THE
TRAGICAL HISTORY
of
Doctor Faustus

by Christopher Marlowe
Purged and Amended by A D Hope

This book is the result of a life-long ambition of the author's to present a version of Marlowe's famous play *Dr Faustus* which has come down to us in a badly mutilated form. Marlowe died shortly after it was written and successive producers replaced much of his text with scenes of knock-about farce. Enough indications of the original form of the play remain, in the opinion of A. D. Hope, to enable a tentative restoration. He does not claim, of course, to have restored Marlowe's original text, but to have produced a possible picture of what the missing scenes may have been like, using his own instincts and habits as a poet but aiming at something like Marlowe's own manner and the usage of Elizabethan English and stage-craft.

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Doctor Faustus

By the same author

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Preface

There are some works of imagination that are more than objects of attention and enjoyment. The mind and heart take them over, absorb and enter into them so deeply that they become part of the subject, the person, a colouring of the life of the self and implicit in its texture of thought. Such a work for me is Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, which in the course of time has become so much a part of me that it seems to me quite natural that I should attempt a restoration of those parts of Marlowe's work which have been damaged or lost. The Faust legend is one of those universal and inexhaustible themes which are valid for each generation and in which each generation can find new and profound insights not available to those that went before.

But in addition to all this mine has been a quite personal interest amounting almost to an identification with Faustus so that as a younger man, feeling that I had largely wasted my life and misdirected my powers, I resolved at one time that my epitaph should be his

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough . . .

If in my age I now think the application to myself inappropriate, I am the more aware of the fact that Faustus in one sense stands for the whole intellectual aspiration of man, its successes robbed of their triumph by evil or trivial application and its full ambition never realised, its tower of Babel unfinished and the workmen dispersed.

It is over fifty years since I first formed a project to free Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* from the work of interpolators and revisers and to supply in its place something more likely to represent, what we can deduce from the evidence, to have been the original shape of the play. In presenting this version,* I have

*All quotations here and in 'Notes and Explanations' are from my version of the play.—
A.D.H.

tried to preserve all that is recognisably by Marlowe and have removed all the matter that is obviously by other hands. There are, of course, several passages of doubtful authorship and I have kept, and sometimes, where the state of the texts seemed to warrant it, edited all those which in my opinion or those of students and editors of the play have the least possibility of being from his pen.

In offering a substitute for what I regard as spurious matter having no relation to the original design, I have based myself on three main grounds. The two principal texts of the play, those of 1604 and 1616, which often differ very widely, contain indications of scenes and parts of scenes or choruses which have been ousted to make way for comic additions or which have been so added to and rewritten as to obscure the original. These hints, taken together with what can be deduced of Marlowe's original conception of the play and the structure in which that conception was embodied, have been my main guide to what I have amended or added. In addition I have used such extra evidence as can be gathered from the English *Faust Book* (EFB) translated by P. F. Gent, which appears to have been Marlowe's only source of the incidents used in the plot, though he often treated them with great freedom. I have not added anything not justified or at least suggested by that source. The interpolators of course used the same quarry for their new material, except for those scenes in the B-text (1616) which are based on Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, so that the fact that a scene, an incident or a description is to be found in the *Faust Book* is not in itself evidence that it might have formed part of the lost original parts of the play. It has to be supported by evidence from the surviving texts. In only one instance, the scene of the visit of Faustus and Mephostophilis to view the site of the Garden of Eden, have I departed from this principle.

I should like to make it clear from the start that this is in no sense an attempt at a restoration of the original play. The damage to that original is so extensive that the best evidence that we can bring together only enables us to suggest several different possibilities of what the original might have contained. I have supplied a sub-plot, for example, for which in general there are plausible grounds, but the actual scenes are quite conjectural. Besides, I could not hope to 'restore' Marlowe's language or his poetry. That has gone forever. Any attempt at this could only result in 'additions' as spurious as those they replace.

What I have done is to work along one of the possible lines of reconstruction suggested by the evidence, using my own imagination and my own craft as a poet in my own way. In this my imagination has naturally been coloured by that of Marlowe and, in order to preserve 'keeping' as much as possible and not to make the patchwork too distracting to the reader, I have tried to stay within the usage of Elizabethan dramatic verse of the time and within the limits of the idiom and vocabulary generally characteristic of it. I have tried also to keep the thought and expression of the main characters consonant with the way Marlowe himself presents them. But within these limits I have not hesitated to write in my own way, drawing on my own reading and my own background of literary associations as Marlowe did with his. We have in common the Latin classics, the ancient and medieval traditions of classical mythology, the Vulgate and perhaps Coverdale's and the Bishops' bibles and some acquaintance with the works of writers on magic such as Cornelius Agrippa, Peter of Abano and Albert the Great. We share at least some of the Renaissance heritage in art and literature to the time of Marlowe's death. But a reader who detects echoes from sources Marlowe did not live to know, such as the plays of Shakespeare and other later Elizabethan dramatists, the works of Milton, the authorised version of the Bible, and even the texts of the playwrights who, after his death, made unwarranted additions to *Doctor Faustus* itself, should not conclude that these are intended as a mirror of Marlowe's imagination. My intention has been a reconstruction in its own right, though aiming as much as possible at something like a collaboration rather than an imitation or a restoration.

In everything I have leaned heavily on the scholarship of others, but particularly on Sir Walter Greg's great Parallel Texts edition of the play. In numberless instances I have followed his critical judgment on the two main texts of the play, both in individual readings and in his reconstruction of the history and background of those texts. Where I differ from his views, which I do radically, it is because I cannot accept his conclusion that these texts, both damaged and incomplete, represent substantially the original form of the play as composed by Marlowe and a collaborator in the autumn of 1592. I believe that Greg has failed to take into consideration evidence which makes this view impossible to sustain. This makes it the more necessary to acknowledge my great indebtedness to him in every other respect.

Preface

For those readers who may be interested I have appended a brief account of my reasons for rejecting the theory that the play is the result of Marlowe's collaboration with another playwright, a sketch of what I take to have been Marlowe's theme and the general plan and structure of the original play. This is followed by some notes on my choice, among several possibilities, of this particular reconstruction.

A. D. HOPE

Canberra
1981

Persons in the Play

CHORUS

DOCTOR JOHN FAUSTUS

CHRISTOPHER WAGNER, a student, his servant

VALDES }
CORNELIUS } magicians, friends of Faustus

THREE SCHOLARS, students and friends of Faustus

AN OLD MAN, a neighbor of Faustus

THE POPE

THE CARDINAL OF PAVIA

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY

THE CHIEF WIFE OF THE SULTAN

CHARLES V, Emperor of Germany

A KNIGHT, attendant on the Emperor

THREE GENTLEMEN, friends of the Knight

THE DUKE OF VANHOLT

THE DUCHESS OF VANHOLT

CARDINALS, BISHOPS, MONKS, FRIARS, ATTENDANTS, SOLD-
IERS, JANIZARIES, EUNUCHS, BASSOES, LADIES OF THE
SERAGLIO

GOOD ANGEL

BAD ANGEL

MEPHOSTOPHILIS

LUCIFER

BEELZEBUB

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

THAIS, his paramour

DARIUS, King of Persia

HELEN OF GREECE

A PIPER

DEVILS

} spirits

The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus

ACT I SCENE I

Enter Chorus

Chorus: Not marching now in fields of Thrasimene
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd
Nor in the pomp of proud, audacious deeds
Intends our muse to vaunt his heavenly verse:
Only this, gentles, we must now perform,
The form of Faustus' fortunes good or bad.
And now to patient judgments we appeal
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born of parents base of stock
In Germany, within a town called Rhode;
At riper years to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So much he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism grac'd,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all that sweetly can dispute
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till swollen with cunning of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And melting heavens conspir'd his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursed necromancy;
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss:
And this the man that in his study sits.

FAUSTUS in his study

Faustus: Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess;
Having commenc'd, be a divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me!
Bene disserere est finis logices.
Is to dispute well logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more, thou hast attain'd that end;
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit.
Bid on *kai me on* farewell, Galen come,
Seeing, *ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus.*
Be a physician, Faustus, heap up gold,
And be eternis'd for some wondrous cure.
Summum bonum medicinae sanitas,
The end of physic is our body's health:
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Is not thy common talk sound aphorisms?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby 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
Or being dead raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic farewell! Where is Justinian?
*Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alta rem, alta
valorem rei* etc.
A petty case of paltry legacies!
Exhereditare filium non potest pater, nisi—
Such is the subject of the Institute
And universal body of the law.
This study fits a mercenary drudge
Who aims at nothing but external trash,
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best.
Jerome's Bible, Faustus, view it well.

Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! *Stipendium*, etc.
The reward of sin is death: that's hard. *Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas.* If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us. Why, then, belike we must sin, and so consequently die.

Ay, we must die an everlasting death.

What doctrine call you this? *Che sarà, sarà:*

What will be, shall be! Divinity, adieu!

These metaphysics of magicians

And necromantic books are heavenly;

Lines, circles, signs, letters and characters:

Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.

O, what a world of profit and delight

Of power, of honour, of omnipotence

Is promised, to the studious artisan!

All things that move between the quiet poles

Shall be at my command: emperors and kings

Are but obey'd in their several provinces,

Nor can they raise the wind, or rend the clouds;

But his dominion that exceeds in this

Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man:

A sound magician is a demi-god;

Here tire, my brains, to get a deity!

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 labours, 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 is blasphemy.

Bad Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art
Angel: Wherein all nature's treasury is contain'd:
 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,
 Resolve me of all ambiguities,
 Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
 I'll have them fly to India for gold,
 Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
 And search all corners of the new-found world
 For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
 I'll have them read me strange philosophy
 And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
 I'll have them wall all Germany with brass
 And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg;
 I'll have them fill the public schools with silk
 Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;
 I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring
 And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
 And reign sole king of all our provinces;
 Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war
 Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,
 I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS

Come, German Valdes and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference,
Valdes, sweet Valdes and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealed arts;
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,
That will receive no object for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure,
Both law and physic are for petty wits,
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible and vile;

'Tis magic, magic that hath ravish'd me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt,
And I, that have with concise syllogisms
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,
And made the flowering pride of Wittenberg
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 honour him.

Valdes: Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our
experience
Shall make all nations to canonise us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the spirits of every element
Be always serviceable to us three:
Like lions shall they guard us when we please,
Like Almain 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.

Corn- The miracles that magic will perform
elius: Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require;
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd
And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea
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. O, 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.

Valdes: Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Abanus' works,
The Hebrew Psalter and New Testament
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

Cornelius: Valdes, first let him know the words of art,
And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
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
We'll canvass every quiddity thereof,
For ere I sleep I'll try what I can do:
This night I'll conjure though I die therefore.

Exeunt Omnes

ACT I SCENE II

Enter two Scholars

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

Enter WAGNER

2nd Scholar: That shall we presently know; here comes his
boy.

1st Scholar: How now, sirrah, where's thy master?

Wagner: God in heaven knows.

2nd Why dost not thou know then?

Scholar:

Wagner: Yes, I know; but that follows not.

1st Go to, sirrah, leave your jesting and tell us
Scholar: where he is.

Wagner: That follows not by force of argument, which
 you, being licentiates, should stand upon; there-
 fore acknowledge your error and be attentive.

2nd Why didst thou not say thou knewest?

Scholar:

Wagner: Have you any witness on't?

1st Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

Scholar:

Wagner: Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

2nd Well, you will not tell us.

Scholar:

Wagner: You are deceived, for I will tell you. Yet if you
 were not dunces, you would never ask me such
 a question. For is he not *corpus naturale*? and is
 not that *mobile*? Then wherefore should you ask
 me such a question? But that I am by nature
 phlegmatic, slow to wrath and prone to lechery
 (to love, I would say) it were not for you to come
 within forty foot of the place of execution—
 although I do not doubt to see you hanged the
 next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you,
 I will set my countenance like a precision and
 begin to speak thus: Truly, my dear brethren,
 my master is within at dinner with Valdes and
 Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would
 inform your worships: and so the Lord bless
 you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear
 brethren.

Exit WAGNER

1st O Faustus, then I fear that which I have long
Scholar: suspected,
 That thou art fallen into that damned art
 For which they two are infamous through the
 world.

2nd Were he a stranger, not ally'd to me,
Scholar: The danger of his soul would make me mourn.
 But come, let us go and inform the Rector:
 It may be his grave counsel may reclaim him.

1st I fear me, nothing will reclaim him now.
Scholar:

2nd Yet let us see what we can do.
Scholar:

Exeunt

ACT I SCENE III

Enter FAUSTUS to conjure

Faustus: Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
 Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
 Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky
 And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
 Faustus, begin thine incantations
 And try if devils will obey thy hest,
 Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
 Within this circle is Jehovah's name
 Forward and backward anagrammatis'd,
 The breviated names of holy saints,
 Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
 And characters of signs and erring stars,
 By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
 Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute
 And try the utmost magic can perform.

Thunder

*Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen tri-
plex Jehovahae! Ignei, aerii, aquatici, terreni spiritus
salvete! Orientis princeps Lucifer, Beelzebub inferni*

*ardentis monarcha, et Demagorgon, propitiamus vos
ut appareat et surgat Mephostophilis!*

Dragon appears above briefly

*Quid tu moraris? Per Jehovam, Gehennam, et con-
secratum aquam quam nunc spargo,*

He sprinkles holy water

signumque crucis quod nunc facio,

He makes the sign of the cross

*et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus
Mephostophilis!*

Enter a Devil

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 Devil

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words.
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephostophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells.
Now, Faustus, thou art conjuror laureate,
That canst command great Mephostophilis.
Quin' redis, Mephostophilis, fratris imagine.

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS

Mephostophilis: 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 land.

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

Faustus: Did he not charge thee to appear to me?

Mepho-
stophilis: No, I came hither of my own accord.

Faustus: Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee?
Speak.

Mepho-
stophilis: That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*:
For when we hear one rack 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 damn'd.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly 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:
His ghost be with the old philosophers.
But leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me, what is that Lucifer thy lord?

Mepho-
stophilis: Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

Faustus: Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

Mepho-
stophilis: Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

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

Mepho-
stophilis: O, by aspiring pride and insolence,
For which God threw him from the face of
heaven.

Faustus: And what are you that live with Lucifer?

Mepho- Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
stophilis: Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
 And are forever damn'd with Lucifer.

Faustus: Where are you damn'd?

Mepho- In hell.
stophilis:

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

Mepho- Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it.
stophilis: Thinks't 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?
 O, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands
 Which strike a terror to my fainting soul.

Faustus: What, is great Mephostophilis 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 incurr'd eternal death
 By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
 Say he surrenders up to him his soul
 So he will spare him four-and-twenty years
 Letting him live in all voluptuousness,
 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.

Mepho- I will, Faustus.
stophilis:

Exit MEPHOSTOPHILIS

Faustus: Had I as many souls as there be stars
I'd give them all for Mephostophilis.
By him I'll be great emperor of the world,
And make a bridge thorough 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 country continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown;
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtain'd what I desire,
I'll live in speculation of this art
Till Mephostophilis return again.

Exit

ACT I SCENE IV

Enter WAGNER solus

Wagner: My master bade me meet him here without the town before the hour of midnight. Now this hour and more have I awaited him here by the Spisser Wood and still he comes not. I fear lest he have miscarried. For since he entered the wood, bearing with him the books I brought hither at his command, there have been such signs and portents as Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life. For first there arose a great and dreadful noise as if heaven and earth were come ruining together. Thereto followed so mighty a wind as caused the trees to bow their tops to the ground, with everywhere the sound of rending and cracking of their mightiest limbs. Anon there came the utterance of a great and fearful voice so that the wood seemed full of raging lions and again appeared all on fire until of a sudden it thundered and after all was dark and still as before, and so hath remained till now.

Enter FAUSTUS carrying books and staff

Faustus: What Wagner, Wagner I say!

Wagner: Here, master.

Faustus: So, take these books again, and straightway get
us home to Wittenberg
Where I must meet with Mephostophilis.

Wagner: Master, these hours have I expected thee and
greatly feared, such terrors shook the wood.

Faustus: No wonder, for the devil met me there . . . and,
to be short with you, there did I conjure up the
prince of hell to make a bargain with him for
my soul, wherefrom much power and profit
shall accrue.

Wagner: Ah, my sweet master, wouldst thou but instruct
me in that art, to make me thy scholar as I am
thy servant!

Faustus: What wouldst thou learn of me?

Wagner: Even the black art, nigromancy.

Faustus: Why, Wagner, thy very naming of it shows thee
for its practice all unfit.

Wagner: What means my master?

Faustus: This, that thine ignorance is manifest in the
term 'nigromancy'. The name of this art derives
not from *black*, which thou knowest in Latin is
niger, but from the Greek tongue in which it
signifies divination from the dead. How then
should I teach thee that hast not the rudiments?

Wagner: Yet wouldst thou lead me, Wagner might
follow in thy steps.

Faustus: Nay, Wagner,
Thou art not yet enroll'd a bachelor
And wouldst already go to conjuring,
To deal in cantrips and invoke the fiend?
Know, he that will aspire to this art
Must first be learned, perfect in the tongues,
As Greek, Chaldean, Hebrew and the rest,
Grounded in signs, well seen in sciences;
How thinkst thou, then, that art in Wittenberg
in statu pupillari still unapt
To tempt that art which is the queen of all?

Wagner: I do confess it; pardon me in this.
Nor shall I venture further in this plea.

Faustus: Nay, Wagner, should'st thou prove a lad of parts
And forward in thy studies to be grac'd
Summa cum laude, as in my hope it lies,
Seeing I hold thee even as my son,
I tell thee it hath long been mine intent
To instruct thee at due time in magic art
And, should I find thee apt, make thee mine
heir.
Speak we no more upon this theme till then,
For all depends upon thy diligence.

Wagner: I humbly thank my master for this grace,
And, rest content for it, Wagner shall be in all
things obedient to his will.

Faustus: And now that we are come to Wittenberg
Whose airy towers stand black against the stars,
Bear thou these volumes and mine instruments
Back to my house and see them safely stow'd
And all in order set for my return
Which shortly will I make ere midnight come,
To hear the answer of great Lucifer.

Exeunt several ways

ACT I SCENE V

Enter FAUSTUS in his study

Faustus: Now, Faustus, must
Thou needs be damn'd, and canst thou not be
sav'd,
What boots it then to think of God or heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair.
Despair in God and trust in Beelzebub.
Now go not backward; no, Faustus be resolute:
Why waverest thou? O, something soundeth in
mine ears,
Abjure this magic, turn to God again!
To God? He loves thee not,
The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fix'd the love of Beelzebub:
To him I'll build an altar and a church
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter the two Angels

Bad
Angel: Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art.

Good
Angel: Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

Faustus: Contrition, prayer, repentance, what of these?

Good
Angel: O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven.

Bad
Angel: Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy
That make men foolish that do use them most.

Good
Angel: Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly
things.

Bad
Angel: No, Faustus, think of honour and of wealth.

Exeunt Angels

Faustus: Wealth?
Why, the signory of Emden shall be mine.
When Mephostophilis shall stand by me,

What God can hurt thee? Faustus, thou art safe.
Cast no more doubts! Come Mephostophilis,
Veni, veni, Mephostophilis!

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS

Now tell me what saith Lucifer thy lord?

Mephostophilis: That I shall wait on Faustus while he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.

Faustus: Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Mephostophilis: But now thou must bequeath it 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: Stay, Mephostophilis, and tell me what good
Will my soul do thy lord?

Mephostophilis: Enlarge his kingdom.

Faustus: Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

Mephostophilis: *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

Faustus: Why, have you any pain that torture others?

Mephostophilis: As great as have the human souls of men.
But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave and wait on thee
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

Faustus: Ay, Mephostophilis, I'll give it thee.

Mephostophilis: 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: Lo, Mephostophilis, for love of thee
I cut my arm and with my proper blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night.

View here this blood that trickles from mine
arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.

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

Faustus: Ay, so I do. But Mephostophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

Mephostophilis: I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight.

Exit

Faustus: What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?
Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?
'Faustus gives to thee his soul': O, there it stay'd,
Why shouldst thou not? Is not thy soul thine
own?
Then write again: 'Faustus gives to thee his
soul'.

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS with a chafer of coals

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

Faustus: So, now the blood begins to clear again:
Now will I make an end immediately.

Mephostophilis: (*Aside*) What will I not 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.—
My senses are deceiv'd, here's nothing writ.—
O, yes, I see it plain; even here is writ.
Homo fuge! Yet shall not Faustus fly.

Mepho- (Aside) I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his
stophilis: mind.

Exit MEPHOSTOPHILIS

*Enter Devils giving crowns and rich apparel to
FAUSTUS. They dance and then depart.*

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS

Faustus: Speak, Mephostophilis. What means this show?

Mepho- Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind
stophilis: And let thee see what magic can perform.

Faustus: But may I raise such spirits when I please?

Mepho- Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.
stophilis:

Faustus: Then Mephostophilis, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift of body and of soul:
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All articles prescribed between us both.

Mepho- Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
stophilis: To effect all promises between us made.

Faustus: Then hear me read it, Mephostophilis:

On these conditions following

*First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and
substance;*

*Secondly, that Mephostophilis shall be his servant
and at his command;*

*Thirdly, that Mephostophilis shall do for him and
bring him whatsoever;*

*Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house
invisible;*

*Lastly, that he shall be to the said John Faustus at
all times in what form or shape soever he 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 Mephostophilis, and furthermore do
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 and blood, or goods, into their habitation where-soever.

By me John Faustus

Mepho- Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your
stophilis: deed?

Faustus: Ay, take it and the devil give thee good on't!

Mepho- So now, Faustus, ask me what thou wilt.
stophilis:

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

Mepho- Under the heavens.
stophilis:

Faustus: Ay, so are all things else; but whereabouts?

Mepho- Within the bowels of these elements,
stophilis: Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever.
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;
And, to be short, when all the world dissolves
And every creature shall be purify'd,
All places shall be hell that is not heaven.

Faustus: Come, I think hell's a fable.

Mepho- Ay, think so still, till experience change thy
stophilis: mind.

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

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

Faustus: Ay and body too: but what of that?
Thinkst 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.

Mepho- But Faustus,
stophilis: I am an example to prove the contrary,
For I tell thee, I am damn'd and now in hell.

Faustus: Nay, and this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd:
What, sleeping, eating, walking and disputing!
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.

Mepho- Tut, Faustus.
stophilis: 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,
Were she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Hold; take this book, peruse it thoroughly:
The iterating of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings thunder, whirlwinds, storm and
lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself
And men in armour shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou command'st.

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

Mepho- Here they are in this book.
stophilis: *There turn to them.*

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

Mepho- Here they are, too.
stophilis:

Turn to them.

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

Mepho- Here they be.
stophilis:

Faustus: O, thou art deceived.

Mepho- Tut, I warrant thee.
stophilis:

Turn to them.

Exeunt

ACT I SCENE VI

Enter FAUSTUS and WAGNER meeting

Wagner: Good morrow, Master Doctor. How fares your
 worship?

Faustus: Wagner, I have not slept this night for I
 watched it out in meditation upon mine art; and
 now for very weariness will I to bed.
 Take thou this letter which I have but now
 written and sealed; deliver it to Valdes and
 Cornelius that they may have intelligence of
 this night's work.

Wagner: That will I do.

Faustus: And Wagner!

Wagner: Yes, master?

Faustus: See thou speak nothing of these matters to any
 man, but keep them close. For if I find thou hast
 opened my secrets to the world, I shall utterly
 cast thee off; but if thou keep faith, it shall go
 well with thee hereafter.

The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus

Wagner: Nay, trust me for it.

Faustus: Look to it, I say.

Exit FAUSTUS

Wagner: Shall it indeed go well with me, say you? Ay, my good master hath not forgotten his promise of yesternight. Peradventure in this letter hath he recommended me to his friends the conjurers Valdes and Cornelius. Wagner. Look up, man! Thou art in the road to fortune.

Enter two Scholars

1st Scholar: Wagner, well met. Wherefore so early abroad?

2nd Scholar: See, he bears tidings. Whither art thou bent and where's thy master?

Wagner: Nay, gentlemen, I know you not. Make way, make way, for I am in haste. Stand back, I say, and let me pass.

1st Scholar: Not know us, rascal? Art thou not Faustus' boy?

2nd Scholar: And a notorious rogue in Wittenberg.

Wagner: Look you, my masters, it would appear by your ignorance, that you are strangers here and know not the usages of our university. Learn then from me, lest your rude wits lead you into further barbarism. Know first that Master Wagner—for such is my title—is no boy, nor to be thus addressed, but with the reverence due to a scholar associate with his honour and worship the learned Doctor Faustus, chief ornament and wonder of the age. Therefore, when you meet me henceforth, look you uncover!

1st Scholar: Wagner you carry it too far: beware of beating!

Wagner: Nay, if you would dispute in terms with me, I bid you beware of that argument.

2nd Scholar: What argument is that, you whoreson knave?
Master Wagner, forsooth!

Wagner: Why, the *argumentum ad baculum*, which for your unlearned understandings I render thus: The Drubbing Persuasion *videlicet* the Cudgel Proof. For know that in this city, not blows but logic carries all away. But should your worships be minded to pursue that rustic argument, be assured my master will carry the matter to the Rector.

1st Scholar: Touching the Rector, Wagner, we are sent from him to see thy master.

Wagner: Look about you then, and God comfort your capacities.

2nd Scholar: Sirrah, put us not out of patience with thy jests, but tell us straight where we may see him.

Wagner: *Oculos habent et non videbunt.*

2nd Scholar: Quote me no scripture, but answer my question.

Wagner: I say you cannot see him.

1st Scholar: Wherefore not?

Wagner: Knew ye not, this very night hath the devil given my master a spell to go invisible? Nay, it is written in this letter I carry for him. My master is invisible, *ergo*, you cannot see him.

2nd Scholar: Go to, go to! We lay this charge upon you to tell him that the Rector earnestly desires to have conference with him. Fail us not, Wagner, or it shall be the worse for you.

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Wagner: *Sic erit verbum meum quod egredietor de ore meo.*
Nay, I promise you.

Exit WAGNER

1st If he be fallen to conjuring so soon, I fear me,
Scholar: we come too late.

2nd Pray God it be not so.
Scholar:

Exeunt

ACT II

Enter Chorus

Chorus: Eight of his four-and-twenty years now spent,
See Faustus mounted to Elysium;
And in the proof of necromantic art
He gluts his soul in magic elements,
Invoking spirits pliant to his will;
And first, in luxury and rich estate
He makes himself a perfect epicure:
His coffers cramm'd with newly-minted crowns,
And at his board such store of meat and wine,
As all the world may wonder at the same;
His paramour deck'd out in silks and gold
And gems as might adorn the Spanish crown,
Arrests all censures when she walks abroad.
Yet are these nothing worth in his regard,
For knowledge still to his aspiring mind
Weighs more than wealth or pleasures infinite
Or the fruition of an earthly crown.
He lusts to know the secret cause of things;
Therefore his chief delight and diligence
Is to surpass the old philosophers,
Disputing with his Mephostophilis
In all but matters of divinity.
And still a little while his fortunes mount
That drowsy heavens seem not to mate his
pride.
Yet maugre all his riot and dispencc
He feels at times some motions of despair.
Behold him next in act to fortify

The high resolve, for which he pledg'd his soul,
By speculations astronomical.

Exit

ACT II SCENE I

FAUSTUS *in his study*
Enter WAGNER

Wagner: Your worship sent for me?

Faustus: Ay, so I did, by Mephostophilis.
Now, Wagner,
Seeing thou hast attain'd to riper years
And in thy studies pass'd through all degrees
As freshman, sophister and bachelor
And now advanc'st to be licentiate,
Not without credit as I hear report,
It minds me of our former conference
Touching thy plea to study magic art.
Tell me, dost thou remain of the same mind?

Wagner: My gracious master, I would have you know
that Wagner is ever steadfast to that end nor is
there aught on earth he prefers to a perfect
practice in that mystery.

Faustus: Wagner, thou sayest well and now would I fain
initiate thee in the rudiments. But I will be plain
with thee: Mephostophilis, to whom I broached
these thoughts, withholds consent.

Wagner: Doubts he my wit or my application?

Faustus: Defect of sober spirit and grave intent
He doth object in thy complexion.
This lofty science he holds jeopardis'd
If turned to frivolous and paltry ends
And thereto he suspects thee too inclin'd
To waggish tricks, to idle fantasy
And such conceits as clownage may devise.

- Wagner: Is not that Mephostophilis your worship's servant even as I? How then may he forbid it?
- Faustus: First is he servant to great Lucifer,
Lord and commander of all spirits on earth;
Nor can approve what Lucifer forbids.
- Wagner: Say, then, what may Wagner do to change his mind?
- Faustus: By diligence and sober industry, if Wagner will but apply himself, all may yet be well and I shall presently put thee to the proof.
Here, take this book,
It is Albertus' *Mineralia*
Wherein are told the virtues of all gems.
Peruse it well, commit to memory
Its precepts and imbibe its aphorisms.
Hereafter, as occasion serves, I shall
Inquire and put thy labours to the proof.
- Wagner: To this task shall I set myself with all my heart.
- Faustus: Ay, Wagner, see thou do!

Exeunt

ACT II SCENE II

Enter FAUSTUS in his study and MEPHOSTOPHILIS

- Faustus: When I behold the heavens, then I repent
And curse thee, wicked Mephostophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.
- Mephostophilis: '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 as fair
As thou or any man that breathes on earth.
- Faustus: How prov'st thou that?
- Mephostophilis: 'Twas made for man, therefore is man more excellent.

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

Enter the two Angels

Good Angel: Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

Bad Angel: Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

Faustus: Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;
Yea, God will pity me if I repent.

Bad Angel: Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

Exeunt

Faustus: My heart is harden'd, I cannot repent.
Scarce can I name salvation, faith or heaven,
But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears,
'Faustus thou art damn'd!' Then guns and
knives,
Swords, poison, halters and envenom'd steel
Are laid before me to despatch myself;
And long ere this I should have done the deed
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd 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 Mephostophilis?
Why should I die then, or basely despair?
I am resolved Faustus shall not repent.
Come, Mephostophilis, let us dispute again,
And argue of divine astrology.
Speak, are there many spheres above the
moon?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe
As is the substance of this centric earth?

Mepho-
stophilis: As are the elements, such are the heavens,
Even from the moon unto the empyreal orb,
Mutually folded in each other's spheres
And jointly move upon one axle-tree,
Whose terminine is term'd the world's wide
pole;
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars or Jupiter
Feign'd, but are erring stars.

Faustus: But have they all
One motion, both *situ et tempore*?

Mepho-
stophilis: All move from east to west in four-and-twenty
hours upon the poles of the world, but differ in
their motions upon the poles of the zodiac.

Faustus: Tush, these slender questions Wagner can
decide:
Hath Mephostophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion of the
planets?
The first is finished in a natural day; the second
thus: Saturn in thirty years, Jupiter in twelve,
Mars in four, the Sun, Venus and Mercury in a
year, the Moon in twenty-eight days. These are
freshmen's suppositions. But tell me, hath every
sphere a dominion or *intelligentia*?

Mepho-
stophilis: Aye.

Faustus: How many heavens or spheres are there?

Mepho-
stophilis: Nine: the seven planets, the firmament, and the
empyreal heaven.

Faustus: But is there not *coelum igneum? et crystallinum?*

Mepho-
stophilis: No, Faustus, they be but fables.

Faustus: Resolve me then in this one question. Why are
not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses

all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

Mepho- *Per inequalem motu respectu totius.*
stophilis:

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

Mepho- I will not.
stophilis:

Faustus: Sweet Mephostophilis, tell me.

Mepho- Move me not, Faustus.
stophilis:

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

Mepho- Aye, that is not against our kingdom but this is.
stophilis: Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damn'd.

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

Mepho- Remember this!
stophilis:

Exit

Faustus: Ay, go, accursed spirit, to ugly hell!
'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus' soul.
Is't not too late?

Enter the two Angels

Bad Too late.
Angel:

Good Never too late if Faustus will repent.
Angel:

Bad If thou repent, devils will tear thee in pieces.
Angel:

Good Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin.
Angel:

Exeunt Angels

Faustus: O Christ, my Saviour, my Saviour,
Help to save distressed Faustus' soul.

*Enter, LUCIFER, BEELZEBUB and
MEPHOSTOPHILIS*

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

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

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

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

Beelzebub: We are come to tell thee thou dost injure us.

Lucifer: Thou call'st on Christ contrary to thy promise.

Beelzebub: Thou should'st not think on God.

Lucifer: Think on the devil.

Faustus: Nor will I henceforth; pardon me in this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,
Never to name God or to pray to him,
To burn his scriptures, slay his ministers,
And make my spirits pull his churches down.

Lucifer: Do so,
So shalt thou show thyself an obedient servant
And we will highly gratify thee for it.

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

Faustus: That sight will be as pleasant unto me as para-
dise was to Adam the first day of his creation.

Lucifer: Talk not of paradise or creation, but mark this
show. Go, Mephostophilis, fetch them in.

Enter the Seven Deadly Sins led by a piper

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

Faustus: That shall I soon. What art thou, the first?

Pride: I am Pride, Faustus, knowest thou not me?
Thy proper pride, that fire in the soul
Which flux'd through all thy limbs and
organons
Doth prompt thy mind to true nobility
The love of eminence and thirst for rule,
Aspiring still to knowledge, power and fame,
The which, since thine allegiance freely vow'd
To Lucifer our prince and morning star,
Hath won thee earnest of thy promis'd state.
Here on the threshold of that great emprise
I tell thee, Faustus, if thou wilt be bold,
No term is set to thy pre-eminence
Were it to reign sole emperor of the world,
To search all secrets of the universe,
To bind the winds and make the sun stand still,
Or wind unto thy use whate'er affords
Of riches or of luxury dream'd by man,
Or love or beauty found between the poles,
If thou be resolute, it shall be thine.

Faustus: Thanks, gentle spirit, henceforth doth Faustus
vow
To guide his actions by that nonpareil
And fiery thirster after sovereignty,
Prince of the north and all our realm beside:
What brighter precedent than Lucifer?

Cove- Hear me next, Faustus, I am Covetousness.
tousness:

Faustus: What is there left for me to covet, say,
Since pride doth promise me the world entire?

Cove- Nay, Faustus, till that promise be fulfill'd
tousness: And thou hast scal'd thy zenith of desires,

'Tis covetise must spur thee thereunto,
Why, man, think of the treasures of kings
Which yet thou lack'st to swell thine argosy,
Mountains of gold and hills heap'd up of gems,
As rubies, diamonds, jacinth, chrysoprase
From whose high tops whence glisten back
 their fires,
Cascades of entire pearls do flood amain
Down their steep flanks to spread a milky wave
Athwart a floor with massy silver pav'd
Upon whose polished breast each image rides
As silent streams reflect a drifting swan,
And everyone the ransom of a king.

Faustus: And when I have it all, what then?

Cove- Why then,
tousness: When thou hast ransack'd all their royal store,
Those kings shall be thy factors to supply
All that the copious entrails of the earth
Still hold of wealth and treasure infinite,
From where with mines and fisheries of pearl
Cipango and the Golden Chersonese
Enrich the east as far as that new world
Whereas the unsail'd, blue Pacific sea
Frolics the silver marge of Mexico.

Faustus: Thee too, shall Faustus follow, after Pride.
But what art thou, the third, that looks so lean,
Green-eyed with starveling malice?

Envy: Envy, Faustus.

Faustus: Nay, Envy, what have I to do with thee
That have in promise all that earth affords
Of wealth, of power, of felicity,
Whom then shall Faustus envy?

Envy: Envy the great
Whose high achievements thou hast not
 surpass'd,
Summa petit livor perflant altissima venti,

For, well thou knowest, Envy seeks the heights
And winds do blow upon the mountain tops.

Faustus: Tush, Faustus lives in full security
To overtop them, whomsoe'er he will.
Envy away! What art thou the fourth?

Wrath: I am Wrath, source and fountain-head of strife
And root of war which Heraclitus nam'd
Father and king and universal lord.
Even in our elements do we contend,
And order, justice, beauty, polity,
Know, Faustus, take their origin from thence,
For strife alone maintains the frame of things.
Therefore the man of wrath, the conqueror
Who understands the argument of arms,
Whose smiling stars give him assured hope
Of triumph ere he march into the field
To trample in the blood of slaughter'd men,
Treading upon the necks of captive kings,
Pursuing the conquer'd with insatiate rage,
He is the man of men *par excellence*
As nature's paragon and masterpiece.

Faustus: It may be so as Heraclitus saith;
The old philosophers left much in doubt.
Yet Faustus is a man of works and peace.
Those civil broils would mar his vast design
Which, by his compact sign'd with Lucifer,
He purposes to forward and perfect.

Wrath: Faustus beware! the man so lifted up
Above his fellows breeds a host of foes.
Get thee an army if thou would'st have peace.
Thou shalt have need of me, if thou prevail.

Faustus: This may I think upon when time is due.
Next, who art thou that look'st so far remov'd
In feature from the bloody port of Mars?

Gluttony: A man of peace and comfort even as thou.
The pleasantest of sins is gluttony;
If thou wilt turn from dreams of empery,

The bounty of the earth is thine to choose;
All delicates thy fantasies devise,
Thy tongue shall instantly with relish taste;
Thy banquets, whatsoe'er thy heart propose,
Shall far outdo for luxury and display
Semiramis' or Lucullus' stately feasts;
The tongues of larks, mirobalans of Spain
Served in rich syrups or in isinglass,
The swan, the peacock roasted in their plumes,
The roe of sturgeons from the Caspian lake,
The flesh of boars basted with orient spice
Stuffed with rare fancy meats and ortolans
Shall more than match the riot of Antony
Whenas he feasted his Egyptian queen,
Thereto thou shalt drink wines of greater cost
Than was the pearl she melted in her cup.
From massy chalices of beaten gold
Thou shalt drink out the night and rouse the
dawn

In vernage, ippocras and muscadell,
Raspis and sherris sack and bastard lre
Or whatsoever potion like thee best.
If thou list turn to me, thou shalt enjoy
The luxury of wanton Sybaris
And live and die in Epicurus' heaven.

Faustus: This too hath Faustus practised and enjoy'd,
Yet have I higher goals than belly-cheer.
Gramercy, Gluttony, we shall meet ere-long.
Say, what art thou that seem'st to drift like
smoke
With heavy lids batting thy hollow eyes?

Sloth: Sloth, Faustus, sleep of body and of soul
Which learned doctors call *Accidie*.
Hear it not, Faustus, that insistent bell
That summons to repentance. There is time;
And all shall yet be well. If thou desirest
A little folding of the hands to sleep,
Then take thine ease in sweet oblivion
With drowsy music and a bed of down

And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft
Heigh-ho—I half-forget what I would say . . .

Faustus: Farewell, Sloth! He drifts on Lethe's stream
Else should I mate his thriftless argument
To say I mean to live laborious days
And win my way to man's supreme renown,
Not fust in idle dreams.
But who art thou
The last of this enticing crew—so fair,
No sin so fair—art thou not Luxury?

Lechery: Lust, Faustus, lust. These others offer'd words.
But gaze on me: this body is my prize,
Radiant as Venus in the golden snare
With Mars when she display'd her wanton
 charms,
And all the gods, that came to mock their
 plight,
Stood still, enchanted by her toil of grace.
Gaze, Faustus, gaze: I do not deal in words,
But am myself the spell that binds thy soul,
At once the source and fruit of thy delight.

Faustus: Now hell is lovelier than elysium
And I would count all pride well lost for thee,
Could I but spend one hour in thine arms.

Lucifer: Away, to hell, away! On piper!

Exeunt the Seven Deadly Sins led by the piper

Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

Faustus: O, this feeds my soul.

Lucifer: Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

Faustus: O, might I see hell and return again, how happy
were I then!

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

Faustus: Thanks mighty Lucifer.
This will I keep as chary as my life.

Lucifer: Now, Faustus, farewell.

Faustus: Farewell, great Lucifer: come, Mephostophilis!

Exeunt omnes: several ways

ACT II SCENE III

FAUSTUS *in his study, sleeping in his chair*
Enter WAGNER

Wagner: There sits my master still in a dead sleep, even as the great fiend brought him home this eight hours since; nor have I dared wake him ere this. But now shall I give him a rouse in the devil's name.

Shakes him by the arm

What ho, master doctor: master doctor, I say!

Faustus: *Wakes.* Ah, Wagner, what's o'clock?

Wagner: An hour and more past noon.

Faustus: Is it possible? Wagner, I am strangely confused. How came I home?

Wagner: Why even as your honour went from home, in the company of an ugly great devil that took you up roaring and flew away into the night. Wagner was never so afeared in all his life and thought to see his master no more. But by and by his devilship fetches you back and sets you again in your chair—I knew not whether asleep or in a swoon. There you have remained until now.

Where hath your worship been?

Faustus: I know he showed me hell yet in such sort that
I cannot yet order my thoughts thereon. Go,
Wagner, fetch me a cordial to refresh my mind.

Exit WAGNER

My wits are all in turmoil. I know not where the
spirit hath carried me though he said he
showed me hell. But, as I remember it was full
of rarest music—

Music in hell? Can that be possible?
Put by these questions. What shall I do
henceforth?

Since Mephostophilis denies my plea,
As by command of Lucifer his lord,
Further to reason upon things divine
Or to resolve such matters as the frame
Of heaven or the creation of the world,
Or aught that doth pertain to man's last end—
Return to earth, aye there's a thought:
Turn, Faustus, now thy study to command
The mysteries of geomantic art,
Since all the skill that natural magic asks,
As Raymond and Albertus testify
And great Agrippa in his *libri tres*,
Abanus' *Elements*, the *Arbatal*,
Depends on certain figures rightly drawn
As the Great Fortune and the Dragon's Head
Which, if dispos'd in the eighth House of
Heaven,

May draw its occult virtue from the earth.

Virtutes in centro centri latentes etc.

From stones and trees and every natural form.
Thereby I may control the elements,
To raise up storms, to blight the growth of
plants

Or make them yield in seasons not their own.
Nor needs this art the present aid of spirits.
Herein may'st thou work magic, win renown
Without recourse to Mephostophilis
For, though the devil promised me the power,

Yet all is done through him,
Nor wield I any skill in my own right.

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS

Mepho- Faustus, thou art deceiv'd,
stophilis: For I am ready to perform thy will
 In all but what great Lucifer forbids.
 Nor can'st thou aught achieve without my aid.
 Then tell me what doth chiefly vex thy mind.

Faustus: In questions of astrology, I find,
 When I would study to forecast the fates
 Of kingdoms and predict the year to come,
 The dates of tempests, death and pestilence,
 Wherewith I may prepare my almanacs,
 In all the writings of the men of old
 They put forth oft opinions dark and vain
 Nor do my magic books avail in this.

Mepho- Those speculators had not all the truth
stophilis: By which the course of planets and the stars
 May be presag'd and link'd with their effects.
 But, seeing that I am perfect in that art,
 This night I shall conduct thee in a car
 Drawn by two mighty dragons breathing fire,
 To make a journey through the world and air
 Wherein I shall instruct thee and resolve
 All secrets that thy soul desires to know.

Faustus: Thanks, Mephostophilis, prepare it straight.

Exit MEPHOSTOPHILIS

And by these means I'll put it to the proof
Whether I can do aught without thine aid.
For, servant to thy service, who is free?

Enter WAGNER with a glass

Wagner: Here is thy cordial.

Faustus: Wagner, set it by. Hast thou, as I bade thee, now
 master'd that book of gems?

Wagner: I have.

Faustus: And art in readiness that I may examine thee?

Wagner: Even so.

Faustus: Wagner, this night will Mephostophilis conduct me as far as the empyreal heaven. Keep all things in readiness for our return, when I shall put thy forwardness to the test. If thou acquit thyself well, I shall renew my former notion to instruct thee in magic.

Wagner: Trust me for this, but will thy spirit agree?

Faustus: Fetch me my cloak.
I'll forth to meet with Mephostophilis
And shortly shall I question him of this.

WAGNER *brings the cloak*

Exit FAUSTUS

Wagner: O, brave magic! Henceforth shall I wear nothing but silk and drink only malmsey and sack. I shall use the wenches as I please. There's not a scholar in Wittenberg but shall salute me as reverend doctor when I go by in my furred gown.

My master hath forgot his cordial,
Which rightly as his heir I may inherit,
Now, Wagner, drink to thy magicianship!

Drinks and exit

ACT II SCENE IV

Enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHOSTOPHILIS *in a car drawn by dragons*

Mephostophilis: Our dragons soaring with unweari'd pace
See, Faustus, we approach the firmament
And now we draw towards our journey's end;
Tell me, doth this prospect please thy mind?

- Faustus: The majesty and beauty of this sight
Enchants my thoughts; so, I could gaze forever
Upon this airy universal frame
Whose spacious harmony no tongue can tell.
- Mepho-
stophilis: Hast thou no further question, then, to ask?
- Faustus: Aye, I would know why in these seven days
Of our ascension it is always night.
- Mepho-
stophilis: Why, I bade our dragons to make equal course
From east to west contrary to the sun,
Which in the opposite hemisphere they pace,
So that thou may'st survey these orbs at will
And take a prospect of the heavens entire
Which, as thou knowest, by day are quite
obscur'd.
Moreover at this eminence, the sun
Had prov'd to thee as fatal with his heat
As was he to Daedalian Icarus.
- Faustus: Then tell me, sweet Mephostophilis, to what
height
Have we ascended now above the earth?
- Mepho-
stophilis: Nay, at the least reckoning, fifty leagues.
- Faustus: Why, looking down, though yet my senses reel,
The earth appears no bigger than the moon,
Its regions all contracted to a span
And ocean shrunk to bigness of a pond.
- Mepho-
stophilis: Ay, Faustus,
And now that thou hast seen her entire frame,
Hast thou, as I of late instructed thee,
Master'd the rules of geomantic art,
The cause of storms and wind and hail and
snow,
The rise and declination of the sun,
Eclipses, perturbations of the earth
Which meteors occasion, and, in fine,

All operations of the elements
Whereby a magus may impose his will.

Faustus: I have, and trust to profit by the same.
Yet would I be resolv'd of one thing more.

Mepho- Ask on.
stophilis:

Faustus: The magus of whose wisdom thou dost speak,
Do not the planets with their influence
Ordain his fortunes as with other men?

Mepho- It is a dictum of astrology:
stophilis: The wise man is not subject to the stars.
The magus is no ordinary man,
For know, until by practice of his art
His soul subdues what moves the complete
world,
The *Spiritus Mundi* or the Quintessence
And the fifth element to the primal four
Which moves in all, in all is immanent,
No magus, worthy of that name, can rule.
The rest, as conjurors of a baser sort,
We do account jugglers and mountebanks
Such as, I fear, Wagner at last will prove.

Faustus: But may I have this power?

Mepho- To be a soul elect and set apart,
stophilis: To rule those powers that lesser men obey
And, by his union with the *Spiritus Mundi*,
Direct the influence of the wandering stars,
Say, Faustus, durst thou join that company,
To which, if thou consent, I may admit thee?

Faustus: But may I not compass this by mine own
means?

Mepho- No, Faustus, put away these vain conceits
stophilis: Of natural magic, blameless and approv'd.
All magic doth pertain to Lucifer

And through our kingdom only can'st thou
enter.

But tell me, shall I make thee a magus?

Faustus: This wisdom would I ponder and digest.
Then, Mephophilis, with what speed we may
Let us direct our dragons' fiery course
Again to earth and noble Wittenberg
Where I intend awhile to make my stay.

Mephophilis: Spirits, away! and with all speed descend.

Exeunt in the dragon car

ACT II SCENE V

Enter FAUSTUS with WAGNER, carrying a book

Faustus: Now, Wagner, give me that book again.

Takes the book

Hast thou applied thyself diligently to Albertus'
doctrine of the precious stones?

Wagner: Aye.

Faustus: Then shall I question thee of it?

Wagner: Do so.

Faustus: What says Albertus of the stone smaragdus,
that is to say, emerald?

Wagner: That it is a stone very clear and transparent, but
that when it is yellow it is better; that it is found
in the nests of grypes or griffins; that its virtue is
that it maketh a man to understand well, giveth
him a good memory and augmenteth the riches
of him that wears it.
Moreover he saith . . .

Faustus: Hold, Wagner, hold! What knavery call you
this?

Noble Albertus Magnus says not so,
Nor hast thou read as I commanded thee.

Smaragdus he calls *viridissimus*;
The yellow sort with Pliny he holds the worst.
Thy pranks and idleness, I see it plain:
Thou hast not read in the authentic text,
But in that ignorant compendium,
The *Liber Aggregationis*, term'd
The Book of Secrets, from Albertus cull'd
Wherein Albertus basely is traduc'd.
Can'st thou deny it?

Wagner: No.

Faustus: Wherefore then?

Wagner: My gentle master, I confess myself
To have taken Albertus by the shorter way,
For natural magic was his whole concern;
The Book of Secrets charm'd me with its name,
In hope to learn of necromantic art,
On which, I own, my sole desire is set.
Could I but read those volumes bound in brass
And seal'd from curious eyes with triple clasps
Which, as I know, thy spirit hath given thee.

Faustus: Wagner, on peril of thy life,
Nay of thy soul, those several books forbear.
For they are subject to great Lucifer,
Who, should'st thou dare, not being initiate,
To broach their secrets, straightway would
appear
And tear thee piecemeal. Wagner think on that.

Wagner: *Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*. I thank your
honour. Nor will Wagner henceforth meddle in
such things.

Faustus: Look to it, I charge thee, Wagner, see thou
amend! *Exeunt*

ACT III

Enter the 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
 Drawn by the strength of yoked dragons' necks,
 He views the clouds, the planets and the stars,
 The tropic zones, and quarters of the sky,
 From the bright circle of the horned moon
 Even to the height of *primum mobile*;
 And, whirling round with his circumference,
 Within the concave compass of the pole,
 From east to west his dragons swiftly glide
 And in eight days did bring home again.
 Not long he stay'd within his quiet house
 To rest his bones after his weary toil,
 But new exploits do hale him out again,
 And mounted then upon a dragon's back,
 That with his wings did part the subtle air,
 He now is gone to prove cosmography,
 That measures coasts and kingdoms of the
 earth,
 And as I guess will first arrive in 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

ACT III SCENE I

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHOSTOPHILIS

Faustus: Having now, my good Mephostophilis,
Pass'd with delight the stately town of Trier,
Environ'd round with airy mountain-tops,
With walls of flint, and deep-entrenched lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Main fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful
vines;

Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
With buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,
Whose streets straight forth and pav'd with
finest brick

Quarter the town in four equivalents.
There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut, an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone in one night's space.
From thence to Venice, Padua and the rest,
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands
That threatens the stars with her aspiring top,
Whose frame is pav'd with sundry colour'd
stones,

And roof'd aloft with curious work in gold.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time.
But tell me now what resting place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

Mephostophilis: I have my Faustus, and for proof thereof,
This is the goodly palace of the Pope,
And, because we are no common guests
I have taken up his privy chamber for our use.

Faustus: I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

Mephostophilis: All's one for we'll be bold with his venison.
But now, my Faustus, that thou may'st perceive

What Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills
That underprop the groundwork of the same:
Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's
stream,

With winding banks that cut it in two parts
Over the which four stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome.
Upon the bridge call'd Ponte Angelo
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Where thou shalt see such store of ordinance
As that the double cannons forg'd of brass
Do match the number of the days contain'd
Within the compass of one complete year;
Beside the gates and high pyramides
That Julius Caesar brought from Africa.

Faustus: Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright splendid Rome.
Come, therefore, let's away.

Mephophilis: Nay, Faustus stay: I know you'd see the Pope
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
Where thou shalt see a troop of baldpate friars
Whose *summum bonum* is in belly-cheer.

Faustus: Sweet Mephophilis, thou pleasest me:
Whilst I am here on earth, let me be cloy'd
With all things that delight the heart of man.
My four-and-twenty years of liberty
I'll spend in pleasure and in dalliance,
That Faustus' name, whilst this bright frame
doth stand
May be admired and his deeds acclaim'd.
Thou know'st within the compass of eight days
We view'd the face of heaven, earth and hell.
So high our dragons soar'd into the air
That looking down the earth appear'd to me

No bigger than my hand in quantity,
There did we view the kingdoms of the world.
And what might please mine eyes, I there
beheld.

Yet was I but an audience thereunto.
Now in this show let me an actor be.

Mepho- Let it be so, my Faustus: here they come.
stophilis:

*A sennet sounded. Enter the POPE borne in his chair,
cardinals, bishops, monks and servitors following*

Faustus: How shall I do, so that they mark me not?

Mepho- Hast thou forgot the articles which erst
stophilis: Thou with thy blood did'st seal to Lucifer?
 Thou art a spirit; by that covenant,
 And as all spirits, may'st go invisible
 Or take what form corporeal please thee most.

Faustus: Then let us stand beside and view their feast,
 Which hath no match for pomp and arrogance
 That all the world may marvel at their pride.

*The POPE is set down from his chair and ascends his
throne. A banquet brought in*

Pope: Welcome, Lord Cardinals: My Lord of Pavia,
 Take you this seat beside our Holiness
 That we may solemnise Saint Peter's feast
 From whom we hold the power to loose and
 bind
 And bear the massy keys of heaven and hell;
 So what we seal on earth is seal'd in heaven
 That Peter's heirs may triumph in the same,
 Adding this text 'Thou, Peter, art the rock
 On which I build my congregation,
 And set it lest the gates of hell prevail'.
 Is not all power on earth bestow'd on us?
 And therefore, though we would, we cannot
 err.
 Know further, by the gift of Constantine,

By right we have advanc'd the triple crown
To uncrown princes and to void their state,
Seeing we claim by such authority
To be sole arbiter and judge on earth.
For what saith the Psalmist, *Super aspidem et
basiliscum ambulatis* etc.

This dictum as our holy doctors prove
Foretells that Rome shall have authority,
Adding this golden sentence to our praise
That Peter's heirs shall tread on emperors
And walk upon the dreadful adder's back,
Treading the lion and the dragon down
And fearless spurn the killing basilisk.

Cardinal
of Pavia

And yet, my lord, the world is full of broils.
In every coast the schismatics increase,
Proud lollards who defy the catholic faith
Triumph in England, while in Germany
The Lutheran cockatrice at Augsburg claims
Cuius regio, eius religio.

In the low countries their reforming rage
The Prince of Parma holds—but for how long?
In Basel the Switzers are in full revolt;
In France, in France alone have they been foil'd:
The massacre of Paris brought them low
And smote with death their hated enterprise.

Pope:

Even so your grace and my lords cardinal,
This dear occasion of great Peter's feast
Shall signalise destruction of their pride:
We shall depose the German emperor,
In France disperse the angry Huguenots;
The Prince of Parma shall put down the Dutch;
Geneva shall bewail her heresies
Drown'd in the blood of slaughter'd schismatics;
And from the Indian mines the silver fleet
Shall at our charge, in bottoms richly fraught,
Deliver to the Spanish treasury
Such sums for their armadas as shall serve
To sweep the English heretics from the sea
And raze their rebel towers with sword and fire.

Mepho- (Aside) Faustus, how like you this?
stophilis:

Faustus: Why, when I see his arrogance of power,
His vaunts in full assurance of his end,
The sycophants that truckle to his word,
Though prelates, all but kings in their own
right,
And his immeasurable luxury:
The golden cups, the store of jewell'd plate
That furnish forth his feast with such dispen-
ce,
I think upon the items of my bond,
The compact that I signed with Lucifer,
And marvel that he made me not a pope.

Mepho- Why, thou may'st put his cheer unto thy use.
stophilis:

Faustus: That shall I do, for envy of his state
Consumes my soul. Fetch me his goblet straight
And his new-served trencher therewithal.

Mepho- Faustus, I will.
stophilis:

MEPHOSTOPHILIS *brings the POPE's viands to FAUSTUS*

Pope: What sacrilegious hand doth void my cup
And snatches so unmannnerly my meat?
Who dare outface God's gerent here on earth
And trifle with our sacred majesty?
Restore my covers; thoroughly search the feast
And straightway bring the caitiff to our
presence
As shortly shall he answer for this deed.

Exeunt servitors

The POPE's meal is replaced

And now, my lords, I pledge you in this cup.

Faustus: Proud Pope, that cup is mine, thy pledge
forbear!

Takes the goblet and drinks

Pope: What voice was that?

Cardinal
of Pavia: My Lord, no man stood near.

Pope: How then? My cup is vanish'd into air.

Cardinal
of Pavia: Your Holiness, it may be some damn'd soul
Has crept into the presence to your Grace,
With help of Satan to abuse you thus.

Pope: Ay, I warrant it.
Through all of Rome command that mass be
said
In every church and that their bells be rung
To lay this walking spirit.

The POPE starts to cross himself. Thunder

Faustus: Forbear, forbear!

Pope: My Lords, the feast becomes intolerable,
Take up the covers and avoid the guests.
As for this damned ghost, we shall ourselves
With bell and book and candle see him bann'd.

Exeunt POPE, cardinals and others

Faustus: Ay, and much good shall it do you.
Sweet Mephostophilis,
What shall we do now?

Mepho-
stophilis: Why, Faustus, what you will.

Faustus: Then seeing that I
Have overmatch'd the Pope in all his pride,
Faustus shall sit in triumph on his throne.

Mounts the papal throne

Though here I sit,
Yet have I but the form; the substance still
Evades my grasp. Paltering spirits, say,
Where is the power that ye promis'd me,
For which I barter'd my immortal soul

And should ere this have been sole emperor
Had hell kept faith? Did you not vouch to me
The signory of Emden should be mine?

Mepho- Nay, Faustus, that was thine own fantasy;
stophilis: It is not in the bond; bethink thyself:
All, all thou did'st command have I perform'd.

Faustus: But what have I perform'd by mine own act?
What power is this? Only by thy contrivance
I sit upon this proud pope's empty chair;
What boots it then to be a pope in show?

Mepho- Tush, Faustus may be greater than a pope
stophilis: And pull the churches down about his ears,
As thou did'st promise unto Lucifer,
But now, as thou hast will'd, we go about
To prove cosmography and to foretaste
The seats of rule that lie within thy choice.
What, after Rome, dost thou desire to view
Through all the world? Thou hast but to
 command.

Faustus: Next would I to the great Turk make repair
Whose orient rule I chiefly long to see.

Mepho- Faustus, thou shalt and my design shall there
stophilis: Encompass thee both ease and merriment.

Faustus: Come, then, let us away! *Exeunt*

ACT III SCENE II

Enter WAGNER

Wagner: This many months now have I awaited my
master and he hath not returned, neither he
nor his spirit that promised to show him all the
kingdoms of the world. I fear me that the devil
may have misled him; nay peradventure he is
dead, else would he have sent me word of him
ere this. Ay, for sure, he is dead: alas, my good

master! He entered me upon my studies and would have made me a conjuror hereafter. But if he be dead, what shall Wagner do now? But hold, did he not promise to make me his heir? Is not his book, then, which I have privily read since his going hence, is it not, I say, mine by right of legacy? Shall not I, Christopher Wagner, raise up spirits and command them in his stead? Ay, but did he not bid me forbear his books on peril of my life, or the devil would tear me in pieces? Tush! Have I not read the devil's book, though he warned me that it was death even to open it; and no hide or hair of his devil hath Wagner seen.

Come, I think he told me a fable, for fear I should gain like power with himself. Then, Wagner, be bold; venture upon that book. Essay to conjure! So will it bring thee riches, man; it will bring thee honour and power. Bethink thee, Wagner, what hast thou to fear?

Exit WAGNER

Enter two Scholars

1st Scholar: Is not that Faustus' house, whose just renown
Is spread through Germany and all the world?

2nd Scholar: The same which hath brought honour to our
town
For arts which seem beyond the reach of man,
And yet I fear the skill was dearly bought.

1st Scholar: Fame has it he has pass'd beyond the sea.

2nd Scholar: To prove cosmography was his design,
To add that jewel of learning to his crown
And show himself an universal wit.

1st Scholar: But was not he that enter'd by the door
A moment since, as we approach'd the house,
His servant, Christopher, unhappy wag?

2nd It was indeed his boy: see where he comes
Scholar: again.

Enter WAGNER with book, staff and lighted candle

1st God save thee, Wagner. What a coil is this?
Scholar: What signifies all this gear?

Wagner: Stand off, stand off in the devil's name!

1st Would'st take the wall of us in the devil's name?
Scholar: Go to!

Wagner: Nay, get ye gone, both, I warn you, get you
 gone! For if you stay you put yourselves in
 deadliest peril.

2nd What peril? Dost thou threaten us rascal boy?
Scholar:

Wagner: Boy me no boys but look to yourselves, I bid
 you, for, look you, I am about such a piece of
 work.

1st Wagner, what work is that?
Scholar:

Wagner: See you not this book, this staff, this source of
 fire? Know by these signs that Wagner goeth to
 conjure the devil. You had best begone ere
 worse befall you.

2nd What can'st thou do, poor rogue? Conjure
Scholar: forsooth! A charm for rats belike.

Wagner: Well, I have warned you for the last time.
 Look to it, or you are but dead men. Avaunt!

1st Rather let us stay and see what the fool will do.
Scholar: It may afford us some merriment.

Wagner: Well, upon your own heads be it! Now with this
 staff behold, even as I have seen my master do, I
 draw the circle thrice about me.

He draws the circle

Here within the inner and the outer circuit,
I gird myself with the signs.

He marks the signs

Here and here I place fire.

He sets the candle down in several places

And now I speak the spell.

He opens the book and reads:

Beralamemois, Baldachiensus, Paumachie et Apologiae sedes, per Reges potestatesque magnanimas, ac principes praepotentes, genio Liachidae, ministri tartareae sedes.

A mighty rushing wind is heard

1st Scholar: Why, what is this? Can Wagner have such skill?

2nd Scholar: Indeed, I thought him scarcely literate.
Faustus hath taught him this, I warrant you.
This was an ill wind. Let us watch and beware.

Wagner: *Ego vos invoco, et invocando vos conjuro, supernae majestatis munitus virtute potenter impero . . . per hoc nomen ineffabile, tetragrammaton!*

A clap of thunder

2nd Scholar: Satan hath power in this. Come let's away!

Exeunt scholars

Wagner: . . . *quo audito elementa corruunt aer concutitur, mare retrograditur, ignis extinguitur . . .*

The candle goes out

terra tremit . . .

The earth shakes and great voice is heard crying:

The Voice: *Schedbarschemoth! Schedbarschemoth
Schantachan!*

WAGNER *lets fall the staff and book and drops to his knees*

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS

Mephostophilis: Monarch of hell under whose black survey
Great potentates do kneel with awful fear,
Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie,
How am I vexed with this villain's charms.
From Constantinople am I hither come
Only for pleasure of this damned slave?
Not that thy spell compels me, but the book
Given to Faustus would I take again.
Villain desist; reach me thy master's book
Which thou unbid hast put to such base use,
Else I shall set black hell-hounds at thy heels
And hell itself shall open all before.
Reach me the book, I say.

Wagner: Ay, anything, so you tear me not asunder.

Returns the book

Mephostophilis: Tear thee, thou wretched, false, perfidious clown?
Thou art beneath my vengeance, fool, but trust
Faustus shall know thy treachery. Begone!

Exit WAGNER

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

ACT III SCENE III

Enter FAUSTUS

Faustus: I marvel greatly,
What is become of Mephostophilis,
For, since we first encounter'd with the Turk,
And went about to view the Soldan's state
These two hours since he hath deserted me.
Why comes he not?

Calls

Veni, Veni, Mephostophilis!

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS

Where hast thou been?

Mephostophilis: Within this hour was I in Wittenberg,
Wherefrom in haste I had intelligence,
By means of a swift spirit whom I keep,
Thy servant Wagner play'd his master false,
Meaning to conjure with thy book and staff.
Haply had he but half perform'd the spell—
And blunder'd in the terms ere I was there.

Faustus: Alas, I warn'd him throughly. Lives he yet?

Mephostophilis: He lives, and yet shall live to rue the day
He meddled with concerns beyond his skill.
It was an incantation from Abanus
He chose to botch. I stood invisible
Seconding by mine art his vain design
With whirlwind, thunder and a voice so dire
As yet strikes mortal terror to his soul.

Faustus: Thanks, Mephostophilis, I am glad he scap'd.
Indeed I love the rascal passing well;
Though touching my intent to teach him magic,
If he be capable, I stand in doubt.

Mephostophilis: For the professing of this noble art
Wagner hath shown himself in all unfit,
Besides my masters have forbidden it
And, if thou lov'st him, put it from thy mind.

Faustus: My duty to your prince: it shall be so.
But putting off this, tell me
Since we set wild-fire round the Soldan's throne,
Shall we not view his serall where he keeps
According to report the fairest maids
Cull'd from the choicest that his kingdom yields
To be his wives and eke his concubines?

Mephostophilis: Faustus, we shall, and to make thee some
pastime

Despite his bassoes and his janizars,
Thou shalt enjoy the fairest ladies there
And take thy choice of all their wanton charms.
Thereto shall I present thee in the guise
Of Mahomet the prophet whom they serve.

Faustus: What, shall I like a thief make entrance there
To steal an hour in their lascivious arms?
May not I reign in the proud Soldan's stead
And be myself sole emperor of the east?

Mephostophilis: Nay, who would live an oriental prince
Rather than personate great Mahomet,
Great Mahomet their prophet and their god
Whom all their satraps worship and adore!
Come, let us to that keep environ'd round
With walls of brass and fenc'd with scimitars
Borne by a thousand sturdy slaves, though gelt,
Wherein he mures those pearls of womankind.

Exeunt

ACT III SCENE IV

*Trumpets and drums. Enter the GREAT TURK, bassoes,
janizars and eunuchs*

Great Turk: Bassoes and soldiers leave us for the nonce,
For we would spend a while in dalliance
And entertain our soul in wanton sport
As in the paradise of Mahomet.

Exeunt courtiers and soldiers

Go, call my wives and fairest concubines
And then keep watch on our seraglio.

Exeunt eunuchs

*Enter FAUSTUS with MEPHOSTOPHILIS in
eastern dress followed by the women of the seraglio*

What man is this that dare invade the serral?

- Chief No man, my lord, but holy Mahomet.
Wife:
- Great You are deceiv'd; what cozenage is this?
Turk:
- Chief Not so; he hath declar'd himself to us
Wife: Which he by sundry miracles confirm'd,
 Descending on our precincts unoppos'd
 Wrapped in a cloud of unconsuming flame,
 Whereat thy guards fell prone in deep amaze
 And a great voice, as though from heaven
 proclaim'd
 That this was Mahomet, the friend of God
 Whose holy Alcoran remains with us.
- Great Had it not been that I, within this hour,
Turk: Have witness'd such a miracle of fire
 Which threaten'd, yet harm'd not our royal
 divan,
 I had not credited this tale of thine.
- Chief Nor I, my lord; but sacred Mahomet,
Wife: For it is he, be sure, would speak with you.
- Great Let holy Mahomet declare his will.
Turk:
- Faustus: In token of my title and my state,
 That thou may'st know that I am Mahomet,
 Soldan, be thou enchanted in thy chair
 As not to stir thy limbs in any wise
 Nor rise from thence until I loose the spell.
- Great With humble cheer I do acknowledge thee,
Turk: For as with iron bonds my flesh is bound,
 Else would I yield thee the obeisance due,
 As others here do kneel to Mahomet.
 Only vouchsafe, great prophet, to reveal
 What gracious purpose brings thee to our court
 Which thou this day so highly honourest?
- Faustus: I come to tell thee, Turk, thou hast done well
 In propagation of our holy faith,

Which still advances upon Christian ground;
And yet, because these Christians prosper still
Whose mere existence do I chiefly hate,
I long to see them pluck'd out, root and branch;
To this end, Soldan, now I visit thee.
Thousands of men encompass thee about
And hardy janizars bred up to war,
Yet have they not, in sum, the fortitude
Thoroughly to extirpate the Christian dogs.
Know, therefore, since no way but this appears,
I have resolv'd a while to visit earth
And breed myself a race of warlike sons,
Men of such pith and mettle as of old
Sprung from the loins of giants before the
flood,
Or from the dragon's teeth by Jason sown.
They shall be call'd the Sons of Mahomet
And by their enemies the Scourge of God,
And, to this end I must enjoy thy wives
And lie with all thy lovely concubines,
Whose beauties are the pride of Asia.
Six nights I purpose to employ in this;
Six days, six nights this castle shall be bound
With mist and fogs no man alive may pierce
And for that space of time see thou forbear
All wanton thoughts of dalliance and consort,
Or, by my coffin mounted in the air
And hung in stately Mecca's temple roof,
I swear these ladies shall not see thee more.

Great Turk: Too great a favour Mahomet bestows
To condescend to bed with mortal flesh.
Nay, even with her that wears the diadem
To signify she is a princess born
And chief wife to the monarch of the east.
Too greatly, prophet, dost thou honour me,
Nor shall I cease to bless thy holy name
And see all done according to thy word.

Faustus: 'Tis well. Avoid our presence.

Great Turk: Is it permitted, mighty Mahomet,
Before I go to know what man is this
(Or bears at least the semblance of a man)
Who keeps thee company in this emprise?

Points to MEPHOSTOPHILIS

Faustus: He is an angel come from paradise
Whom I have chosen to record my words
And write my actions in the Book of Life,
So to augment our noble Alcoran.
Mephostophilis, go, see them hence.

*Exit MEPHOSTOPHILIS with the GREAT TURK
and eunuchs*

Faustus: Fairest of all thy peers and yet more fair,
Pre-eminent for grace and majesty
Whose liquid gaze doth mingle love and fire,
Say, if our will which thou hast heard declar'd
Leaves thee content and meets with thy desire?

Chief Wife: My lord I shall be buxom to thy will.
What heavenly Mahomet commands is law;
Not that I do it but for awe of thee
For thine embrace must be to us as heaven,
As to Alcmena was the bed of Jove
When he begot the peerless Hercules.

Faustus: O, thou art lovelier than a silver cloud
Touch'd by the first beams of the rising sun;
Thy motions as a fountain's slender shaft
That soars to spend herself in glittering
showers,
Thy tongue, when thou dost speak, enchants
the air
As do the countless nightingales that chant
In those Circassian vales where thou wast born.
If thou wilt only be my paramour,
It shall outdo the joys of paradise
Shall we to bed?

Chief Wife: My lord, with all my heart.

Exeunt

ACT III SCENE V

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHOSTOPHILIS

Faustus: Now, Mephostophilis, having made us sport
And highly gratified the sovereign Turk,
We turn'd our march to visit Africa,
Libya, Alkair and proud Egyptia;
From thence by Mare Rosso, Taprobane,
We fetch'd about the Indian continent
And, sailing up the wide Arabian sea,
Made land and, visiting the vale Cashmir,
We came at last to fabl'd Bactria
Which some repute the jewel of Persia,
Where once the noble Zoroaster reign'd,
That source and purest fount of magic art,
Whom Ninus with Semiramis destroy'd.
Therefrom, by way of desert Samarkand
Between the Euxine and the Caspian Sea
Through Persia to the mount of Ararat
We came to view the cradle of mankind.

Mepho- Ay, Faustus,
stophilis: As thou commanded have I been thy guide.

Faustus: Hast thou, as I desir'd, conducted me
To visit next the seat of paradise?

Mepho- I durst no nearer than this lofty top
stophilis: Of Caucasus that overlooks the same.

Faustus: Traitor, did I not bid thee bring me there?

Mepho- Bid me not, for I am not bound in this.
stophilis:

Faustus: How, sirrah?

Mepho- Nay, Faustus, thou hast no choice in this, but
stophilis: bear me.
Know, from the hour that Adam was expell'd
For his transgression with the fatal tree,
No son of Adam, but he die the death,
May stand upon that blessed ground and live.

How much less, think you then, will God permit
One of our kingdom to approach its bounds,
Through whom the happy garden was
unmann'd?

Faustus: Woods, champaigns, mounts—I see no danger
there.

Meph-
stophilis: Look Faustus, from this prospect down
And view yon valley where thy world began:
There from one vale four mighty rivers flow;
Four several ways they wind their crystal
course,
Ganges and Nile, Tigris and Euphrates,
Whose currents none, though doughty, hath
withstood;
Mark, in their midst as mighty strike of fire
Breaks from the zenith through the welkin
down,
Where by the gate the dread archangel stands
Wielding the terror of his flaming sword
And turns on every hand his sleepless eyes,
Which strike such anguish to my shrinking soul,
I can no longer stay to look on them.

Exit MEPHOSTOPHILIS

Faustus: Ay, go hide thee if thou wilt,
Yet shall not Faustus blench.
Ah, could I look upon that famous tree,
The root of knowledge, whence our mother
Eve
Tasted the fruit that prompted us to know,
And taught mankind to have aspiring minds
Which set no bourne to knowledge infinite.

Enter the Good and Bad Angels

Good
Angel: Faustus, take warning by that fatal tree,
Nor feed upon the baneful fruit of hell.

Bad
Angel: Nay, Faustus, take example of the same;
Eat rather, eat and learn to be as gods.

Good Think Faustus, on the ignorance of pride
Angel: That brought the prince of angels to his fall.

Bad Think rather of the power that science affords
Angel: And what delight that power holds in train.

Exeunt Good and Bad Angels

Faustus: And so I will. And yet it grieves my mind
 Not to have trod the walks of paradise
 And spoken with those parents of mankind
 Which Mephostophilis did promise me;
 Nor is it the first time his word was broke,
 Or but was kept in an ambiguous sense.
 My mind misgives me: what if it prove false
 That hell contains all manner of delight?
 Tut, these are feigned superstitions;
 Faustus, be bold and all shall yet be well.
 What, Mephostophilis! Mephostophilis, I say!

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS

Come let us hence!

Mepho- Whither would you now?
stopphilis:

Faustus: Hence, gentle spirit,
 To take a circuit round by Trebizond,
 Thence by Crim Tartary to the Caspian Sea,
 Where Russian stems ply up from Astrakhan,
 At airy pace traverse the Scythian waste,
 Cracovia and the realm of Muscovy,
 And so return to Wittenberg again. *Exeunt*

ACT IV

Enter Chorus

Chorus: When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things and royal courts of kings,
He stay'd his course and so returned home
Where such as bare his absence but with grief—
I mean his friends and near'st 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 answer'd with such learned skill
As they admir'd and wonder'd at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land;
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
Where what he did in trial of his art
I leave untold, your eyes shall see perform'd.

Exit

ACT IV SCENE I

Enter the EMPEROR, FAUSTUS, MEPHOSTOPHILIS and a Knight with Attendants

Emperor: Master doctor Faustus, I have heard report
Of thy pre-eminence in the black art,

How none in my empire, nor in the whole
world
Compare with thee for rare effects of magic.
They say that thou hast a familiar spirit
By whom thou can'st accomplish what thou list.
This therefore is my request: thou let me see
Some proof of thy skill that so mine eyes may be
Witnesses to confirm what things mine ears
Have heard reported. Here I swear to thee,
By the honour of mine imperial crown,
That, whatsoe'er thou doest, thou shalt be
No ways prejudic'd or endamaged.

Knight: I'faith he looks much like a conjuror.

Faustus: My gracious sovereign, though I must confess
Myself inferior to the report
Which men have published concerning me
And nothing answerable to the estate
And honour of your imperial majesty,
Yet for that duty binds me thereunto,
Service and love, I am in all content
To do whate'er your highness 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 honour of mine ancestors,
How they had won by prowess such exploits,
Got such riches, subdu'd so many kingdoms,
As we who do succeed, or they that shall
Possess our throne hereafter, shall, I fear me
Never again attain to that degree
Of high renown and great authority;
Among which kings is Alexander the Great,
Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence,
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,
Can'st raise this man from hollow vaults below
Where lies entomb'd this famous conqueror
And bring him with his beauteous paramour,
Both in their right shapes, gesture and attire
They us'd to wear during their time of life,
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire
And give me cause to praise thee while I live.

Faustus: My gracious lord,
I am ready to accomplish your request,
So far forth as by power of my art
And spirit I am able to perform.

Knight: I'faith that's just nothing at all.

Faustus: But if it like your Grace,
'Tis not in my ability to present
The true substantial bodies of those princes,
Which long since are consumed into dust.

Knight: Ay, marry, master doctor, now there's a sign of
grace in you when you will confess the truth.

Faustus: Only such spirits as lively can resemble
Great Alexander and his paramour
Shall, by my skill, appear before your Grace,
Both in the manner that they liv'd in best
As also their most flourishing estate;
Which, set before your eyes, I doubt not shall
Sufficiently content your 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 then, sir?

Knight: I'faith, sir, that's as true
As that Diana turn'd me to a stag.

Faustus: No, sir, but when
Actaeon died he left the horns for you.
Mephostophilis begone!
And with a solemn noise of trumpets' sound
Present before this royal Emperor
Great Alexander and his beauteous paramour.

Mephostophilis: Faustus, I will.

Exit MEPHOSTOPHILIS

Knight: Nay, and you go to conjuring I'll begone.

Faustus: Anon,
I'll meet with you for interrupting me.

Exit Knight

My lord, I must forewarn your Majesty
That when my spirits present the royal shapes
Of Alexander and his paramour,
Your Grace demand no question of the king
But in dumb silence let them come and go.

Emperor: Be it as Faustus please; we are content.

*A sennet. 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 at which FAUSTUS suddenly
stays him. The trumpets cease and music sounds.*

Faustus: My gracious lord, you do forget yourself,
These are but shadows, not substantial.

Emperor: Shall Alexander do me reverence,
An emperor towards an emperor,
And I ungently make him no salute?

Faustus: Your Majesty forgets they are but spirits.
What, stand you in a muse, my gracious lord?

Emperor: O pardon me, my thoughts were ravish'd so,
With sight of this renowned conqueror
I had suppos'd he met me in the life.
Ay, such was then my great progenitor,
So godlike in his motions of command
With looks should mate the horned basilisk,
As when he march'd athwart Arbela's towers
And put to flight Darius, King of Kings,
Or, halting on the bounds of Asia,
He wept to have but one world to subdue.

Faustus: I warrant your Grace. But see they pass again;
The lovely Thais greets your Majesty,
That with her blue cloak, like an arctic sky,
Shadows her smiling face and snowy breasts
Where milk is tinctur'd with the hue of blood,
And from that dusk her eyes, like centronels
Spangle the air with quickening sparks of fire.

Emperor: Master doctor, I heard this lady, while she liv'd
Had on her neck a little wart or mole;
How shall I know whether it be so or no?

Faustus: Your Majesty may boldly go and see.

Emperor: Faustus, I see it plain.
For sure, these are no spirits but the true
Substantial bodies of those deceased princes.

Faustus: Your Highness is deceiv'd by magic art.
Spirits have power in every element
And may assume such bodies as they please
By incrassation of the ductile air,
Which at a word dislimns. Away, begone!

Exit show

Wil't please your Highness now, send for the
Knight
That was so pleasant with me here of late?

Emperor: One of you call him forth.

Enter the Knight with a pair of horns on his head

Faustus: How now, sir Knight, why I had thought thou hadst been a bachelor, but now I see, thou hast a wife not only gives thee horns but makes thee wear them too. Feel on thy head.

Knight: Thou damned wretch and execrable dog,
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,
How dar'st thou thus abuse a gentleman?
Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done.

Faustus: O, not so fast sir. There's no haste but good:
Are you remember'd how you cross'd me late
Touching my conference with the Emperor?
I think that I have met with you for it.

Emperor: Good master doctor, at my entreaty release
him;
He hath done penance sufficient.

Faustus: My gracious lord,
Not so much for the injury, indeed,
He offer'd me within your presence here
As to delight your Highness with some mirth
Have I requited this injurious Knight,
Which being all in fine that I desire
I am content now to remove his horns.
Hereafter, sir, look you speak well of scholars!
Mephostophilis transform him straight!

MEPHOSTOPHILIS removes the horns

Now my good lord,
My duty done, I humbly take my leave.

Emperor: Farewell, master doctor; yet ere you go
Expect from me a bounteous reward.

Exeunt EMPEROR, Knight and attendants.
Exeunt next FAUSTUS and MEPHOSTOPHILIS

ACT IV SCENE II

Enter the injurious Knight with companions, all in harness and with swords and pistols

Knight: This is the place of which I spoke with you, scarce half-a-mile beyond the city gate, where now the conjuror lingers to say his farewell. Here from this eminence we may observe his approach and stand concealed till he be near.

1st Companion: How shall we do then?

Knight: We two shall step forth and challenge him when he comes abreast. But yet, to make all sure, my friends, let the rest of you go back along the way. Hide yourselves well and when he comes, show not your force but let the villain pass by. Then when ye hear us encounter, run at him from behind: so shall we hold him helpless in our midst.

2nd Companion: Ware! Ware! I see him plain from where I stand. He hath already parted from his company and makes toward us from the city gate.

Knight: Mounted or on foot?

2nd Companion: On foot, and one with him.

Knight: Be they armed?

2nd Companion: Nay, the vile conjuror wears his doctor's gown and he that goes with him is habited as a grey friar.

Knight: Leave him and harm him not, except he offer to resist us. But for the conjuror, smite and spare not.
Thus shall I be reveng'd for the disgrace
He put on me before the emperor

And all the nobles of the court beside.
So shall I purge mine honour of this shame,
Hacking his carrion flesh in pieces small
And send his soul entire to ugly hell
That durst humiliate a gentleman.

1st Com- Shall we not shoot?
panion:

Knight: Nay, use your swords alone,
Lest being on every side we wound each other.
Only if he break free, shoot after him.

2nd Stand to it, they draw nigh!
Com-
panion:

Knight: To your places all!

The Knight and his company hide themselves
Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHOSTOPHILIS

Faustus: Say, Mephostophilis, is this the place?

Mepho- Ay, for so my spirits warn'd me.
stophilis: The Knight whom we of late held up to scorn
Before the emperor, with his friends in arms,
Hath set an ambush here against thy life.

Faustus: Sweet Mephostophilis, when they attack
Make me invisible, so they hew the air;
Then raise some force to baffle their design.

Exit MEPHOSTOPHILIS

Knight: Stand, villains!
Now, have at them one and all!
Say, master doctor, have I met with you?
How like you now the taste of naked steel
Wherewith I will repay thy gift of horns?
Die, dog, and the devil have thy carcase!

The Knight and his companions run at FAUSTUS
with drawn swords. FAUSTUS steps to one side and
they strike at the air

Where art thou Faustus? Has the monster fled?

1st Com- Ay, but no man of us did see him go.
panion:

2nd Com-panion: He went this way I warrant you.

Knight: Look about!
And we shall take him.

1st Com- Where is his fellow?
panion:

2nd Fled.
Companion:

Knight: We must turn back; he went not by for sure
For we too stoutly did dispute the way.

*Trumpets and drums. Enter a troop of armed men
and confront them*

What men-at-arms are ye? They speak no word,
But grimly threaten us with sword and pike.
Turn once again: we shall take Faustus yet.

The Knight and his company turn about and confront armed men meeting them from the other side

Flee, friends! They come at us from every hand.

Exeunt the companions running

But as for me, that have been sham'd once
more

I shall into the thickest of the throng
And sell my life as dearly as I may.

FAUSTUS *steps forth*

Faustus: Sir Knight, what boots it further to resist?
Now yield at once your weapon and yourself
And by the rules of war thou may'st depart,
Or stay, and perish in a fruitless cause.

Knight: What, Master Doctor, dost thou mate me twice?
I and my friends had thought to even scores
And with our trenchant blades cut out thy
heart.

Faustus: I call 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,
Or hew'd this flesh and bones as fine as sand,
Yet in a minute had my spirit return'd
And I had breath'd a man made free from
harm.
Now yield thee or forever die the death.

Knight: What can avail 'gainst magic? Sir, I yield.

FAUSTUS takes his weapons
Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS

Faustus: Come, Mephostophilis, conduct him hence
See him to safety and dismiss this show.

Exit MEPHOSTOPHILIS
with the Knight and soldiers

Re-enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS

Faustus: Now Mephostophilis, the restless course
That time doth run with calm and silent foot,
Shortening my days and thread of vital life,
Calls for the payment of my latest years.
Therefore, sweet Mephostophilis,
Let us make haste to Wittenberg.

Mephostophilis: 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.

Mephostophilis: Do so, my Faustus.
Meantime I'll to your house at Wittenberg
And advertise your friends of your return.

Faustus: Thanks Mephostophilis, commend me to them.
Bid Wagner to have all in readiness.

Mephostophilis: That have I put in hand and seen it done
And Wagner hath set forth to meet with us.
Within this hour we should encounter him
And then we shall be hors'd for Wittenberg.

Faustus: Gramercy gentle spirit, for thy pains,
Beyond this green there lies a village inn.
There I'll expect thy stay.

Exit MEPHOSTOPHILIS

How pliant is this Mephostophilis!
Yet privily observing him of late,
I mark a lurking ambush in his eye,
Bloody and sudden for the prize he owes,
The four-and-twenty years he promis'd me
To live and die in all voluptuousness
Are well-nigh spent and of my course remains
Only the butt and residue of time.
Swift as a weaver's shuttle are my days
And then an everlasting night draws in.
Where are the hopes thou set'st thy heart upon?
What, four-and-twenty years against a soul!
A paltry date; what bargain call you this?
Thou should'st have pledg'd him for a thousand
years
Beyond the term allotted Enoch's son
Or Tiresias that near out-last'd Thebes.
Too simple was thy wit that made this bond.
And yet bethink thee: what hast thou to fear?
I have seen hell; the devil show'd me hell,
Nor was it fill'd with torment and despair
But every pleasure to transport my soul.
Then fear not, Faustus, at thy date to die
And take thy pleasures in Elysium.

Enter Good and Bad Angels

Good Angel: That which the devil show'd thee was not hell
But subtle fictions to delude thy mind.

Bad Why should'st thou doubt him? Hath he not
Angel: kept faith?
 Consider thy power, thy riches and thy fame
 And triumphs still to come. There yet is time.

Good Ah, Faustus, use that time to save thy soul;
Angel: Repent and God will pity thee my friend.

Bad Nay, Faustus, thou art damn'd: thou hast
Angel: committed
 The sin that God himself cannot forgive
 Either in this world or the world to come,
 Seeing thou hast blasphem'd the Paraclete.

Exeunt Good and Bad Angels

Faustus: What art thou Faustus but a man condemned
 to die?
 Thy fatal time draws to a final end;
 Despair doth drive distrust into my thoughts.
 Confound these passions with a quiet sleep.
 Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the cross;
 Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

Sits on a bench at the inn

Who whispers in mine ears all shall be well?
There yet is time? Sleep now and take some
rest.

He sleeps. Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS

Mepho- Ay sleep! Sleep is the mockery of death
stophilis: And the doom'd man's postponement of
 despair.
 Sleep till the last hour shall summon thee;
 Thy fruit is almost ripe on Judas' bough
 And shortly shall I pluck thy forfeit soul,
 If yet our kingdom's vigilance and care
 Keep thee from such solicitings of grace
 As yet, I fear, may snatch thee from our grasp.

Enter WAGNER

Mepho- What, Wagner!
stophilis:

Wagner: Where's my master?

Mepho- See where he sleeps.
stophilis:

Wagner: I come to bid him wake
 With news for him that met me by the way.

Shouts in his ear

What, master doctor, wake, I say!

FAUSTUS *wakes*

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

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

Faustus: The Duke of Vanholt's an honourable
 gentleman, and one to whom I must be no
 niggard of my cunning. Come, Mephostophilis,
 let's away to him.

Mepho- But what of our return to Wittenberg?
stophilis:

Faustus: Let Wagner notify my friends. What Wagner!
 Art thou there?

Wagner: What is your will?

Faustus: Are our horses ready?

Wagner: Yes.

Faustus: Then, Wagner, ride post to the castle of the
 noble Duke of Vanholt and say that Faustus will
 shortly attend on him. When thou hast done
 that, make thy way back to Wittenberg, that my
 friends may know the cause of my delay.

Wagner: That shall I do and with all speed.

Exit WAGNER

Faustus: Come, Mephostophilis, and by the way
Let us devise some pastime for the Duke. *Exeunt*

ACT IV SCENE III

Enter the DUKE OF VANHOLT, his DUCHESS, FAUSTUS,
MEPHOSTOPHILIS and attendants

Duke of Vanholt: Thrice welcome to our court, most learned doctor. You have earn'd our gratitude the more, to have undertaken the journey in so bitter a winter season. We hope you were well provided by our people on the way.

Faustus: Your Grace's kindness lacked in nothing. I thank you, sir.

Duke: Thereto my duchess here would add her hearty thanks. We have heard such report of your skill, Master Doctor, as almost to pass belief. It is therefore my entreaty that you make some trial of your art before us here.

Faustus: What would your Grace desire to see?

Duke: Some rare effect of magic. But whatsoever it be, pray let it not be such as to inspire dread, no, nor such sudden surprise as may perturb the mind, for my lady here is with child and is nigh her lying in.

FAUSTUS raises his staff and music sounds from all parts of the chamber. Enter spirits in the form of fair maids, dance, bow to the company and so depart

Faustus: Madam, the entertainment that I mean to show your Grace shall be as grateful to your eyes and ears and as soothing to the mind as this course of sweet airs I have caused my spirits to present.

Duchess: I thank you, Master Doctor, and expected no less of your kindness.

Duke: You have whetted our appetites Master Doctor; say then, what next will you devise?

Faustus: As we approach'd this mansion, I remember to have seen over against it a high and pleasant hill, but at this season deep in snow. Will it please your Graces to look out of the casement yonder? Go Mephostophilis!

Exit MEPHOSTOPHILIS

Duchess: What do I see? Can this be possible?

Faustus: What sees your Grace?

Duchess: The stately hill that stands within our park and which we call Rohumbuel, though mine eyes this day did see it under snow, now stands it as green and flourishing as spring.
Its trees and boschage masked in living green,
Its slopes and glades all diaper'd with flowers.
How can this be? but dost thou see, my lord,
The deer that range and browse about the coppice?

Duke: Nay game enough, the bear, the boar that roam
In numbers not recorded hitherto.
For such a paradise of venery,
Why do I stay? My boots, bring me my boots!
Call up the master of my hounds! Away!

Faustus: Your Grace, these are but trifles. Look again!

Duke: What change is this? A mighty castle crowns
The summit of that eminence, whose towers
And massy battlements affront the clouds
From whence whole regiments of men-at-arms
And culverins of brass do threat our house
The which they overlook.
Say, Master Doctor, must we credit this?

- Faustus: Nay, if your Grace vouchsafe to look once more upon that hill it shall content your mind.
- Duke: Why, so it is. Despite its granite bulk the whole of that castle rises gently through the air, and poises now, as it were a cloud, above the hill.
- Duchess: And see, it issues flames and smoke and now is all on fire and vanishes away.
- Faustus: Yet, look once more and tell me what ye see, madam.
- Duchess: Nothing but Rohumbuel deep in snow
As it appear'd before unto mine eyes.
- Duke: Thanks, Master Doctor, for these pleasant sights. Nor know I how sufficiently to recompense your great deserts in erecting that enchanted castle in the air, the sight whereof so delighted me, as nothing in the world could please me more.
- Faustus: My good Lord, I do think myself highly recompens'd in that it pleaseth your Grace to think well of that which Faustus hath perform'd. But, gracious lady, it may be that you have taken no pleasure in those sights; therefore I pray you tell me what is the thing you most desire to have: be it in the world, it shall be yours. I have heard that great-bellied women do long for things are rare and dainty.
- Duchess: True, Master Doctor, and since I find you so kind, I will make known unto you what my heart desires to have, and were it now summer, as it is January, a dead time of winter, I would request no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.
- Faustus: This is but a small matter. Go, Mephostophilis, away!
Exit MEPHOSTOPHILIS

Madam I will do more than this for your content.

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS again with the grapes

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

Duke: Believe me, Master Doctor,
This makes me wonder more than all the rest.
That at this time of year when every tree
Is barren of his fruit, from whence you had
these ripe grapes.

Faustus: Please your Grace, the year is divided into two
circles over the whole world, so that, when it is
winter with us, in the contrary circle it is like-
wise summer with them, as in India, Saba and
such countries that lie far east, where they have
fruit twice a year. From whence, by means of a
swift spirit that I have, I had these grapes
brought as you see. How do you like them,
Madam, be they good?

Duchess: Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best
grapes
That e'er I tasted in my life before.

Faustus: I am glad they content you so, madam.

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

Duke: Come, madam, let us in, where you must well
reward him for the great kindness he hath
show'd to you.

Duchess: And so I will, my Lord, and whilst I live
Shall rest beholding for this courtesy;
For, though I heard such fair report of him,
I now confess the half not told to me,
As royal Saba said of Solomon.

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

ACT IV SCENE IV

Enter several Scholars

- 1st Scholar: Was it not here that Faustus appointed for us to meet with him?
- 2nd Scholar: He did; and we have gather'd to the end that all should welcome him again to Wittenberg. For he hath so honoured our city in this, that his fame in learning and in magic arts fills both Germany and all the world beside.
- 3rd Scholar: I, for my part, could wish his fame the less. Though for many years I was his chamber-fellow and do love the man heartily; yet still I fear for him.
- 2nd Scholar: Wherefore dost thou fear?
- 3rd Scholar: Even for his practice of magic. Pray God, he hath not ventur'd his hope of grace for it!
- 2nd Scholar: Nay, not all magic art is of the fiend. Witness those men of science of our times, Agrippa, Peter Abano and the rest
And, in the past, such doctors and divines
As Roger Bacon and Albertus Magnus.
Agrippa calls them true philosophers
And, in his book, a sound magician,
Provided he eschew the aid of hell,
May practise magic merely as a man
Perfect in Natural Philosophy.
- 3rd Scholar: Would it were so, yet do I fear for him.
- 1st Scholar: A truce to this debate: see where he comes!
- Enter FAUSTUS, MEPHOSTOPHILIS and WAGNER*
- Thrice noble Faustus whom the world acclaims,
Welcome again to studious Wittenberg

Whose fame thou hast advanc'd above the stars!
See here, thy near'st companions and friends
Gather'd to gratulate thy dear event,
As love and longing prompt them thereunto!

Faustus: Gentlemen, I thank you heartily;
And, because Faustus would not hide his mind
From those that love him whom he loves again,
Know that he means henceforth to live with
you
And fix his state in gentle Wittenberg.
Whereas her studies chiefly nourish'd him
And bred his youth to learning which alone
Fashions the mind to true nobility,
Like *genius loci* does he mean to haunt
Her reverend stones and sunny policies.

2nd Doth Faustus, then, intend to quit the world
Scholar: And turn his thoughts towards man's latter
end?

Faustus: Ah, my sweet friend,
I, that so joy'd in our companionship
Recall that sentence once much us'd between
us:
*Quam bonum et quam iucundum est habitare fratres
in unum . . . etc.*
It visits me how good a thing it is,
The love of brothers in the hearts of friends,
Like the refreshment of sweet unguent drops
Distill'd upon the patriarch Aaron's beard,
Nor have I aught in mind to do but this,
Spending my days in pleasant Wittenberg.
But to that end, now tell me:
Shall we not highly celebrate this day
Which sees me re-united with my friends?
I have in mind to feast you at my house,
A princely banquet such as Wittenberg
Nor Germany itself hath seen the like.
The choice effects of necromantic art
Shall serve to furnish forth our festival;

With rarest wines your goblets shall be crown'd,
Your tables groan with precious delicacies
That every clime and season doth afford;
A naked siren in a net of gold
Shall charm your ears with her enchanting
 song;
The three Hesperides shall dance for you,
Tossing their golden apples to and fro,
As when they entertain'd great Hercules;
Maidens descending like the morning stars
Shall with their milk-white limbs attend on you;
Meanwhile aloft upon a cloud you shall
Have sight of dragons fighting in the air.
How like you this?

1st Faustus, I may be bold
Scholar: To answer for myself and all the rest:
 This feast will answer every man's desire.

Faustus: Go, Mephostophilis, see it put in train!
 Wagner, look that the house be featly drest!
 And, gentlemen, I bid a brief adieu
 As, in an hour, I look to meet you there.

Exeunt several ways

ACT V

Enter Chorus

Chorus: See Faustus now return'd to Wittenberg:
And now draws in his four-and-twentieth year
When he must pay his debt to Lucifer
Whereof he lives in terror of that day,
Yet strives to quench that dread in revelry,
In heady riot, surfeit and dispence.
And that his fortunes are remediless
I greatly fear, for, though he might repent,
God's endless mercy bending thereunto,
Despair doth serve to banish from his heart
That true contrition requisite to grace. *Exit*

ACT V SCENE I

Thunder and lightning. Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS leading devils with flagons and cover'd dishes to FAUSTUS' chamber.

Exeunt to a sound of revelry, laughter and singing. Re-enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS and stands to listen at the door. He grins.

Mepho- The trap is sprung; now is his soul secure!
stophilis:

He closes the door

Exit MEPHOSTOPHILIS

Enter WAGNER

Wagner: I think my master means to die shortly,
For he hath given to me all his wealth,
His house, his goods and store of golden plate,

Besides two thousand ducats ready coin'd.
And yet methinks, if that death were near
He would not banquet and carouse and swill
Among the students even as now he doth
Who are at supper with such belly-cheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
See where they come; belike the feast is ended.

Exit WAGNER

*Enter FAUSTUS, MEPHOSTOPHILIS, and two
or three Scholars*

1st
Scholar: Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference
about fair ladies, which was the beautifullest in
all the world, we have determin'd with our
selves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest
lady that ever liv'd. Therefore, Master Doctor, if
you will do us so much favour, as to let us see
that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the
world admires for majesty, we should be much
beholding unto you.

Faustus: Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd,
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 otherways for pomp and majesty
Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent then, for danger is in words.

*Music sounds. MEPHOSTOPHILIS brings in
Helen; she passes over the stage*

2nd
Scholar: Too simple is my wit to tell her praise
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

3rd
scholar: No marvel though the angry Greeks pursu'd
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

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

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 persevere in it like a devil.
Yet, yet thou hast an amiable soul,
If sin by custom grow not into nature:
Then, Faustus, will repentance come too late,
Then thou art banish'd from the sight of
 heaven;
No mortal can express the pains of hell.
It may be this my exhortation
Seems harsh and all unpleasant; let it not,
For, gentle son, I speak it not in wrath
Or envy of thee, but in tender love
And pity of thy future misery;
And so have hope that this my kind rebuke,
Checking thy body, may amend thy soul.

Faustus: Where art thou, Faustus? Wretch, what hast
 thou done?
Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair and
 die!

MEPHOSTOPHILIS gives him a dagger

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.

FAUSTUS goes to use the dagger

Old Man: O, 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: O, my sweet friend, I feel
Thy words to comfort my distressed soul.
Leave me awhile to ponder on my sins.

Old Man: I go, sweet Faustus, but with heavy cheer
Fearing the ruin of thy hapless soul.

Exit Old Man

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?

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

Faustus: I do repent I e'er offended him.
Sweet Mephostophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.

Mepho- Do it, then, Faustus, with unfeigned heart,
stophilis: Lest greater dangers do attend thy drift.

Faustus: Torment, sweet friend, that base and aged man
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Mepho- His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul;
stophilis: 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

These thoughts that do dissuade me from my
vow,
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

Mepho- This or what else my Faustus shall desire
stophilis: Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Enter HELEN again

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.
Her lips suck forth my soul: see where it flies!
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.

Enter the Old Man

I will be Paris, and for love of thee
Instead of Troy shall Wittenberg be sack'd,
And I will combat with weak Menelaus
And wear thy colours on my plumed crest,
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars,
Brighter thou art 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 FAUSTUS and HELEN

Old Man: Accursed Faustus, miserable man
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of
heaven
And fliest the throne of his tribunal seat!

Enter the Devils

Satan begins to sift me with his pride:
As in this furnace God may try my faith,

My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smile
At your repulse and laugh your state to scorn!
Hence, hell! For hence I fly unto my God.

Exeunt severally

ACT V SCENE II

Enter FAUSTUS and WAGNER

Faustus: Say, Wagner, thou hast perus'd my will:
How dost thou like it?

Wagner: Sir, so wondrous well
As in all humble duty I do yield
My life and lasting service for your love.

Enter the Scholars

Faustus: Gramercies, Wagner. *Exit WAGNER*
Welcome, gentlemen.

1st Scholar: Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are
chang'd.

Faustus: Ah, gentlemen!

3rd Scholar: What ails Faustus?

Faustus: Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I liv'd with
thee, then had I liv'd still, but now must die
eternally. Look, sirs, comes he not? Comes he
not?

2nd Scholar: What means Faustus?

1st Scholar: O my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

3rd Scholar: Is all our pleasure turn'd to melancholy?

2nd Scholar: He is not well with being over-solitary.

3rd
Scholar: If it be so, we'll have physicians, and Faustus shall be cur'd.

2nd
Scholar: 'Tis but a surfeit, sir; fear nothing.

Faustus: A surfeit of deadly sin that hath damn'd both body and soul.

3rd
Scholar: Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven and remember God's mercy is infinite.

Faustus: But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardon'd: the serpent that tempted Eve may be sav'd, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches. Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would that I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done all Germany can witness, yea, all the world, for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself—heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy—and must remain in hell for ever. Hell, ah, hell for ever! Sweet friends what shall become of Faustus being in hell for ever?

2nd
Scholar: Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faustus: On God, whom Faustus hath abjur'd? On God, whom Faustus hath blasphem'd? Ah, my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears—gush forth blood, instead of tears, yea, life and soul! O, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold them, they hold them.

All: Who, Faustus?

Faustus: Why, Lucifer and Mephostophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning.

All: 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. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expir'd, this is the time, and he will fetch me.

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

Faustus: Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threaten'd to tear me in pieces if I nam'd God, to fetch me body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity; and now it is too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me!

3rd Scholar: O, what may we do to save Faustus?

Faustus: Talk not of me, but save yourselves and depart.

2nd Scholar: God will strengthen me. I will stay with Faustus.

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

Faustus: Aye, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

3rd 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: the clock strikes eleven

Faustus: Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.
Stand still you ever-moving spheres of heaven,

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 noctis equi!

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 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!—

Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ;
Yet will I call on him. O, spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'Tis gone: and see where God
Stretcheth out his arms 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 I will headlong run into the earth.
Earth, gape! O, no it will not harbour me.
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud,
That when you vomit forth into the air
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven.

The clock strikes

Ah, half the hour is past: 'twill all be past anon.

O God,

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake whose blood hath
ransom'd me,

Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand and at last be sav'd.
O, no end is limited to damned souls
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah Pythagoras' *metempsychosis*,
Were that true this soul should fly from me
And I be chang'd into some brutish beast:
All beasts are happy, for when they do die
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
No Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

The clock strikes twelve

O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!

Thunder and lightning

O, soul be chang'd into small water drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found.

Enter Devils

My God, my God! Look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
Ugly hell, gape not! Come not Lucifer;
I'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephostophilis!

Exeunt

ACT V SCENE III

Enter the Scholars

1st Scholar: Come, gentlemen, let's go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never seen
Since first the world's creation did begin;
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard.

Pray heaven the doctor have escap'd the
danger.

2nd O, help us, heaven! see, here are Faustus' limbs,
Scholar: All torn asunder by the hand of death.

3rd The devils whom Faustus serv'd have torn him
Scholar: thus:

For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one,
methought

I heard him shriek and call aloud for help,
At which self time the house seem'd all on fire
With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.

2nd Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such
Scholar: As every Christian heart laments to think on,
Yet, for he was a scholar, once admir'd
For wondrous knowledge in our German
schools,
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial;
And all the students, cloth'd in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral. *Exeunt*

ACT V (Epilogue)

Enter the Chorus

Chorus: Cut is the branch that might have grown full
 straight,
 And burned is Apollo's laurel bough
 That sometime grew within this learned man.
 Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
 Whose 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

Terminat hora diem; terminat author opus.

Notes and Explanations

A. D. Hope

‘Eine *bloss* ästhetische Kritik in dem Englischen Drama, für die *Auffindung späterer Einschiebungen* nicht rathsam ist. Man öffnet damit der Willkur Thür und Thor’.

H. Breymann quoted by W. Wagner
in his parallel text edition of
Doctor Faustus, 1889

‘I have, therefore, attempted in what follows . . . to distinguish between the Marlowan and the non-Marlowan passages of the play. At the same time I would warn the reader that when I assign a passage to Marlowe I wish him to understand, that I am not asserting a demonstrable fact, but am merely registering a personal and perhaps superficial impression. I repeat that whereas in some instances my conviction amounts to moral certainty, in others it is lightly held.’

W. W. Greg (ed.): *Marlowe's Doctor Faustus 1604-1616*,
Parallel Texts (1950), Introduction, p. 99
Medio tutissimus ibis.

Ovid. *Metamorphoses* II, 137

It was sometime in 1927 or 1928, as I recall, that I first planned a restoration of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* along much the same lines as I have followed in the present version. But it was not until the end of 1930 and the beginning of 1931 that I actually began to work on the project during a period of unemployment after my return from study at Oxford.

The original version was much simpler than the present one. After cutting out the parts of the play generally agreed not to be the work of Marlowe I added a chorus at the end of Act I, wrote a new version of the pageant of the Seven Deadly Sins in Act II, and a new version of the scene in which Faustus and Mephistophilis disrupt the Pope's feast in Act III. This was followed by a description of Faustus' travels in Africa and the east and ended with a visit to the Great Turk's court at Constantinople. In Act IV

I made an attempt to restore the verse of the conference of Faustus with the Emperor Charles V and followed it with a scene in which Faustus began his return to Wittenberg and was diverted to the court of the Duke of Vanholt. The scene of this visit was enlarged by another version of Faustus conjuring up the magic castle for his hosts. The act ended with a scene of Faustus greeting his friends in Wittenberg on much the same lines as the present one. I made no changes to Act V. At that time I favoured the A-text and followed it throughout. Later study of Greg's arguments changed this view for me. Of course my version was much too short and was doubtless very immature in its execution. This version was fortunately destroyed in a fire about 1953.

Before plunging into a sea of guesswork, interpretation and conjecture which any discussion of the text of *Doctor Faustus* necessarily entails, it will be useful for the reader who is not a specialist to have before him an outline of the facts which any theory about the play must take into account.

The single source for Marlowe's part of the play is *The Historie of the damnable life and deserved death of Doctor John Faustus*, translated by P. F. Gent. and published in 1592. Marlowe died on 30 May 1593. The play must therefore have been composed between May 1592, when a bookseller laid claim to the copyright of an earlier translation of the *Damnable Life* (now lost) and May 1593. Since P. F.'s translation claims to have emended the earlier one it is probable that Marlowe wrote the play in the second half or towards the end of 1592. Some scholars favour an earlier date but even if they are right—and the evidence is mainly against them—it would not alter the arguments which follow.

Early in 1593 the play houses were closed by the outbreak of a severe attack of bubonic plague in London. Sir Walter Greg suggests that the Earl of Pembroke's Men had already put on the play both at the court and in the theatre before this happened and the argument is persuasive. After the closing of the theatres, Pembroke's Men went on tour in the provinces. Greg also argues persuasively that they sold their prompt copy but reconstructed the text from memory and used this text for a shortened version of the play for country audiences. This he thinks formed the basis of the first published text, the so-called A-text of 1604.

At any rate the play was in the possession of Philip Henslowe by September 1594 when the Admiral's Men performed the first recorded production of *Doctor Faustus* at Henslowe's theatre

'The Rose'. It was a popular play and Henslowe's Diary shows ten further performances during the following months. It continued to be performed for the next year or so and was apparently revived in 1603 when the Lord Admiral's Men and the Earl of Pembroke's Men combined. Were they using the 1604 text? We do not know, but it is probable that they did if, as Greg argues, they had sold the original prompt copy to another company. The title page of the 1604 edition of the play says '*As it hath bene Acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Nottingham his servants*', that is to say, the Lord Admiral's Men as the company was known before becoming Prince Henry's Men in 1603. But Henslowe may have had the prompt copy from which the 1616 edition (the B-text) was mainly edited. Our only knowledge of Henslowe's part in the matter is that in 1602 he paid £4 to William Birde and Samuel Rowley for 'additions in Dr Faustus'. Whether these were the new matter in the B-text is still a matter of scholarly debate. Five further editions of the 1616 version appeared up to 1628. They are simply reprints.

Greg has shown, I think conclusively, that the editor of the 1616 edition had access to and used the 1604 edition of the play but mainly based his text on independent material which Greg conjectures (p. viii) to have consisted in part at least of Marlowe's 'foul papers', that is 'author's drafts from which the prompt-book had in the first instance been transcribed'. The great differences between the A-text and the B-text tend to be obscured for the ordinary reader by skilful and scholarly piecing together of the two versions, such as the edition by W. W. Greg in 1950 which he calls 'A Conjectural Reconstruction'. It is a work of marvellous ingenuity and erudition but is vitiated, in my view, by Greg's untenable theory that Marlowe worked with a collaborator and that the B-text represents essentially the result of that collaboration. My reasons for this rejection will appear in the following pages.

It is clear that an author who sets out to produce a 'conjectural reconstruction' of Marlowe's play of the sort I offer here must set about the task in a quite different way from a scholar like Greg in his attempt to produce a compound of the two existing versions. It is no part of an editor's calling to supply new matter of his own invention in place even of parts of the text which he is convinced are corrupt or spurious later additions. He may note obvious gaps and have a plausible theory of what filled them in the original. But he is bound to leave it at that. My procedure leads to a different approach, because it has a different purpose. Scholars have had as their objective the production of the best

possible text of the play as it has survived. They have not been greatly concerned with those parts which have not survived, which is my chief interest in what follows.

Goethe apparently detected great planning in *Doctor Faustus* though he did not say what he thought the design was. We can only guess at Marlowe's plan from the parts of the play which are his own work, recognisable by his style and the stamp of his mind. Critics and scholars are generally agreed that this does not include the scenes of farce and horseplay with the exception of that between Wagner and the scholars in Act I. The ridiculous entertainment of the Seven Deadly Sins is usually rejected, as are a number of comic interjections in otherwise serious matter, probably interpolated by the actors themselves. The second version of the scenes with the Pope in Rome which introduce a new element into the plot of the B-text of 1616 is also manifestly by another hand, as are the following scenes with the Emperor Charles V and with the injurious Knight and his companions. Not by Marlowe, but probably by the same author as the Bruno scenes, are the additional scenes and passages which appear at the end of the play in the B-text only. Manifestly by Marlowe is everything in Act I except the scene between Wagner and the clown, the scene in Act II in which Faustus tries to repent, with the exception of the show of the Seven Deadly Sins, the first part of the scene in Act III in which Faustus and Mephostophilis arrive in Rome, probably the scene with the Emperor in the A-text of 1604, though it has been badly mangled in transmission, all of Act V except the added material of the B-text already mentioned, and all the choruses. There is hesitation and considerable difference of opinion about the authenticity of three or four verse passages which occur abruptly and irrelevantly in prose scenes of farce in Acts III and IV and about the final scene in which the students discover Faustus' body torn to pieces by the Fiends. These doubtful passages will be dealt with as they come up for discussion. I believe them all to be by Marlowe.

Marlowe's original design appears first of all in its structural devices, the division of the play into sections joined by choruses. Greg is probably right in his argument that the original play was divided into five acts, as is the B-text. But he does not sufficiently take into account the function of the chorus which in the two surviving examples (apart from the prologue and the epilogue) clearly demonstrate their function as links between the acts. *Doctor Faustus*, among other things, has the form of an

'exemplary life' considered as a whole and presented so that its moral is apparent:

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.

Marlowe's problem, within this program, is to present 'the form of Faustus' fortunes good or bad' from his birth to his death and, in particular, over the course of the twenty-four years covered by his pact with the devil. To do this he selects certain periods of Faustus' career for dramatic presentation and fills in the intervals by narratives spoken by the chorus who adds moral reflections at the beginning and the end but, to judge by the surviving choruses, does not do so between these points.

The first of these choruses, the prologue to the play, records his birth and his early career up to the moment the play opens. Of the two surviving choruses the first links Faustus' pursuit of his scientific interests in Act II with his period of travels in order to 'prove cosmography' which should occupy Act III. The second links his period of travel with his return to Wittenberg and his residence there during the period of his growing fame and notoriety as a scientist and a magician. It then naturally introduces the matter of Act IV, which begins with Faustus' invitation to the court of the Emperor Charles V—in terms of worldly success, the peak of his 'good fortunes'. Not enough of Act IV is left for us to judge, but it would seem to have dealt with the decline of those fortunes in Faustus' later years leading to the disaster of Act V. Two choruses which are necessary to complete this scheme appear to be missing. But the editor of the B-text who, as Greg has shown, was able to consult the A-text, inserted between the scene in which Faustus makes his pact with the devil and the following scene in which he discusses astronomy with Mephostophilis and tries to repent, a cut-down version of the second extant chorus which stands between Act II and Act III. Greg (p. 108) takes these two scenes to belong to the events of Act II and his comment is as follows:

Between the first and second scenes of Act II [of the B-text] B inserts A's version of the Chorus that properly belongs between Acts II and III, which it there replaces by the authentic version derived from MS.* By this clumsy insertion the

* i.e. the 'foul papers' by Marlowe and his collaborator on which Greg believes the B-text to be primarily based.

editor showed that he was aware that something had been lost at this point both from A and MS. And, as Boas has pointed out, it is easy to conjecture that what is missing is another comic, or rather farcical scene. . . .

That some scenes, comic or not, are missing is a fair conjecture; but Greg appears to have overlooked a more important implication of this odd behaviour of the supposed editor—because, to insert a fragment of a serious chorus he knew belonged elsewhere is surely an odd way to indicate a missing comic scene. The real reason for the insertion is probably that this chorus mentions Faustus' interest in astronomy with which the next scene opens, though the rest of the chorus is not apposite. In other words, the editor was aware that the function of the chorus was to connect episodes in Faustus' life and was aware or guessed that a chorus was missing at this point and tried to supply it. What he did not apparently realise was that the scene in which Faustus signs his pact with the devil and that in which he discusses astronomy and attempts to repent do not belong to the same act. Recourse to the *Faust Book* makes this almost certain. The EFB reveals that a period of eight years—one-third of the time granted in the bond—has elapsed between the two episodes. One belongs to the first period of Faustus' fortunes, the other to the violent crisis eight years later which is the culmination of his growing uneasiness about the final outcome of his selling his soul. There may be scenes comic or otherwise missing between the two events but plainly there should be a chorus to link the two periods and the B-text is wrong in making the two scenes part of Act I. The second of these two scenes, moreover, clearly indicates that a considerable space of time has elapsed since Faustus began to practise magic, during which he has gone through many periods of attempted repentance which have always been foiled by immediate temptations to self-destruction. This is supported by the EFB, which fills in this period, mainly with Faustus' moral struggles with himself. Marlowe adds to this rather depressing program Faustus' account of how he countered these bouts of depression by using his magic skill to make 'sweet pleasure conquer deep despair', devices which include sessions in which he listened to Homer singing to him of Alexander's love and Oenon's death, and to concerts between Mephostophilis and the divine musician Amphion, who built the walls of Thebes. At any rate the impression left is that of a long space of time between one period of Faustus' life and the next, so that it is reasonable to

suppose that the editor of the B-text, not finding the essential chorus in the papers at his disposal, supplied a not very apposite one in the place where he knew a chorus should be.

The other missing chorus should, in the nature of things, occur between Acts IV and V, that is between the end of the scene with the Duke of Vanholt in the present texts and the scene in which Faustus, after feasting the students, shows them the figure of Helen of Greece. Wagner's opening speech in this Act beginning,

I think my master means to die shortly,

might be taken to supply this chorus. I shall consider this point in explaining my individual additions to the text. But a chorus, even if not essential, is called for here.

There is no problem in accounting for the loss of these choruses, as we shall see. The changes introduced into Marlowe's play by the insertion of later comic matter made suppression of his time scheme desirable and the choruses were the chief means of indicating this time scheme. The B-text suppresses the second extant chorus and Greg suggests that the fact that a summary of the first extant chorus appears without any good reason in the account of Faustus' visit to Rome is because it was planned to suppress and replace this chorus too. Marlowe's contribution to the play would then have been represented by a few 'tragic' scenes, floating without any indication of time, upon a wilderness of timeless farce.

On the contrary, I hold that there is enough evidence in what remains of the play to suggest that Marlowe's original structure was a five act one, divided by choruses by which the whole span of Faustus' twenty-four years was accounted for. We shall see presently how brutally and ignorantly Marlowe's supposed collaborator disrupted this logical and orderly scheme.

Marlowe's dramatic construction, though many scenes are obviously missing, roughly follows the indications in EFB of how the twenty-four years were filled in. The first act from Faustus' review of his studies during the day to his signing the bond sometime after midnight occupies less than twenty-four hours. Some scenes as well as a chorus may be missing at the end of Act I or the beginning of Act II, but when we meet Faustus again it is eight years later and he is eagerly engaged in scientific problems. We learn from the following chorus that he followed these up by a visit to the empyrean in a dragon car, returned for a brief time to Wittenberg and then set out on a series of travels. This occurs in his fifteenth year (EFB), so that Act II and the

chorus cover a period of roughly seven to eight years. The travels to prove cosmography were very extensive according to EFB. How much of this material Marlowe used we do not know, but it must have covered some years, in spite of Faustus' transport by a flying dragon, and it seems to have included scenes in Rome and Constantinople. From the chorus that follows we learn that Faustus then returned to Wittenberg and spent some time there while his reputation spread far and wide and he was visited by many to have their scientific questions resolved. The chorus is missing from the B-text for fairly obvious reasons. The period covered by Act III and this chorus must be about eight or nine years, since shortly after the scene with the Emperor announced by the chorus, we learn of Faustus' resolve to return once more to Wittenberg for the 'payment of his latest years'. In other words Faustus is now in the early part of his twenty-fourth year or perhaps the end of his twenty-third. The chronology is uncertain here since so much is missing from Act IV and Marlowe has not followed the sequence of events in EFB. The events narrated there seem to cover the last four or five years of Faustus' life. But those Marlowe selected to represent on the stage, such as the feasting with the students, the showing of Helen of Greece to them, the warning of the good old man, and Faustus taking Helen for his paramour, are all moved on to the end of his twenty-fourth year and appear in Act V.

In spite of some uncertainty as to what the original treatment covered, it is reasonably clear that in it the events of the twenty-four years must have displayed an intelligible symmetry of structure, the first and last acts being devoted respectively to Faustus' yielding to temptation and to the final catastrophe. Both these acts cover very short periods of time. The three intervening acts select representative periods in Faustus' fortunes, and their related choruses trace his progress from one to the other.

If we follow what remains of this progress, we get the same impression of a well-planned, connected sequence of events leading from Faustus' high and extravagant expectations at the beginning of the play to his final disillusionment and despair at the end. In fact enough remains for us to see that each act was meant to display a different aspect of Faustus' history during those twenty-four years and that these aspects form a progression, a succession of periods of decline in his fortunes. It is in this progression that the dramatic structure of the play consists. In a more general sense it is a contest between the powers of good and evil for the soul of Faustus, a contest whose outcome is

always in doubt to the very end, but in which the powers of evil continually strengthen their hold on him until there can be little doubt that they must win. Yet the dramatic tension depends on the fact that Faustus' conscience remains active throughout and the triumph of hell is never a foregone conclusion. On a more personal level the contest is within Faustus himself, a struggle of his intellectual and his sensual nature against his moral nature which is supported by guilt for what he has done and terror at its probable result. On this level it is a battle of wits between Faustus and the Fiends, who skilfully manoeuvre, first to entrap their victim with false promises and then to keep him from repentance by fallacious arguments, by terrorising him and by continually diverting him with variations on appeals to his ambitions or his sensual desires. The dramatic irony of the play consists in the fact that the audience can see that Faustus is consistently being manipulated in this way, a fact of which he seems only to take notice at odd intervals, and that he is continually being cheated of the expectations which his bond promised to fulfil, a fact of which he seems hardly aware at all.

In Act I he appears as a learned man already famous for his skill, his knowledge and his success as a controversialist. He is a brilliant scholar, a sceptic of a type common in the Renaissance, a fatalist who believes that *che sarà, sarà*, and a universal genius, of a type admired in that age, who has made all knowledge his province and mastered it. He is tempted to a further attempt on the supernatural knowledge promised by Necromancy. By this he hopes to raise himself above the human to the divine. By nature he is insatiable for fame, for power and for knowledge, for wealth and sensual pleasures which include music and poetry, the beauty of the natural world and of human art as well as the pleasures of the table and the bed. All these satisfactions he believes he can obtain in unlimited measure by the practice of magic. But from the very start his aspirations receive a check and they continue to be curtailed. He learns even before he signs the bond that the spells of magic have no power to compel spirits as he had hoped. They come in response to his conjuring of their own choice because they hope to have his soul and they will only bargain with him on equal terms. Yet they work on his wild dreams of universal power by promises which they never keep. Faustus signs the bond having been led to believe that in his four-and-twenty years the dreams will be realised. Almost at once he receives two further shocks: he learns that hell which he thought a fable, really exists, and that his ultimate damnation which he has so far treated lightly,

Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephostophilis,

is really effective. He learns too that his moral nature works in spite of his attempt to slough it off with his bond. Even his blood refuses to flow when he attempts to sign. Thenceforth his conscience remains stubbornly active in spite of the hardening of his heart, so that the unalloyed enjoyment of life 'in all voluptuousness' which he expected is never fulfilled. Underlying it are a recurrent and persistent guilt and fear. Mephostophilis, once the bond is signed, encourages him to go forward by the promise of unlimited sexual indulgence and by the gift of books by which Faustus may raise money, control the elements, create armies to carry out his plans, raise up spirits when he pleases and have complete knowledge and control of natural forces by means of astrology and geomancy. Faustus accepts all this with enthusiasm, but the onlooker can hardly help noticing two things. Mephostophilis makes no mention of the temporal power which Faustus had put first on his program for Mephostophilis:

By him I'll be great emperor of the world,
And make a bridge thorough 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 country continent to Spain.
And both contributory to my crown;
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.

Nor is any further mention made of this aspect of the bond. The Fiends have in fact begun to whittle away their side of it and to diminish Faustus by diverting him to lesser ambitions and powers.

When we meet Faustus again, eight years later, the whole situation has changed. Much of the intervening time has passed in exploration of Faustus' intellectual interests and the satisfaction of his esthetic and sensual desires. But he has realised the consequences of his pact with Lucifer and is terrified, as the *Faust Book* makes plain, into trying to find a way of avoiding them. There may have been, as Greg and others have suggested, scenes now lost in which this situation was developed or it may have been part of the narrative of the lost chorus; but when we meet Faustus again in Act II Scene II things have reached a crisis. It begins with the lines,

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

After a discussion of astronomy and the entrance of the Good and Bad Angels who personify Faustus' struggle between his conscience and his desires, this struggle culminates in a real attempt to repent with the agonised prayer,

O Christ, my Saviour, my Saviour,
Help to save distressed Faustus' soul!

This is a crisis for the Fiends too. Lucifer and Beelzebub appear at once and terrify Faustus into a submission which he makes instantly and with an abject servility which needs some comment if we are to understand a point on which all his future conduct is to depend.

Faustus' instant and ignominious about-face has several causes. The first of these is his fatalism, the extreme protestant doctrine of *che sarà, sarà*, closely resembling, as several critics have noted, the Calvinist doctrine of predestination. This inclines him to believe the Bad Angel and the Fiends when they tell him that he is already damned. But he is never entirely convinced of this; throughout the play he continues to entertain the hope that he can still repent and that God's mercy is open to all who do. A more persuasive argument is, as the agents of hell remind him, that in terms of the bond he asked to become 'a spirit in form and substance' and he believes this now to be the case. It is a characteristic of spirits, as it was with the fall of the angels, that the moment they revolt from God, their spiritual substance changes instantly from good to evil and the change is irreversible. Spirits cannot repent. Though this is simply one of the deceptions by which the Fiends manipulate him, Faustus is impressed with the argument of the Bad Angel,

Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee
and he so interprets the hardening of his heart:

My heart is harden'd, I cannot repent.

It does not occur to him that the mere fact that he wants to repent shows the arguments of the Fiends to be fallacious. Spirits not only cannot repent, the total change in their nature when they accept evil means that they cannot even wish to repent. Nonetheless Faustus continues to nurse a hope that he may yet have the ordinary human privilege of a change of heart.

One thing however stands in the way and prevents his ever putting the idea into practice. In the mood of exuberance in

which he drew up and signed the bond, he exceeded the bargain for twenty-four years against his soul. In the text of the bond he recklessly threw in both his body and his goods:

I, John Faustus of Wittenberg, doctor, by these presents do give both body and soul to Lucifer . . . 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 and blood, or goods into their habitation wheresoever.

For the rest of the play this is the fatal condition which the Fiends make use of to counter any move of Faustus towards repentance. Should Faustus make the least move in that direction the Fiends can declare the terms of the bond violated and instantly claim his body and destroy it before his repentance can be made effective. Faustus explains this to the scholars when they ask why he has not told them of his predicament before the last night of his life so that the divines could have prayed for him. He replies,

Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God, to fetch me body and soul if I once gave ear unto divinity.

Faustus, of course, is thinking in terms of the orthodox doctrine of repentance. It has three parts: first the sinner must recognise and acknowledge his sin, then he must show genuine contrition for what he has done and lastly he must show willingness to make amends or undergo penance. It is, of course, the contrition which is the essential element and if the sinner expresses this he may be saved 'between the stirrup and the ground'. But Faustus appears to be unaware of this. It is noteworthy that in none of his moves towards repentance does he express contrition for his sins; he is simply motivated by terror.

The gift of his body has another damaging consequence. He believes that the Fiends can control it since it is theirs and prevent the words and actions proper to repentance,

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.

One other consideration seems to weigh with Faustus against repentance. When the second scholar at the end urges him to call on God, Faustus replies

On God, whom Faustus hath abjured? On God whom Faustus hath blasphemed?

This seems to be a reference to the words of Christ which occur in three of the gospels about the 'unforgivable sin' of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost:

Wherefore I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him; but whoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come (R.V., Matth. XII, 31-2).

When Faustus feels any impulse towards repentance, he is thus in a dilemma which seems to him insoluble: either he is already a spirit in form and substance and is therefore irrevocably damned, or, if the Fiends have lied to him, by his giving them his body as well as his soul they can forestall any act of repentance. In any case since he has blasphemed the Holy Ghost perhaps he is beyond God's power to pardon.

Of course he is deluded on all points. He is a human being not a spirit, for the Fiends have no power to make him one while he lives; the bond has no validity and cannot be enforced if he repents. At any point he could have repented and defied the powers of hell.

For the Fiends at the point in Act II where Faustus prays to Christ for help it has in fact been touch-and-go. Henceforth they keep him under constant control, either by playing on his fears or by indulging his passions and his intellectual interests. After this one attempt to break free Faustus, as far as we can judge from what remains of Acts III and IV, appears to resign himself to this control and only breaks out again at the very end where Mephostophilis brings him to heel by the same methods the Fiends had used before in Act II.

There is a marked change during the course of the play in Faustus' interests and aspirations. During the crisis scene in Act II he learns of a further limitation of the powers promised him in the bond. Not all knowledge as he had imagined is open to him, but only what is not contrary to the kingdom of hell. At a blow he has lost his hope to be a 'universal man' in the Renaissance sense. The highest knowledge of all, what touches on the divine, is henceforth forbidden him. It is clear that, realising the danger in such topics, the Fiends now encourage Faustus

towards more innocuous fields of enquiry. They direct him towards astrology and meteorology. Faustus appears to accept his new role as he had tacitly accepted that his aspirations to temporal power were not to be fulfilled.

In this respect the books that he demands and is given are especially significant. After he signs the bond he is given a book of spells by which he can raise money or treasure, rouse storms and provide himself with soldiers. He asks for further books: one enables him to call up spirits as he wishes, another contains information about the planets, their motions and dispositions—obviously as a means to control human affairs by astrology. Lastly he asks for a book

wherein I might see all plants, herbs and trees that grow upon the earth.

It is clear that this is to provide him with the knowledge necessary for the practice of natural magic. In other words, at this point in his career Faustus is still hopeful of being able to practise magic by means of spells that he can operate for himself. Mephostophilis cheerfully provides these books and in a later scene Lucifer almost contemptuously makes him a present of another book by means of which he can change his shape at will. The odd thing about these books is that they are never used. They appear to be deceptions meant only to delude Faustus for the time being. At any rate in the fragment of Act III that can be attributed to Marlowe Faustus appears to depend not on spells but only on Mephostophilis and when we meet him doing some actual conjuring in Acts IV and V, it is all done through the agency of his familiar spirit. In Act III there is a further descent. Faustus appears to have exchanged the more demanding sciences for cosmography. He is spending his time travelling to see all the kingdoms of the world. He is still bent on the pursuit of knowledge. There is a genuine intellectual excitement in his account of the journey from Trier to Rome and in his enthusiasm to see the sights of the latter city. But whereas before, knowledge was a means to wealth, power or intellectual achievement, cosmography appears to be mainly an intellectual amusement and leads nowhere in particular. Moreover the tone of the action is much lower than in the first two acts. Most of Marlowe's work has been jettisoned or replaced by horse-play. But it probably did include a scene at the papal court in which Faustus out-faced the Pope and another at Constantinople in which he beguiled the Soldan and enjoyed his wives. And both of these must have been on a humorous level to judge by the

account in the *Faust Book*. The play has descended from the tragic to the comic mode. In Act IV he appears a more serious figure in his interview with the Emperor, but he is nevertheless a diminished figure who operates his magic effects by proxy. The chorus at the beginning of this act stresses his fame for resolving difficult scientific problems and for extraordinary feats of magic, but it is a very different magic from what he dreamed of and proposed to himself at the beginning of the play. Then it was to make Faustus emperor of the world, now he seems content to entertain an emperor only of Germany with parlour-tricks. This impression comes out even more strongly in his conjuring for the Duke of Vanholt. In the meantime his time has begun to run out and the old terrors of the payment due to hell begin to revive, until in Act V they become obsessive and desperate. His only remaining recourse is to try to drown his terror in sensual indulgence.

In fact in the long decline and diminution of Faustus as a man he appears to run through the gamut of the seven deadly sins in turn, with, at each stage, a steady loss of power to impress and a steady decline of his intellectual stature. He begins as a man whose cardinal sin is the magnificent one of pride: at the end he has sunk to the sloth of despair, the numbing and inactive sin of *accidie*, and with it are associated the mindless sins of gluttony and lust, not even pursued for the pleasure they give, as they had been at first, but as narcotics to deaden his terror and despair.

Such, as far as we can judge from the fragments of Marlowe's construction, was the general dramatic conception of the play. But though he shows the course of Faustus' long decline, Faustus as a person remains a living and interesting personality; the drama of his moral struggle engages us to the end; he never ceases to be a figure who wins our sympathy and who inspires liking and respect in those around him. It is a real and tragic debate 'betwixt damnation and impassioned clay' and the triumph of hell is never assured in it until the final moment. This in itself would be grounds for rejecting the village funster and practical joker of Act IV, tricking the horse-courser, and eating a load of hay. These tricks have no part in Marlowe's theme or his conception of the character. We could as readily imagine Shakespeare introducing into the fourth act of *Macbeth* scenes in which Macbeth behaves like Falstaff or Bottom the weaver.

We should, of course, be clear that the dramatic structure I have just outlined is indeed the work of Marlowe's imagination and is not simply taken from or implicit in his source, the *Faust*

Book. The EFB is simply a rambling series of not very coherently linked events diversified by pietistic moralising and in its third section degenerating into a collection of anecdotes of the type of the familiar Renaissance 'Jest Books'. It is inspired by no over-all unifying conception such as one can observe in Marlowe's treatment in spite of the damaged state of the text.

We are now in a position to consider Greg's theory that substantially the play, as we have it, is the work of Marlowe and of a collaborator to whom Marlowe allotted the farcical and the comic scenes including the revision of the plot in the B-text version, i.e. the scenes at Rome and the imperial court. These latter are suspect since they are built on matter taken from Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, but Greg could see no way of attributing them to the additions of Birde and Rowley in 1602 as earlier editors had done, since there appeared to be a reference to one of these scenes as early as 1594 in the anonymous *Taming of A Shrew*, published in that year. I shall have more to say of this alleged reference later, but since Greg wrote, later scholarship has moved round to the view that his difficulty can be overcome and that these scenes are indeed the Birde and Rowley additions or part of them.*

Before we discuss Greg's evidence and his conclusions based on it, we should be clear, when a play is obviously by more than one author, about what is implied by the word 'collaboration'. Two authors writing without consultation and in ignorance of each other's intentions cannot be said to collaborate. This sort of thing might happen where an actor-manager for example commissioned a play, whose outlines he had drawn up, from two authors separately, one to write the serious scenes and the other the comic scenes without giving either more than the barest notion of the whole scheme. It is in any case an unlikely though not an impossible situation. Collaboration implies in the first place that two authors who have agreed to share the writing have conferred and know each other's minds on the subject at least in general outline. Second, there must be some agreement as to the parts of the work that each is to take charge of, so that a general plan of a coherent play must exist at this point. It is in fact more than likely that they will then draw up a fairly detailed outline of plot and characters in order to avoid unnecessary re-writing and editing when the play is assembled as a whole. It is not necessary that the authors continue to

* Fredson Bowers, 'Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*: The 1602 Additions', *Studies in Bibliography*, XXVI (1973), pp. 1-18.

consult each other while composing their sections of work, but it is likely that they will keep in touch to report progress and discuss problems. But unless one of the parties dies before the play is finished it is almost certain that they will meet to put the play together and comment on the result.

There are generally speaking two sorts of collaboration. In one, two authors plan a work together and contribute to the general framework and the theme as co-authors. In the other, one person conceives and plans the work as a whole and invites another to share the composition with him. None of the scholars who subscribe to the collaboration theory doubts that Marlowe was the originator and the controlling mind in *Doctor Faustus*. The play is attributed to him in all the texts. His contributions display at least a general and coherent plan. Those of the other author or authors do not show any concept of the play as a whole.

If this was really a collaboration we should be able to demonstrate at least three things: first, that the collaborator knew, even in the most general terms, Marlowe's plan and theme; second, that he kept to the parts assigned to him and did not revise, doctor or over-write Marlowe's own part of the text; and third, that he did not ignorantly or wilfully replace scenes or parts of scenes by Marlowe with others of his own invention or introduce matter irrelevant to the main plan or inconsistent with it. On all three counts it seems to me that the contrary is true and demonstrable.

The first and most obvious point is that, if the collaborator was entrusted, as Greg believes, with the farcical and the comic parts of the play, he was either totally ignorant of Marlowe's time scheme or simply ignored the fact that the action extends over twenty-four years. If we adopt Greg's suggestion that the clown in Wagner's scene with him in Act I is the Robin of Acts II and III, we have the curious situation, on the day Faustus goes to conjure, of Wagner taking on a servant who, between eight and sixteen years later, appears again with a companion, Dick, and with a book of spells stolen from Doctor Faustus, trying to raise devils to cover his theft of a cup from an innkeeper. Another eight years and two acts later these characters, of whom nothing has been heard in the meantime, turn up at the court of the Duke of Vanholt together with a horse-courser, a hostess and other comics. Dick and Robin by this time must be middle-aged men but they seem unaware that any time has passed. The whole of the farcical scenes are set in a sort of timeless present, nor have their antics any connection with the main plot or

indeed with one another. There is certainly nothing to suggest collaboration or even awareness of Marlowe's conception and organisation of the play. This entire neglect of Marlowe's time scheme is perhaps significant but need not prove anything. *Doctor Faustus* has some features in common with the older Tudor morality plays and interludes. In these the farcical under-plot takes little account of the main theme and sometimes has no connection with it. Still in the drama of the new playwrights, comic sub-plots are usually matched to the time scheme of the main action, however little their connexion with it in other ways.

More serious is the interference with Marlowe's time scheme in the B-text. The scene in Rome, as we saw, must take place somewhere after Faustus' fifteenth and long before his twenty-third year, certainly before the considerable period of his return to Wittenberg which, as the second extant chorus makes plain, was long enough for his reputation to spread far and wide. In the B-text the events between Faustus, Mephostophilis, Bruno and the Pope in Rome lead directly on to those at the court of the Emperor and the ambush of Faustus by the injurious Knight. It is highly probable that the omission of this chorus in the B-text was deliberately done to cover up the contradiction it would introduce. But of course it makes nonsense of the centre of the play. From the chorus at the beginning of Act III, which cannot represent events much more than fifteen years after Faustus signs the bond, to the scene in Rome cannot be more than a few months, even taking into account the extraordinarily round-about itinerary from Trier to Rome. From the end of this scene we are transported immediately to the court of the Emperor and a few hours after Faustus leaves that court we find him remarking to Mephostophilis (in the A-text).

Now Mephostophilis, the restless course
That time doth run with calm and silent foot,
Shortening my days and thread of vital life
Calls for the payment of my latest years.

That this speech, like the previous chorus, has been omitted in the B-text looks again like a deliberate dropping of lines that are most probably by Marlowe. (My argument for this will follow.) Otherwise it would be clear to the reader, if not to the audience too, that about a third of Faustus' twenty-four years is quite unaccounted for. When one considers that the whole of the events concerning Saxon Bruno, taken from Foxe and not from the *Faust Book*, are completely irrelevant to the history of

Faustus, the theory that this is a revision agreed to by Marlowe seems highly improbable. Surely he would have drawn his collaborator's attention to the fact that he had made nonsense of the original plan.

If we follow the individual points that Greg makes in favour of the supposed collaborator we come to a similar conclusion.

In Act I in the conversation between Faustus and his magician friends Greg finds a few lines which he attributes to the collaborator:

Faustus: Nothing, Cornelius, O, this cheers my soul!
 Come, show me some demonstrations magical,
 That I may conjure in some lusty [B: bushy] grove
 And have these joys in full possession.

Greg comments:

... there is no apparent or indeed imaginable reason why Faustus should wish to conjure in a grove, rather than anywhere else, and the phrase looks like an anticipation of that used two lines below ... and all difficulty would be removed if we were to regard 172-4 as an insertion by a collaborator designed to bridge what seemed to him an abrupt transition (p. 101).

This seems to me a curious argument. There is a perfectly obvious reason why Faustus should wish to conjure in a grove, or rather that his author should represent him as wishing it, and that is, that it is what he is going to be made to do in the following conjuring scene, based on an incident in the *Faust Book*, quite apart from the fact that conjuring in sacred groves or wild and solitary places is a commonplace of the literature of magic. But this is beside the point. One can possibly imagine an *interpolator* taking the sort of action Greg imagines. It would be more natural for a collaborator to point out to Marlowe what he thought an awkwardness in his text and leave it to him to deal with it. To emend it himself needs a special explanation which is lacking and so favours the theory of an independent reviser or interpolator.

For the scene (iv, 361 ff) between Wagner and the Clown in the same act Greg sees no reason to assume Marlowe's authorship and so it must fall by default to the collaborator, though he does not actually say so. But there are two insuperable objections to this. In the first place it is quite absurd to have Wagner, Faustus' servant, raising devils when his master has only just begun to conjure and has not yet signed his bond with Lucifer. Faustus himself has only just learned the rudiments of art from

Valdes and Cornelius. Where did Wagner learn them? And what pact has *he* with Lucifer? He does not even carry a book of spells or utter one. In the second place, in the previous scene we have learned that spells to raise spirits are ineffectual in themselves. One cannot imagine these anomalies surviving even the most cursory review by Marlowe of the collaborator's script. But it is just the sort of thing that a careless interpolator who had not read Marlowe's script, or did not care to be consistent with it, would be likely to do. A minor point, but relevant to what I have just pointed out, is the fact that this scene comes between that in which Faustus conjures up Mephostophilis at nightfall in the grove and midnight, when he receives Lucifer's answer in his study. There may be plausible reasons for Wagner's not being in attendance on his master at this time but what is he doing hiring himself a handyman in the dark of the night, particularly as the scene seems to take place in daylight, since Wagner is clearly out of doors; he has to give his new servant instructions about following him. Clearly the engagement did not take place at home.

Greg accepts the conjuring scene (I, iii) as Marlowe's in its entirety, but indulges in some curious pleas for the intrusion of the collaborator into the later scene (v) in which Faustus attempts to repent. The first twelve lines, he says, sound

... more like an imitation of Marlowe's writing than his genuine work. I am, therefore, inclined to ascribe this speech to a collaborator, and to suppose it was one of those added in the prompt-book. (p. 104)

This is an argument to which Greg resorts more than once in his commentary. He tends to take the view that anything that falls below Marlowe at his best must be by another hand. Study of Marlowe's other plays does not bear this out. There are plenty of passages in *Edward II*, *Tamburlaine* and *The Jew of Malta* which are not Marlowe at his best or his most vigorous and not a few where the mighty line of *Tamburlaine* declines to rant or bombast. In the scene in question Greg believes that Marlowe was writing in a hurry and left unimportant speeches or business to be filled in by the collaborator. Now in several places in the play there *are* signs that Marlowe was composing in haste, but Greg does not consider that if this was so Marlowe may well have fallen at times below his ordinary level. It is a more natural explanation than this extraordinary business of a patchwork between Marlowe and a collaborator. In any case I cannot agree that the first twelve lines of the scene do not read like Marlowe.

The same objection holds for Greg's theory (p. 105) that Marlowe must have employed a lawyer to draw up the bond itself. As a legal document it is no more complicated than the average will or simple deed of gift. There are no grounds for supposing that Marlowe left it to 'his colleague to supply the dull bond business'. Why should Marlowe find the writing of one of critical episodes of play in any way dull?

Greg's argument (p. 105) that the comic episode of the devil wife is due to the collaborator need not detain us. The 'hot-whore' episode is perhaps more likely to be an actor's gag interpolated into the text, but it is plainly spurious and if omitted, the text follows on naturally and metrically

Faustus: For I am wanton and lascivious
And cannot live without a wife.
Mepho- Tut, Faustus
stophi Marriage is but a ceremonial toy, . . .

In any case why would Marlowe ask or allow his collaborator to interrupt his text and break his metre at this point with a piece of irrelevant comic 'business'.

Another instance occurs in the next scene (A: II, vi, B: II, ii) at the point where the devils appear upon Faustus' attempt to repent. This is a moment of high terror for Faustus and of great dramatic tension for the audience. It is in a sense the important crisis of the action.

Faustus: O, what art thou that look'st so terribly?
Lucifer: I am Lucifer
And this is my companion prince in hell.
Faustus: O Faustus, they are come to fetch thy soul.
Lucifer: We come to tell thee thou dost injure us
Thou talk'st of Christ contrary to thy promise.
Beelzebub: Thou should'st not think on God.
Lucifer: Think on the devil.
Beelzebub: And of his dam too.

The joke and the raising of a laugh in the audience at this point are so inappropriate that one cannot imagine a collaborator being allowed to get away with it; nor does Greg contest this.

The same applies to the trivial humour and pointless farce of the Seven Deadly Sins (II, ii, 738 ff), (p. 110). Greg assigns this and what follows to the end of the scene to the collaborator. The objection, it seems to me, is that when Lucifer asks Faustus,

Now Faustus, how dost thou like this (A-text),
he replies:

O, this feeds my soul.

Marlowe has already shown us what feeds Faustus' soul when, in the scene with Valdes and Cornelius, after Cornelius' graphic description of the effects of magic, he exclaims: 'O, this cheers my soul', or when earlier in the scene in which he talks to the Seven Deadly Sins, he recounts the experiences that have kept him from suicide:

Have I not 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 sounds of his melodious harp
Made music with my Mephostophilis.

If the patter of the Seven Deadly Sins which are indeed 'such conceits as clownage keeps in pay' can have the same effect, Faustus has become either an idiot or a poltroon lying to Lucifer from abject fear. The rest of the play does not bear this out. Even if Marlowe, as Greg supposes, left this part of the scene to his colleague, one can hardly imagine him accepting the result which makes a travesty of his conception of Faustus. The language of the end of this scene after the exit of the sins seems to Greg 'un-Marlowan'. I cannot see why. Of Lucifer's gift of a book by which Faustus may change himself into any shape he likes, Greg writes:

It is clear then that the collaborator was merely following his source [in the *Faust Book*] in duplicating the incident [of the former gift of books] and his repetition of Marlowe's phrases shows that he was aware of the duplication and had the earlier passages in mind. (p. 107)

Earlier in the discussion Greg is inclined to attribute to the collaborator any passage which echoes an earlier passage by Marlowe or repeats an idea. Now he is in a dilemma: the author, whoever he was, is shown to be following the *Faust Book* in this 'duplication'. What reason is there not to imagine that it was Marlowe himself repeating his own phrases? Moreover Greg often fails to ask whether these echoes and duplications may not be deliberate and have a purpose. We have already seen that Mephostophilis' copious gift of books earlier appears to have been useless and therefore merely made to humour Faustus.

This would follow from the point made earlier: that spells are useless to compel the obedience of spirits. Lucifer, therefore, who is also concerned to humour Faustus at this moment, may be doing no more than showing his contempt by another useless and more trifling consolation prize for Faustus' servility. It would have a point, precisely because of the echo of the earlier scene. As for the Seven Deadly Sins, it is an easier and more likely explanation to attribute them to the work of an interpolator than to that of a collaborator.

Of the scene that follows in which Robin and Dick plan to make use of the book of spells stolen from Faustus, Greg says (p. 111) that 'there is nothing to connect it in any way with Marlowe'. True, but neither is there anything to connect it with a collaborator who was aware of Marlowe's plan and time scheme—in short, with a collaborator rather than with an interpolator. Greg accepts the following chorus *in toto* and his description and criticism of the opening speech of Faustus in Act III are extremely just. What he perhaps fails to give due weight to is the evidence here that Marlowe *was* working in haste; otherwise the man who paid such careful attention to Ortelius' *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum* in the geography of *Tamburlaine* could hardly have been content to paraphrase the ignorant and absurd itinerary of the *Faust Book*. Greg, it is true, notes Marlowe's apparent haste but not its consequence for his argument that any passage that falls below Marlowe's usual level must be by a collaborator to whom, for no very good reason, he left certain passages in the tragic theme to be filled in, as well as giving him all the funny bits. By this point the notion of collaboration is beginning to look extremely strained. It now begins to break down completely.

It is difficult, as Greg agrees, to say exactly where Marlowe's part in this scene ends, but he is quite sure that Faustus' enthusiasm to see the sights of Rome is *not* by Marlowe.

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

Greg's comment (p. 113) on this is:

To Mephostophilis' account of the wonders of Rome Faustus replies with an extraordinary piece of rhodomontade, swearing by the three rivers of Hades—that he wants to see the

sights! It is sheer parody of the Marlowesque style, and must be credited to the collaborator.

There are several points to be made against this. One we have already mentioned: Marlowe writing in a hurry is not always at his best. It is true that somewhere about here Marlowe's contribution to the scene in both texts comes to an end and another hand takes over; but why should the new writer try to parody Marlowe? Why should he try even to imitate him when the rest of the scene is in a different style altogether? Moreover Greg has failed to look for another and much simpler explanation. The passage in question is, at first sight, rather over-emotional and excessive for anything the situation calls for. But Faustus, in a state of excited expectation, as we recollect from his conversation with Valdes and Cornelius, is apt to express exaggerated ideas in high-flown terms. Yes, the modern reader may object, but what is so exciting about a tourist trip round Rome? This would be to neglect the fact that Rome, still the centre and wonder of the world in Renaissance eyes, the *urbs et orbis* of the classical world, is for Faustus the culmination of a great intellectual adventure, or at least the first part of it. In Act III he sets off to 'prove cosmography', still in the sixteenth century as daring a venture of the mind of man into the unknown as was the new astronomy. There is nothing exaggerated about Faustus' excitement. Lastly, is the passage in fact mere pointless rhodomontade? We have to remember the crisis scene in which Faustus was warned not to use the imagery of paradise and creation to express his enthusiasm but to think of the devil. In swearing by the three rivers of the infernal kingdom he is perhaps doing no more than keeping his promise to Lucifer to behave henceforth as a good citizen of Satan's realm. Once again, I see no reason to invoke the collaborator.

However, now the collaborator becomes a positive embarrassment—or he should—for each of the two main texts has a different version of the events at the papal court and the Pope's banquet. Each is in a different style, the A-text in low comedy descending to slapstick, the other in elevated, smooth verse totally unlike Marlowe's and easily detected by its frequent use of rhyming couplets and its inferior verbal imagination. We can hardly help asking ourselves at this point who this collaborator can be, so highly gifted with such varied and yet such mediocre talents. He stands in for Marlowe at times with an ability to supply passages of dull, not quite Marlovian verse, at others with a keen, critical eye on the text and an apparent understanding of

Marlowe's design, he patches the dialogue in places where Marlowe has not made connections clear. At other times again he breaks into overdone imitations of Marlowe's high style to no purpose and, strangest of all, he introduces patches of this travesty for no reason at all into the middle of scenes of farce. At times he introduces irrelevant changes of plot and at others appears to alter, misunderstand or ignore Marlowe's main design. In his own right he has three styles, one of prose farce, one of low comic verse mixed with prose and one of high comic verse adorned with rhymes. The three styles are totally different and do not suggest a single author. In fact this collaborator is at once so versatile and so endowed with contradictory qualities that it becomes impossible to believe in him. Of course if Fredson Bowers is right, and the Bruno scenes and those involving the injurious Knight, as well as the 1616 additions to the last act, are by Birde and Rowley, the collaborator becomes a slightly more possible figure, but not much more so.

But to continue our review of his supposed activities: in the A-text after the second extant chorus occurs the scene (III, viii) in which Robin and Dick try to cheat the vintner and to conjure up devils. The B-text puts this last in Act III where it clearly should belong. It is a piece of amusing farce in prose which we could well allot to the collaborator except for the sudden appearance of Mephostophilis when the clown Robin reads the spell. Mephostophilis speaks in verse which sounds like Marlowe to me, though it does not to Sir Walter Greg; he announces that he has just come all the way from Constantinople,

Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.

whereupon (A: p. 238) he transforms them into a dog and an ape (in prose) and announces in verse (B: p. 239) his immediate return to Faustus at the court of the Great Turk and then exits. Greg (p. 116) accepts this remarkable circumstance very calmly, simply dismissing the verse passages as rhodomontade by the same hand as the previous example, that is to say, by the collaborator, and leaves it at that. But this raises a number of awkward questions: What possible motive could the collaborator have for bringing Mephostophilis from Constantinople in a play in which he and Marlowe have not contrived a scene in Constantinople? What sense would it make to the audience? What point, in a prose scene of cheerful farce, is there in his suddenly breaking into pseudo-Marlovian verse of a rather extravagant kind? What did Marlowe make of this senseless procedure when they consulted over putting the play together?

On the other hand, the only supposition that makes sense of the facts is that Marlowe did write a scene at Constantinople (there is one in the *Faust Book*) and that Marlowe or the collaborator wrote a scene in Wittenberg which was at least partly in verse and featured Mephostophilis summoned from the court of the Great Turk to deal with some sort of skulduggery going on in the home town. Are we to take it then that the collaborator suppressed these two scenes and replaced one of them by his own brand of farce, only preserving from Marlowe a couple of speeches by Mephostophilis? Are we to imagine that Marlowe agreed to this odd procedure and did not even bother to point out to his collaborator that early in the play, his part of the play, he had specifically made Mephostophilis declare that spells of magic cannot compel spirits and that they will only come if the conjuror uses such means:

Whereby they are in danger to be damned?

Neither Dick nor Robin has used such means, and the spell in fact is mere gibberish. A careless and ignorant interpolation is the only possible explanation of the facts.

Greg (p. 116) can find no touch of Marlowe's hand at all in Act IV, which is not surprising since he does not bother to discuss the A-text version of the scene with the Emperor. After that it is mainly farce with exception of the scene with the Duke of Vanholt, which I am content to accept as Marlowe's mainly on the grounds that it contains no positive evidence against his authorship—not much either way, indeed. But there are two islands of what seems to me like Marlowe's verse and which raise their heads above the slough of horse-play and prose that mainly fills the act.

The first of these occurs in the A-text only (IV, x, 1134) just after the interview with the Emperor and before, or rather introducing, the first scene with the horse-courser. There is no stage direction but it seems to belong to a lost scene in which Faustus, near the end of his twenty-four years, decides to return to Wittenberg to prepare for 'the payment of my latest years'. Greg calls it a passage of serious verse but does not commit himself on whether he thinks it by Marlowe or the collaborator. After a short scene in which Faustus sells the spirit horse to the horse-courser, he breaks out once more in verse

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

Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the cross;
Then rest thee Faustus quiet in conceit.

He then falls asleep, until the re-entrance of the horse-courser all wet, and the renewal of the farcical plot. This passage occurs in both texts and looks very like a survival from an earlier scene largely scrapped to make way for the horse-courser scene. This fragment was probably kept because it introduces Faustus falling asleep, an incident on which there is to be some play in the conversation of the horse-courser with Mephostophilis and the subsequent farcical pulling off of Faustus' leg. The omission of the earlier passage in the B-text is easily explained on the same grounds as the omission of the second extant chorus, i.e. the interpolator of the new farcical material and suppressor of the original scene of return to Wittenberg wished to remove evidence of Marlowe's time scheme. Greg, however, will have none of this. To him the second passage is the work of the collaborator at his worst. His comment is,

While the Horse-courser is out getting his drenching, Faustus lulls himself to sleep with six lines of mediocre verse. I cannot understand how anyone can have mistaken them for Marlowe's. Nothing could be further from his manner than the combined piety and bad taste of the line

Tush Christ did call the Theefe vpon the Crosse . . .

This vein of rather sentimental piety, which sometimes intrudes upon the play, has usually been thought to point to Dekker. (p. 118)

Once again we have to ask, first, what could induce the collaborator to compose and insert these lines in the middle of a piece of jolly knock-about comedy to which they have no relevance at all? What, if he did, caused Marlowe to sanction it in the final composition of the play? There is simply no answer to these questions and if they are not answered the theory of the collaborator is discredited.

In any case, are Greg's strictures on these six lines justified? Percy Simpson, as great an Elizabethan scholar as Greg, did not think so, nor, without the deep knowledge of either, do I. If, as Simpson believed, there was an original scene of Faustus' homecoming of which the two verse passages are relics, we may conclude that the two verse passages were connected. In the first Faustus, who, since the end of Act II, has given no thought to the repayment of the bond, realises that his time is almost up and consequently seems to fall into the state of mingled terror

and desperation which he displays in the last act. There he seeks desperately for palliatives to his despair. Here, as the black wave sweeps over him, he grasps at any consolation. There is not necessarily any note of sentimental piety in the line Greg quotes, but that of the entirely natural tendency of people in hopeless situations to persuade themselves that all will yet be well or to seek oblivion in sleep. Far from the imputation of a mood of pietistic sentiment which Greg senses here, the author, whoever he was, makes Faustus speak of *passions*. The passion is one of terror and despair and Faustus' response to it is the familiar sin of *accidie*. Now the collaborator may have written these lines but why should Marlowe, who has little enough in this act, in what was probably a scene vital to the tragic action, not have written the whole original scene himself? Little evidence is left either way, but the theory of an interpolator raises less difficulties than that of the collaborator.

The scene at the castle of the Duke of Vanholt raises further problems for the latter theory. It is clear, from the fact that the scene opens with a reference from the Duke to Faustus' having just raised a magic castle in the air, that the scene has been cut. The reason for this seems to be to allow room for the inclusion of the improbable incursion of Faustus' enemies, the drunken company at the inn, so that Faustus can amuse the Duke and Duchess by enchanting them. The pretext is flimsy to the point of absurdity. This rabble in real life would never have got past the castle gate. But it raises a dilemma for our poor over-worked collaborator. Either the original scene was Marlowe's and he has the problem of explaining to us, and to Marlowe in the first instance, how he came to cut Marlowe's scene so clumsily in half that it begins with an allusion which would be incomprehensible to the audience, or he must explain that he wrote the original scene himself, as Greg believes, and must now explain why he mutilated it so inexpertly when he could have recast it to run smoothly. As before, we have to suppose that Marlowe acquiesced in all this ineptitude.

Since the additions to Act V in the B-text are of a piece with those in Acts III and IV, I do not think it worth while to argue the case against the collaborator there because there is a strong probability that they are genuine additions made some years after Marlowe's death. There is no point in flogging what may well turn out to be a very dead horse. But enough has been said, I hope, to dispel the notion that the play as it stands has any claim to be a coherent, if damaged, work, composed by Marlowe and another author under any conditions to which the

word 'collaboration' could apply. What sort of collaborator is this, who not only did not collaborate, could never have consulted Marlowe, did not understand the design of the play and filled it with contradictions and inconsistencies, gutted at least two scenes by Marlowe and did his best to disrupt others, like that in which his version of the Seven Deadly Sins makes nonsense of the intentions of the Fiends and the character and tastes of Faustus?

If the play was written in the last year of Marlowe's life, and Greg makes out a reasonable case for this, we could consider an alternative to the theory of collaboration: perhaps Marlowe died leaving the play unfinished, to be continued and completed by an inferior and botching hand, as was the case with *Hero and Leander*. This seems inherently unlikely. The first part of the play is finished and relatively intact and so is the final act and there are bits of genuine Marlowe all through. Moreover, Greg's argument about the A-text, which is very plausible, involves the supposition that it was in the hands of a company of actors and probably staged more than once before the theatres were closed on account of the plague early in 1593. The play may have been written in haste but it looks as though Marlowe did finish it. A more likely and more realistic explanation is that, without its author to protect it, it was successively plundered, revised, interpolated and cut, mainly in the interests of more low comedy, over the following twenty-four years.

Greg's problem, of course, is to explain the allusions to the play in the anonymous *Taming of A Shrew* which cannot be later than 1594, and the allusion to the scene in which Faustus punishes the injurious Knight and his companions which occurs in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor* and which suggests that the material of the B-text, not in A, was in existence about the turn of the century. On this rests his conclusion (p. 29) that the B-text, though imperfect, must be earlier than the A-text and more authoritative, that in fact it is based on Marlowe's 'foul papers' which comprised the scenes of comedy and farce. Therefore Marlowe must have worked with a collaborator and the 1616 edition must be substantially the original play.

There seems no reason to draw such conclusions from the references to the play in *The Taming of A Shrew*. Three of them are from parts of the play which no one doubts are by Marlowe, one of them is vague enough for it to be doubtful whether it is an allusion at all. The fourth is quite certainly a near quotation from *Doctor Faustus*, and it is from one of the scenes of farce. From this it is argued that the farcical sub-plot must not only

have been in existence in 1594 (pp. 27–8) but already well enough known for an audience to pick up the allusion. But this does not follow. The scenes of farce need not have been added all at the same time. Greg himself notes two examples of addition to a revision of the farcical scenes. One is the reference to French crowns in the scene under discussion; the other the allusion to Dr Lopez in the scene with the horse-courser (p. 32). Both of these must have been inserted later than the publication of *The Taming of A Shrew*. In fact since the scenes of farce in the earlier parts of the play have little or no connection with those in Act IV, there is no reason not to regard the horse-courser episode as a later addition to the play than the scene of Wagner and the clown on the basis of the reference to Dr Lopez who was executed in 1594. Moreover the scene between Wagner and the clown is an isolated scene which is only linked to the Robin and Dick scenes because of Greg's surmise that the clown in this scene is the Robin of the later scenes. His supposition that a scene in which the clown left Wagner's service and took a job at an inn is again no more than surmise. This scene with Wagner is in a different style from the later farcical scenes and we have already shown that there are good reasons why it should be regarded as spurious. All that is really established, therefore, is that one instance of corruption of Marlowe's original text can be said to have been in existence as early as 1594, two years after Marlowe's death. How fast and how far the corruption proceeded between the date and the publication of the A-text in 1604 we have no means of knowing. Greg's careful analysis and comparison of the two texts has only established that the play was substantially in its present state eleven years after Marlowe's death, by which time Marlowe's original draft, the 'foul papers', could well have been contaminated with later material replacing large parts of the original. This argument is not particularly important in itself, however, for once it has been conclusively shown that the present text cannot have been the result of collaboration with Marlowe, it hardly matters how soon after his death the process of corruption and disruption began.

Marlowe, of course, may well have worked with a collaborator, as he appears to have done in the case of *Dido, Queen of Carthage*. The title page of the quarto of 1594 describes *Dido* as 'Written by Christopher Marlowe and Thomas Nashe, gent'. Marlowe must have been the dominant partner, for his style can be detected throughout. Indeed the collaboration must have been extremely thorough for nobody can detect anything in the

play that can clearly be assigned to Nashe. This, the only known example of Marlowe's collaboration with another author, is in such startling contrast to *Doctor Faustus* as to make the theory of a collaboration in this instance even more suspect.

If the theory of collaboration has to be abandoned, as I believe it must, we shall have to replace Greg's reconstruction of the early history of the play, based on this theory, by another theory of some very early revision and interpolation followed by several stages of the same process up to 1616.

In justice to Greg I should observe that he gives careful consideration to the alternative theory of an early revision of Marlowe's original text and notes its attractive features. This arises from his discussion of two questions raised by the evidence accumulated in his inspection and comparison of the two texts. Greg believes and argues persuasively that the A-text was largely put together from memory by an actor whom he calls the Reporter; the B-text from MS. sources, in the main Marlowe's drafts and his collaborator's. Two difficult problems arise from the comparison, so that he asks:

Why was it that the reporter, who could reproduce the serious parts of the play with substantial and at times minute accuracy, seems sometimes to have been able to remember [so] little beyond the bare outline of the comic and clownage scenes that he set out to preserve . . . ? And secondly, why was it . . . that it was almost exclusively scenes of the tragical action that were absent from MS [used as the basis of the B-text] or if present were mutilated or obscured?

These two facts would find a common and natural explanation if we were to assume that the lighter portions of the play had been added in the course of revision; and in fact a plausible occasion for such a revision immediately suggests itself. When in the autumn of 1594, some four months after establishing themselves at the Rose, the Admiral's Men gave their first performance of *Doctor Faustus*, they were reviving a piece that, whether it had been in their repertory from the first or had been acquired from some other company, had probably not been seen in London for close on two years, and it would be likely enough that they would wish to give some new polish to a popular play that may have become a little stale. Any such revision must have been carried out between June and September 1594. (pp. 92-3)

Greg admits that this is both a plausible and, in some ways, an attractive theory. He rejects it because of certain difficulties it

raises. But in view of the fact that theory of a collaboration is impossible on the grounds I have stated, something like Greg's revision theory becomes the only possible alternative and his objections, while they have some weight, must give way to it. Adopting this account of the history of the play up to 1594, we may confidently expect that in the ensuing twenty-two years the same process of revision was more than once repeated. We know for certain that one such revision was made in 1602.

My concern, however, is with the state of the play not before 1594 when the text may already have suffered some damage according to Greg's analysis, but before Marlowe's death in May 1592. I go on now to support the version of the missing parts of the original offered here. As will become clear in the course of the discussion, several other versions are perhaps equally possible.

I have been guided by a few general rules. The first and most important of these is that anything added to replace the missing material must be consonant with all that remains of Marlowe's work and with what we can reasonably conclude of the original structure and theme. The second rule I have followed is that anything added in this way must have a demonstrable source in the English *Faust Book* translated by P. F. Gent., which Marlowe seems to have followed exclusively, though often treating the material very freely. My third rule was to keep as much as possible within Marlowe's practice in this and his other plays, and at least not to go beyond that practice. For example, it is quite possible that Marlowe himself devised a comic sub-plot not connected more than incidentally with the tragic plot. It would have fitted in well and the *Faust Book* presents comic as well as serious aspects of Faustus' adventures. But it is not Marlowe's practice in his other plays, and even in *The Jew of Malta* the more or less humorous scenes are incidental to and integrated with the main plot as I have done with the scenes dealing with Wagner's aspirations to become a conjurer. My fourth rule has been to preserve any passages or scenes for which there is no positive evidence of style or real incongruity of subject or treatment to prove that they are *not* by Marlowe and to try to present a plausible reconstruction into which they will fit. This applies particularly to the isolated passages of what sounds like Marlowe's verse in comic scenes of prose.

Obviously a good deal has to be supplied. One would expect each act to consist of several scenes. Act I and Act V, which seem to be almost intact, supply the models and the whole play should not be much shorter than that presented by the 1616 text which

is short, but, as Greg remarks, approaches the average length of an Elizabethan play; but it is by far the shortest of Marlowe's extant plays. This means that Acts II, III and IV should each consist of several scenes. Act II contains only one original scene by Marlowe, Act III only a fragment of a scene, Act IV one scene and fragments of two others (assuming, as I do, that part of the Duke of Vanholt scene which survives could have been by Marlowe).

In supplying material to replace the spurious scenes I have ventured in two respects further than the rules I have just outlined possibly warrant. One thing that has always worried me about the play as it stands is Faustus' failure to protest or even apparently to notice two things: one, the way the Fiends whittle away the demands he thought implicit in the bond and the other, the fact that he never exercises the magic powers granted him in his own right but only through the agency of Mephistophilis. Faustus' keen intelligence and immense ambition cannot have failed to bring these things to his notice and to cause some protest at least in the second and third acts. By Act IV he has apparently accepted the situation. I have therefore assumed that he did protest and that his protests were part of the lost scenes and have included them, with no very good warrant from the *Faust Book*, in my version. The other point in which I may have exceeded the inferences to be drawn from the surviving scenes by Marlowe is to extend and specify his knowledge of contemporary works on magic, such as those of Agrippa, Peter of Abano and Albertus Magnus. Marlowe knew of them, of course, for he mentions them specifically, but how much did he know of their actual contents? He is rather reticent on the subject in his part of the play, but I have relied on the fact that he did belong to the circle that gathered round Sir Walter Raleigh, the so-called School of Night, and that this circle contained several members who devoted themselves to necromancy, or were reputed to do so: Thomas Harriot, the astronomer and mathematician, the Earl of Northumberland, who was known as the Wizard Earl, the Earl of Derby, and Chapman, who had an interest in the occult. Marlowe could well have listened to discussion or had access to the literature of magic through these associations. The suggestion that Marlowe could not have known more than Agrippa's *De vanitate scientiarum* because there was no English translation of the text early enough for *Doctor Faustus* is, of course, nonsense: Marlowe could read Latin. Paul H. Kocher notes that Faustus' incantation has some details which are to be found in Agrippa's *De occulta*

philosophia, which may be significant. Kocher also mentions the fact that 'No attempt is made to show Faustus as engaged in justifiable operations of white magic. Indeed such an attempt would be out of keeping with the whole tone of the play'. I agree, but after Faustus' attempt at repentance the Fiends do seem to direct his interests in that direction or perhaps Faustus himself shows an interest in meteorology and geomancy for reasons I have suggested in the text. But *Doctor Faustus* is a very orthodox play and the orthodox view was that *all* magic is of the devil. Even Agrippa, whose *De occulta philosophia* is mainly devoted to white magic, falters on this point. I have made Mephostophilis point this out as a means of blocking one more attempt of Faustus to escape the control of hell.

Beside the lost scenes, there are two lost choruses to replace and the lost scenes should for consistency have kept up the debate of the Good and Bad Angels, of which no trace remains in Acts III and IV. One of the things the interpolators completely ignored is the fact that *Doctor Faustus* is constructed on a rather old-fashioned pattern that recalls the morality plays. Faustus may be taken, in Acts III and IV, to have forgotten the prick of conscience, but the struggle of the powers of good and evil for his soul, which the Good and Bad Angels exemplify, cannot be considered to stop because of that.

Another old-fashioned aspect of the play is its passion for imparting information like the interludes then passing from popular favour. It appears in the discussion on astronomy in Act II and in the lengthy geography lesson in Act III. I have ventured to keep this up in the restored scenes.

There are one or two remarks to be made about specific aspects of each of the restorations and then I have done.

The replacement of the scene between Wagner and the clown in Act I was made mainly to separate the two scenes between Faustus and Mephostophilis and to begin the series of scenes in which Wagner aspires to conjure, of which I shall have more to say presently. The second scene between Wagner and the scholars is not necessary but was intended to connect the first scene with the Wagner series. As it is, the first scene is rather left hanging in the surviving texts.

The chorus that follows needs no explanation. It is based on the *Faust Book's* account of the interval of eight years before the crisis scene which it announces.

Apart from the Wagner series which I shall treat together, the next interpolated passage is my version of the Seven Deadly Sins. This is one of the few occasions in which the play, in a

scene from Marlowe's hand, departs radically from the *Faust Book* which here provides only a rather dreary pageant of devils in animal forms meant to terrify Faustus rather than to entertain him. The Sins as they appear in the A- and the B-texts cannot be by Marlowe, but it seems to me that it was probably his idea. It fits into the 'morality' pattern of the play, it furthers the design of the Fiends to divert Faustus from his notions of repentance and the fears that prompted them, by entertaining him and at the same time suggesting that the infernal kingdom is not horrifying but delectable and pleasant. Above all from the dramatic point of view, it brings before the audience the major sins which Faustus is to run through in the course of the play. To achieve all these aims the sins must be presented in a way that will appeal to Faustus' own tastes and ambitions while the specious nature of their enticements is obvious to the audience. I have tried to meet these requirements, drawing on *Tamburlaine* for Pride and Wrath, on *The Jew of Malta* for Covetousness and have adapted the others to these models accordingly. Like Percy Simpson, I believe that 'the pageant of the Seven Deadly Sins is unlike Marlowe; he would have lavished his splendid verse on these seven fragments'. I am convinced he did and regret the loss of this passage of the original more than anything else in the play. In replacing the present travesty, I have tried to indicate the sort of thing that would really have fired the enthusiasm of such a man as Faustus to the point of: 'O this feeds my soul'.

Although this is a very long scene, it must have been followed by others, though it is hard to say what they might have been. The chorus at the end of the act strongly suggests that there was a scene, now lost, in which Faustus and Mephostophilis visited the heavens, as the Ptolemaic system conceived them, in a car drawn by dragons. This has the authority of the *Faust Book*, but of course the chorus may describe the journey in some detail precisely because it did *not* form one of the scenes in Act II but was an account of events occurring in the lapse of time in the period between the acts. On the whole I am influenced by the fact that Henslowe among his stage properties had a dragon for use in this play. A dragon to be effective has to be a large and presumably expensive piece of stage property and would not be likely to have been acquired simply for the momentary appearance of a dragon in the stage directions for the conjuring scene in Act I (B-text only). The *Faust Book* mentions a dragon which appeared during the pageant of devils which Lucifer shows to Faustus, replaced in the play by that of the Seven Deadly Sins. It has no place in Marlowe's text. The chorus also mentions that

on the journey to Rome and other countries, Faustus rode on the back of a dragon. This replaces the flying horse into which Mephostophilis changes himself for this purpose in the *Faust Book*. But this dragon does not appear on stage in either text. The frugal Henslowe is not likely to have invested in a dragon that did not earn its keep, which is why I think the original did include a scene in which Faustus journeyed to the Empyrean and back. It is true that the text calls for two dragons but perhaps Henslowe made the company do with one.

The only other possibility offered by the *Faust Book* at this point in the narrative is the visit to hell which Lucifer promises Faustus at the end of the pageant of the Sins. I have rejected this, though I have woven its occurrence into the Wagner series, because I could not see that much could be made of the *Faust Book* account of this episode in a dramatic sense or as a stage presentation. Dramatically the visit to hell would have the same purpose as the show of the Sins: a spectacle to convince Faustus that 'in hell is all manner of delight' and it would therefore be repetitious. But who knows what Marlowe's imagination might not have made of a visit to the kingdom of infernal rule? In choosing the dragon visit to the Empyrean, too, I felt I was keeping up the 'interlude' aspect of the play. The audience is given information on meteorology and magic as they were on astronomy in the earlier scene. Moreover it provided the occasion for me to raise and quash Faustus' attempt to circumvent the bond and its disappointments, by moving into the field of natural magic.

In Act III, I of course accept the opening lines of the first scene as by Marlowe and this involves accepting that there was a scene in Rome and that it included a confrontation with the Pope at the feast of St Peter. The only change I have made is to suggest that the original scene would have been along the same lines as the A-text and the account in the *Faust Book* but on a more dignified level than the snatching of food and drink, the boxing of the Pope's ears, and the exit direction:

they all run away.

Of course another feature of this scene which has not been generally noticed links it with a number of the Tudor interludes which were strongly protestant-versus-papist in tone and argument. I have tried to retain this at a higher level of controversy and one which I feel would have been more in Marlowe's line. The present A-text is purely comic and farcical in treatment. I have suggested a treatment which, though humorous, shows

Faustus motivated by the sin of Envy and drawn to protest that contrary to the bond he never acts in his own right. To this end I was tempted to include, as possibly by Marlowe, the interchange at the beginning of its division from the A-text beginning

Sweet Mephostophilis thou pleasest me,

because at the end Faustus asks to be an actor in the show that is about to take place. But the number of rhyming couplets and the pointless repetition of the journey through the world and air, as Greg says, obviously borrowed from the preceding chorus, make this impossible. Besides Faustus'

Then in this show let me an actor be,

probably means no more than: 'I would like to be in it', since his only reason is,

That this proud Pope may Faustus' cunning see.

Nevertheless I have doctored the passage to suit my purpose and incorporated it in my own scene as a small Tit for a vast amount of Tat. In the same way I have borrowed some passages from the Pope's speech (B-text) in which he promises to depose the Emperor.

I have already argued that the original play contained a visit to Constantinople and have followed the *Faust Book* account, choosing to present on the stage the Seraglio scene as more amusing and more of a contrast to the papal banquet scene than the rather similar pranks in the Sultan's divan. Even with the scene of Mephostophilis' return to Wittenberg to quell the 'damned slaves' the act is still rather short and I chose from the *Faust Book* a scene that I am sure would have appealed to Marlowe, Faust's frustrated attempt to visit the seat of paradise. It also gave me a chance to bring in the Good and Bad Angels for whom there is not much scope in the comic scenes.

In Act IV I chose rather than the overwritten B-text, the badly damaged version of the interview with the Emperor in the A-text, amplified a little from the *Faust Book* and, as I hope, restoring the garbled prose of some passages to something like their original blank verse. What else has been lost from Act IV to be replaced by its wilderness of farce, it is hard to say; the more so because, apart from farce, the *Faust Book* does not provide much in the way of incidents of a more serious kind of which much dramatic use can be made. Marlowe himself has brought two of these, the feasting with the students and the showing of Helen of Greece from this context into that of Faustus' last days in Act V. I have followed Scene I of Act IV with

the revenge of the injurious Knight more for lack of ideas as to how to fill up the act than any conviction that it formed part of the original. The elaborate, muddled and inconsequential episodes of the B-text on this theme have no warrant in the *Faust Book* and are obviously spurious. The *Faust Book* gives two quite simple, and incidentally quite different, accounts of the ambush. I have chosen the second of these because it has more dramatic possibilities, would be easier to stage and is more in keeping with Faustus' maganimous temper. I have however been moved to this choice to some extent by a surmise—it is little more than that—that a speech of Faustus in the version of the B-text (p. 253) may be a passage of the original incorporated rather clumsily in the later version. It runs as follows:

Faustus: I call your hearts to recompense this deed.
Knew ye not, traitors, I was limited
For four-and-twenty years to breathe on earth?
And had you cut my body with your swords,
Or hewed this flesh and bones as small as sand,
Yet in a minute had my spirit return'd
And I had breath'd a man made free from harm.

It sounds to me like genuine Marlowe. It is the only point in the 1616 additions, from the Bruno episode at the papal court to this point, in which the main concern of the play, Faustus' bond with Lucifer and his ultimate fate, are referred to. One of the signs that these scenes are spurious is that they ignore the main theme, and interrupt it just as they ignore Marlowe's time program. Moreover, though this speech is skilfully inserted in the spurious dialogue, as are some of the original passages of the A-text version of the conversation with the Emperor, it is really out of place in the sequence of events of the B-text version. In that, Faustus enters carrying a false head which the conspirators strike off and then engage in some rather silly conversation about further mutilation of the corpse. This piece of stage illusion, however, is in contradiction with what Faustus says in the speech just quoted. He believes that having become a spirit he is protected by his bond from real bodily harm. Why then does he have to carry a false head at all?

It is a slender supposition, I admit; but if it could be supported it would remove any importance from the doubtful evidence that the lines

And had you cut my body with your swords,
Or hewed this flesh and bones as fine as sand,

imitated in *The Taming of A Shrew*, are evidence for a collaborator. In that case, like three out of the five allusions, this would be from Marlowe's original and have no bearing on the date of the additions.

In the scenes with the horse-courser there are two verse fragments which I take to be evidence that the original play contained a scene in which Faustus, knowing his time is nearly up, decides to return to Wittenberg for good and in which he begins to be troubled by thoughts of the inevitable payment of the bond. There is no warrant for this in the *Faust Book* but it seems a natural enough incident to invent to keep clear the chronology of Faustus' fortunes and prepare for the final act. Even though the *Faust Book* keeps giving dates in its third section, there are so many shifts of scene that the sequence of events is confused. All I have done is to link the two passages with what seems an appropriate background of events and an amplification of Faustus' inward struggle between his fatalism and his urge to repent. Here it seemed appropriate to bring in another visitation by the Good and Bad Angels. I have linked this scene with the arrival of Wagner to give Faustus the invitation from the Duke of Vanholt.

The visit to the Duke of Vanholt needs little explanation. If the scene in the two texts, apart from the farcical rubbish in the B-text, is not manifestly by Marlowe, neither is it manifestly not by Marlowe, so I have retained it. Besides it is the only thing the *Faust Book* offers for a reasonably dignified episode to fill out the act. It offers a comparison and a contrast to the scene with the Emperor where Faustus, even if he is only performing parlour magic, is treated with high consideration and honour and only at the end is offered a reward as an unsolicited honorarium. At the Court of the Duke Faustus has sunk a little lower. The magic tricks he performs are of a trivial sort and although the Duke and Duchess treat him with great courtesy, they discuss what they shall pay him to his face and in the middle of his performance. Here he is very much the hired entertainer. I have restored the episode of raising the magic castle which has plainly been cut out of the original and I have kept Marlowe's reversal of the order of the episodes of the magic castle and the winter grapes. In the *Faust Book*, the magician not only raises a real castle in the presence of his hosts, but leads them into it and entertains them there. This, I imagine, would be beyond the resources of the Elizabethan stage, which may be why Marlowe changed it to the raising of an illusion in the air, which I have followed adding some details from the account in the *Faust Book*.

I followed the A-text at the end of this scene which includes the Duke's remark, 'Come, Madam, let us in where you must well reward this learned man'. There need be no contradiction here with the fact that in my version the scene takes place indoors. 'Let us in' is no more than a stage direction for quitting the scene. No one is expected to conclude that the Duke and Duchess had been entertaining their guests outside in the depths of winter.

The act is still rather short and needs at least one more scene to bridge the gap between Faustus' career as a conjuror at the courts of princes and his last days on earth. Marlowe could have filled it in in many ways from the material in the *Faust Book*. But having no clue I have chosen to make the last scene a continuation of what began in the second scene of the act as the start of a return to Wittenberg: Faustus is greeted by his friends and invites them to the feast with which Act V opens. This seems less abrupt than the gap in proceedings between the scene with the Duke and the riotous feast of both texts. Of course, there should be an intervening chorus which may have covered this interval, but on the scheme I have adopted this chorus is necessarily short. It has been suggested that Wagner's opening speech may be the missing chorus or part of it, since at an earlier point where a chorus is missing the B-text has the stage direction, as in the present case (A-text), *Enter Wagner solus* which is followed by some lines of the second extant chorus and by the stage direction, *Exit Wagner*. It appears that in some companies from which the originals of the 1604 and 1616 texts derive the actor who played Wagner must have doubled for the chorus. However I am struck by the impropriety, in terms of stage production, of Wagner speaking in his own person and as the chorus at one and the same time. It seems more likely that, as there is no great need for the chorus here, it was lost or scrapped and Wagner's opening speech was used to replace it. However, this is a mere guess. In the *Faust Book* a couple of years elapse between the episode with the Duke of Vanholt and the final days of Faustus' life. Soon after leaving the Duke's court he feasts the students at Shrove-tide and shows them Helen of Greece—two events which Marlowe has moved forward to the end. So it is uncertain how much time he allowed between the scene with the Duke and the beginning of Act V, and how many events the chorus was supposed to fill in for the audience.

There is, however, a problem in my version and that is that the actor should have time to change his costume from that of the chorus to that of Wagner before appearing again on the

stage. This would probably involve no more time than that required to throw off a cloak and perhaps a head-dress of some sort. I have taken an easy way out from the B-text where the first scene of Act V begins with one of the dumb-shows that occur at intervals through the play. Mephostophilis enters leading a string of devils bearing dishes to the concluding course of the feast. This gives time for the chorus to go out and re-enter as Wagner. I confess that I was tempted to add to Wagner's very short speech—and it begins so abruptly that it may have been cut—to give the feasters time to choke down that last course. But stage-time is very elastic, as we know, especially in the Elizabethan theatre, and I was unwilling to intrude in any way on the last act, except to remove the attempts of the interpolator in the B-text to heighten the tragedy with added spectacle, melodrama and flabby rhetoric. The final scene in which the students discover Faustus' mangled limbs has been the subject of debate. Is it a piece of bathos? Does it let down the effect of the tremendous scene of Faustus' last hour? Greg believes it to be by Marlowe mainly because he cannot see who else could have written the scene. Nor does he find it out of place in its dramatic effect. I would add that its authenticity is supported by the constant reference throughout the play to the power of the Fiends to tear Faustus' body to pieces. This, as I have argued, is not a mere piece of stage violence, but is an integral part of the theme of the play and a consequence of Faustus' reckless gift of his body as well as his soul to the devil. The mangling of Faustus' flesh is part of the fulfilment of the bond and the scene is a fitting sequel to the seizure of his soul.

A few words remain to be said about the Wagner episodes with which I have made up the remaining weight of the missing and the interpolated matter. As I have already mentioned, Marlowe in his other plays does not show much bent for comedy of any kind, especially farce. Nor does he ever indulge in a comic sub-plot running parallel with the main plot but not essentially connected with it. The nearest he gets to it is the undercurrent of rather grim humour with which Barabbas' servant, Ithamore, deals with the minor characters in *The Jew of Malta*. Three things struck me early in my consideration of *Doctor Faustus* and led me to consider whether Marlowe might not have devised a series of scenes round Faustus' servant Wagner which were later dislodged in favour of slap-stick and farce by the interpolators. The first of these was the scene in Act I in which Wagner jests with the two scholars. It is a lively and amusing scene in which Wagner appears as an independent

character in his own right and one would expect more of the same sort to follow. But the scene stands quite isolated though there is no doubt that it is by Marlowe's hand. The other isolated scene of farce in Act I between Wagner and the clown attempts to copy Marlowe's conception of Wagner with some success. But as we have seen, it cannot possibly be by Marlowe. It does however suggest that at some stage in the corruption of the text, obviously before 1594, because of the echo of this scene in *The Taming of A Shrew*, someone attempted to provide a comic subplot which involved Wagner or that he tried rather clumsily to hook his Robin and Dick series on to the original scene with the scholars. There would not be much point in this unless he was supplanting further scenes by Marlowe which involved Wagner.

The second point is that the *Faust Book* tells us quite a lot about the relationship of Wagner with his master. It tells of how Wagner was disliked in Wittenberg for his 'Knaveries' and those of his master. It relates also that Faustus was particularly fond of him and that he was present at Faustus' interview with Mephistophilis when they exchanged copies of the bond signed with Lucifer; it tells us that Faustus tried to teach him to conjure and that finally, at the end of his life, Faustus made Wagner his heir, gave him all his magic books and provided him with a familiar. It also tells us, when Mephistophilis brought Faustus the book of 'divelish and enchanted artes',

The copie of this enchanting booke was afterward found by his servant *Christopher Wagner*.

What use Wagner put the book to is not related, but it must have been found earlier than the gift of books made at the end of Faustus' life. Chapter 8 of the *Faust Book* tells us,

Faustus kept a boy with him that was his scholler, an unhappie wagge, called *Christopher Wagner*, to whome this sporte and life that he saw his master follow seemed pleasant. *Faustus* loved the boy well, hoping to make him as good or better seene in his divelish exercise than himselfe; and he was fellow with *Mephistophilis*: otherwise *Faustus* had no more companie in his house; but himselfe, his boy and his Spirit. . . .

At the end of the tale where Faustus does make Wagner his heir we learn that 'Wagner was so well beloved of Faustus, that hee used him as his sonne'. We learn also that Wagner had been a student at the University of Wittenberg. Here, by the way, the *Faust Book* falls into a comical error worthy of Marlowe's interpolators,

Doctor Faustus was now in his twenty-fourth and last years and he had a pretty stripling to his servant. . . . this youth was well acquainted with his knaveries and sorceries

If Wagner was a 'boy' when the play opens—he seems by his conversation with the scholars to have been at least an adolescent—twenty-four years later the pretty stripling cannot have been much less than forty.

Now the odd thing is that in spite of the build-up of Wagner's personality in that early scene, which appears to be Marlowe's version of the *Faust Book's* 'Unhappy Wag', we hear practically nothing more about him till the end of the play where Faustus unexpectedly leaves him his goods. There is a brief mention of him in Act II as being able to deal with rudimentary questions in astronomy. He appears, obviously by mistake, to speak a chorus in the A-text at the end of Act II, and does not appear again until Act IV when he brings Faustus a message from the Duke of Vanholt. On both occasions when he speaks it is as a dutiful servant. And yet at the end, Faustus gives him all his goods (which incidentally he had previously willed to Lucifer). It seemed to me that there must be something about Wagner between Act I and Act V which had been lost by the way.

I have suggested one possible form which this lost material could have taken. There is the scene in which Mephostophilis arrives in a passion from Constantinople to foil the conjuring of Dick and Robin. We know that the incantation of the clown, which in any case is mere gibberish, could not have forced him to appear only for pleasure of these damned slaves, nor has he come in hope to have their souls. For what then? The two incongruous passages of verse are evidence that the scene with Dick and Robin in prose has replaced an earlier scene in which Mephostophilis did appear to stop or punish someone. What better candidate than Wagner, who has purloined his master's book and instruments of magic and is attempting to conjure in his absence?

We know from the EFB that Faustus did promise, or at least intend, to teach Wagner to conjure and that Wagner was at one time in possession of one of the books of magic. Yet at the end of Faustus' life, Wagner has still to beg Faustus to bestow his 'cunning' on him. Why has this not happened before? Faustus meets the request by insisting that Wagner can only acquire this by study to which he has obviously not applied himself before. It was from such hints that I have developed the sub-plot of Wagner's aspirations to become a necromancer and his failure

to achieve his end. I think it a theme that might have appealed to Marlowe, though there is no telling how he would have handled it.

I have embarked on this long and tedious apologia in case anyone cares to check on my reasons for treating the play as I have. But I am not particularly concerned if present or future scholarship rejects the case I have presented. What I have done was done for its own sake, for the pleasure and interest of trying to create something at least better and more in keeping than the interpolators managed to achieve. It was not primarily designed to illustrate a theory or to prove a case, though I should be gratified if this should also happen to be so. On that point the reader must judge for himself.

I should add that over and above my indebtedness to the work of Sir Walter Greg and many other scholars, already mentioned, I should like to pay tribute to the advice and criticism of my former teacher, Professor John le Gay Brereton, to whom I first explained my project and who read and commented on the first draft of this reconstruction as long ago as 1932. As I recall he did not think much of it but did his best not to discourage me.

I should like also to thank Miss Teresa Mannix, who acted as my research assistant during my final attempt on the project, in particular for providing material on the magic and magicians referred to in the text.

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