Christopher Marlowe's
Doctor Faustus: An Adaptation

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This adaptation of Christopher Marlowe's Doctor Faustus was first performed on December 2, 2003 at the Mabee Theatre, Baylor University in Waco, Texas.

In adapting Doctor Faustus for this production, we admittedly took liberties with Christopher Marlowe's play, which was first performed in 1594, the year after the writer's untimely death in a tavern. It must be remembered, however, that Marlowe himself adapted the play from other source material. In 1592, there appeared an English translation by P.F. Gent of a 1587 German book about a necromancer named Johann Faust who sold his soul to the devil. Gent's The History of the Damnable Life and the Deserved Death of Doctor John Faustus was popular in London and gave Marlowe his basic character and plot. Marlowe seems to also have been influenced by the mysterious life of Dr. John Dee, an English occultist born in 1527. Some of the episodes of Marlowe's play mirror popular stories told about Dee, who was famous as Queen Elizabeth's royal astrologer.

In addition, Marlowe borrowed heavily from the earlier English tradition of Medieval religious drama. Indeed, the playwright seems to be theatrically straddling the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. For example, the play is written in the iambic pentameter of Elizabethan drama, yet angels and demons are featured and the seven deadly sins appear as allegorical characters. Marlowe's play depicts a Christian understanding of the soul and salvation, with Doctor Faustus—a Renaissance scholar—set on a spiritual journey reminiscent of the Medieval Everyman. Theatre manager Philip Henslowe, who first produced Doctor Faustus, even used a Medieval “hell mouth” for the arrival of demons. We chose to streamline Marlowe's text—the first production of this adaptation played in just over an hour, with no intermission—to highlight these Medieval qualities and suggest a performance style closer to cycle plays than to Shakespeare.

Our most significant alteration, however, was to transport Marlowe's play to eighteenth century New England and insert material from the contemporary sermons of Jonathan Edwards. This time change allowed us to distance our production from the anti-papal rhetoric while emphasizing more universal spiritual themes. In the original, Mephistophilis appears as a friar, but in our Protestant setting this demon takes the form of a Puritan woman, maintaining Marlowe's irony while broadening casting possibilities.

The early history of Yale University, then Yale Collegiate School, provides an interesting American setting for our Doctor Faustus. At Yale, enlightenment philosophy and Christian theology find common ground, and the strongest voice in the blending of these two traditions is that of Jonathan Edwards, who attended Yale from 1716-1720 and graduated at the head of his class. Edwards is a polarizing figure in American theological history. Though commonly regarded as a puritan minister and a defender of Calvinism, he was also a familiar reader of John Locke and Sir Isaac Newton. In our adaptation, we have borrowed material from three of his Northampton

Where Marlowe includes the role of a rector in his original, we have specified Jonathan Edward's cousin Elisha Williams. Williams was the tutor of his class, a post which Edwards himself filled following two years of independent scholarship and ministry in New York. By the time Elisha Williams became the Yale rector in 1726, Edwards had moved to a ministry in Northampton, Massachusetts, though he maintained ties with Yale for the rest of his life. Replacing Marlowe's emperor is Connecticut governor Jonathan Law. Law was a significant political figure at this time, first as deputy governor then governor of the colony. He vigorously defended Connecticut's legal autonomy from England, and enacted religious legislation at a time when the separation of church and state was an unclear ideology.

The unanticipated benefit of adapting Doctor Faustus to the early eighteenth century was to make the play more accessible to students at a large Protestant university, students more acquainted with Edwards' theology than Marlowe's drama. Structurally, the change also provided a new foil to the character of Faustus. Both Faustus and Edwards engage in questions of Christian theology through the medium of academic reason, but to vastly different ends.
Dramatis Personae
Reverend Jonathan Edwards
Doctor Faustus
Reverend Elisha Williams, Rector
Wagner
Good Angel
Evil Angel
Valdes
Cornelius
Lucifer
Mephistophilis
Robin
Dick
Sins
Pride
Covetousness
Envy
Wrath
Gulletony
Sloth
Lechery
Governor Jonathan Law
Darius
Alexander
his Paramour
Helen (of Greece)
Scholars 1, 2, 3
Devils 1, 2, 3
Scholars and Devils

Act One, Scene 1

Scholars are gathered in a Yale setting to hear Reverend Jonathan Edwards’ sermon/lecture. Their responses vary—some are intent, others disinterested.

Edwards

If men bring not forth fruit to God, there is no other way in which they can be useful passively, but in being destroyed. They are fit for nothing else.

They are not fit to be suffered to continue always in this world. God suffers them to live for the present, but it is only for a certain season. They are here in a transitory state.

There are these three different states; a state wherein is nothing but good, which is the state of the blessed in heaven; a state wherein is a mixture of good and evil, which is the earthly state; and a state wherein is nothing but evil, which is the state of eternal destruction and damnation. Now they that bring forth no fruit to God, are not fit for either of the former; it is not fit that they should be continued in the enjoyment of any of the goodness of God.

The scholars disperse to groups with books representing their own fields of study.

Faustus

Settle thy studies Faustus, and begin
to sound the depth of that thou wilt profess.

Enter the chorus represented by the good angel
and the evil angel.

Good Angel

Gentles: we must now perform
the form of Faustus’ fortunes, good...

Evil Angel

... or bad.

Good Angel

And now to patient judgments we appeal,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.

Evil Angel

Now is he born, of parents base of stock,
In Rhode Island, the town of Providence.

Good Angel

At riper years to Yale College he went,
So much he profits in divinity,
That shortly he was graced with Doctor’s name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In the heavenly matters of theology.

Evil Angel

Till swell’n with cunning, of a self-conceit,
And glutted now with learning’s golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursed neeromaney.
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him;
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss,
And this the man that in the study sits.

Faustus sits, disputing with scholars of rhetoric.
As he moves to each of the following disciplines,
he is handed separate books to reference “Sweet
Analytics,” “Galen,” “Justinian,” “King James
Bible,” and “metaphysics.”

Faustus

Sweet Analytics, ’tis thou hast ravished me.
Bene disserere est finis logices.
Is to dispute well Logie’s chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attained that end.
A greater subject fitteth Faustus’ wit.
Bid economy farewell,

Faustus moves to a new group, the scholars of
medicine.

and Galen come.
Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be eternized for some wondrous cure.
Summum bonum, medicinae sanitas:
The end of physic is our body’s health:
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attained that end?
Have not whole cities now escaped the plague
And thousand desperate maladies been cured?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Could'st thou make men to live eternally,
Or being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteemed.
Physic farewell.

Faustus moves to the scholars of law.

Where is Justinian?
Si una cademque res legatur duobus,
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, etc.
A petty case of paltry legacies!
Exhaereditarie 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.

Faustus moves to the scholars of divinity, taking
a bible from Williams.

When all is done, divinity is best;
King James Bible, Faustus, view it well.
"The wages of sin is death." Ha! The wages of
sin is death? That's hard.

Faustus flips pages ignoring the rector, who
answers to other scholars.

Williams
"But the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus
Christ our Lord."

Faustus
"If we say that we have not sin, we deceive
ourselves, and the truth is not 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,
What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu.

As Faustus moves away, Williams takes back the
bible and reads to the others.

Williams
"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to
forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all
unrighteousness."

The scholars have gradually dispersed as each
group is dismissed. Faustus draws books of
 necromancy from a secret place; he is alone.

Faustus
These metaphysics of magicians,
And necromantic books are heavenly;
Lines, circles, letters, characters.
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious artisan?
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command. Governors and Kings,
Arc but obeyed in their several colonics,
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheh as far as doth the mind of man:
A sound magician is a demi-god.

Enter Wagner.

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

Wagner
I will sir.

Wagner exits.

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

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 is contained.
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and Commander of these elements.

Faustus
How am I glutted with concept of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?

Enter Valdes and Cornelius. Wagner follows and
busies himself pulling wine bottles from the
same location as the necromancy books.

Valdes
Valdes, sweet Valdes and Cornelius!
Know that your words have won me at the last.
To practice magic and concealed arts.
Philosophy is odious and obscure.
Both law and physic are for petty wits.
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravished me.

Faustus
Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experi-
ence, Shall make all nations to canonize us.

Cornelius
The miracles that magic will perform,
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.

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.

_Faustus, Valdes, Cornelius, and the good and evil angels exit as..._

_Act One, Scene 2_

...the scholars reenter with Reverend Edwards and take places for a sermon/lecture as before. Wagner remains, hiding the bottles under his apron, sitting apart and alone, reading instead of listening.

_Edwards_
O sinner! Consider the fearful danger you are in: it is a great furnace of wrath, a wide and bottomless pit, full of the fire of wrath, that you are held over in the hand of that God, whose wrath is provoked and incensed as much against you, as against many of the damned in hell. You hang by a slender thread, with the flames of divine wrath flashing about it, and ready every moment to singe it, and burn it asunder; and you have no interest in any Mediator, and nothing to lay hold of to save yourself, nothing to keep off the flames of wrath, nothing of your own, nothing that you ever have done, nothing that you can do, to induce God to spare you one moment. —And consider here more particularly: It is everlasting wrath.

_The scholars disperse into groups as before. Edwards and a colleague stand apart._

_Edwards_
I wonder what's become of Faustus that was wont to make our schools ring, with sic probo.

_They notice Wagner._

_Scholar 1_
That shall we presently know, here sits his boy. How now, sirrah! Where's thy master?

_Wagner_
God in heaven knows.

_Edwards_
Why dost thou know then?

_Wagner_
Yes, I know, but that follows not.

_Scholar 1_
Go to, sirrah; leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

_Wagner_
That follows not by force of argument. Therefore, acknowledge your error, and be

_Judson Williams as Doctor Faustus at Baylor Theatre, 2003._

_attentive._

_Scholar 1_
Then you will not tell us?

_Wagner_
You are deceived, for I will tell you. Yet if you were not a dunce, you would never ask me such a question. For is he not Corpus naturae? And is not that mobile? Then whereas should you ask me such a question? But, truly my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would inform your worship. And so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren.

_Wagner exits._

_Edwards_
O Faustus, then I fear it which I have long suspected:
That thou art fallen into that damned art
For which they two are infamous through the world.
Were he a stranger, not allayed to me,
The danger of his soul would make me mourn.

_Scholar 1_
But come, let us go, and inform the Rector.
It may be his grave counsel may reclaim him.

_Edwards_
I fear me, nothing will reclaim him now.
Yet let us see what we can do.

_The scholar and Edwards exit._

_Act One, Scene 3_

_Thunder and lightning. Faustus enters followed by the good and evil angels who observe throughout._
Faustus
Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Leaps from th' Atlantic sea unto the sky,
Faustus, begin thine incantations.

He draws a circle around himself, set with runes, as he speaks, the evil angel moves closer.

Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward, and backward, anagrammatized:
Figures of every adjunct in the heavens,
And characters of signs, and evening stars,
By which the spirits are enforced to rise.
Then fear not, Faustus, to be resolute
And try the utmost magic can perform.

Thunder and lightning. The evil angel motions
for other devils to join him in a dance around
Faustus as he recites the incantation.

Sint mihi Dei Acherontis propitiis! Valeat numen
triplæx Jehovah! Igni aerii, aquatini spiritus,
salveti! Orientis præceptis Beelzebub, inferni
ardentis monarcha, et Demigorgon, propitiatus
vos, ut apparet, et surgat Mephistophilis
Dragon, quod tumeraris; per Jehovam, gehennam,
et consecratam aquam, quam nunc spargo;
signumque; crucis quod nunc facio, et per voca
nostra, ipsa nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!

As the incantation ends, the devils disperse to
reveal a darker devil in the midst—Mephistophilis. For the first time, Faustus sees a
representative of the spirit world.

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape.
Thou art too ugly to attend on me.
Go and return in semblance of a woman;
That holy shape becomes a devil best.

Mephistophilis disappears into the crowd of
devils—the evil and good angels remain.

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words.
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis?
Full of obedience and humility,
Such is the force of magic, and my spells.

Mephistophilis reappears as a woman. Other
devils hover about her, unseen by Faustus.

Mephistophilis
Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?

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

Mephistophilis
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 not he charge thee to appear to me?

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

Faustus
Did not my conjuring raise thee? Speak.

Mephistophilis
That was the cause, but yet per accidents;
For when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the scriptures, and his Savior Christ,
We fly in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means,
Whereby he is in danger to be damned.

Faustus
This word Damnation, terrifies not me,
But leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me, what is that Lucifer, thy Lord?

Mephistophilis
Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

Faustus
Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

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

Faustus
How comes it then that he is Prince of Devils?

Mephistophilis
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?

Mephistophilis
Unhappy spirits that live with Lucifer,
Conspired against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damned with Lucifer.

Faustus
Where are you damned?

Mephistophilis
—in hell.

Faustus
How comes it then that thou art out of hell?
Mephistophilis
Why this is hell, nor am I out of it.
Think'st thou that I that saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being deprived of everlasting bliss?

Faulstus
What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being deprived of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faulstus' manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer,
Say I surrender up to him my soul,
So he will spare me four and twenty years,
Having thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
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.

Mephistophilis
I will, Faulstus.

*Mephistophilis exits with a few of the devils,
other devils stay behind, haunting Faulstus's movements.*

Faulstus
Had I as many souls, as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him, be Governor of the New World,
Now that I have obtained what I desired
I'll live in speculation of this art
Till Mephistophilis return again.

Faulstus, good and evil angels, and devils exit.
Two devils remain behind to observe...

Act One, Scene 4

...the entrance of Wagner and Robin.

Wagner
Come hither sirrah boy.

Robin
Boy? O disgrace to my person. Zounds! Boy in your face! You have seen many boys with beards I am sure.

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

Robin
Not so neither; I had need to have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear, I can tell you.

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

Robin
Nay, sir, you may save yourself a labour, for, they are as familiar with me, as if they paid for their meat and drink, I can tell you.

Wagner
Well, sirrah, leave your jesting, and take these gilders.

Robin
Yes, marry, sir, and I thank you too.

Wagner
So, now thou art to be at an hour's warning, wh enseover, and wheresoever the devil shall fetch thee.

Robin
Here, take your gilders; I'll none of 'em.

Wagner
Not I. Thou art pressed. Prepare thyself, for, I will presently raise up two devils to carry thee away: Banio, Belcher!

Robin

The two devils. Banio and Belcher come forward, becoming visible.

Wagner
How now, sir, will you serve me now?

Robin
Ay, good Wagner, take away the devil then.

Wagner
Spirits, away!

The devils make themselves invisible.

Now, sirrah, follow me.

Robin
I will sir, but hark you master, will you teach me this conjuring occupation?

Wagner
Ay, sirrah, I'll teach thee to turn thyself to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything.
Robin
A dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat? O, brave Wagner.

Wagner
Villain, call me master Wagner, and see that you walk attentively, and let your right eye be always Diametrically fixed upon my left heel, that thou may'st, Quasi vestigias nostras insister.

Robin
Well, sir, I warrant you.

Wagner and Robin exit followed by the devils.

Act Two, Scene 1

Enter Faustus and the two angels.

Faustus
Now, Faustus, must thou needs be damned?
Can'st thou not be saved?
What boots it then to think on God or heaven?

Evil Angel
Despair in God, and trust in Lucifer.
Why wavers thou?

Faustus
O something soundeth in mine ear.

Good Angel
Abjure this magic, turn to God again.

Evil Angel
To God? He loves thee not. The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite
Wherein is fixed the love of Lucifer.
Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art.

Good Angel
Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

Faustus and the Good Angel together
Contrition, prayer, repentance?

Faustus
What of these?

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

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

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

Evil Angel
No, Faustus, think of honour and of...

Faustus and Evil Angel together
...Wealth!

Faustus
Wealth!
The ships of all New Haven shall be mine.

Mephistophilis
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What power can hurt me? Faustus, thou art safe.

Faustus
Cast no more doubts; Come, Mephistophilis.

Mephistophilis
Veni veni Mephistophilis.
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What power can hurt me? Faustus, thou art safe.

Faustus
Cast no more doubts; Come, Mephistophilis.

Mephistophilis
Veni veni Mephistophilis.
Enter Mephistophilis with her train of unseen devils.

Now tell me, what saith Lucifer, thy Lord?

Mephistophilis
That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.

Faustus
Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Mephistophilis
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, Mephistophilis, and tell me,
What good will my soul do thy Lord?

Mephistophilis
You've heard that misery loves company?

Faustus
Why, have you any pain that torture others?

Mephistophilis
As great as have the humane souls of men.

Faustus
But tell me Faustus, shall I have thy soul?

Mephistophilis
And I will be thy slave and wait on thee,
And give thee more then thou hast wit to ask.

Faustus
Aye Mephistophilis, I'll give it him.

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

Faustus allows the blood to trickle into a vessel.

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

Faustus
Ay, so I do, but, Mephistophilis,
The good angel draws closer and causes the
blood to harden.

My blood congeals, and I can write no more

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

Mephistophilis exits with his devils.

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 stayed.
Why should'st thou not? Is not thy soul thine
own?
Then write again: Faustus gives to thee his soul.

Enter Mephistophilis and devils, with the choir of fire.

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

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

As he writes, the good angel places a mark on
his arm.

Mephistophilis
What will not I do to obtain his soul?

Faustus
Consummatum est: this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeathed his soul to Lucifer
But what is this inscription on mine arm?
Homo fuge! Whither should I fly?
If unto heaven, he'll throw me down to hell.
My senses are deceived; here's nothing writ—
O yes, I see it plain, even here is writ
Homo fuge, yet shall not Faustus fly.

Mephistophilis
To his devils.

Let's fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.
The devils, being invisible, perform feats which
appear as magie to Faustus.

Faustus
What means this show? Speak, Mephistophilis.

Mephistophilis
Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind,
And let thee see what magic can perform.

Faustus
But may I raise such spirits when I please?

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

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

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

Faustus
Then hear me read it, Mephistophilis,
On these conditions following:
First ...

Faustus and the Evil Angel together
...that Faustus may not age, but live in youth.

Faustus
Secondly ...

Faustus and the Evil Angel
that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and be
by him commanded.

Faustus
Thirdly ...

Faustus and the Evil Angel
...that Mephistophilis shall do for him, and
bring him whatsoever.

Faustus
Fourthly ...

Faustus and the Evil Angel
...that he shall be in his chamber or house
invisible.
Faustus
Lastly...

Faustus and the Evil Angel
...that he shall appear to the said John Faustus,
at all times, in what shape and form soever he
please.

Faustus
I, John Faustus, Doctor, by these presents,

Faustus and the Evil Angel
do give both body and soul to Lucifer, Prince of
the East, and his minister Mephistophilis.

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

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

Mephistophilis
Under the heavens.

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

Mephistophilis
Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortured, and remain forever.
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed,
In one self place, but where we are is hell,
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 purified,
All places shall be hell that is not heaven.

Faustus
I think hell's a fable.

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

Faustus
Why, dost thou think that Faustus shall be
dammed?

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

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

Mephistophilis
But I am an instance to prove the contrary,
For I tell thee I am damned, and now in hell.

Faustus
Nay, and this be hell, I'll willingly be damned.

Mephistophilis
Here, take this book, and peruse it well.
The iterating of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings thunder, whirl-winds, storm and
lightning.
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,  
And men in harness shall appear to thee,  
Ready to execute what thou command'st.

Mephistophilis exits. Two devils stay behind  
hovering around the book. Wagner enters as  
Faustus speaks. Faustus places the book in  
satchel and locks it. Faustus calls after  
Mephistophilis.

Faustus
Thanks, Mephistophilis, for this sweet book.  
This will I keep as carefully as my life.

Faustus hands the satchel Wagner with instruc- 
tions...

This, Wagner, keep as carefully as your life.

The scholars enter noisily followed by Reverend  
Edwards. They gather as before. Faustus exits to  
avoid Edwards; he is followed by the good and  
evil angels.

Act Two, Scene 2

Wagner lounges near as Reverend Edwards  
speaks; he tries to pick the lock on the satchel,  
unsuccessfully.

Edwards
All wicked men's pains and contrivance which  
they use to escape hell, while they continue to  
reject Christ, and so remain wicked men, do not  
secure them from hell one moment.

Almost every natural man that hears of hell,  
flatters himself that he shall escape it; he  
depends upon himself for his own security; he  
flatters himself in what he has done, in what he  
is now doing, or what he intends to do. Every  
one lays out matters in his own mind how he  
shall avoid damnation, and flatters himself that  
he contrives well for himself, and that his  
schemes will not fail. They hear indeed that  
there are but few saved, and that the greater part  
of men that have died heretofore are gone to  
hell; but each one imagines that he lays out  
matters better for his own escape than others  
have done. He does not intend to come to that  
place of torment; he says within himself, that he  
intends to take effectual care, and to order  
matters so for himself as not to fail.

But the foolish children of men miserably  
delude themselves in their own schemes, and in  
confidence in their own strength and wisdom;  
they trust to nothing but a shadow.

Robin enters as the Reverend is ending. Wagner  
gives up on the lock and pulls Robin aside as the  
scholars disperse.

Wagner
This, Robin, keep as carefully as your life.

As Wagner exits, chatting, with the scholars,  
Robin sits and cuts through the leather strap of  
the satchel lock with a knife. The devils are still...
Doctor Faustus

hovering near the book. Robin calls off, to Dick.

Robin
What, Dick, look to the horses there till I come again. I have gotten one of Doctor Faustus’s conjuring books, and now we’ll have such knavery, as’t passes.

Enter Dick.

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

Robin
I walk the horses? I scorn’t, ‘faith. I have other matters in hand. Let the horses walk themselves.

He tries to read; he turns the book upside down and tries again.

Dick.
'Snails, what hast thou got there, a book? Why thou can’t not tell ne’er a word on’t. You had best leave your foolery, for, an my master come, he’ll conjure you ‘faith.

Robin
My master conjure me? I’ll tell thee what, an my master come here, I’ll clap as fair a pair of horns on’s head as e’er thou saw’st in thy life.

Dick.
Thou need’st not do that, for my mistress hath done it.

Robin
Ay, there be of us here, that have waded as deep into matters, as other men, if they were disposed to talk.

Dick.
A plague take you! I thought you did not sneak up and down after her for nothing. But I prithee tell me, in good sadness Robin, is that a conjuring book?

Robin
Do but speak what thou’d have me to do, and I’ll do’t. If thou’d dance naked, put off thy clothes, and I’ll conjure thee about presently. Or if thou’d go but to the tavern with me, I’ll give thee white wine, red wine, claret wine, sack, muscadine, malmsey, and whippincrust. Hold belly hold, and we’ll not pay one penny for it.

Dick.
O brave, prithee let’s to it presently, for I am as dry as a dog.

Robin
Come, then, let’s away.

They exit, the devils remain to watch as...

Act Two, Scene 3

Faustus enters with the good and evil angels

Faustus
When I...

Faustus and Good Angel together
...behold the heavens

Faustus
then I repent
And curse thee wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast deprived me of those joys.

Mephistophilis appears from among the devils

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

Faustus
How prov’st thou that?

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

Faustus
If heaven was made for man, 'twas made for me. I will...

Faustus and Good Angel together
...renounce this magic and repent.

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

Evil Angel
Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

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

Faustus and Good Angel together
God will pity...

Faustus
...me if I repent.

Evil Angel
Ay, but Faustus...

Evil Angel and devils together
...never shall repent.
Faustus
My heart is hardened; I cannot repent.
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven.
I am resolved...

Faustus and Evil Angel together
Faustus shall not repent.

Faustus
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again
And reason 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?

Mephistophilis
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.

Faustus
These slender questions Wagner can decide:
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
These are freshmen’s questions. But tell me,
Hath every Sphere a dominion, or intelligens?

Mephistophilis
Ay.

Faustus
How many heavens, or spheres, are there?

Mephistophilis
Nine, the seven planets, the firmament, and the
empyreal heaven.

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

Mephistophilis
I will not.

Faustus
Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

Mephistophilis
Move me not, Faustus.

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

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

Faustus
Think, Faustus...

Faustus and Good Angel together
...upon God that made the world.

Mephistophilis
Remember this!

Mephistophilis exits with his train.

Faustus
Ay, go, accursed spirit, to ugly hell.
’Tis thou hast damned distressed Faustus’ soul.
Is’t not too late?

Evil Angel
Too late.

Good Angel
Never too late, if Faustus will repent.

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

Good Angel
Repent and they shall never raise thy skin.

Faustus
O, Christ my Savior, my Savior,

Faustus and Good Angel together
Help to save distressed Faustus’ soul.

Lucifer and Mephistophilis enter with trains of
devils.

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

Strange Devil
To bind or loose, lock fast, condemn, or judge,
Resign, or seal, or what so pleaseth us.

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

Lucifer
I am Lucifer.

Strange Devil
He that shall pierce through
The ebon’ gates of ever-burning hell.

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

Lucifer
We are come to tell thee thou dost injure us.
Thou call’st on Christ contrary to thy promise.
Thou should’st not think on God.
Think on the devil.
Strange Devil
Who shall now arise,
And smite with death thy hated enterprise.

Faustus
Nor will Faustus henceforth. Pardon him for this;
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven.

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

Strange Devil
We'll hail the stubborn Furies from their caves

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

Lucifer
Talk not of Paradise or creation, but mark the show. Go, Mephistophilis, fetch them in.

Strange Devil
Now by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake,
Of ever-burning Phlegethon appear!

Mephistophilis summons and the Seven Deadly Sins enter.

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

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

Pride
I am Pride; I disdain to have any parents. I am like to Ovid's Flee; can creep into every corner of a wench. Sometimes, like a periwig, I sit upon her brow. Next, like a necklace, I hang about her neck. Then, like a fan of feathers, I kiss her, and then turning myself to a wrought smock do what I list. But fie, fie, what a smell is here? I'll not speak a word more for a king's ransom, unless the ground be perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.

Faustus
Thou art a proud knave indeed. What art thou second?

Covetousness
I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl in a leather bag, and might I now obtain my wish, this house you and all, should turn to Gold, that I might lock you safe into my chest. O my sweet Gold!

Faustus
And what art thou the third?

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

Faustus
Out envious wretch. But what art thou the fourth?

Wrathe.
I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother; I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce an hour old, and ever since have run up and down the world with those cases of rapiers, wounding myself when I could get none to fight withal. I was born in hell, and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Faustus
And what art thou the fifth?

Gluttony
I am Gluttony; my parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a small pension, and that buys me thirty meals a day: a small trifle to suffice nature. I come of a royal pedigree, my father was a gammon of bacon, and my mother was a Hogshad of claret wine. My godfathers were these: Peter Pickled-herring, and Martin Martlemasse-beef: But my godmother, O she was an ancient gentlewoman. Her name was Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny; wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faustus
Not I.

Gluttony
Then the devil choke thee.

Faustus
Choke thyself glutton. What art thou the sixth?

Slothe.
Hey ho, I am Slothe. I was begotten on a sunny bank. Hey ho, I'll not speak a word more for a king's ransom.
Faustus
And what are you Mistress Minkes, the seventh and last?

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

Lucifer
Away to hell! Away!

Strange Devil
Cursed be your souls to hellish misery.

Seven Deadly sins exit noisily.

Faustus
O, how this sight doth delight my soul.

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

Strange Devil
Hell and the Furies' forked hair, Pluto's blue fire, and Hecat's tree, With magic spells so compass thee, That Faustus may thy bodies see.

For the first time, and continuing throughout the play, Faustus can now see all the devils as clearly as Mephistophilis. They dance around him.

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

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

Faustus
Thanks mighty Lucifer.

This will I keep as carefully as my life.

Lucifer
Now, Faustus, farewell.

Lucifer exits.

Faustus
Farewell, great Lucifer. Come, Mephistophilis.

Faustus is lifted by the devils at Mephistophilis' direction and is carried high as the good and evil angels speak.

Act Three, Scene 1

Evil Angel
Learned Faustus to find the secrets of Astronomy, Did mount him up to scale the New World heights, He views the clouds, the planets, and the stars, The tropic, zones, and quarters of the sky... And mounted then upon a devil's back, That with his wings did part the subtle air. He now is gone to prove Cosmography, That measures costs, and colonies of earth.

Good Angel
...And in eight days did bring him home again.

Evil Angel
Not long he stayed within his quiet house, To rest his bones after his weary toil, But new exploits do hale him out again.

The Yale Rector Reverend Elisha Williams, Reverend Jonathan Edwards, Wagner, Robin, Dick and scholars gather for a feast.

Good Angel
To Yale Collegiate School did he return, To see the scholars gathered with their Rector Elisha Williams joined by Reverend Edwards, And take part in the Congregational feast, The which this day is highly solemnized.

Faustus
But tell me now, what resting place is this? Hast thou, as erst I did command, Conducted me within the Rector's walls?

Mephistophilis
I have my Faustus, look about you now.

Faustus
I hope the Reverend Williams bids us welcome.

Mephistophilis
All's one, for we'll be bold with his venison.
Faustus
Sweet Mephistophilis, so charm me here,
That I may walk invisible to all,
And do what e'er I please, unseen of any.

Mephistophilis
Faustus, thou shalt. Then kneel down presently.
Whil'st on thy head I lay my hand,
And charm thee with this magic wand,
So, Faustus, now for all their holiness,
Do what thou wilt; thou shalt not be discerned.

Faustus
Sweet Mephistophilis, thou pleasest me.
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 through the furthest land.

Mephistophilis
'Tis well said, Faustus. Come, then, to the feast.

Williams
Welcome, my brethren all. Now come sit down.
Good Doctor Raymond, take your seat;

To Wagner, Robin and Dick
Attend,
And see that all things be in readiness,
As best beseems this Congregational Feast.
Good Reverend Edwards, here, sit down with us.

Edwards
I thank you Rector

Faustus
Fall to, the Devil choke you an you spare.

Williams
Who's that spoke? Robin, look about.
Friend Raymond, pray fall to; I am beholding to our friend the Governor, for this so rare a present.

He indicates the plate of venison.

Faustus
I thank you sir.

Faustus snatches the dish.

Williams
How now! Who snatched the meat from me?

Robin, there is a thief within the room.
My good Reverend Edwards, here's a most dainty dish,
Was sent me from a Hartford minister.

Faustus
I'll have that too.

Faustus snatches the dish.

Williams
What lollards do attend the college guests,
That we receive such great indignity?
Fetch me some water.

Faustus
Ay, pray do, for Faustus is adry.

Faustus snatches the cup.

Williams
The cup gone too? Here, Robin, look about
And find the man that doth this villainy.
I pray my friends have patience at this Troublesome banquet.

Edwards
Please it our Rector, I think it be some ghost crept out of Purgatory, and now is come unto your Reverend for his pardon.

Williams
It may be so.
Come then my brethren let us sing a hymn,
To lay the fury of this same troublesome ghost.

The participants take hands and begin to sing.

Faustus
How now? Must every bit be spiced with a cross?
Nay, then, take that.

Faustus beats Williams. There is momentary chaos.

Williams
O, I am hurt; help me my friends.

Edwards
O, come and help to bear the Rector hence.
Damned be this soul forever for this deed.

The scholars exit caring for Williams.

Faustus and Mephistophilis laugh as the scholars exit. Not seeing Faustus, Robin and Dick take the opportunity to steal a cup from the table, Faustus and Mephistophilis strike the two on the rear with dishes. They cry out and run with the cup. Wagner sees them escape with the
cup and follows.

Mephistophilis
Now, Faustus, what will you do now, for I can
tell you you'll be cursed with bell, book, and
candle?

Faustus
Bell, book, and candle: candle, book, and bell;
Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell.

Devs enter dressed as reverend ministers. The
following begins in mocking fun, but the
recitation builds and frightens Faustus.

1 Devil
Come, brethren, let's about our business with
good devotion.

2 Devil
Cursed be he that stole the Rector's meat from
the table.
Maledicat Dominus.

3 Devil
Cursed be he that took away the Rector's wine.
Maledicat Dominus.

1 Devil
Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy hymn.
Maledicat Dominus.

1 & 2 Devil
Cursed be he that struck Reverend Williams a
blow on the pate.
Maledicat Dominus.

1, 2, & 3 Devil
Cursed be he that struck the Rector a blow the
face.
Maledicat Dominus.

Faustus exits followed by Mephistophilis and
the good and evil angels; but the devils stay
behind to watch...

Act Three, Scene 2

Dick and Robin enter, running, with a cup.

Dick.
Sirrah Robin, we were best look that your devil
can answer the stealing of this same cup, for the
Doctor's boy follows us at the hard heels.

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

Wagner enters, running.

Dick.
Here 'tis. Yonder he comes. Now Robin, now or
never, show thy cunning.

Wagner
O, are you here? I am glad I have found you; you
are a couple of fine companions. Pray where's
the cup you stole from the Rector?

Robin
How, how? We steal a cup? Take heed what you
say; we look not like cup-stealers I can tell you.

Wagner
Never deny't, for I know you have it, and I'll
search you.

Robin
Search me? Ay and spare not. Hold the cup Dick.
Come, come, search me, search me.

Wagner
Come on sirrah, let me search you now.

Dick.
Ay, ay, do, do; hold the cup Robin. I fear not
your searching; we scorn to steal your cups I can
tell you.

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

Robin
Nay, there you lie; 'tis beyond us both.

Wagner.
A plague take you; I thought 'twas your knavery
to take it away. Come, give it me again.

Robin
Ay, much. When, can you tell? Dick, make me a
circle, and stand close at my back, and stir not
for thy life. Wagner, you shall have your cup
anon; say nothing, Dick.

Robin pulls out the stolen book of magic

O per se o, demogorgon. Belcher and Mephis-
tophilis.

The devils circle and reveal Mephistophilis in
demon form between them. He addresses Robin
and Dick, leaving Wagner alone. Wagner
watches impressed and intrigued by Mephis-
tophilis.

Mephistophilis
How am I vexed by these villains' charms?
From Lucifer's gates have they brought me now,
Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.
Robin
By lady sir, you have had a shroud journey of it; Will it please you to take a tester in your purse, and go back again?

Dick
Ay, I pray you heartily sir, for we called you but in jest, I promise you.

Mephistophilis
I'll purge the rashness of this cursed deed. Away, be gone!

_Dick and Robin run off in fear, chased by the devils. As they run, they toss the book into the air and Mephistophilis catches it. Mephistophilis turns and regards Wagner_.

Mephistophilis
Now with the flames of ever-burning fire,
I'll wing myself and forth-with fly amain
Unto my Faustus, your master and mine.

Mephistophilis looks at the book, hands it to Wagner, bows, and exits. Wagner opens the book and exits.

_Spotlight_

Act Four, Scene 1

_The good and evil angels enter._

Evil Angel
Now Faustus' fame spread forth in every land:

Good Angel
Amongst the rest the Governor is one,
Jonathan Law, arriving now at Yale
To feast with Faustus and his learned friends.

Evil Angel
What there he did, in trial of his art,
I leave untold; your eyes shall see't perform'd.

Enter Elisha Williams, a scholar. Robin and Dick, preparing for the Governor.

Williams
What ho, you Robin, and you Dick!
Hie to the presence to attend the Governor,
Good Robin, see the rooms be voided straight;
The Governor is coming to the hall
Set to, and see the state in readiness.

The rector Williams steps aside to confer with the scholar.

Dick
But where is Faustus, master of the books,
That on a fury's back returned to Yale?
Will not he now consort the governor?

Robin
Oh yes, for with him comes the learned conjuror,
Our Faustus, fame of all Connecticut
And he intends to show Governor Law,
The race of all his stout progenitors,
And bring in presence of the governor,
The royal shapes and warlike semblances
Of Alexander and his beauteous paramour.
Speak softly, sir, lest the devil hear you,
For Faustus at the court is late arrived,
And at his heels a thousand furies wait,
To accomplish whatsoever the Doctor please.

Robin and Dick busy themselves as...

Act Four, Scene 2

...Governor Jonathan Law, Wagner, scholars, Faustus, Mephistophilis and devils enter. William observes with other scholars--some share the governor's excitement, others are upset by the display.

_Governor Law_

Wonder of men, renowned magician,
Thrice-learned Faustus, welcome back to Yale
Ever the welcome guest of Jonathan Law.
Thou shalt be famous through Connecticut,
And honoured by your governor as well.

_Faustus_

These kind and gracious words, Governor Law,
Have touched poor Faustus to his utmost power,
For proof whereof, if so your honour please,
The Doctor stands prepared, by power of art,
To compass whatsoever your grace commands.

_Governor Law_

Then, Faustus, as thou late di'st promise us
We would behold that famous conqueror,
Great Alexander, and his paramour,
In their true shapes, and state majestical,
That we may wonder at their excellence.

_Faustus_

Your honor, then, shall see them presently.
Mephistophilis, away.
And with a solemn noise of trumpets sound,
Present before this honored Governor,
Great Alexander and his beauteous paramour.

_Mephistophilis_

Faustus, I will.

_Faustus_

Dear Sir, I must forewarn your honor, now,
That when my spirits present the royal shapes
Of Alexander and his paramour,
Your honor ask no questions of the King,
But in dumb silence let them come and go.

**Governor Law**

Be it as Faustus please; we are content.

_Enter at one 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 embraces her, and sets Darius' crown upon her head, and coming back, both salute the Governor, who, leaving his state, offers to embrace them, which Faustus seeing, suddenly stays him. Then, trumpets cease, and music sounds._

**Faustus**

My honored friend, you do forget yourself; These are but shadows, not substantial.

**Governor Law**

O, pardon me, my thoughts are so ravished With sight of this renowned Emperor, That in mine arms I would have compassed him. But, Faustus, since I may not speak to them, To satisfy my longings thou at full, Let me this tell thee: I have heard it said, That this fair lady, whilst she lived on earth, Had on her neck a little wart, or mole. How may I prove that saying to be true?

**Faustus**

Fulfill your wish and boldly go and see.

**Governor Law**

Faustus, I see it plain, And in this sight thou better pleasest me, Than if I gained another colony.

**Faustus**

Away, be gone.

_Mephistophilis and the devils usher the spirits out._

**Governor Law**

Good Faustus, while the Governor lives, In recompense of this thy high desert, Thou shalt be honored in Connecticut, And live beloved of the colony.

The governor joins other scholars as...

**Act Five, Scene 1**

...they enter with Reverend Edwards. Williams confers briefly with Edwards; they are looking toward Faustus, who his laughing with those scholars who enjoyed the governor’s entertainment. Faustus makes his way to a table and begins to write. Wagner is among the scholars; he watches Faustus during the sermon/lecture.

**Edwards**

There is reason to think, that there are many in this congregation now hearing this discourse, that will actually be the subjects of this very misery to all eternity. We know not who they are, or in what seats they sit, or what thoughts they now have. It may be they are now at ease, and hear all these things without much disturbance, and are now flattering themselves that they are not the persons, promising themselves that they shall escape. If we knew that there was one person, and but one, in the whole congregation, that was to be the subject of this misery, how might all the rest of the congregation lift up a lamentable and bitter cry over him!

**Faustus looks at Edwards and they lock eyes for the remainder of the sermon.**

The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider, or some loathsome insect over the fire, is dreadfully provoked: You have offended him infinitely and yet it is nothing but his hand that holds you from falling into the fire every moment. It is to be ascribed to nothing else, that you did not go to hell the last night; that you were suffered to awake again in this world, after you closed your eyes to sleep. And there is no other reason to be given, why you have not dropped into hell since you arose in the morning, but that God’s hand has held you up. There is no other reason to be given why you have not gone to hell, since you have sat here in the house of God, provoking his pure eyes by your sinful wicked manner of attending his solemn worship. Yea, there is nothing else that is to be given as a reason why you do not this very moment drop down into hell.

**Faustus hurl the document he has been writing at Wagner and leaves quickly. Wagner reads. The scholars disperse, but the Rector Williams remains standing in the background.**

**Wagner**

I think my master means to die shortly. He hath made his will, and given me his wealth, his house, his goods, and store of golden plate, besides two thousand dollars ready coined. I wonder what he means.

_Sounds of raucous laughter offstage._

If death were nigh, he would not frolic thus. He’s now at supper with the scholars, where there’s such belly-cheer, as Wagner in his life ne’er saw the like. And see where they come; belike the feast is done.

**Enter Faustus, Mephistophilis, and two scholars. Wagner joins them.**
Scholar 3
Master. Doctor Faustus, since our conference
about fair ladies, which was the beautifulllest in
all the world, we have determined with
ourselves that Helen of Greece was the
admirablist lady that ever lived. Therefore,
Master, Doctor, if you will do us so much favor,
as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece,
whom all the world admires for majesty, we
should think ourselves much beholding unto
you.

Faustus
Gentlemen, for that I know your friendship is
unfailing,
It is not Faustus' custom to deny
The just request of those that wish him well.
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherwise for pomp or majesty,
Than when Sir Paris cross the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent then, for danger is in words.

Music sounds. Mephistophilus brings in Helen;
she passes over the stage, perhaps, carried by
unseen devils.

Wagner
Was this fair Helen whose admired worth
Made Greece with ten years wars afflicit poor
Troy?

Scholar 2
Too simple is my wit to tell her worth,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

Scholar 3
Now we have seen the pride of nature's work,
We'll take our leaves, and for this blessed sight
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

They take their leaves of Faustus and Wagner
ushers them out, exiting with them.

Faustus
Gentlemen, farewell; the same wish I to you.

The Rector Williams steps forward.

Williams
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 banished 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?
Hell claims his right, and with a roaring voice...

Mephistophilus places a dagger within Faustus' reach.

...Says, Faustus, come, thine hour is almost
come,
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

The good angel stands over Faustus.

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

Faustus throws the dagger away.

Faustus
O, friend, I feel thy words to comfort my
distressed soul.
Leave me a while, to ponder on my sins.

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

The Rector exits. Mephistophilus moves into a
circle of devils.

Faustus
Accursed Faustus, wretch what hast thou done?
I do...

Faustus and Good Angel together
... repent,

Faustus
and yet I do...

Faustus and Evil Angel together
... despair,

Faustus
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my
breast.
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Faustus raises the dagger to his heart, then
throws it down. The demon form of Mephistophilis is revealed.
Mephistophilis
Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul,
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 Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
The former vow I made to Lucifer.

Mephistophilis
Do it then, Faustus, with unfeigned heart,
Lest greater dangers do attend thy drift.

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 clear
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep my vow I made to Lucifer.

Mephistophilis
This, or what else my Faustus shall desire,
Shall be performed in twinkling of an eye.

Helen enters again, led by devils.

Faustus
Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.

Faustus and Helen kiss. The good angel turns away, and moves to a distant part of the stage

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 cross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, Connecticut he sacked.
O, thou art fairer than the evening's air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

Devils carry Faustus and Helen off together. Mephistophilis remains.

Act Five, Scene 2

Thunder and lightning. Lucifer enters with devils.

Lucifer
Thus from infernal Hell do we ascend
To view the subjects of our monarchy,
'Mong which as chief, Faustus, we come to thee,

Bringing with us lasting damnation,
To wait upon thy soul. The time is come . . .

Strange Devil
Thence pitch him headlong to the lowest hell.

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

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

Strange Devil
Yet stay, the world shall see his misery,
And hell shall after plague his treachery.

Mephistophilis
He and his servant Wagner are at hand.
Both come from drawing Faustus' latest will.
See where they come.

Enter Faustus and Wagner.

Faustus
Say, Wagner, thou hast perused 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 two scholars who invoked Helen, led by Williams.

Faustus
Gracemaries, Wagner. Welcome, gentlemen.

Wagner ushers them in and exits himself.
Williams stands apart as they talk with Faustus.

Scholar 2
What ails Faustus?

Faustus
Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still, but now must die eternally.

Faustus sees Lucifer.

Look, sirs, comes he not? Comes he not?

Scholar 3
O my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

Scholar 2
Tis but a surfeit sir; fear nothing.

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

Scholar 2
Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.

Faustus
But Faustus' offense can ne'er be pardoned; though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O would I had never seen the College, never read book. And what wonders I have done, all the world can witness, for which Faustus hath lost the world, yea heaven itself, and must remain in hell forever.

Scholar 3
Yet Faustus, call on God.

Faustus
On God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed? O my God, I would lift up my hands, but see they hold 'em, they hold 'em.

All.
Who, Faustus?

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

All.
O, God forbid.

Faustus
God forbade it indeed but Faustus hath done it. For the vain pleasure of four and twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy. I writ them a bill with mine own blood; the date is expired: this is the time, and he will fetch me. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

Williams
Let us into the next room, and pray for him.

Faustus
Ay, pray for me, pray for me.

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

Faustus
Gentlemen, farewell. If I live 'til morning, I'll visit you. If not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All.
Faustus, farewell.

The scholars exit.

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

Faustus
O, thou bewitching fiend, 'twas thy temptation, Hath robbed me of eternal happiness.

Mephistophilis
I do confess it Faustus, and rejoice; What weep'st thou? 'Tis too late; despair. Farewell. Fools that will laugh on earth, must weep in hell.

Mephistophilis, Lucifer, and devils exit.

Good Angel
Oh Faustus, if thou had'st given ear to me, Innumerable joys had followed thee. But thou did'st love the world.

Evil Angel
Gave ear to me, And now must taste hell's pains perpetually.

Good Angel
O, thou hast lost celestial happiness, Pleasures unspeakable, bliss without end. A triumph over hell. That hast thou lost, And now poor soul must thy good angel leave thee. The jaws of hell are open to receive thee.

The good angel exits.

Evil Angel
Now, Faustus, let thine eyes with horror stare Into that vast perpetual torture-house. He that loves pleasure, must for pleasure fall. And so I leave thee, Faustus, till anon.

The evil angel exits. Faustus is alone. The clock strikes eleven.

Faustus
O, Faustus, Now hast thou but one bare hour to live, Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven, That time may cease, and midnight never come. The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike. The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned. O, I'll leap up to heaven; who pulls me down? See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament! One drop of blood will save me. O 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 arm and bends His ireful
brows!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God.

_The watch strikes._

O, half the hour is past! 'Twill all be past anon.
O if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Imposing some end to my incessant pain.
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be saved.
No end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
All beasts are happy, for when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements,
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Cursed be the parents that engendered me;
No, Faustus, curse thyself. Curse Lucifer
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

_The clock strikes twelve._

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

_Thunder, and enter the devils._

O mercy, heaven! Look not so fierce on me;
Ugly hell, gape not; come not Lucifer!
I'll burn my books! Oh, Mephistophilis!

_The descent into hell._

**Act Five, Scene 3**

The scholars gather as before to hear a sermon/lecture. The Rector Williams and Reverend Edwards are together.

**Williams**

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.

_He steps back as Edwards moves forward to speak. Wagner enters but sits apart, holding Faustus' book. The good and evil angels are present, this time for Wagner._

**Edwards**

How can men be so careless of such a matter as their own eternal and desperate destruction and torment! So careless about it that they seem not to be at all restrained by it from whatever their souls lust after!

Wagner tires of the sermon and moves down center to peruse one of the books. Devils appear through the groups of scholars and move toward Wagner.

How strange is it that men can enjoy themselves and be at rest, when they are thus hanging over eternal burnings! And if the thread by which they hang breaks, they are gone: they are lost forever, and there is no remedy! How much wiser are those few, who make it their main business to lay a foundation for eternity, to secure their salvation!

**Wagner** Settle thy studies Wagner, and begin
to sound the depth of that thou wilt profess.

**Good Angel**

Gentles: we must now perform
The form of Wagner's fortunes, good...

**Evil Angel**

...or bad.

_The devils converge on Wagner as the lights fade._