitence and faith.

Viewed in this context, Faustus's choices are foolish. "Audiences and readers become increasingly aware that the power for which Faustus has sold his soul is rapidly dissipated in frivolities: interviewing the Seven Deadly Sins, touring the sights of Europe (Trièr, Naples, Venice, Rome) in a dragon-drawn chariot; invisibly snatching food and drink from the table of the Pope in Rome, conjuring up spirits in the form of Alexander the Great and his patron's hammer for the delectation of Emperor Charles V; causing a horse-courser (a horse-dealer) to purchase a horse, deceiving this same man with a false leg when the horse-courser attempts to pull Faustus by the leg to awaken him, causing grapes to be fetched from India at the behest of the pregnant Duchess of Vanholt, and the like. Perhaps even more deplorable, he commands that the devil provide him with a fair wife to feed his lasciviousness (2.1.41–43) and later takes up with Helen of Troy (5.1.83–109). Still, there is the last minute: the Old Man attempts to save Faustus by the teachings of penitence and faith—"

Even at the start of the play, Faustus's impatience with the standard learning of his time spills rapidly over into a blasphemy that is manifestly damnable. His dismissal of Aristotle, Galen, and Justinian in act 1, scene 1 may be understandable, but his flippancy about Jerome's Bible (the standard Vulgate translation) is quite another matter. When Faustus quotes the Bible against itself as though by way of refuting nonsense, quoting first the dictum of Saint Paul in Romans 6 that "The reward of sin is death" and then Paul's observation (1 John 1) that "If we say that we have no sin, / We deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us," Faustus appears superficially to have identified a problem that his own clever syllogism can resolve: "Why then be like we must sin, / And so consequently die" (1.139–47). Any good Christian in Marlowe's audience would presumably know, however, that Faustus is quite in the wrong. When Faustus quotes the Bible against itself as though by way of refuting nonsense, quoting first the dictum of Saint Paul in Romans 6 that "The reward of sin is death" and then Paul's observation (1 John 1) that "If we say that we have no sin, / We deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us," Faustus appears superficially to have identified a problem that his own clever syllogism can resolve: "Why then be like we must sin, / And so consequently die" (1.139–47). Any good Christian in Marlowe's audience would presumably know, however, that Faustus is quite in the wrong.

Yet the case for an orthodox reading of Doctor Faustus is far from simple or assured. Counterbalancing the image of the damned fool is that of the inquisitive thinker, impatient with the state of learning in late medieval Europe because it is so mindlessly bound to ancient authorities. The books he so scornfully casts aside—those of Aristotle, Galen, and Justinian—are the very authorities that new thinkers in the Renaissance were also eager to cast aside. Rumors in rhetoric, Paracelsus in medicine, Machiavelli in matters of statecraft and law—these were the new names to conjure with. Not surprisingly, then, Faustus is associated in this play with figures of aspiration, such as Icarus, who had dared, with fatal results, to mount on waxen wings. Icarus could of course be read as a cautionary figure, warning against such arrogance, but even in the opening Chorus's invocation of this story, there is also a note of cosmic conspiracy against such an attempt: "And, melting, heavens conspired his overthrow" (Prologue 22).

The final Chorus, too, if we read it again carefully, invokes the memory of one who—aspired to learning and greatness: "Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight, / And burned is Apollo's laurel bough / That sometime grew within this learned man" (Epilogue 1–3). The tone here is of admiring regret for a tragic flaw, not more than a moment's regret. What the final Chorus conveys are also a divine command: "Do not suppress human rebellion: Faustus must not be allowed "To practice more than heavenly power permits" (Epilogue 8). The image here is of Faustus as a kind of Prometheus, daring to steal fire from the gods and suffering torment on behalf of the human race.

Much of Faustus's use of magical powers is indeed frivolous, but his aspirations are not uniformly demeaning. His longing to "call all Germany with brass" and "chase the devil out of our land" identifies him as a German Protestant patriot defying the haughty Spanish Catholic powers serving Philip II (1.90–95). His intent to "fill the public schools with silk, / Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad" bespeaks his sympathy for intellectuals who are oppressed by restrictive sumptuary laws (1.92–93). Even his trompe l'oeil tricks for the emperors of Europe evince a desire to show them that academics, through the power of books and intellect, can cut a powerful figure in the courts of the mighty. His travels bespeak a genuine curiosity to know what Venice and Rome are like. If his tricks in the dining chamber of the Pope are sophomoric, they are at least directed against the hated pontiff of the Catholic Church. When he longs to see the wonders of the ancient world—Alexander and his paramour, blind Homer, Paris and Oenone—he speaks as the poet Marlowe might speak, intoxicated by the beauty of long ago adventures (2.3.26–27). Faustus is evidently so much loved in his university that the scholars with whom he spends part of his last night on earth are desperate with sorrow at losing him.

The title page of the so-called B-text of Doctor Faustus, the quarto of 1616.
Cabinetist theology provides a ready enough answer for such a condition: Faustus is a reprobate sinner. For reasons we can never understand, God chooses those who are to be saved and those who are to be damned. The gift of salvation is His alone; we cannot deserve anything on our own merits. The choice is therefore His, not to be quarreled with. Faustus’s very questionings are, in this theological scheme, manifestations of his loss of faith, his being reprobate. Yet the play pulls us also in the direction of sympathizing with Faustus’s aspirations, if for no other reason than that they are quintessentially human. To be human is to question everything, to look for new answers. If the wages of such iniquitiveness is damnation at the hands of God, there is no way that a human like Faustus can simply will himself to be uninjective. Dramatically, this unceasing paradox takes the form in Doctor Faustus of a genuine uncertainty about whether Faustus is damned or is not damned at any given point. Whenever the Good and Evil Angels appear to him, their answers are theologically incommensurate. When the Good Angel says, “Faustus, repent yet, God will pity thee,” the Evil Angel has his answer: “Thou art a spirit. God cannot pity thee” (2.3.12–13). “Too late,” insists the Evil Angel at his next entrance. “No man can repent,” contradicts the Good Angel (2.3.78–79). But can Faustus repent? God will pity him if he repents, but much hangs upon that “if.” “Faustus never shall repent,” insists the Evil Angel (2.3.17). At every moment in the play until the very end, two things are contradictorily true: God offers forgiveness to all who penitently turn to Him, no matter what sins they have committed, so that in this crucial sense it is not too late, and yet somehow it is too late and always has been too late for Faustus. In this tragedy hangs the tragedy of a man at once wise and so foolish.

Doctor Faustus exists in two very different texts: one published in 1604, long after Marlowe had died, in a short version that seems to combine Marlowe’s seriously tragic scenes with the farcical contributions of a collaborator, and a longer version published in 1616 that seems to incorporate a number of extensive enlargements paid for by the theatrical entrepreneur Philip Henslowe, who, over the years, had made a great deal of money from this play. At Henslowe’s behest, the revisers went back to Marlowe’s source, The Historie of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death of Doctor Faustus (translated from a German original), for more episodes of the sort that Elizabethan audiences had learned to love. These were chiefly the comic episodes that had been written in the first instance by some dramatist other than Marlowe. In the earlier version, which is the one presented here, these comic scenes serve well to parody the main tragic action: the clowns quarrelled with each other for precedence, try their hands at conjuring with alarming results (since the devil will come to anyone who abjures the Church), start mass practical jokes, etc. The resemblance of these antics to Faustus’s own increasingly debased practice of magic reinforces, through lampooning, the essentially comic nature of evil. If the comic scenes appear to attenuate the taut drama of damnation in the main plot, they do provide an essential dramatic function of undercutting the seriousness of Faustus’s claims to intellectual eminence. In the later version of 1616, the antics are at times unnecessarily prolonged, but even here we have a theatrical version that is fascinating, if only as a demonstration of what it was that Elizabethan audiences wanted to see.

The play clearly fascinated those audiences; it was revived over a succession of years. It collected legends. According to one account, the actors in a performance of Doctor Faustus looked around on stage and suddenly realized that they had been joined by one more devil than could be accounted for in their company’s roster. Old Nick himself had come to take part in the performance! The hope of such an event was possibly one fascination that drew audiences to the play, in somewhat the same fashion as spectators flock to the circus wondering if the high-wire artist will fall and be killed.

The sense of “there but for the grace of God go I” must have had its special excitement in the persons who saw this play. A similar sense of tragic identification can work even today.
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus

[Characters in the Play, in Order of Appearance]

The Chorus
Doctor John Faustus
Wagner, his servant
The Good Angel
Valdes
Cornelius
Three Scholars
Mephistophilés
Robin, the clown, a stableman
Devil
Lucifer
Beelzebub
Pride
Covetousness
Wrath
Envy
Glotony
Sloth
Lechery
The Pope
The Cardinal of Lorraine
Friars
A Vintner
The Emperor of Germany, Charles V
A Knight
Attendants
Alexander the Great
His paramour
A Horse-Courser
The Duke of Vanholt
The Duchess of Vanholt
Helen of Troy, a spirit
An Old Man

The Scene: Doctor Faustus's study at Wittenberg, and on his travels.]

[Prologue]

Enter Chorus.

Chorus Not marching now in fields of Trasimene,
Where Mars did make the Carthaginians,
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love
In courts of kings where state is overturned,
Intends our muse to vaunt his heavenly verse.
Only this, gentlemen: we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad.
To patient judgments we appeal our plauds,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town called Rhöde.
Of riper years to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism graced,
That shortly he was graced with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till, swollen with cunning of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, heavens conspired his overthrow.
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And gluttony more with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursed necromancy;
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss.
And this the man that in his study sits.

[1.1]

Enter Faustus in his study.

Faustus Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess.
Having commenced, be a divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, is thou hast ravished me!
[He reads.] "Bene disserere est finis logices."
Is to dispute well logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attained the end.
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit.
Bid On kai me on farewell. Galen, come! come!
Seeing ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus.

Prologue
1. Scholarly field enriched by learning.
2. Faustus is compared to Leucippus, who dared to fly on
man-made wings and fall to his death (Ovid, Metamor-
phoses, Book 8).
3. Where the philosopher leaves off, there the physi-
cian begins.
Be a physician, Faustus. Heap up gold,  
And be immortalized for some wondrous cure.
[He reads.] "Suumum bonum medicinae sanitas":  
"The end of physic is our body's health."
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attained that end?  
Is not thy common talk sound aphorisms?  
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,  
Whereby whole cities have escaped the plague  
And thousand desperate maladies been eased?  
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.  
Wouldst thou make man to live eternally,  
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,  
Then this profession were to be esteemed.  
Physic, farewell. Where is Justinian?  
[He reads.] "Si una sedemque rei legatur duobus,  
Alter rerum, alter valorem retit," etc.  
A pretty case of paltry legacies!  
[He reads.] "Excequeretur filium non potest pater nisi—"
Such is the subject of the Institute.  
And universal body of the church.  
His study fits a mercenary drudge  
Who aims at nothing but external trash—  
Too servile and illiberally for me.  
When all is done, divinity is best.  
Jerome's Bible, Faustus, view it well.  
[He reads.] "Stipendium peccati mors est." Hal  
"Stipendium," etc.
"The reward of sin is death." That's hard.
[He reads.] "Si peccasse negaret, fallimur,  
Et nulla est in nobis veritas."
"If we say that we have no sin,  
We deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us."  
Why then believe we must sin,  
And so consequently die.  
Ay, we must die an everlasting death.  
What doctrine call you this? Che serà, serà,  
"What will be, shall be? Divinity, adiecut!"
[He picks up a book of magic.]

These metaphysics of magicians  
And necromantic books are heavenly,  
Lines, circles, signs, letters, and characters—  
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.  
Oh, what a world of profit and delight  
Of power, of honor, of omnipotence  
Is promised to the studious artisan!  
All things that move between the quiet poles  
Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings  
Are but obeyed in their several provinces,  
Nor can they raise the wind or rend the clouds;  
But his dominion that exceeds in this

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Stretcher as far as doth the mind of man.  
A sound magician is a mighty god.  
Here, Faustus, try thy brains to gain a deity.  
[Calling] Wagner!  

Enter Wagner.

Commend me to my dearest friends,  
The German Valdes and Cornelius.  
Request them earnestly to visit me.

WAGNER I will, sir.  

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

Enter the Good Angel and the Evil Angel.

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

EVIL ANGEL Forward, Faustus, in that famous art  
Wherein all nature's treasury is contained.  
Be thou on earth as God 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,  
Resolve me of all ambiguities,  
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?  
I'll have them fly to India for gold,  
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,  
And search all corners of the newfound world.  
For pleasant fruits and princely delicacies,  
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings.  
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass  
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg.  
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk.  
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad.  
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring  
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,  
And reign sole king of all our provinces:  
Yea, stranger engines for the blunt of war  
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge!  
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.  
Come, German Valdes and Cornelius,  
And make me blest with your sage conference!

Enter Valdes and Cornelius.

Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,  
Know that your words have won me at the last  
To practice magic and concealed arts.

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4. Roman emperor from 527 to 565 C.E., the great codifier of Roman law.  
5. "If one and the same thing is willed to two persons,  
each of them gets the thing, and the other gets the value  
of the thing."  
6. "A father cannot disinherit his own children."  
7. Saint Jerome was the fourth-century C.E. translator  
of what became the canonical "Vulgata," or Latin, text  
of the Bible.

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8. Rigorous dress codes forbade students and others  
below the rank of the privileged classes to wear silk.  
9. Spanish governor-general in the Netherlands from  
1579 to 1592 and commander of the Spanish Armada in  
1588, during Spain's failed invasion of England.
10. The defense of Antwerp against the Spanish in 1585  
used a fire ship to destroy Parma's bridge over the  
Scheldt River.
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,
That will receive no object, for my head
But ruminates in necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physic are for petty wits;
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile.
Tis magic, magic that hath ravished me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt,
And I, that have with concise syllogisms
Graveled the pastors of the German church
And made the crowing pride of Wittenberg
Swarm to my problems as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musaeus when he came to hell;
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadows made all Europe honor 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 subjects of every element
Be always serviceable to us three.
Like lions shall they guard us when we please,
Like Almaine rutters with their horsemen’s staves,
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than in the white breasts of the Queen of Love.
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip’s treasury,
If learned Faustus will be resolute.

FAUSTUS Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live. Therefore object it not.

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

FAUSTUS Nothing, Cornelius. Oh, this cheers my soul!
Come, show me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some lusty grove
And have these joys in full possession.
How plaint is this Mephistopheles, Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells.
Now, Faustus, thou art conjuror laurate,
That canst command great Mephistopheles.

Enter Mephistopheles [dressed as a friar].

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

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

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

Faustus. Didst not he charge thee to appear to me?

Mephistopheles. No, I came now hither of mine own accord.

Faustus. Didst not my conjuring speeches raise thee? Speak.

Mephistopheles. That was the cause, but yet per accidentis,7
For when we hear one rack8 the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly in hope to get his glorious soul,
Nor will we come unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damned.
Therefore, the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly9 to abjure the Trinity
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.

Faustus. So Faustus hath
Already done, and holds this principle:
There is no chief but only Beelzebub,
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word "damnation" terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium;4
His ghost be with the old philosophers!5
But leaving these trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

Mephistopheles. Archregent and commander of all spirits.

Faustus. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

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

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

Mephistopheles. Oh, by aspiring pride and insolence,
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

Faustus. And what are you that live with Lucifer?

Mephistopheles. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspired against our God with Lucifer,
And are forever damned with Lucifer.

Faustus. Where are you damned?

Mephistopheles. In hell.

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

Mephistopheles. Why, this hell, nor am I out of it.

1. A military grave (see 1.1.153–55).
2. Perhaps Orions in a "drizzling" constellation because it is visible in winter.
3. May the gods of Acheron be propitious to me! Away with the threefold godhead of Jehovah! Spirits of fire, air, water, and earth, all hail! Lucifer, Prince of the East, Beelzebub, monarch of burning hell, and Demogorgon, we propitiate you, that Mephistopheles may appear and rise. Why do you delay? By Jehovah, Gehenna, and the holy water that I now sprinkle, and the sign of the cross that I now make, and by our prayers, may Mephistopheles himself, invoked by us, now rise! (Acheron is a river of the underworld; Jehovah is God; Gehenna is hell; Beelzebub and the others are devils.)
4. He sees no important distinction between the Christian hell and the pagan Elysian Fields.
5. May his spirit rest with the pre-Christian philosophers!
Think’st thou that I, who saw the face of God
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells
In being deprived of everlasting bliss?
O Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!

FAUSTUS What, is great Mephistopheles so passionate
For being deprived of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurred eternal death
By desp’rate thoughts against Jove’s delty,
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,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.

Go and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve* me of thy master’s mind.

Mephistopheles I will, Faustus. Exit.

FAUSTUS Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I’d give them all for Mephistopheles.
By him I’ll be great emperor of the world
And make a bridge through the moving air
To pass the ocean with a band of men:
I’ll join the hills that bind* the Afric shore
And make that land continent* to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown.
The em’ror shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtained what I desire,
I’ll live in speculation of this art
Till Mephistopheles return again.

[1.4]

Enter Wagner and [Robin] the clown.

WAGNER Sirrah boy, come hither.

ROBIN How, “boy”? Swounds,* “boy”? I hope you have seen
many boys with such pickdevants* as I have. “Boy,” quothe?*

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

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

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

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

ROBIN How? My soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton,

1.4. An unspecified location.

1. An herald delouning medicine made from kerpou;
with wnowled on the idea of being beaten with “strines,”
resulting in aches or aches (“sorenes”). Jokes about beat-
ing servants were common.
2. The close’s panung reply hints at financial ruin by
invoking the name of a street in a run-down area of
London.
3. Attendunt evil spirits in animal draggan.
4. Tokens used in computation and exchange, but
without intrinsic value.
5. (1) Devils’ horn; (2) cucksheil’s horn.
Enter Faustus in his study.

FAUSTUS Now, Faustus, must thou needs be damned,
And canst thou not be saved.
What boots it then to think of God or heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair!
Despair in God and trust in Beelzebub.
Now go not backward. No, Faustus, be resolute.
Why waverest thou? Oh, something soundeth in mine ears:
"Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God? He loves thee not.
The god thou servest is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fixed the love of Beelzebub,
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of newborn babes.

Enter Good Angel and Evil [Angel].

GOOD ANGEL Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.
FAUSTUS Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of them? GOOD ANGEL Oh, they are means to bring thee unto heaven.
EVEL ANGEL Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That makes men foolish that do trust them most.
GOOD ANGEL Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things!
EVEL ANGEL No, Faustus, think of honor and wealth.

FAUSTUS Of wealth?
Why, the seigniory of Emden shall be mine.
When Mephistopheles shall stand by me,
What god can hurt thee, Faustus? Thou art safe;

6. As if to walk in our (my) footsteps. 2.1. Faustus's study.

Enter Mephistopheles.

Now tell, what says Lucifer, th' lord?
Mephistopheles That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.

FAUSTUS Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.
Mephistopheles But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood,
For that security craves great Lucifer. If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

FAUSTUS Stay, Mephistopheles, and tell me, what good
Will my soul do th' lord?
Mephistopheles Enlarge his kingdom.
FAUSTUS Is that the reason he tempteth us thus?
Mephistopheles Solamen miseri socios habuitis doloris. You who torture others

FAUSTUS Have you any pain, that tortures others?
Mephistopheles As great as have the human souls of men.
But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wist to ask.

FAUSTUS Ay, Mephistopheles, I give it thee.
Mephistopheles Then stab thine arm courageously,
And bind thy soul at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own,
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

FAUSTUS [cutting his arm]. Lo, Mephistopheles, for love of thee
I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night.
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.

Mephistopheles But, Faustus, thou must
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

FAUSTUS Ay, so I will. [He writes.] But Mephistopheles,
My blood conciles, and I can write no more.

Mephistopheles I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. 

FAUSTUS What might the styling of my blood portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill? Why streams it not, that I may write ofresh?
"Faustus gives to thee his soul"—ah, there it stayed!
Why shouldst thou not? Is not thy soul thine own? Then write again: "Faustus gives to thee his soul."

Enter Mephistopheles with a chafing of coals.

Mephistopheles Here's fire. Come, Faustus, set it on.

FAUSTUS So. Now the blood begins to clear again.
Now will I make an end immediately. [He writes.]
Mephistophiles [aside] Oh, what will not I do to obtain his soul?

Faustus Consummatum est. This bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeathed his soul to Lucifer.

But what is this inscription on mine arm?

"Homo, fugi!" Whither should I fly?
If unto God, he will not throw thee down to hell.—
My senses are deceived; here's nothing writ.—
I see it plain. Here in this place is writ

"Homo, fugi!" Yet shall not Faustus fly.

Mephistophiles [aside] I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.

Exit.

Enter [Mephistophiles] with devils, giving crowns and rich apparel to Faustus, and dance and then depart.

Faustus Speak, Mephistophiles. What means this show?

Mephistophiles Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal.

And to show thee what magic can perform.

Faustus But may I raise up spirits when I please?

Mephistophiles Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

Faustus Then there's enough for a thousand souls.

Here, Mephistophiles, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift of body and of soul—
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All articles prescribed between us both.

Mephistophiles Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer

To effect all promises between us made.

Faustus Then hear me read them.

"On these conditions following:

First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance.
Secondly, that Mephistophiles shall be his servant, and
at his command.

Thirdly, that Mephistophiles shall do for him and bring
him whatsoever."

Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible.
Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus at all
times in what form or shape he seeth please.

I, John Faustus of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents
do give both body and soul to Lucifer, Prince of the East, and
his minister Mephistophiles; and furthermore grant unto them that, four-and-twenty years being expired, the articles
above written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said
John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their
habitation wheresoever.

"By me, John Faustus."

Mephistophiles Speak, Faustus. Do you deliver this as your deed?

Faustus [giving the deed] Ay, take it, and the devil give thee
good out.

Mephistophiles Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

Faustus First will I question with thee about hell.

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

Mephistophiles Under the heavens.

Faustus Ay, but whereabout?

Mephistophiles Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortured and remain forever.
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumcised
In one self place, for where we are is hell,
And where hell is must we ever be.

Faustus And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that is not heaven.

Faustus Come, I think hell's a fable.

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

Faustus Why, think'st thou then that Faustus shall be damned?

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

Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

Faustus Ay, and body too. But what of that?

Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond

To imagine that after this life there is any pain?

Tush, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.

Mephistophiles But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove

the contrary,

For I am damned and am now in hell.

Faustus How? Now in hell? Nay, an' this be hell,

I'll willingly be damned here. What? Walking, disputing,
etc.? But leaving off this, let me have a wife, the fairest maid
in Germany, for I am wanton and lascivious and cannot live
without a wife.

Mephistophiles How, a wife? I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a

wife.

Faustus Nay, sweet Mephistophiles, fetch me one, for I will

have one.

Mephistophiles Well, thou wilt have one. Sit there till I

come. I'll fetch thee a wife, in the devil's name. [Exit.]

Enter [Mephistophiles] with a devil dressed like a

woman, with fireworks.

Mephistophiles Tell, Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

Faustus A plague on her for a hot whore!

Mephistophiles Tut, Faustus, marriage is but a ceremonial

toy.

If thou lovest me, think no more of it. [Exit devil].

I'll call thee out the fairest courtisans
pick

And bring them ev'ry morning to thy bed.

She whom thine eye shall like thy heart shall have,
Be she as chaste as was Penelope,

Odysses' wife

As wise as Saba, or as beautiful

the Queen of Sheba

As was bright Lucifer before his fall.


thoroughly.

The iterating* of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground

repeating, reciting

Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder, and lightning.

Inscribing this thrice devoutly to thyself,

And men in armor shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou desirest.

FAUSTUS Thanks, Mephistopheles. Yet faintly would I have a book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations, that I might raise up spirits when I please.

170 Mephistopheles Here they are in this book.

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

Mephistopheles Here they are too.

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

Mephistopheles Here they be.

FAUSTUS Oh, thou art deceived.

180 Mephistopheles Tut, I warrant thee. [Exeunt.]

[2.2]

Enter Robin the ostler with a book in his hand.

ROBIN Oh, this is admirable! Here I have a stol'n one of Doctor Faustus' conjuring books, and, I trust, I mean to search some circles for my own use. Now will I make all the maids in our parish dance at my pleasure stark naked before me, and so by that means I shall see more than 'er I e'er felt or saw yet.

Enter Rafe, calling Robin.

RAFE Robin, prithee, come away. There's a gentleman tarries to have his horse, and he would have things rubbed and made clean; he keeps such a chafing with his mistress about it, and she has sent me to look thee out. Prithee, come away.

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

RAFE Come, what dost thou with that same book? Thou canst not read.

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

RAFE Why, Robin, what book is that?

ROBIN What book? Why the most interminable book for conjuring that ere was invented by any brinstone devil.

RAFE Canst thou conjure with it?

ROBIN I can do all these things easily with it; first, I can make thee drunk with hippocastan at any tavern in Europe for nothing. That's one of my conjuring works.

RAFE Our Master Parson says that's nothing.

ROBIN True, Rafe; and more, Rafe, if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchen maid, then turn her and wind her to thy own use as often as thou wilt, and at midnight.

RAFE Oh, brave, Robin! Shall I have Nan Spit, and to mine own use? On that condition I'll feed thy devil with horse-bread as long as he lives, of free cost.

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

[2.3]

[Enter Faustus in his study, and Mephistopheles.]

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

Mephistopheles Why, Faustus,

5 Think'st thou heaven is such a glorious thing? I tell thee, 'tis not half so fair as thou Or any man that breathes on earth.

FAUSTUS How provest thou that?

Mephistopheles It was made for man; therefore is man more excellent.

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

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

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

EVEl ANGEL Thou art a spirit. God cannot pity thee.

FAUSTUS Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?

15 Be I a devil, yet God may pity me; Ay, God will pity me if I repent.

EVEl ANGEL Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

[Exeunt.]

FAUSTUS My heart's so hardened I cannot repent, Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven.

20 But fearful echoes thunders in mine ears: "Faustus, thou art damned!" Then swords and knives, Poison, guns, harlots, and envomned steel Are laid before me to dispatch myself; And long ere this I should have slain myself Had not sweet pleasure conquered deep despair. Have not I made blind Homer sing to me Of Alexander's love and Oenone's death? And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes With ravishing sound of his melodious harp? Made music with my Mephistopheles? Why should I die, then, or basely despair? I am resolved Faustus shall ne'er repent. Come, Mephistopheles, let us dispute again And argue of divine astrology.

2.3. Faustus's study.

1. (1) Even though I am a devil; (2) Even if I were a devil.

2. The story of Paris's (Alexander's) descention of the nymph Oenea for Helen and of Oenea's eventual suicide is partly post-Homeric.

3. Amphion, ruler of Thebes, moved stones by his powerful music and thereby built the city walls. (Another post-Homeric legend.)
Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?  

Mephistopheles As are the elements, such are the spheres,
Mutually folded in each others' orbit;
And, Faustus, all jointly move upon one edictree,  
Whose terminus is termed the world's wide pole.  
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter Feigned, but are erring stars.  

Faustus But tell me, have they all one motion, both in space and time?  

Mephistopheles All jointly move from east to west in four-and-twenty hours upon the poles of the world, but differ in their motion upon the poles of the zodiac.  

Faustus Tush, those slender trifles Wagner can decide.  

Mephistopheles Who knows not the double motion of the planets?  

Faustus How many heavens or spheres are there?  

Mephistopheles Nine: the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.  

Faustus Well, resolve me in this question: why have we not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses all at one time, but in some years we have none, in some less?  

Mephistopheles Per inaequalis motum respectu toticis.  

Faustus Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world.  

Mephistopheles I will not.  

Faustus Sweet Mephistopheles, tell me.  

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

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

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

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

Mephistopheles Remember this.  

Faustus Ay, go, accursed spirit, to ugly hell!  

Tis thou hast damned distressed Faustus' soul.  

Is't not too late?  

Enter Good Angel and Evil [Angel].

Evil Angel Too late.  

Good Angel Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

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4. Faustus asks about the Ptolemaic universe, with the earth at its center.  
5. The axes of the heavenly spheres is the same as the earth's.  
6. Heavenly bodies are in "conjunction" when they appear near to each other from an earthbound point of view and in "opposition" when they appear opposite each other.  
7. Because of their uneven motion in relation to the whole.

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8. A medieval "Elegy of a Flea" was falsely attributed to Ovid.
fight withal. I was born in hell, and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

FAUSTUS What art thou, the fourth?

ENVY I am Envy, begotten of a chimney sweep and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. Oh, that there would come a famine through all the world, that all might die, and I live alone! Then thou shalt see how fat I would be. But must thou sit and I stand? Come down, with a vengeance!

FAUSTUS Away, envious rascal!—What are thou, the fifth?

GLUTTONY Who, I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me but a bare pension, and that is thirty meals a day, and ten beers—a small trifle to suffice nature.

FAUSTUS What art thou, the sixth?

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

FAUSTUS What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

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

FAUSTUS Away, to hell, to hell! Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

FAUSTUS Oh, this feeds my soul!

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

FAUSTUS Oh, might I see hell and return again, how happy were I then!

LECHERY Thou shalt. I will send for thee at midnight. [He presents a book.] In meantime, take this book. Peruse it thoroughly, and thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

FAUSTUS [taking the book] Great thanks, mighty Lucifer. This will I keep as chary as my life.

LECHERY Farewell, Faustus, and think on the devil.

FAUSTUS Farewell, great Lucifer. Come, Mephistopheles.

FAUSTUS [aside] What art thou, the seventh and last?

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

FAUSTUS Away, to hell, to hell! Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

FAUSTUS Oh, this feeds my soul!

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

FAUSTUS Oh, might I see hell and return again, how happy were I then!

LECHERY Thou shalt. I will send for thee at midnight. [He presents a book.] In meantime, take this book. Peruse it thoroughly, and thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

FAUSTUS [taking the book] Great thanks, mighty Lucifer. This will I keep as chary as my life.

LECHERY Farewell, Faustus, and think on the devil.

FAUSTUS Farewell, great Lucifer. Come, Mephistopheles.
Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream,
With winding banks that cut it in two parts,
That makes safe passage to each part of Rome.
Upon the bridge called Ponte Angelo
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Within whose walls such store of ordinance are,
And double cannons, framed of carved brass,
As match the days within one complete year—
Besides the gates and high pyramids—which Julius Caesar brought from Africa.

FAUSTUS Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright splendent Rome.

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

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

Mephistopheles [placing a robe on Faustus] So, Faustus, now do what thou wilt, shalt not be discerned.

Sound a semnet. Enter the Pope and the Cardinal of Lorraine to the banquet, with Friars attending.

Pope My lord of Lorraine, will you please you draw near?

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

Pope How now, who's that which spake?—Friars, look about.

[Some Friars attempt to search.]

Friar Here's nobody, if it like Your Holiness.

Pope [presenting a dish] My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent from the Bishop of Milan.

Faustus [snatching it] I thank you, sir.

Pope How now, who's that which snatched the meat from me? Will no man look? [Some Friars search about.] My lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of Florence.

Faustus [snatching the dish] You say true. I'll ha't.

Pope What, again?—My lord, I'll drink to Your Grace.

Faustus [snatching the cup] I'll pledge Your Grace.

Lorraine My lord, it may be some ghost, newly crept out of purgatory, come to beg a pardon of Your Holiness.

Pope It may be so.—Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the fury of this ghost. —Once again, my lord, fall to.

The Pope crosses himself.

Faustus What, are you crossing of yourself?

Well, use that trick no more, I would advise you.

[The Pope crosses himself] again.

Well, there's a second time. Are you the third,

I give you fair warning.

[The Pope crosses himself] again, and Faustus hits him a blow of the ear, and they all [except Faustus and Mephistopheles] run away.

Come on, Mephistopheles. What shall we do?

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

FAUSTUS How? Bell, book, and candle, book, and bell,

Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell.

Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an ass bray.

Because it is Saint Peter's holy day.

Enter all the Friars to sing the dirge.

Friar Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion. [The Friars sing this.

Cursed be he that stole away His Holiness's meat from the table.

Maledicat Dominus! Cursed be he that struck His Holiness a blow on the face.

Maledicat Dominus! Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate.

Maledicat Dominus! Cursed be he that disturbed our holy dirge.

Maledicat Dominus! Cursed be he that took away His Holiness's wine.

Maledicat Dominus! Et omnes sancti, Amen.

[Faustus and Mephistopheles] beat the Friars, and fling fireworks among them, and so exequunt.

[3.2]

Enter Robin [with a conjuring book] and Rafe with a silver goblet.

Rafe But, Robin, here comes the Vintner.

Robin Hush, I'll gull' him supernaturally.—Drawer, I hope all is paid. God be with you. Come, Rafe. [They start to go.] Vintner [to Robin] Soft, sir, a word with you. I must yet have a goblet paid from you ere you go.

3. And may all the saints curse him.
3.1. Le, eat like kings.
3.2. A tavern or hostelry.
I mean his friends and nearest companions—
Did gratulate his safety with kind words.  
And in their conference of what befell, 
Touching his journey through the world and air, 
They put forth questions of astrology, 
Which Faustus answered with such learned skill  
As they admired and wondered at his wit.  
Now is his fame spread forth in every land. 
Amongst the rest the Emperor’s is one, 
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now  
Faustus is feasted ’mongst his noblemen. 
What there he did in trial of his art  
I leave untold, your eyes shall see performed.  
Exit.

[4.1]

Enter Emperor, Faustus, [Mephistopheles], and a Knight, with attendants.

EMPEROR Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black art—how that none in my empire, nor in the whole world, can compare with thee for the rare effects of magic. They say thou hast a familiar spirit by whom thou canst accomplish what thou listest. This, therefore, is my request: that thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported. And here I swear to thee, by the honor of mine imperial crown, that whatever thou dost, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endangered.

KNIGHT (aside) ’Tis faith, he looks much like a conjurer.

FAUSTUS My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable to the honor of Your Imperial Majesty, yet, for that so love and duty binds me thereof unto, I am content to do whatsoever Your Majesty shall command me.

EMPEROR Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say. As I was sometime solitary set Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose About the honor of mine ancestors— How they had won by prowess such exploits, Got such riches, subdued so many kingdoms As we that do succeed or they that shall Hereafter possess our throne shall, I fear me, never attain to that degree Of high renown and great authority. Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great, Chief spectacle of the world’s preeminence, The bright shining of whose glorious acts Lightens the world with his reflecting beams— As when I hear but motion made of him, It grieves my soul I never saw the man. If, therefore, thou by cunning of thine art...
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below.
And bring with him his beauteous paramour,
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
They used to wear during their time of life,
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

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

KNI GHT (aside) I'faith, that's just nothing at all:

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

KNI GHT (aside) Ay, marry, Master Doctor, now there's a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth.

FAUSTUS But such spirits as can visibly resemble Alexander and his paramour shall appear before Your Grace in that manner that they best lived in, in their most flourishing estate—which I doubt not shall sufficiently content Your Imperial Majesty.

EMPEROR Go to, Master Doctor. Let me see them presently.

KNIGHT Do you hear, Master Doctor? You bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor?

FAUSTUS How there, sir?

KNIGHT I'faith, that's as true as Diane turned me to a stag.

FAUSTUS No, sir, but when Actaeon died, he left the horns for you. [Aside to Mephistopheles] Mephistopheles, begone! Exit Mephistopheles.

KNIGHT Nay, an you go to conjuring, I'll be gone. Exit Knight.

FAUSTUS (aside) I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so. Here they are, my gracious lord.

Enter Mephistopheles with Alexander and his paramour.

EMPEROR Master Doctor, I heard this lady while she lived had a wart or mole in her neck. How shall I know whether it be so or not?

FAUSTUS Your Highness may boldly go and see.

[The Emperor makes an inspection, and then exit Alexander [with his paramour].

EMPEROR Sure these are no spirits, but the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes.

FAUSTUS Will't please Your Highness now to send for the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late?

EMPEROR One of you call him forth.

[An attendant goes to summon the Knight.]

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

How now, Sir Knight? Why, I had thought thou hadst been a bachelor, but now I see thou hast a wife, that not only gives thee horns but makes thee wear them. Feel on thy head.

KNIGHT [to Faustus] Thou damned wretch and execrable.

2. Because Actaeon offended Diana, he was turned into a stag and hunted to death by his own hounds.

FAUSTUS [Oh, not so fast, sir. There's no haste but good.]

EMPEROR Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him.

He hath done penance sufficient.

FAUSTUS My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he offered me here in your presence as to delight you with some mirth hath Faustus worthy required this injurious knight, which being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns. And, Sir Knight, hereafter speak well of scholars.

EMPEROR Farewell, Master Doctor. Yet, ere you go, expect from me a bounteous reward.

Exeunt Emperor, [Knight, and attendants].

FAUSTUS Now, Mephistopheles, the restless course
That time doth run with calm and silent foot,
Short'ning my days and thread of vital life,
Calls for the payment of my latest years.

Therefore, sweet Mephistopheles, let us make haste to Wittenberg.

MEPHISTOFELES What will you go on horseback or on foot?

FAUSTUS Nay, till I am past this fair and pleasant green,
I'll walk on foot.

Enter a Horse-courser. Horse-dealer.

HORSE-COURSER I have been all this day seeking one Master Fustian, Mass, see where he is. God save you, Master Doctor.

EMPEROR What, Horse-courser! You are well met.

HORSE-COURSER [offering money] Do you hear, sir? I have brought you forty dollars for your horse.

EMPEROR I cannot sell him so. If thou lik'st him for fifty, take him.

HORSE-COURSER Alas, sir, I have no more. [To Mephistopheles] I pray you, speak for me.

MEPHISTOFELES [to Faustus] I pray you, let him have him.

EMPEROR He is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.

FAUSTUS Well, come, give me your money. [He takes the money.] My boy will deliver him to you. But I must tell you one thing: before you have him, rule him not into the water, at any hand.

EMPEROR Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters?

FAUSTUS Oh, yes, he will drink of all waters. But ride him not into the water. Rule him over hedge, or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

HORSE-COURSER Well, sir. [Aside] Now am I made man-

3. Superstition held that a witch's horse, if ridden into the water, would turn into a bundle of hay.
Christopher Marlowe

FAUSTUS Oh, my leg, my leg! Help, Mephistopheles! Call the officers! My leg, my leg!

Mephistopheles [seizing the Horse-courser] Come, villain, to the constable.

FAUSTUS Away, you villain! What dost think I am a horse doctor?

Mephistopheles [Exit Horse-courser.] What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemned to die?

Despair drive physic from my thoughts.

Confound these passions with a quiet sleep.

Tush! Christ did call the thief upon the cross;

Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

[FAUSTUS] sleep[s] in his chair.

Enter Horse-courser all wet, crying.

FAUSTUS Horrible, sir, I will not speak with him.

Mephistopheles But I will speak with him.

FAUSTUS Why, it's fast asleep. Come some other time.

HORSE-COURSER I'll speak with him now, or I'll break his glasses about his ears.

Mephistopheles I tell thee he has not slept these eight nights.

HORSE-COURSER And he has not slept these eight weeks, I'll speak with him.

Mephistopheles See where he is, fast asleep.

HORSE-COURSER Ay, this is he.—God save ye, Master Doctor. Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian! Forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay! Mephistopheles Why, thou see'st he hears thee not.

HORSE-COURSER (holler[s] in his ear) So-ho! So-ho! So-ho! No?

Will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go.

[The Horse-courser] pull[s] him by the leg, and pull[s] it away.

Alas, I am undone! What shall I do?

4. The Horse-courser dreams of charging stud fees for his vile new animal.

5. Dr. Lopez, a Portoguese Jew, was Queen Elizabeth's physician.

Doctor Faustus 4.2

FAUSTUS Oh, my leg, my leg! Help, Mephistopheles! Call the officers! My leg, my leg!

Mephistopheles [seizing the Horse-courser] Come, villain, to the constable.

HORSE-COURSER Oh, lord, sir, let me go, and I'll give you forty dollars more.

Mephistopheles Where be they?

HORSE-COURSER I have none about me. Come to my hostelry, and I'll give them you.

Mephistopheles Begone, quickly. Horse-courser runs away.

FAUSTUS What, is he gone? Farewell, he! Fustus has his legs again, and the Horse-courser, I take it, a bottle of hay for his labor. Well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

Enter Wagner.

WAGNER Sir, what's the news with thee?

WAGNER Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

FAUSTUS The Duke of Vanholt! An honorable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning. Come, Mephistopheles, let's away to him.

Exit Wagner.

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

WAGNER Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

FAUSTUS The Duke of Vanholt! An honorable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning. Come, Mephistopheles, let's away to him.

[4.2]

[Enter Faustus with Mephistopheles.] Enter to them the Duke [of Vanholt] and the [pregnant] Duchess. The Duke speaks.

DUKE Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

FAUSTUS My gracious lord, I am glad it contains you so well.—But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that great-bellied women do long for some clairities or other. What is it, madam? Tell me, and you shall have it.

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

FAUSTUS Alas, madam, that's nothing. [Aside to Mephistopheles] Mephistopheles, begone! Exit Mephistopheles. Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

Enter Mephistopheles with the grapes.

FAUSTUS If it like Your Grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that when it is here winter with

4.2. The court of the Duke of Vanholt.
us, in the contrary circle it's summer with them, as in India,
Saba, and farther countries in the East; and by means of a
swift spirit that I have, I had them brought hither, as ye see.—How do you like them, madam? Be they good?
DUCHESS Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes
that c'er I tasted in my life before.
FAUSTUS I am glad they content you so, madam.
DUKE Come, madam, let us in,
Where you must well reward this learned man
For the great kindness he hath showed to you.
DUCHESS And so I will, my lord, and whilst I live
Rest beholding* for this courtesy.
FAUSTUS I humbly thank Your Grace.
DUKE Come, Master Doctor, follow us and receive your reward.
Exit.

[5.1]

Enter WAGNER solus...

WAGNER I think my master means to die shortly,
For he hath given to me all his goods.
And yet methinks if that's death were near
He would not banquet and carouse and swill
Amongst the students, as even now he doth,
Who are at supper with such belly-cheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
See where they come. Behike* the feast is ended. [Exit.]

Enter Faustus with two or three Scholars
[and Mephistopheles].

FIRST SCHOLAR Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference
about fair ladies— which was the best of all in the world—we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admiraldest lady that ever lived. Therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favor as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding of you.

FAUSTUS Gentlemen,
For that* I know your friendship is unfeigned,
And Faustus' custom is not to deny
The just requests of those that wish him well,
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherway* for pomp and majesty
Than when Sir Paris crossed the seas with her
And brought the spoils* to rich Dardania.
Be silent then, for danger is in words.

Music sounds and Helen [led in by Mephistopheles]
passth over the stage.

1. Faustus's observations would be more geographically correct if India and Saba, or Sheba (in the Middle East), were in the Southern Hemisphere, but they do

25 SECOND SCHOLAR Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
—Whom all the world admires for majesty.
THIRD SCHOLAR No marvel though the angry Greeks
pursued* With ten years' war the rape* of such a queen,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.*
FIRST SCHOLAR Since we have seen the pride of nature's works
And only paragon of excellence,

Enter an Old Man.

Let us depart; and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore!
FAUSTUS Gentlemen, farewell. The same I wish to you.

Exit Scholars.

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

FAUSTUS Where art thou, Faustus? Wretch, what hast thou
done?
Dammed art thou, Faustus, damned! Despair and die!
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
Says, "Faustus, come! Thine hour is come."* Mephistopheles gives him a dagger.

And Faustus will come to do thee right.

[Faustus prepares to stab himself.]

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

FAUSTUS Ah, my sweet friend, I feel thy words
To comfort my distressed soul.

Leave me awhile to ponder on my sins.

60 OLD MAN I go, sweet Faustus, but with heavy cheer.*
Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul...
FAUSTUS Accursed Faustus, where is mercy now?
I do repent, and yet I do despair.
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast.

What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

65 MEPHISTOPHELES Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord.

Revolt,* or I'll in piece meal tear thy flesh.

FAUSTUS Sweet Mephistopheles, entreat thy lord

To pardon my unjust presumption.
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.
Enter the devils [with Mephistopheles. They menace the Old Man].

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

Exeunt.

Enter Faustus with the Scholars.

FAUSTUS Ah, gentlemen!
FIRST SCHOLAR What ails Faustus?
FAUSTUS Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow! Had I lived with thee,
thou had lived still, but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not? Comes he not?
SECOND SCHOLAR What means Faustus?
THIRD SCHOLAR Bemused is he grown into some sickness by being oversolicitous.
FIRST SCHOLAR: If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him.
[To Faustus] 'Tis but a surfeit. Never fear, man.
FAUSTUS A surfeit of deadly sin that hath damned both body and soul.
SECOND SCHOLAR Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven. Remember God's mercies are infinite.
FAUSTUS But Faustus' offense can never be forgiven. The serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus.
FAUSTUS On God, whom Faustus hath abjured? On God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed? Ah, my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood instead of tears! Yea, life and soul! Oh, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold them, they hold them!
ALL [THE SCHOLARS] Who, Faustus?
FAUSTUS Lucifer and Mephistopheles. Ah, gentlemen! I gave them my soul for my cunning.

ALL [THE SCHOLARS] God forbid!

5.2. Faustus' study.
FAUSTUS God forbade it indeed, but Faustus hath done it. For vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood. The date is expired, the time will come, and he will fetch me.

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, to fetch both body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity. And now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

SECOND SCHOLAR Oh, what shall 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 [to the Third Scholar] Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room and there pray for him.

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

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 [THE SCHOLARS] Faustus, farewell!

FAUSTUS Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually.
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease and midnight never come!
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day.

That Faustus may repent and save his soul!

O lente, lente currite nocte equi?
The stars move still; time runs; the clock will strike;
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
Oh, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?

See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul, half a drop. Ah, my Christ!
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him. Oh, spare me, Lucifer!
Where is it now? 'Tis gone; and see where God
Stretche out his arm and bends his ireful brows!
Mountains and hills, come, come and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!

No, no! Then will I headlong run into the earth...

Earth, gape! Oh, no, it will not harbor me:
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell, Celestial emanation

1. Oh, run slowly, slowly, horses of the night! (Ovid, Amores, 1.13.40, here taken ironically out of the contest of that erotic poem and its plea that night last forever for the lovers).

ENvoi

FAUSTUS God forbade it indeed, but Faustus hath done it. For vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood. The date is expired, the time will come, and he will fetch me.

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And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!

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Earth, gape! Oh, no, it will not harbor me:
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,

1. The laurel, sacred to Apollo, was regarded as an emblem of poetic inspiration.

2. Pythagoras of Samos (sixth century B.C.) espoused the theory of the transmigration of souls.

Epilogue:
Whose deepness doth entice such forward\textsuperscript{9} wits
To practice more than heavenly power permits.  
\textit{[Exit.] presumptuous

\textit{Terminat hora diem; terminat author opus.}\textsuperscript{2}

2. The hour (midnight) ends the day; the author ends his work.

\textbf{TEXTUAL NOTES}

\textit{Doctor Faustus} was printed in two considerably different versions: one, the so-called A-text, in 1604, and the other, the so-called B-text, in 1616. As the introduction indicates, the second of these is almost certainly an expanded version put together long after Marlowe's death in response to popular demand for more cloning, so that its textual authority is minimal as regards Marlowe and his collaborator on the original version. We regard the A-text as closer to what Marlowe and his collaborator wrote; it has distinctively authorial characteristics, including the misquoting of scenes owing perhaps to the shuffling of papers by the two collaborating authors. This present text follows the A-text of 1604 and is indebted to the ordering and numbering of scenes in the Revels Plays edition of 1993, edited by David Bevington and Eric Rasmussen; see their discussion on the nature of the copy-text and the rationale for scene rearrangement. Substantive departures from the A-text are noted here, using the following abbreviations:

A1: Quarto of 1604 (London: Thomas Bushell)
A2: Quarto of 1609 (London: John Wright)
A3: Quarto of 1611 (London: John Wright)
B1: Quarto of 1616 (London: John Wright)
B3: Quarto of 1620 (London: John Wright)
B4: Quarto of 1624 (London: John Wright)
ed.: A modern editor's emendation


