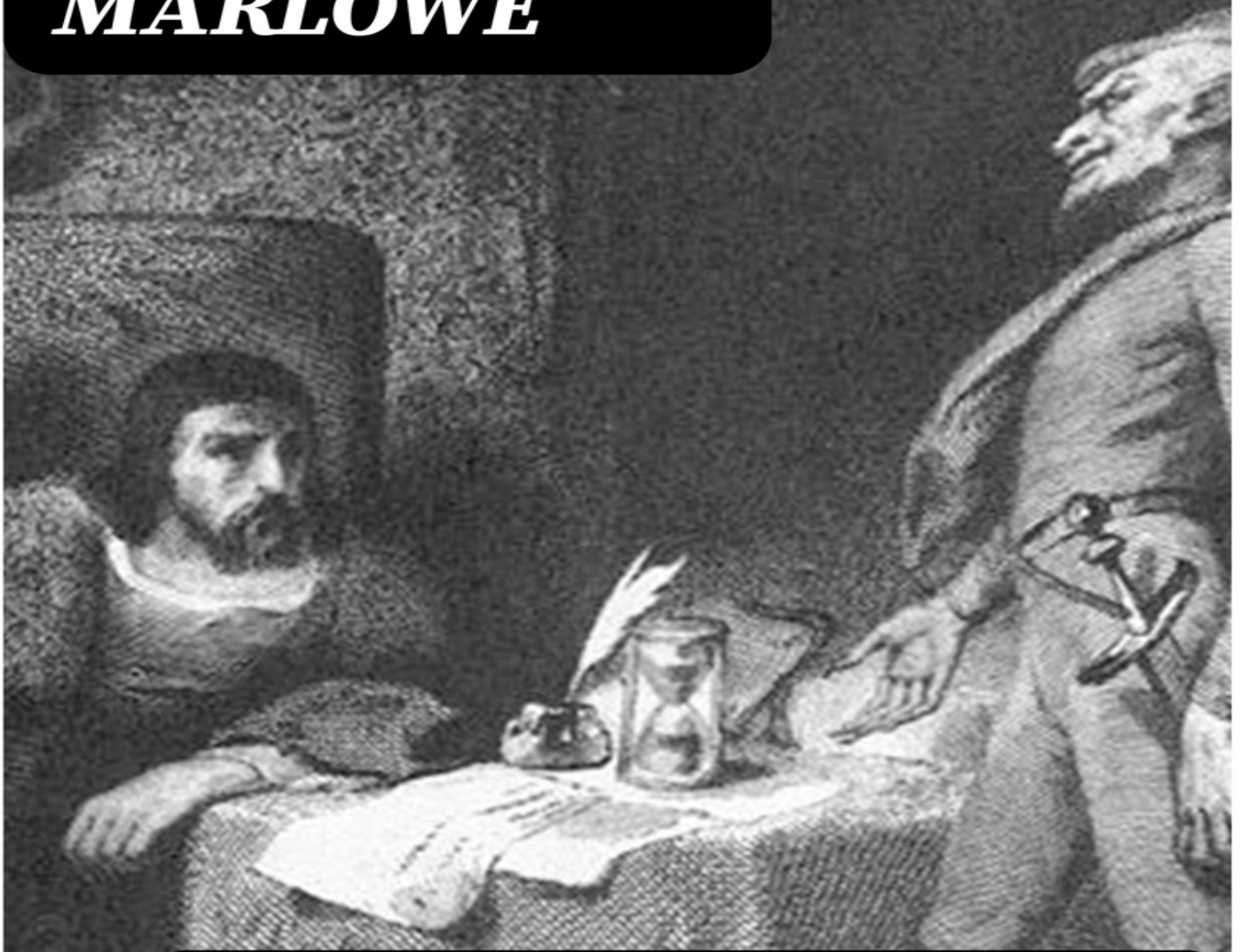


***CHRISTOPHER
MARLOWE***



***THE TRAGICAL
HISTORY
OF DOCTOR
FAUSTUS***

Christopher Marlowe

The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus

From the Quarto of 1604

EAN 8596547349075

DigiCat, 2022

Contact: DigiCat@okpublishing.info



TABLE OF CONTENTS

Edited by The Rev. Alexander Dyce

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

From The Quarto of 1604

Edited by The Rev. Alexander Dyce

Table of Contents

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.
THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS
FOOTNOTES

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.

Table of Contents

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

[Table of Contents](#)

FROM THE QUARTO OF 1604.

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS. Not marching now in fields of Thrasymene,
Where Mars did mate¹ 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 vaunt² her³ 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,
Whereas⁴ 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 now⁶ 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 thou⁸ 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 that⁹ end:
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid Economy¹⁰ farewell, and¹¹ 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.
Couldst¹² thou make men¹³ 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 legatur¹⁴ 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 This¹⁷ study fits a
mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile¹⁸ 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, tire²¹ 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 treasure²³ is contain'd:
Be thou on earth as Jove²⁴ is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements.²⁵ [Exeunt Angels.]

FAUSTUS. How am I glutt'd with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve²⁶ 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,