

THE
VOCAL PARTS
OF AN
ENTERTAINMENT,
CALL'D, THE
NECROMANCER:

OR,
Harlequin Doctor Faustus.

As Perform'd at the
Theatre Royal in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

To which is PREFIX'D,
A short Account of Doctor *Faustus*; and how
he cam. to be reputed a MAGICIAN.

LONDON:

Printed, and Sold at the Book-seller's Shop, at the
Corner of *Searle-street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*; and by
A. Dodd at the *Peacock*, without *Temple-Bar*. 1723.
Price six Pence.



A SHORT
ACCOUNT
OF
Doctor *Faustus*, &c.



IF Doctor *Faustus* was ambitious of being thought a *Necromancer*, it was no very hard Matter, at the Time in which he liv'd, to obtain such a Character; and *Tradition* has been very faithful in supporting that Honour to him, which *Ignorance* and *Credulity* were, at first, so forward to give into.

He was born in *Germany*, about the Beginning of the 14th *Century*, a Period of Dullness and Barbarism. *Monkery* and *Imposition* prevail'd

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vail'd much stronger than, perhaps, they ever will again: And Knowledge was in so few Hands, that an *uncommon* Share of *Learning*, or *uncommon Qualifications*, were sufficient to make a Man thought a *Conjurer*.

Add to this, That *Faustus* took his Studies at *Cracovia*, a Place in *Germany*, where, as we are told, the Art of *MAGICK* was formerly profess'd, and taught in publick Schools. He turn'd his occult Qualities to the best Account he could; and as the Age was easy to swallow the Belief of his *supernatural* Power, he strol'd about from Place to Place, both to propagate his *Reputation*, and enhance his *Profit*.

What particular Artifices he was Master of, are but very darkly handed down to us; and some Circumstances that are related, are so *absurd*, that they will scarce bear a second *Telling*.

'Tis certain, *Superstition* look'd upon him as a Person in League with *Infernal Spirits*, and acting a thousand strange Things by their Assistance. **LONICERUS*, in his Zeal, calls him a most *unclean Beast*, and a *Sink of many Devils*; and says, that he had a *Familiar* always attending him in the Shape of a Dog. That his *Incantments* and *Diabolical Practices* had like to have drawn a *Prosecution* upon him, and that he

* *In his Theatrum Historicum, translated from the German of Andreas Hondorff.*

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very narrowly escap'd being seiz'd at *Wittemberg*. The same Author has given us an Account of his Death, as remarkable as any thing else that is recorded of him. The Night before he dyed, his Landlord taking Notice that he appear'd very Melancholy, was importunate to know the Occasion: But *Faustus* waving a direct Answer, bad his Landlord not to be frighten'd that Night, whatever Noise he heard, or however the House should be shaken. When the Morning came, *Faustus* was found dead in his Apartment, with his Neck twisted round.

† *WIERUS*, in the Account which he gives of *Faustus*, relates his putting a Trick upon a Chaplain, in a Story which proves rather his *waggish* and *unlucky* Disposition, than any *Confederacy* with the Devil. And ‡ *CAMERARIUS* likewise, who recounts an Action of him, in which, if it was true, some *Magical Deception* must have been used; Yet gives his Story such a Turn, that he owns the Thing *ridiculous*, tho' *diabolical*. Both of them, however, seem to espouse the receiv'd Opinion of his being a *Magician*: And the latter of the m relates the Manner of his Death, as if he thought that he was strangled by the Devil, upon the Expiration of his *Contract*.

¶ Another Author gives us yet greater Reason to suspect, that *Faustus* not only profess'd Magick,

† *De Prestigiis Daemonum.* ‡ *Opera Subcivica: Centuriâ Prima.*
¶ *Joh. Manlius in Collectaneis suis.*

but grew presumptuous upon the Opinion of his extraordinary Power. For, at *Venice*, he gave out that he would fly thro' the Air, and accordingly put his Promise into Execution. But the Devil, or his Skill, so fail'd him in his pretended Flight, that he was dash'd violently against the Ground, and almost bruis'd to Death with his Fall.

Thus far, all the Writers (at least, all that I have met with) who strike in with the Superstition of his being a Magician: But a later Writer, † (in a Tract printed at *Wittemberg*, in 1683.) has examin'd what Credit is to be given to these Relations: And whether there ever was such a Sorcer, as *Faustus* is pretended to have been. I must confess, I have not been able to meet with this Piece; so cannot tell to what Cause he imputes the *Tradition* of *Faustus* being reputed a *Conjurer*.

But this Author is not the only Person who had a Suspicion of the *Fable*: And therefore I shall subjoin here a probable Narrative, how *Faustus* came into such Vogue and Reputation at that time of Day.

About the middle of the 14th *Century*, LAURENCE COSTER, at *Mentz* in *Germany*, invented the Rudiments of *Printing*; which was at first in *Gothick* Characters, and resembling the

† *Johannes Georg. Neumannus in Dissertat. de Fausto Prestigia-
tore.*

Hand-Writings used at that Time. As soon as he had improv'd his Art to some Degree of Perfection, JOHN FAUSTUS, who work'd under him, (and who is probably the same who has since obtain'd the Title of *Doctor FAUSTUS*) took the Opportunity of the *Christmas-Vigils*, stole all his Master's *Types* and other Implements, and made off with them. In a few Years, *Faustus* with these Materials, printed off an Edition of the Bible upon Parchment, and carried it with him to *Paris*.

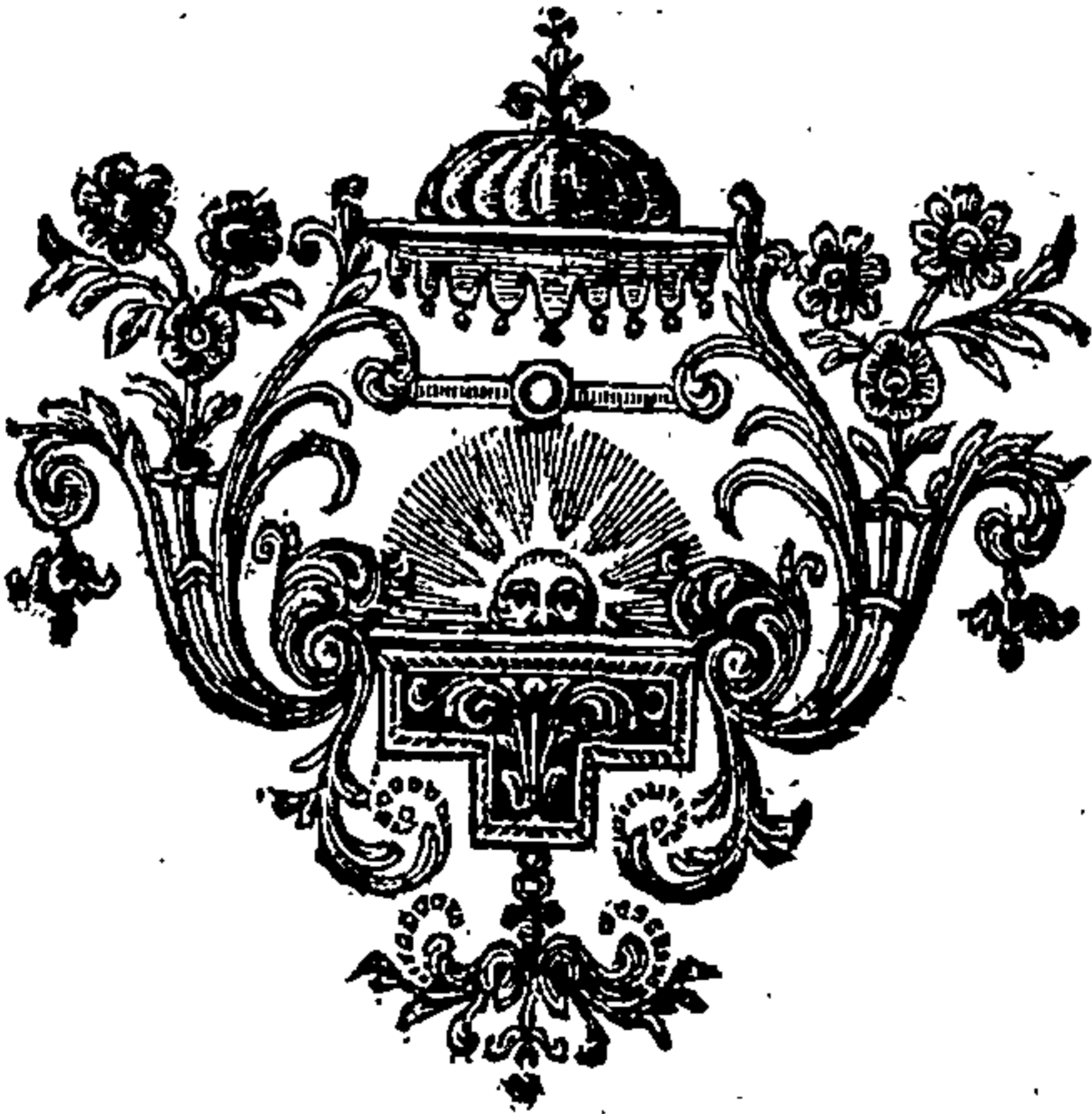
As this new Invention had yet got no Air in that Country, it was a Surprize to find *Faustus* proffer his Books to Sale at a Price ten times lower than They had ever paid for Manuscripts. As the *Impression* too so nearly resembled the *Hand-Writing* then in Use; and as, upon Comparison, they found every Copy so exactly the same, not a Stop differing, nor a Letter more in one Page than another, they grew astonish'd to see such a Number of Bibles all *transcrib'd*, as they thought, by *one* Hand: A Labour that would have requir'd more Time to accomplish, than the Life of a *Patriarch*.

The Consequence of this was, that they wisely suspected, *Faustus* must have dealt with the *Devil*, and hereupon accus'd him of *Magick*. He, apprehending the Danger of such a Prosecution, fled from *Paris*, return'd into *Germany*, and there undertook to teach the Art of *Printing*.

* *A short Account of Dr. Faustus, &c.*

Whoever is desirous of reading this Part of his Story more at large, may find it in the *Annales Typographici*, &c. publish'd about four Years ago, by Mr. MATTAIRE.

The Theatres having reviv'd the Memory of *Faustus*, by drawing him into their *Grotesques*; I thought some Curiosity might be excited of knowing who he was: And that therefore this short Account might be acceptable, prefix'd to the *Vocal* Parts of an *Entertainment*, which takes its Name from *Him*.



The



The Characters introduced in the VOCAL PARTS.

By

Infernal Spirit, } *Mr. Leveridge.*

Helen, *Mrs. Chambers.*

A Good } *Spirit.*
 & }
Bad }

Leander, *Mr. La Guerre.*
Hero, *Mrs. Chambers.*
Charon, *Mr. Leveridge.*



THE

NECROMANCER:

OR,

Harlequin, Doctor Faustus.

S C E N E, a Study.

The Doctor discover'd reading at a Table.

A good and bad Spirit appear.

Good SPIRIT.



Faustus! thy good Genius warns ;
Break off in time ; pursue no more
An Art, that will thy Soul ensnare.

B

Bad

Bad SPIRIT.

Faustus, go on: That Fear is vain;
 Let thy great Heart aspire to trace
 Dark Nature to her secret Springs,
 'Till Knowledge make thee deem'd a God.

*[Good and bad Spirit disappear:
 The Doctor uses magical Motions,
 and an Infernal Spirit rises.]*

Infernal SPIRIT.

Behold! thy pow'rful Charms prevail,
 And draw me from the Deeps below,
 To listen to thy great Command.
 On easy Terms the King of Night
 Is pleas'd thy mighty Wand t' obey,
 And offers to divide his Pow'r.

Sign thy Consent his Sway to own,
[Shows a Paper.]

Ten thousand Demons stand prepar'd,

Thro'

Thro' Seas, thro' Air, thro' raging Fires,
To start, and execute thy Will.

Good SPIRIT.

O *Faustus!* fear the dread Event. [*Within.*

Infernal SPIRIT.

Think, what Renown, what Treasures wait
(thee;

Each glitt'ring Vein, that Earth infolds,
Shall spread its ripen'd Ores for thee.

Good SPIRIT.

Think, Vengeance is offended Heav'n's!

[*Within.*

Infernal SPIRIT.

Heav'n envies not poor Mortals Blifs.

Thy Spirit is dull: --Our Art shall chear thee,
And chase this unavailing Gloom.

INCANTATION.

Arise! Ye subtle Forms, that sport
 Around the Throne of sable Night:
 Whose Pleasures, in her silent Court,
 Are unprophan'd with baleful Light.

Arise! the Screech-Owl's Voice proclaims,
 Darkness is in her awful Noon:
 The Stars keep back their glimm'ring Flames,
 And Veils of Clouds shut in the Moon.

[Here Furies rise, and dance, then
 vanish.]

Infernal SPIRIT.

Still art Thou sad? ---- Awake to Joy:

[Strikes the Table, and it appears cover'd
 with Gold, Crowns, Sceptres, &c.]

See! -- Wealth unbounded courts thy Hand,

Is it despis'd? -- Then other Charms,

With

With full Delight, shall feast thy Sense.

[Waves his Wand.]

Helen, appear! In Bloom and Grace
Lovely, as when thy Beauties shone,
And fir'd the amorous Prince of *Troy*.

[The Spirit of HELEN rises.]

HELEN.

Why am I drawn from blisfull Shades,
Where happy Pairs the circling Hours
In never-fading Transports wear,
And find Delights with Time renew?
Say, what deserving Youth to bless,
Is *Helen* call'd to Earth again?
Show me the dear enchanting Form,
Where Truth and Constancy reside,
And I embrace the noble Flame.

Cupid! God of pleasing Anguish,
Teach th' enamour'd Swain to languish,
Teach him fierce Desires to know.

Heroes

*Heroes would be lost in Story,
Did not Love inspire their Glory,
Love does all that's Great below.*

[The Doctor preparing to address Helen with Fondness, the Infernal Spirit interposes.

Infernal SPIRIT.

Hold; — and the Terms of Pleasure know;

This Contract sign, thy Faith to bind,

[Offers the Paper.

Then revel in Delight at large,

And give a Loose to Joy,

[The Doctor, gazing at Helen, signs the Paper, and gives it to the Infernal Spirit: After which, attempting to approach Helen, the Phantom of Envy interferes. The Doctor starts, and turns in Surprise to the Infernal Spirit, who sinks laughing, as having deceiv'd him. The Doctor retires discontented, and the Scene closes.

SCENE



SCENE,

The DOCTOR's School of MAGICK.

*Several Persons seated on each side of the Stage,
to see the Power of his Art. The Doctor
waves his Wand, and the Spirits of HERO
and LEANDER rise.*

LEANDER.

ENough have our disastrous Loves
Felt the Severities of Fate :
Drencht in the salt and swelling Surge,
We found one common Grave. --And now,
If what the Poets sing be true,
In flow'ry Fields, the Seats assign'd
For happy Souls, shall we enjoy
A long Eternity of Bliss.

HERO.

HERO.

Grant me, ye Pow'rs, wheree'er my Lot is plac'd,
To have my lov'd *Leander* there,
And I no other Blifs require.

LEANDER.

O charming *Hero*! Times to come
Shall celebrate thy Name:
And Lovers dwell upon the Praise
Of thy unequall'd Constancy.

*While on ten thousand Charms I gaze,
With Love's Fires my Bosom burns:*

*But, ah! so bright thy Virtues blaze,
Love to Adoration turns.*

*While on ten thousand Charms I gaze,
With Love's Fires my Bosom burns.*

HERO.

HERO.

O my Soul's Joy ! To hold thee thus,
 Repays for all my Sorrows past:
 Crown'd with this Pleasure, I forgive
 The raging Wind and dashing Stream,
 And welcome Death, that brings me back to
 (thee.

Blest in thy Arms, the gloomy Vales,
 Where shudd'ring Ghosts with Horror glide,
 Gay as *Elysium*, seem to smile,
 And all is *Paradise* around.

*Cease, injurious Maids, to blame
 A Fondness which you ne'er have known:*

*Feel but once the Lover's Flame,
 The Fault will soon become your own.*

*Cease, injurious Maids, to blame
 A Fondness which you ne'er have known.*

C

CHA-

CHARON *rises to them.*

CHARON.

What mean this whining, pining Pair,
 Must I for You detain my Fare ?
 Or do your Wisdoms think my Wherry
 Should wait your Time to cross the Ferry ?

LEANDER.

Charon, thy rigorous Humour rule.

CHARON.

And stand to hear a Love-sick Fool,
 Talk o'er the Cant of Flames, ---and Darts, ---
 And streaming Eyes, --- and bleeding Hearts ?
 Give o'er this Stuff. --Why, what the Devil!
 Won't Drowning cure this amorous Evil ?
 I thought, when once Mens Heads were laid,
 Their Passions with their Lives had fled :
 But find, tho' Flesh and Blood no more,
 The Whims i'th' Brain maintain their Pow'r.

HERO

HERO.

Oh! could thy savage Nature measure
The Joys of Love, th' enchanting Pleasure,---

CHARON.

No Doubt, you Women may discover
Pleasures in a substantial Lover ;
But what great Transports can you boast,
To find from One, that is, at most,
But a thin, unperforming, Ghost ?
Away ; for, on the distant Shore,
Pluto expects my Cargo o'er :
The crowded Boat but waits for you ;
Come, join with its fantastick Crew.

*Ghosts of ev'ry Occupation,
Ev'ry Rank, and ev'ry Nation,
Some with Crimes all foul, and spotted,
Some to happy Fates allotted,
Press the Stygian Lake to pass.*

Here

*Here a Soldier roars like Thunder,
Prates of Wenches, Wine, and Plunder:
States-men here the Times accusing,
Poets Sense for Rhymes abusing;
Lawyers chatt'ring,
Courtiers flatt'ring,
Bullies ranting,
Zealots canting,
Knaves and Fools of ev'ry Class!*

*[At the End of the Air Hero, Leander,
and Charon vanish.*

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F I N I S.

