

THE
LIEE and DEATH
OF
Doctor Faustus,
Made into a
FARCE.

By Mr. MOUNTFORD.

WITH THE
Humours of *Harlequin* and *Scaramouche* :

As they were several times Acted
By Mr. LEE and Mr. FEVON,

AT THE
Queens Theatre in *Dorset Garden*.

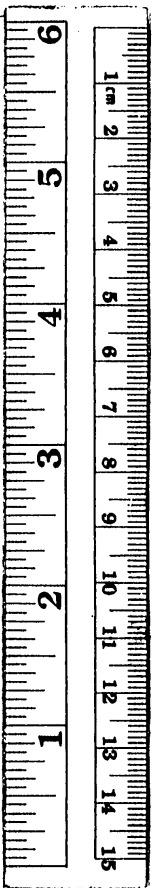
Newly Revived,

At the Theatre in *Lincolns Inn Fields*,
With *Songs* and *Dances* between the ACTS.

L O N D O N,

Printed and sold by *E. Whitlock* near *Stationers Hall*, 1697.

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Dr. Faustus

FAUSTUS

LONDON

1811

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(1)

The Life and Death of
Dr. FAUSTUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Dr. Faustus seated in his Chair, and reading
in his Study.*

Good and bad Angel ready.

Fauf. **S**ettle thy Study, *Faufus*, and begin
To found the Depth of that thou wilt profess ;
These Metaphyfsicks of Magicians,
And Negromantick Books, are heav'nly
Lines, Circles, Letters, Characters,
Ay, these are those that *Faufus* most desires ;
A sound Magician is a Demi-God :
Here tire my Brains to get a Deity.

*Mephostopholis under the Stage. A good and bad
Angel fly down.*

Good Ang. O *Faufus* ! lay that damn'd Book aside ;
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy heart to blasphemy.

Bad Ang. Go forward, *Faufus*, in that famous Art
Wherein all Natures Treasure is contain'd :
Be thou on Earth as *Jove* is in the Sky,
Lord and Commander of these Elements.

Spirits ascend.

Fauf. How am I glutted with conceit of this ?
Shall I make Spirits fetch me what I please ?
I'll have 'em fly to *India* for Gold,
Ransack the Ocean for Orient Pearl.

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The Life and Death

I'll have 'em Wall all *Germany* with Brass:
I'll levy Soldiers with the Coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of *Parma* from our Land.
'Tis now the Dead high Noon of Night,
And *Lucifer* his Spirits freedom gives;
I'll try if in this Circle I can Raise

[Rises.

A *Damon* to inform me what I long for.

*Sint mihi Dii Acherontis proptii, Orientis
Princeps, Beelzebub, German. Demogorgon.
Mephostopholis, Mephostopholis, surgat Spi-
ritus.*

[Thunders.

Mephostopholis speaks under Ground. [Thunders.

Meph. Faustus, I attend thy Will.

Faust. Where art thou?

Meph. Here.

[a Flash of Light.

Scar. within. Oh, oh, oh.

*Faust. What Noise is that? Hast thou any Companions
with thee?* *Meph. No.*

Faust. It comes this way?

Scar. Oh, oh, O—

[Enter Scaramouche.

Faust. What a'ist thou? *Scar. O' o' o'*

Faust. Speak, Fellow, what's the Matter?

Scar. O poor Scaramouche!

*Faust. Speak, I conjure thee; or Acherontis Dii Demo-
gorgon.*

*Scar. O I beseech you Conjure no more, for I am fright-
ted into a Diabetes already.*

Faust. Frighted at what?

Scar. I have seen, Oh, oh— *Faust. What?*

Scar. The Devil. *Faust. Art sure it was the Devil?*

*Scar. The Devil, or the Devil's Companion: He had a
Head like a Bulls, with Horns on; and two Eyes that glow'd
like the Balls of a dark Lantern: His Hair stood a Tiptoe,
like your new-fashion'd Top-knots; with a Mouth as large
as a King's Beef Eater: His Nails was as sharp as a Wellsh-
man's in Passion; and he look'd as frightful as a Sergeant to
an *Alsatian*.*

Faust. But why art thou afraid of the Devil?

*Scar. Why I never said my Prayers in all my Life, but
once; and that was when my damn'd Wife was sick, that
she*

of Doctor Faustus.

she might dye: My Ears are as deaf to good Council, as
French Dragoons are to Mercy. And my Conscience wants
as much sweeping as a Cook's Chimney. And I have as
many Sins to answer for as a Church-warden, or an Overseer
of the Poor.

Faust. Why, the Devil loves Sinners at his Heart.

Scar. Does he so?

*Faust. He hates none, but the Vertuous, and the Godly.
Such as Fast, and go to Church, and give Alms-deeds.*

*Scar. I never law a Church in my Life, thank God, (I
mean the Devil;) and for Fasting, it was always my Abo-
mination; and for Alms, I never gave any Thing in my
Life, but the Itch once to a Pawn-broker. Therefore I hope
he may Love me.*

*Faust. And he shall Love thee; I'll bring thee acquainted
with him.*

Scar. Acquainted with the Devil?

Faust. Ay; Tanto metropontis Acherontis.

Scar. Oh, oh, oh.

Faust. Fear nothing Mephostopholis, be visible.

[Scaramouche sinks behind the Doctor, and peeps his Head
out behind the Slip of his Gown. A Devil rises in Thun-
der and Lightning.

I charge thee to be gon, and change thy Shape; thou art
too ugly to attend on me. I find there's Virtue in my Charm;
Come, rise up, Fool, the Devil's gon.

[The Devil sinks.

Scar. The Devil go with him.

*Faust. Fear nothing, I command the Devil. If thou wilt
leave thy Chimney-sweeping Trade, and live with me, thou
shalt have Meat and Drink in Plenty; and 40 Crowns a Year
shall be thy Wages; I'll make thee Learned in the black Art.*

*Scar. I am a Student in that already; But let me consider,
Good Meat and Drink, and 40 Crowns a Year. Then I'll
change my black Art for yours.*

*Faust. There's Earnest, thou art now my Servant; dis-
pose of thy Brooms and Poles, they'll be useless to thee here;
take this Key, go into my Study, and clean; take all the
Books you find scatter'd about, and range 'em orderly upon
the Shelves.*

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Scar. Happy *Scaramoushe*, now may'st thou Swear, Lye, Steal, Drink and Whore; for thy Master is the Devil's Master, and thou in time may'st master 'em both.

[*Exit Scaram.*]

Enter Mephostopholis.

Meph. Now, *Faustus*, what wouldst thou have with me?

Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live, And do what-ever *Faustus* shall command.

Meph. Ay *Faustus*, so I will, if thou wilt purchase me of *Lucifer*.

Faust. What says *Lucifer*, thy Lord?

Meph. That I shall wait on *Faustus* whilst he Lives, So thou wilt buy my Service with thy Blood.

Faust. Already *Faustus* has hazarded that for thee.

Meph. Ay, but thou must bequeath it solemnly, And write a Deed of Gift with it; For that Security craves *Lucifer*.

If thou deny it, I must back to Hell.

Bad Ang. But *Faustus*, if I shall have thy Soul, I'll be thy Slave, and worship thy Commands, And give thee more than thou hast Will of.

Faust. If he will spare me Four and twenty Years, Letting me Live in all Voluptuousness,

To have thee ever to attend on me,

To give me whatsoever I shall ask,

And tell me whatsoever I demand;

On these Conditions I resign it to him.

Meph. 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*.

Faust. Lo, *Mephostopholis*, for Love of thee, *Faustus* has cut

His Arm, and with his proper Blood

Affures his Soul to be great *Lucifer's*.

Meph. But, *Faustus*, write it in manner of a Deed, and Gift.

Faust. Ay, so I do; but, *Mephostopholis*, my Blood con-

geals, and I can write no more.

Meph. I'll fetch thee Fire to dissolve it streight. [*Exit.*]

Faust. What might the staying of my Blood portend, It is unwilling I should write this Bill.

Good

of Doctor Faustus.

Good and bad Angel descend.

Good An. Yet, *Faustus*, think upon thy precious Soul.

Bad An. No, *Faustus*, think of Honour, and of Wealth.

Faust. Of Wealth. Why all the *Indies*, *Ganges*, shall be mine.

Good An. No, *Faustus*, everlasting Tortures shall be thine.

Bad An. No, *Faustus*, everlasting Glory shall be thine.

The World shall raise a Statue of thy Name, And on it write, 'This, this is he that could command the World. [*Good Angel ascends, bad Angel descends.*]

Faust. Command the World; Ay, *Faustus*, think on that.

Why streams not then my Blood that I may write?

Faustus gives to thee his Soul; Oh! there it stops. Why shouldst thou not? Is not thy Soul thy own?

Enter Mephostopholis with a Chaser of Fire.

Meph. See, *Faustus*, here is Fire, set it on.

Faust. So now the Blood begins to clear again.

Meph. What is't I would not do to obtain his Soul?

Faust. *Consummatum est*; the Bill is ended.

But what is this Inscription on my Arm?

Homo fuge: Whether shall I fly?

My Senses are deceiv'd, here's nothing writ;

O yes, I see it plain, even here is writ.

Homo fuge; yet shall not *Faustus* fly,

I'll call up something to delight his Mind.

[*Song.* *Mephostopholis waves his Wand. Enter several Devils, who present Crowns to Faustus, and afterwards a Dance vanishes.*]

Faust. What means this then?

Meph. 'Tis to delight thy Mind, and let thee see What Magick can perform.

Faust. And may I raise such Spirits when I please.

Meph. Ay, *Faustus*, and do greater Things than these.

Faust. Then, *Mephostopholis*, receive this Deed of Gift; But yet Conditionally, that thou perform all Covenants and Articles herein subscribed.

Meph. I swear by Hell, and *Lucifer*, to effect all Promises between us both.

Faust. Then take it.

Meph. Do you deliver it as your Deed, and Gift?

Faust.

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Faust. Ay, and the Devil do you good on't.
Meph. So, now, *Faustus*, ask what thou wilt.
Faust. Then let me have a Wife.
*Faustus waves his Wand, and a Woman Devil rises :
 Fire-works about whirls round, and sinks.*
Faust. What sight is this?
Meph. Now, *Faustus*, wilt thou have a Wife?
Faust. Here's a hot Whore indeed, I'll have no Wife.
Meph. Marriage is but a Ceremonial Toy ;
 I'll cull thee out the fairest Curtezans,
 And bring 'em every Morning to thy Bed :
 She whom thy Eye shall like, thy Heart shall have.
Faust. Then, *Mephostopholis*, let me behold the Famous
Hellen, who was the Occasion of great *Troy's* Destruction.
Meph. *Faustus*, thou shalt. [*Waves his Wand, enters.*
Faust. O *Mephostopholis* ! what would I give to gain a Kiss
 from off those lovely Lips.
Meph. *Faustus*, thou may'st. [*He kisses her.*
Faust. My Soul is fled ; come *Hellen*, come, give me my Soul
 again ; she's gon. [*He goes to kiss her again, and she sinks.*
Meph. Women are thy you know at the first Sight ; but
 come, *Faustus*, command me somewhat else.
Faust. Then tell me, is Hell so terrible as Church-men
 write it.
Meph. No, *Faustus*, 'tis Glorious as the upper World ; but
 that we have Night and Day, as you have here : Above
 there's no Night.
Faust. Why sighs my *Mephostopholis*, I think Hell's a meer
 Fable.
Meph. Ay, think so still.
Faust. Tell me who made the World ?
Meph. I will not. *Faust.* Sweet *Mephosto*.
Meph. Move me no further.
Faust. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me any Thing?
Meph. That's not against our Kingdom, this is : Thou art
 Lost ; think thou of Hell.
Faust. Think, *Faustus*, upon him that made the World.
Meph. Remember this. [*Sinks.*
Faust. Ay, go accursed Spirit to ugly Hell,
 'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed *Faustus* Soul :

I will

of Doctor Faustus.

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I will Repent : Ha ! [*Goes to his Books.*
 This Bible's fast, but here's another :
 [*They both fly out of's Hand, and a flaming Thing
 appears written, &c.*
 Is't not too late ? [*Ring. Good and bad descend.*
Bad An. Too late.
Good An. Never too late, if *Faustus* will repent.
Bad An. *Faustus*, behold, behold thy Deed ; if thou repent
 Devils will tear thee in Pieces.
Good An. Repent, and they shall never raze thy Skin.
 [*Scene shuts, Ang. ascends.*
 Scene changes to the Street. Enter Harlequin.
Harl. This must be Mr. Doctor's House ; I'll make bold
 to knock : My Heart fails me already.
 [*Harlequin opens the Door, peeps about, and shuts it.*
 I begin to tremble at the Thoughts of seeing the Devil.
 [*Knocks again.*
 Here's a great Refort of Devils, the very Doors smell of
 Brimstone : I'll e'en back— No : I'll be a Man of Resolu-
 tion : But if Mr. Doctor should send a Familiar to open the
 Door, in what Language should I speak to the Devil ? [*Knocks.*
 Enter Scaramouche.
Scar. peeping. This is some malicious Spirit, that will not
 let me alone at my Study ; but I'll go in, and con my
 Book. [*Exit.*
Harl. I believe Mr. Doctor is very Busy ; but I'll rap this
 time with Authority.
 [*Harlequin raps at the Door, Scaramouche peeps out. Har-
 lequin strikes him, and jumps back, runs frighted off.*
 Scene changes to a Room in the Doctor's House.
 Enter Scaramouche, with a Book in the Doctor's Gown.
Scar. I have left the Door open to save the Devil the la-
 bour of Knocking, if he has a mind to come in : For I
 am resolv'd not to stir from my Book ; I found it in the
 Doctor's Closet, and know it must contain something of the
 Black Art.
 Enter Harlequin.
Harl. Oh here's Mr. Doctor himself ; he's reading some
 conjuring Book. *Idé s'ain jecit.*

Scar.

Scar. This must be a conjuring Book by the hard Words.
AB, EB, IB, OB, UB. BA, BO, BU, BI.

Harl. It's a Child's Primer. [*Harlequin looks over him,*

Scar. The Devil, the Devil; be gon, avoid Satan. [*Runs off.*

Harl. O the Devil! Now will I lye as if I were Dead,
and let the Devil go hunt for my Soul. [*Lyes down.*

Enter Scaramouche.

Scar. I have learn'd to raise the Devil, but how the Devil shall I do to lay him. Ha! what's here, a dead Body? The Devil assum'd this Body, and when I began to mutter my Prayers, he was in such haste he left his Carcass behind him. Ha! it stirs; no, 'twas but my Fancy.

[*Scaram. lifts up all his Limbs, and lets 'em fall, whilst Harl. hits him on the Breech, lifts his Head, which falls gently.*

All's dead but's Head. [*Sets him upright.*

The Devil, the Devil! Be gon; what art thou?

Harl. A poor unfortunate Devil.

Scar. The Devil; *Avant* then *Hogon mogon Hogon.*

Harl. O good Mr. Doctor, conjure up no more Devils and I'll be gon, or any thing.— I came only to ask your Black Artship a Question.

Scar. No, this is not the Devil. Who art thou? Whence comest thou? What's thy Business, Quick, or *Hogon strogon*?

Harl. Hold, hold, hold, I am poor *Harlequin*: By the Learned I am called *Zane*, by the Vulgar *Jack Pudding*. I was late Fool to a Mountebank; and last Night, in the mistaking the Pipkin, I eat up a Pot of *Bolus* instead of Hasty Pudding; and devour'd Three Yards of *Diacularum* Plaster instead of Pancake, for which my Master has turn'd me out of Doors instead of Wages; Therefore, to be reveng'd, I come to hire a Devil or two of you, Mr. Doctor, of a strong Constitution, that may swallow up his Turpentine Pills as fast as he makes 'em, that he may never cure poor Whore more of a Clap; and then he'll be undone, for they are his chief Patients.

Scar. What Practice has he?

Harl. Why his Business is to patch up rotten Whores against the Term for Country Lawyers, and Attorneys Clerks; and against *Christmas, Easter and Whitsun* Holidays, for City Appren-

Apprentices; and if his Pills be destroy'd, 'twill ruin him in one Term.

Scar. Come in; and for a Crown a Week I'll lett thee out a Devil, as they do Horses at Livery, shall swallow him a Peck of Pills a day, though every one were as big as a Pumpkin; and make nothing of a *Bolus* for a Breakfast.

Harl. O brave Mr. Doctor! O dainty Mr. Devil!

Scar. Seigniora. [*Here they Complement who shall go first.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT II.

Faustus in his Study.

Good and Bad Angel descend.

Good An. **F** *Austus*, Repent; yet Heav'n will pity thee.

Bad An. Thou art a Spirit, Heav'n cannot pity thee.

Fau. Who buzzes in my Ear, I am a Spirit; be I a Devil yet Heaven can pity me: Yea, Heaven will pity me, if I repent.

Bad An. Ay, but *Faustus* never shall repent.

Good An. Sweet *Faustus* think of Heav'n, and heavenly Things. [*Ascends.*

Fau. My Heart is hard'ned, I cannot repent. Scarce can I name Salvation, Faith, or Heav'n, But I am pinch'd, and prick'd, in thousand Places. O help distressed *Faustus*!

Lucifer, Beelzebub, and Mephostopholis rises.
Luc. None can afford thee help; for only I have Interest in thee, *Faustus*.

Fau. Oh! What art thou, that looks so terrible?

Luc. I am *Lucifer*, and this is my Companion Prince in Hell.

Beel. We are come to tell thee thou dost injure us. *Luc.*

Luc. Thou call'st on Heav'n contrary to thy Promise.

Beel. Thou should'st not think on Heav'n.

Fau. Nor will I henceforth pardon him for this,
And *Faustus* Vows never to look to Heav'n.

Beel. So shalt thou shew thy self a faithful Servant,
And we will highly gratify thee for it.

Fau. Those Words delight my Soul.

Luc. *Faustus*, we are come in Person to shew thee Pass-time; sit down, and thou shalt behold the Seven Deadly Sins in their own proper Shapes and Likeness.

Fau. That Sight will be as pleasant to my Eye, as Paradise to *Adam* the first Day of his Creation.

Beel. Talk not of Paradise, but mind the Show. Go, *Mephistopholis*, and fetch 'em in; and, *Faustus*, question 'em their Names.

Enter Pride.

Fau. What art thou?

Prid. I am *Pride*; I was begot by Disdain and Affectation. I always took the Wall of my Betters; had ever the first Cut, or else would not eat: I scorn'd all Advice, never thought any one handsom but my self; had the best Pue in the Church, though a Tradesman's Wife; and at last dyed of the Spleen, for want of a Coach and Six Horses. Why is not thy Room perfum'd, and spread with Cloth of *Tissue*? What must you sit, and I stand? Rise up Brute.

Fau. Go, thou art a proud Slut indeed.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Covetousness.

Now what art thou the Second.

Cov. I am *Covetousness*; I was begot by a close Fist, and a griping Heart, in a Usurer's Chest. I never eat, to save Charges: This Coat has cover'd me for Four-score Winters: This Beard has seen as many more. I never slept in my Life, but always watch'd my Gold.

Fau. What wert thou on Earth?

Cov. I was first an Exciseman, and cheated the King and Country; then I was a Baker, and from every Neighbor's Loaf I stole Two Pound, and swore 'twas shrunk in the Oven. I was a Vintner, and by bribing of Quest-men had leave to sell in Pint Bottles for Quarts: At last I was a Horse-courser, made *Smithfield* too hot to hold me, and rid Post to the Devil? Give me some Gold, Father?

[*Exit.*]

Enter

Enter Envy.

Fau. What art thou the Third?

Env. I am *Envy*; begot by a Chimney-sweeper upon an Oyster-wench. I cannot read, and wish all Books burnt. I always curst the Government that I was not prefer'd; and was a Male-content in Three Kings Reigns. I am Lean with seeing others Eat; and I with the Devil would make a Sponge of thy Heart, to wipe out the Score of my Sins.

Enter Wrath.

Fau. Out Envious Wretch. What art thou the Fourth?

Wra. I am *Wrath*; I had neither Father nor Mother, but leap'd out of a Lion's Mouth when I was scarce an Hour old. I always abhor'd the Art of Patience, and curst all Fisher-men. I beat my Wife for my Pleasure; curst Heav'n in my Passion, 'cause it gave me no Fortune, and was hang'd for a Rape on a Scotch Pedlar.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Gluttony.

Fau. What art thou the Fifth?

Glut. I am *Gluttony*; begot by a Plow-man on a Washer-woman, who devour'd a *Cheddar* Cheese in two Hours. I am of a Royal Pedigree: My Grand-father was a Sur-loin of Beef, and my Mother a Gammon of Bacon: My Sisters were Sows, which supply'd me with Pork: My Brothers were Calves, which afforded me Veal: My God-fathers were *Peter Pickled-Herring*, and *Michael Milk-Porredg*: My God-mothers were *Susan Salt-butter*, and *Margery Sous'd-Hog's-Face*. Now, *Faustus*, thou hast heard my Pedigree, wilt thou invite me to Supper?

Fau. Not I.

Glut. Then the Devil choak thee.

Enter Sloth.

Fau. What art thou the Sixth?

Slo. Hey ho! I am *Sloth*; I was begotten at Church by a sleepy Judg on a Costermonger's Wife, in the middle of a long Sermon. I am as Lazy as a Fishmonger in the Dog-days, or a Parson in *Lent*: I would not speak another Word for a King's Ransom.

Enter Leachery.

Fau. And what are you, Mr. *Minks*, the Seventh and last?

Leach. I am one that love an Inch of Raw Mutton better than

than an Ell of Fry'd Stock-fish, and the first Letter of my Name begins with *Leachery*. [Exit.]

Fau. This Sight delights my Soul.

Luc. *Faustus*, in Hell are all manner of Delights.

Fau. O might I see Hell once, and return safe.

Luc. *Faustus*, thou shalt; give me thy hand.

Hence let's descend, and we will *Faustus* show
The mighty Pleasures in the World below. [Vanishes.]

SCENE Changes.

Enter Harlequin, and Scaramouche in the Doctor's Gown;
a Wand, and a Circle.

Scar. So, now am I in my *Pontificalibus*: Now can I shew my Black Art; for I have found that heavenly Book which *Faustus* used to raise the Dead in: Come, stand within this Circle.

Har. 'Tis time to Conjure, for I am almost famish'd. We have fasted like Priests for a Miracle.

Scar. I'll make thee amends presently; I'll conjure up a Spirit, ask what thou wilt thou shalt have it.

Har. Let me alone for asking.

Scar. Be very earnest with him, and intreat mightily.

Har. I'll intreat Earnestly.

Scar. Silence. *Sint mihi Dii Acherontis propitii Nobis*.
Diccat us, Mephostopholis, &c.

Mephostopholis rises.

Meph. How am I tortur'd by these Villains Charms?
From *Constantinople* have they brought me now,
Only for Measure of these idle Slaves? What
Would you with *Mephostopholis*?

Scar. We'd know how *Dr. Faustus* does.

Meph. Well. *Scar.* When comes he home?

Meph. Within Two Days.

Scar. What was he doing when you left him?

Meph. He was at Supper, eating good Chear.

Har. Good Mr. Devil, tell him we are almost starv'd;
and desire him to send us some of his good Chear.

Meph. Is that all?

Har.

Har. Some Wine too? *Meph.* What else.

Har. What else: Why if Fornication been't against your Commandments, we would have some live Fleish; a handsome Wench.

Scar. Only for a third Person, and please your Damnation.
Meph. You shall have your Desires.

Har. We desire your Mephostopholisship too, not to let us stay the Roasting and Boiling of any thing: For we are as Eager as the Wine in *Smithfield*, and want no whetting.

Meph. You shall.

Scaramouche and Harlequin pull off their Caps.
Now if your mighty Darknes would please to Retire.

Meph. Farewell. [Vanish.]

Scaramouche steps out of the Circle, and struts about.

Scar. Now how do you like my Art?

Har. O rare Art! O divine Mr. Doctor *Scaramouche*! If the Devil be as good as his Word, I'll owe him a good Turn as long as I live: But I wish our third Person would come.

A Giant rises.

Ha! What's here?

Gi. I am sent by *Pluto* to bear you Company.

Har. Is this his third Person? Or is it Three Generations in One? Come you from *Guild-hall*, Sir?

Gi. No, Mortal, from the *Stygian Lake*. I am the Giant which *St. George* destroy'd; and in the Earth have been decaying ever since, but now am come to Eat with you.

Scar. To pick up your Crums, Sir: You'r heartily Welcome.

Scaramouche gets upon Harlequin, and salutes him.

Gi. I have lain now within the *Stygian Lake* 2000 Years.

Scar. Your Honour is not much shrunk in the Wetting.

Gi. But we loose Time, and Dinner cools.

Har. Where is it?

Gi. In the next Room.

Scar. Will it please your Lustiness to lead the Way?

Har. Will it please you then to make way for him?

Gi. I can divide my self to serve my Friends?

[Giant leaps in two.]

Breeches be you my Page, and follow me.

Harleq. and Scaram. complement the Breeches. [Exeunt.]
SCENE

SCENE draws, and discovers a Table furnished with Bottles of Wine, and a Venison Pasty, a Pot of wild Fowl, &c.

Enter Scaramouche, Giant, and Harlequin.

Har. O heavenly Apparition!

Scar. Come, let's sit down.

The upper part of the Giant flies up, and the under sinks, and discovers a Woman in the Room.

Harlequin and Scaramouche start.

Scar. Ha! What's here, a Woman?

Har. O happy Change! Madam, with your good Leave.

[Kisses.

Scar. Never too late in good Breeding. [Kisses.] Rare Wench! And as Luscious as Pig-sauce.

Har. Heav'n be prais'd for all.

[Woman sinks, a Flash of Lightning.

Scar. Your unseasonable Thankfulness has rob'd us of our Strumpet.

Har. No matter, no matter; we shall meet her in the Cloisters after the Fair. Come let's fall too.

[They put their Caps before their Faces.

Ha!

Scar. The Table runs away from us.

Har. We'll bestow the Pains to follow it again; this I see is a running Banquet.

[They put their Caps on again, the Table removes.

Scar. I have found the Secret: We must not say Grace at the Devil's Feast.

Har. Come then let's fall too, San's Ceremony; Will you be Carver?

Scar. Every one for himself, I say.

Har. Ay, every one for himself, and God for us all.

[Table flies up into the Air.

Scar. A Plague o' your Proverb; it has a Word in't must not be named.

Har. Ah, Mr. Doctor, do but intreat Mr. Mephostopholis to

to let the Table down to us, or send us to that, and I'll be his Servant as long as I live. [They are hoisted up to the Table.

Scar. and Har. Oh, oh, oh.

Scar. Now have a care of another Proverb: We go without our Supper.

Har. Nay, now I know the Devil's Humour, I'll hit him to a Hair: Pray, Mr. Doctor, cut up that Pasty.

Scar. I can't get my Knife into it, 'tis over-bak'd.

Har. Ay, 'tis often so: God sends Meat, and the Devil sends Cooks. [Table flies down.

Scar. Thou Varlet, dost thou see what thy Proverb has done?

Har. Now could I curse my Grand-mother, for she taught 'em me: Well, if sweet Mephostopholis will be so kind as but to let us and the Table come together again, I'll promise never to say Grace, or speak Proverb more, as long as I live.

[They are let down to the Table.

Scar. Your Prayers are heard, now be careful; for if I lose my Supper by thy Negligence I'll cut thy Throat.

Har. Do, and eat me when you have done. I am damnably hungry; I'll cut open this Pasty, while you open that Pot of wild Fowl.

[Harlequin takes off the Lid of the Pasty, and a Stag's Head peeps out; and out of the Pot of Fowl flies Birds. Harlequin and Scaramouche start back, fall over their Chairs, and get up.

Har. Here's the Nest but the Birds are flown: Here's Wine though, and now I'll conjure for a Supper. I have a Sallad within of my own Gathering in the Fields to Day.

Scar. Fetch it in; Bread, Wine, and a Sallad, may serve for a Collation.

Enter Harlequin with a Tray of Sallad.

Har. Come, no Ceremony among Friends. Bon. fro.

Scar. Sallad mal ajuste; here's neither Fat nor Lean.

Har. O Mr. Doctor, neither Fat nor Lean in a Sallad.

Scar. Neither Oyl, nor Vinegar.

Har. Oh! I'll fetch you that presently.

[Harlequin fetches a Chamber-pot of Piss, and a Lamp of Oyl, and pours on the Sallad.

Scar. O thy Sallad is nothing but Thistles and Nettles; and thy Oyl stinks worse than Arsefetito.

Har.

Har. Bread and Wine be our Fare. Ha! the Bread's alive. [Bread stirs.]

Scar. Or the Devil's in't. Hey! again. Bread sinks.

Har. My Belly's as empty as a Beggar's Purse.

Scar. And mine as full of Wind as a Trumpeter's Checks.

[Table sinks, and Flash of Lightning.]

But since we can't Eat, let's Drink: Come, here's Dr. Faustus's Health.

Har. Ay, come; God blefs Dr. Faustus.

[Bottles fly up, and the Table sinks.]

Scar. What all gone: Here's a Banquet stole away like a City Feast. [Musick.]

Har. Ha! here's Musick to delight us.

[Two Chairs rises. Harlequin and Scaramouche sits down, and are caught fast.]

Scar. Ha! the Devil. We are lock'd in.

Har. As fast as a Counter Rat.

Enter several Devils, who black Harlequin and Scaramouche's Faces, and then squirt Milk upon them. After the Dance they both sink.

Scar. and Har. O'o, o'—

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE a Wood.

Mephistopholis and Dr. Faustus.

Faust. **H**OW have I been delighted by thy Art; and in Twelve Years have seen the utmost Limits of the spacious World; feasted my self with all Varieties; pleasur'd my Fancy with my Magick Art, and liv'd sole Lord o'er every Thing I wish'd for.

Meph. Ay, Faustus, is it not a splendid Life?

Faust. It is my Spirit; but prithee now retire, while I repose

pose my self within this Shade, and when I wake attend on me again.

Meph. Faust, I will. [Exit.]

Faust. What art thou, Faustus, but a Man condemn'd. Thy Lease of Years expire apace; and, Faustus, then thou must be Lucifers: Here rest my Soul, and in my Sleep my future State be buried.

Good and bad Angel descends.

Good An. Faustus, sweet Faustus, yet remember Heav'n. Oh! think upon the everlasting Pain thou must endure, for all thy short Space of Pleasure.

Bad An. Illusions, Fancies, Faustus; think of Earth.

The Kings thou shalt command: The Pleasures Rule. Be, Faustus, not a whining, pious Fool. [Ascend.]

Enter Horse-courser.

Horf. Oh! what a couz'ning Doctor was this: I riding my Horse into the Water, thinking some hidden Mystery had been in 'em, found my self on a Bundle of Straw, and was drag'd by Something in the Water, like a Bailiff through a Horse-pond. Ha! he's a Sleep: So ho, Mr. Doctor, so ho. Why Doctor, you couz'ning, wheedling, hypocritical, cheating, chousing, Son of a Whore; awake, rise, and give me my Money again, for your Horse is turn'd into a Bottle of Hay. Why Sirrah, Doctor; 'sfoot I think he's dead. Why Doctor Scab; you mangy Dog. [pulls him by the Leg.]

'Zounds I'm undone, I have pull'd his Leg off.

Faust. O help! the Villain has undone me; Murder.

Horf. Murder, or not Murder, now he has but one Leg I'll out-run him. [Exit.]

Faust. Stop, stop him; ha, ha, ha, Faustus has his Leg again, and the Horse-courser a Bundle of Hay for his Forty Dollars. Come, Mephistopholis, let's now attend the Emperor. [Exit Faust, and Meph.]

Enter Horse-courser, and Cartor, with Pots of Ale.

Cart. Here's to thee; and now I'll tell thee what I came hither for: You have heard of a Conjuror they call Doctor Faustus.

Horf. Heard of him, a Plague take him, I have Cause to know him; has he play'd any Pranks with you?

Cart. I'll tell thee, as I was going to the Market a while ago,

ago, with a Load of Hay, he met me, and askt me, What he should give me for as much Hay as his Horſe would Eat : Now, Sir, I thinking that a little would ſerve his Turn, bad him take as much as he would for Three Farthings.

Horſ. So.

Carr. So he preſently gave me Mony, and fell to Eating : And as I'm a curſen Man, he never left Yeating and Yeating, 'till he had eaten up my whole Load of Hay.

Horſ. Now you ſhall hear how he ſerv'd me : I went to him Yeſterday to buy a Horſe of him, which I did ; and he bad me be ſure not to ride him into the Water.

Carr. Good.

Horſ. Ad's Wounds 'twas Bad, as you ſhall hear : For I thinking the Horſe had ſome rare Quality, that he would not have me know, what do me I but rides him in the Water ; and when I came juſt in the midſt of the River, I found my ſelf a Straddle on a Bottle of Hay.

Carr. O rare Doctor !

Horſ. But you ſhall hear how I ſerv'd him bravely for it ; for finding him a Sleep juſt now in a By-Field, I whoop'd and hollow'd in his Ears, but could not wake him ; ſo I took hold of his Leg, and never left pulling till I had pull'd it quite off.

Carr. And has the Doctor but one Leg then ? That's Rare. But come, this is his Houſe, let's in and ſee for our Mony ; look you, we'll pay as we come back.

Horſ. Done, done ; and when we have got our Mony let's laugh at his one Leg : Ha, ha, ha. [*Exeunt Laughing.*]

Enter Hoſtels.

Hoſt. What have the Rogues left my Pots, and run away, without paying their Reck'ning ? I'll after 'em, cheating Villains, Rogues, Cut-purſes ; rob a poor Woman, cheat the Spittle, and rob the King of his Excife ; a parcel of Ruſtick, Clowniſh, Pedantical, High-ſhoo'd, Plow-jobbing, Cart-driving, Pinch-back'd, Paralytick, Fumbling, Grumbling, Bel-lowing, Yellowing, Peas-picking, Stinking, Mangy, Runagate, Ill-begotten, Ill-contriv'd, Wry-mouth'd, Spatriffying, Dunghill-raking, Coſtive, Snorting, Sweaty, Farting, Whaw-drover Dogs. [*Exit.*]

Enter

Enter Faustus.

Fauſt. My Time draws near, and 20 Years are paſt : I have but Four poor Twelve Months for my Life, and then I am damn'd for ever.

Enter an Old Man.

Old M. O gentle *Fauſtus*, leave this damn'd Art ; this Magick, that will charm thy Soul to Hell, and quite bereave thee of Salvation : Though thou haſt now offended like a Man, do not, oh ! do not perſiſt in't like a Devil. It may be this my Exhortation ſeems harſh, and all unpleaſant ; let it not, for, gentle Son, I ſpeak in tender Love and Pity of thy future Miſery ; and ſo have hope that this my kind Rebuke, checking thy Body, may preſerve thy Soul.

Fauſt. Where art thou, *Fauſtus* ? Wretch, what haſt thou done ? O Friend, I feel thy Words to comfort my diſtreſſed Soul ; retire, and let me ponder on my Sins.

Old M. *Fauſtus*, I leave thee, but with grief of Heart, Fearing thy Enemy will near depart. [*Exit.*]

Enter Mephoſtopholis.

Meph. Thou Traytor, I arreſt thee for Diſobedience to thy Sovereign Lord ; revolt, or I'll in piece-meal tear thy Fleſh.

Fauſt. I do repent I e'er offended him ; torment, ſweet Friend, that old Man that durſt diſſwade me from thy *Lucifer*.

Meph. His Faith is great, I cannot touch his Soul ; but what I can afflict his Body with I will.

Enter Horſe-courſer and Carrer.

Horſ. We are come to drink a Health to your wooden Leg.

Fauſt. My wooden Leg ; what doſt thou mean, Friend ?

Horſ. Ha, ha ! he has forgot his Leg.

Carr. Pſha, 'tis not a Leg he ſtands upon. Pray, let me ask you one Queſtion ; Are both your Legs Bed-fellows ?

Fauſt. Why doſt thou ask ?

Carr. Becauſe I believe you have a good Companion of one.

Horſ. Why, don't you remember I pull'd off one o' your Legs when you were a Sleep ?

Fauſt. But I have it again now I am awake.

D 2

Carr.

Car. Ad's Wounds, had the Doctor three Legs! — You, Sir, don't you remember you gave a Penny for as much Hay as your Horse would eat, and then eat up my whole Load.

Horf. Look you, Mr. Doctor, you must not carry it off so; I come to have the Money again I gave for the Ho-o-o-
[*Faustus waves his Wand.*]

Car. And I come to be paid for my Load of Ha-a-a.

Enter Hostels.

Horf. O Mr. Doctor! do you harbour Rogues that billk poor Folks, and wont pay their Reck'nings? Who must pay me for my A-a-a-a
[*Waves again.*]

Enter Scaramouche.

Scar. Mr. Doctor, I can't be quiet for your Devil Mr. Me-o-o—
[*Waves again.*]

[*Exeunt Faustus and Mephistopholis. They all stare at one-another, and so go off, crying O, o, o, o- to the Emperor's Pallace.*]

Enter Emperor, Faustus, Gent. Guards. Benoolio above.

Emp. Wonder of Men, thrice Learned *Faustus*, Renowned Magician, welcome to our Court; and as thou late didst promise us, I would behold the Famous *Alexander* fighting with his great Rival *Darius*, in their true Shapes, and State Majestical.

Faust. Your Majesty shall see 'em presently.

Ben. If thou bringst *Alexander*, or *Darius* here, I'll be content to be *Alteon*, and turn my self to a Stag.

Faust. And I'll play *Diana*, and send you the Horns presently.

Enter Darius and Alexander; they Fight: Darius falls.

Alexander takes his Crown, and puts it on his Head.

[*Exit. Darius sinks.*]

Faust. Away, be gon; see, my Gracious Lord, what Beast is that that thrusts his Head out of yon Window.

Emp. O wondrous Sight! see two Horns on young *Benoolio's* Head; call him, Lords.

Lord. What, ho! *Benoolio.*

Ben. A Plague upon you, let me Sleep.

Lord. Look up, *Benoolio*, 'tis the Emperor calls.

Ben.

Ben. The Emperor; O my Head.

Faust. And thy Horns hold, 'tis no matter for thy Head.

Ben. Doctor, this is your Villany.

Faust. O say not so, Sir; the Doctor has no Skill, if he bring *Alexander* or *Darius* here you'll be *Alteon*, and turn to a Stag: Therefore, if it please your Majesty, I'll bring a Kennel of Hounds to hunt him. Ho! *Helmer, Argiron, Asterot.*

Ben. Hold, he'll raise a Kennel of Devils. Good, my Lord, intreat.

Emp. Prithce remove his Horns, he has done Penance enough.

Faust. Away; and remember hereafter you speak well of Scholars.

Ben. If Scholars be such Cuckolds to put Horns upon honest Mens Heads, I'll ne'er trust Smooth-face and Small-band more: But if I been't reveng'd, may I be turn'd to a Gaping Oyster, and drink nothing but Salt-water.

Emp. Come, *Faustus*, in recompence of this high Desert, Thou shalt command the State of *Germany*, and live belov'd of mighty *Carolus.* [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE a Garden.

Lord. Nay, sweet *Benoolio*, let us sway thy Thoughts from this Attempt against the Conjuror.

Ben. My Head is lighter than it was by the Horns: And yet my Heart's more pond'rous than my Head, And pants, until I see the Conjuror dead.

2 Lord. Consider, *Benoolio*, if thou wilt, I will buy thee a new Head.

Benoolio. Away, I will wade me not, he comes. [*Draws.*]

Enter Faustus with a false Head.

Now Sword strike home: For Horns he gave, I'll have his Head anon.

Runs Faustus through, he falls.

Benoolio. Oh, how I will love to see his Head! *Benoolio.* Good you, Mr. Doctor, now for his Head! [*Cuts his Head off.*]

Lord. Struck with a willing Hand.

Ben.

Ben. First, on this Scull, in quittance of my Wrongs, I'll nail huge forked Horns within the Window where he yoa'k'd me first, that all the World may see my just Revenge; and thus having settled his Head —

Faust. What shall the Body do, Gentlemen.

Ben. The Devil's alive again?

Lord. Give the Devil his Head again.

Faust. Nay, keep it; *Faustus* will have Heads and Hands: I call your Hearts to recompence this Deed.

Ho; Afteroth, Belinooth, Mephostopholis.

Enter Devils, and Horse 'em upon others.

Go Horse these Traytors on your fiery Backs.
Drag 'em through Dirt and Mud, through Thorns and Briers.

Lord. Pity us, gentle *Faustus*, save our Lives.

Faust. Away.

Ben. He must needs go whom the Devil drives.

[Spirits fly away. Exit Faustus.]

SCENE a Hall.

Enter Harlequin in a Beggar's Habit.

Harl. I find this *Scaramouche* is a Villain; he has left the Doctor, and is come to be Steward to a rich Widdow, whose Husband dyed Yesterday, and here he is coming to give the Poor their Doles, of which I'll ha' my Share.

Scaramouche, and poor People, with a Basket of Bread and Money.

Scar. Come hither, poor Devils; stand in Order, and be Damn'd. I come to distribute what your deceased good Master hath bequeath'd. *[They all stare at Scar.]*

Harl. God bless you, Mr. Steward.

Scar. Let me tell you, Gentlemen, he was as good a Man as ever piss'd, or cry'd Stand on the High-way.

[Scaramouche takes out a Loaf and a Shilling, holds it out, and Harlequin takes it.]

He spent a good Estate, 'tis true; but he was no Body's Foe but his own. I never left him while he was worth a Groat. *[Again.]* He would now and then Curse in his Passion, and give a Soul to the Devil, or so; yet, what of that? He always paid his Club, and no Man can say he owes this.

this. *[Again.]* He had a Cole's Tooth, and over-laid one of his Maids; yet, what of that? All Flesh is frail. *[Again.]* 'Tis thought that her Body workt him off on his Legs; why, what of that? his Legs were his own, and his Arle never hung in your Light. *[Again.]* Sometimes, you'll say, he wou'd rap out an Oath; what then, Words are but Wind, and he meant no more harm than a sucking Pig does by squeaking. *[Again.]* Now let's consider his good Deeds; he brew'd a Firkin of strong Drink for the poor every Year, and kill'd an old Ram every Easter: The Meat that was stale, and his Drink that was sowre, was always yours. *[Again.]* He allow'd you in Harvest to Glean after his Rake. *[Again.]* And now, at his Death, has given you all this. *[Again.]*

Scar. So, setting the Hare's Head against the Goose Giblets, he was a good Hospitable Man; and much good may do you, with what you had.

Poor. I have had nothing.

2 Poor. Nor I. *3 Pd.* Nor I. *4 Pd.* Nor I.

Scar. Nothing.

All. Nothing, nothing.

Scar. Nothing, nothing; you lying Rogues, then there's something for you. *[Beats 'em all off.]*

Enter Harlequin in a Cloak, laughing.

Har. So now I am Victual'd, I may hold out Siege against Hunger. *[A Noise within; this way, this way.]*

Ha! they are hunting after me, and will kill me. Let me see, I will take this Gibbet for my Preserver, and with this long Cloak make as if I were hang'd. Now, when they find a Man hang'd, not knowing me in this Disguise, they'll look no farther after me, but think the Thief's hang'd. — I hear 'em coming. *[Throws himself off the Ladder.]*

Enter Scaramouche.

Scar. Ha! what's here, a Man hang'd? But what Paper is this in his Hand?

[Whilst Scaramouche reads, Harlequin puts the Rope over him.]

I have cheated the Poor of their Money, and took the Bread out of their Mouths, for which I was much troubled in Conscience, fell into Dispair, and, as you see, hang'd my self.

[Pulls him up, and runs out.]
O the

O the Devil! Murder, murder!

Enter Poor.

Poor. O Neighbours, here hangs the Rogue.

Scar. Help me down?

Poor. No, you are very well as you are.

Scar. Don't you know me?

Poor. Ay, for a Rogue; e'en finish your Work, and save the Hang-man a Labour. Yet, now I think on't, self-murder is a crying Sin, and may damn his Soul. Come, Neighbours, we'll take him down, and have him hang'd according to Law. *[When he's down he trips up their Heels, and rises out, they after him.]*

All. Stop Thief, stop Thief.

Thunder and Lightning; Lucifer, Beelzebub, and Mephistopholis.

Luc. Thus from the infernal *Dix* do we ascend, bringing with us the Deed; the Time is come which makes it forcit.

Enter Faustus, an old Man, and a Scholar.

Old M. Yet, *Faustus*, call on Heav'n.

Faust. Oh! 'tis too late; behold, they lock my Hands.

Old M. Who, *Faustus*?

Faust. *Lucifer* and *Mephistopholis*; I gave 'em my Soul for Four and twenty Years.

Old M. Heav'n forbid.

Fau. Ay, Heav'n forbid it indeed, but *Faustus* has done it; for the vain Pleasure of Four and twenty Years, *Faustus* has lost eternal Joy and Felicity: I writ 'em a Bill with my own Blood, the Date is expired; this is the Time, and they are come to fetch me.

Old M. Why would not *Faustus* tell me of that before?

Faust. I oft intended it, but the Devil threat'ned to tear me in Pieces. O Friend, retire, and save your self.

Old M. I'll into the next Room, and their pray for thee.

Faust. Ay, pray for me; and what Noise soever you hear stir not, for nothing can rescue me.

Old M. Pray thou, and I'll pray. Adieu.

Faust. If I live till Morning I'll visit you; if not, *Faustus* is gon to Hell. *[Exit old Man and Scholar.]*

Meph. Ay, *Faustus*, now thou hast no hopes on Heav'n.

Faust.

Faust. O thou bewitching Fiend; 'twas thou, and thy Temptations, hath rob'd me of eternal Happinefs.

Meph. I do confess it, *Faustus*, and rejoyce. What weep'st thou, 'tis too late; hark to thy Knell: Fools that will Laugh on Earth, must Weep in Hell.

Ent.

Good and bad Angel descend.

Good An. O *Faustus*, if thou hadst given Ear to me, Innumerable Joys had followed thee: But thou didst love the World.

Bad An. Gave Ear to me, and now must taste Hell's Pains perpetual.

Throne of Heaven appears.

Good An. Had'st thou affected sweet Divinity, Hell, nor the Devil, had no Power on thee. Had'st thou kept on that way, *Faustus*, behold in what re-splendid Glory thou had'st sat; that hast thou Lost. And now, poor Soul, must thy good Angel leave: The Jaws of Hell are ready to receive thee. *[Ascend.]*

Hell is discovered.

Bad An. Now, *Faustus*, let thy Eyes with Horror stare Into that Vast perpetual torturing House.

Faust. O I have seen enough to torture me.

Bad An. Nay thou must feel 'em, taste the Smart of all. He that loves Pleasure must for Pleasure fall:

And so I leave thee, *Faustus*, till anon.

Thou'lt tumble into Confusion. *[Descend.]*

The Clock strikes Eleven.

Faust. Now, *Faustus*, hast thou but one bear Hour to Live, And then thou must be Damn'd perpetually: Stand still you ever-moving Spheres of Heav'n, That Time may cease, and Mid-night never come. Or let this Hour be but a Year, a Month, a Week, a natural Day; that *Faustus* may repent, and save his Soul. Mountains and Hills come, come, and fall on me, and hide me from the heavy Wrath of Heav'n. Gape Earth; Oh no, it will not harbour me. *[The Clock strikes.]*

Oh! half the Hour is past; 'twill all be past anon. Oh! if my Soul must suffer for my Sin, impose some end to my incessant

The Life and Death

cessant Pain. Let *Faustus* live in Hell a Thousand Years, an
 Hundred thousand, and at last be fav'd. [*Strikes Twelve.*
 No End is limited to damn'd Souls: It strikes, it strikes.
 Now, Body, turn to Air, to Earth, or Water. Oh! avoid the
 Fire: They come. Oh! mercy, Heaven; ugly Hell gape
 not. Come not *Lusifer*; O *Mephostophilis*.
 [*Sink with Devils. Thunder.*

Enter old Man and Scholar.

Old M. Come, Friend, let's visit *Faustus*: For such a
 dreadful Night was never seen.

Scene discovers Faustus's Limbs.

Schol. O help us, Heav'n; see here are *Faustus's* Limbs,
 All torn asunder by the Hand of Hell.

Old M. May this a fair Example be to all,
 To avoid such Ways which brought poor *Faustus's* Fall.
 And whatsoever Pleasure does invite,
 Sell not your Souls to purchase vain Delight.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Hell.

Faustus Limbs come together. A Dance, and Song.

F I N I S.