The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus: From the Quarto of 1604

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THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

By Christopher Marlowe

From The Quarto of 1604

Edited by The Rev. Alexander Dyce

THE TRAGICALL HISTORY OF D. FAUSTUS. AS IT HATH BENE ACTED BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARLE OF NOTTINGHAM HIS SERUANTS. WRITTEN BY CH. MARL.

In reprinting this edition, I have here and there amended the text by means of the later 4tos,--1616, 1624, 1631.--Of 4to 1663, which contains various comparatively modern alterations and additions, I have made no use.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

THE POPE.

CARDINAL OF LORRAIN.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

DUKE OF VANHOLT.

FAUSTUS.

VALDES,] friends to FAUSTUS.

CORNELIUS,]

WAGNER, servant to FAUSTUS.

Clown.

ROBIN.

RALPH.

Vintner.

Horse-courser.

A Knight.

An Old Man.

Scholars, Friars, and Attendants.

DUCHESS OF VANHOLT

LUCIFER.

BELZEBUB.

MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Good Angel.

Evil Angel.

The Seven Deadly Sins.

Devils.

Spirits in the shapes of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, of his Paramour

and of HELEN.

Chorus.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

FROM THE QUARTO OF 1604.

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS. Not marching now in fields of Thrasymene,

Where Mars did mate[1] 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[2] her[3] heavenly verse:
Only this, gentlemen,--we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:
Of riper years, to Wertenberg he went,
Whereas[4] his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism grac'd,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till swoln with cunning,[5] 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[6] with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursed necromancy;
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss:
And this the man that in his study sits.

[Exit.]

FAUSTUS discovered in his study.[7]

FAUSTUS. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:
Having commenc'd, be a divine in shew,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou[8] 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[9] end:
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid Economy[10] farewell, and[11] Galen come,
Seeing, Ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus:
Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be eterniz'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 found aphorisms?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been eas'd?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Couldst[12] thou make men[13] to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian?

[Reads.]

Si una eademque res legatur[14] duobus, alter rem,
alter valorem rei, &c.

A pretty case of paltry legacies!

[Reads.] Exhoereditare filium non potest pater, nisi, &c.[15]

Such is the subject of the institute,
And universal body of the law:[16]
This[17] study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile[18] and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best:
Jerome's Bible, Faustus; view it well.

[Reads.]

Stipendium peccati mors est.
Ha!
Stipendium, &c.

The reward of sin is death: that's hard.

[Reads.] Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas;

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and
there's no truth in us. Why, then, belike we must sin, and so
consequently die:
Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this, Che sera, sera,[19]
What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu!
These metaphysics of magicians,

And necromantic books are heavenly;
Lines, circles, scenes,[20] 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 promis'd to the studious artizan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command: emperors and kings
Are but obeyed in their several provinces,
Nor can they raise the wind, or rend the clouds;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man;
A sound magician is a mighty god:
Here, Faustus, tire[21] thy brains to gain a deity.

Enter WAGNER.[22]

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 GOOD ANGEL and 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.

EVIL ANGEL. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art
Wherein all Nature's treasure[23] is contain'd:
Be thou on earth as Jove[24] is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements.[25]
[Exeunt Angels.]

FAUSTUS. How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve[26] 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 Wertenberg;
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,[27]
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 the[28] provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,[29]
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 practice magic and concealed arts:
Yet not your words only,[30] 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:[31]
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I, that have with concise syllogisms[32]
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,
And made the flowering pride of Wertenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musaeus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning[33] as Agrippa[34] was,
Whose shadow[35] made all Europe honour him.

VALDES. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all nations to canonize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the spirits[36] of every element
Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters[37] with their horsemen's staves,

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