

tion? 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 both hang'd the next sessions. Thus having triumph'd over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian,<sup>3</sup> 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, my dear brethren. *Exit.*

1 SCHOL. Nay, then, I fear he has fallen into that damned Art, for which they two are infamous through the world.

2 SCHOL. Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But come, let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

1 SCHOL. O, I fear me nothing can reclaim him.

2 SCHOL. Yet let us try what we can do. *Exeunt.*

3 Puritan.

### SCENE III.

#### A GROVE.

*Enter FAUSTUS to conjure.*

FAUSTUS. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth

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<sup>1</sup> to the Heavens,

And characters of signs and erring stars,<sup>2</sup>

By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:

Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,

And try the uttermost magic can perform.

*Sint mihi Dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovahae!*

*Ignei, aerii, aquatani spiritus, salvete! Orientis princeps Belzebub,*

*inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut*

*appareat et surgat Mephistophilis. Quid tu moraris? Per Jehovah,*

*Gehennam, et consecratum aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque*

*crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis*

*dicatus Mephistophilis!*<sup>3</sup>

1 Every star belonging to.

2 Planets.

3 "Be propitious to me, gods of Acheron! May the triple deity of Jehovah prevail! Spirits of fire, air, water, hail! Belzebub, Prince of the East, monarch of burning hell, and Demogorgon, we propitiate ye, that Mephistophilis may appear and rise. Why dost thou delay? By Jehovah, Gehenna, and the holy water which now I sprinkle, and the sign of the cross which now I make, and by our prayer, may Mephistophilis now summoned by us arise!"

Enter [MEPHISTOPHILIS] 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 Mephistophilis,  
Full of obedience and humility!  
Such is the force of magic and my spells.  
[Now,] Faustus, thou art conjuror laureate,  
Thou canst command great Mephistophilis:  
*Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.*<sup>4</sup>

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS [*like a Franciscan Friar*].

MEPH. Now, Faustus, what would'st 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.

MEPH. 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?

MEPH. No, I came hither of mine own accord.

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

MEPH. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*;  
For when we hear one rack<sup>5</sup> 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

<sup>4</sup> "For indeed thou hast power in the image of thy brother Mephistophilis."

<sup>5</sup> Twist in anagrams.

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 Belzebub,  
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.  
This word "damnation" terrifies not him,  
For he confounds hell in Elysium;<sup>6</sup>  
His ghost be with the old philosophers!  
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,  
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

MEPH. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

FAUSTUS. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

MEPH. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

FAUSTUS. How comes it then that he is Prince of devils?

MEPH. O, by aspiring pride and insolence;  
For which God threw him from the face of Heaven.

FAUSTUS. And what are you that you live with Lucifer?

MEPH. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,  
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,  
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

FAUSTUS. Where are you damn'd?

MEPH. In hell.

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

MEPH. Why this is hell, nor am I out of it.  
Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God,  
And tasted the eternal joys of Heaven,  
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,  
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?  
O Faustus! leave these frivolous demands,  
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul.

FAUSTUS. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate?  
For being depriv'd of the joys of Heaven?  
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,  
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.

<sup>6</sup> Heaven and hell are indifferent to him.

<sup>7</sup> Sorrowful.

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<sup>8</sup> me of thy master's mind.

MEPH. I will, Faustus.

*Exit.*

FAUSTUS. Had I as many souls as there be stars,  
 I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.  
 By him I'll be great Emperor of the world,  
 And make a bridge through the moving air,  
 To pass the ocean with a band of men;  
 I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,  
 And make that [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<sup>9</sup> of this art  
 Till Mephistophilis return again.

*Exit.*

8 Inform.

9 Study.

## SCENE IV.

### A STREET.

*Enter WAGNER and the CLOWN.*

WAG. Sirrah, boy, come hither.

CLOWN. How, boy! Swowns, boy! I hope you have seen many boys  
 with such pickadevaunts<sup>1</sup> as I have. Boy, quotha!

WAG. Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in?

CLOWN. Ay, and goings out too. You may see else.

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

CLOWN. How? My soul to the Devil for a shoulder of mutton, though  
 'twere blood-raw! Not so, good friend. By 'r Lady, I had need have it  
 well roasted and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

WAG. Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee go like *Qui mihi  
 discipulus?*<sup>2</sup>

CLOWN. How, in verse?

WAG. No, sirrah; in beaten silk and stavesacre.<sup>3</sup>

CLOWN. How, how, Knave's acre!<sup>4</sup> Ay, I thought that was all the land  
 his father left him. Do you hear? I would be sorry to rob you of your  
 living.

WAG. Sirrah, I say in stavesacre.

1 Beards cut to a sharp point (Fr. *pic-à-devant*).

2 "Whoever is my disciple," the first words of W. Lily's "*Ad discipulos carmen de moribus*"  
 (Ode to His Disciples on Morality).

3 A kind of larkspur, used for destroying lice.

4 A mean street in London.