

## Semester II (Major &amp; Allied)

**CORE III – Poetry I** - Text : ELIXIR- An Anthology of Poems -Emerald Publication

UNIT I : 1. Good Morrow - John Donne 2. One Day I wrote her Name - Edmund Spenser

UNIT II : 3. Sonnet 18 - William Shakespeare 4. The Temptations - John Milton

UNIT III : 5. The Tyger - William Blake 6. To Sleep - William Wordsworth

UNIT IV : 7. Kubla Khan - Samuel Taylor Coleridge 8. Ode to a Skylark - Percy Bysshe Shelley

UNIT V : 9. Ode to Autumn - John Keats 10. The Lotus Eaters - Lord Alfred Tennyson

**CORE IV –Drama – I** Detailed: UNIT I *Dr. Faustus* - Christopher Marlowe

UNIT II *She Stoops to Conquer* – Oliver Goldsmith

Non-Detailed: UNIT III *The Alchemist* – Ben Jonson

UNIT IV *The Rivals* – R.B.Sheridan UNIT V *Strife* - John Galsworthy (Macmillan)

**Allied Paper –II : History of English Literature.**

UNIT I : 1. The Age of Chaucer 2.The Age of Shakespeare – Verse, Drama and Prose.

UNIT II : 3.The Age of Milton – Milton 4.The Age of Dryden- Verse, Drama and Prose

UNIT III : 5.The Age of Pope- Verse, Drama and Prose

6.The Age of Johnson-General Prose and the Novel

UNIT IV : 7.The Age of Wordsworth-The older Poets , the Younger Poets.

8.The Age of Tennyson-Verse, General Prose and The Novel.

UNIT V : 9.The Age of Hardy 10.The Present Age.

Book Prescribed: An Outline History of English Literature. by William Henry Hudson.

PART IV – Value Education – Human Rights

**The Good-Morrow - BY JOHN DONNE**

I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I  
 Did, till we loved? Were we not weaned till then?  
 But sucked on country pleasures, childishly?  
 Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers' den?  
 'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be.  
 If ever any beauty I did see,  
 Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,  
 Which watch not one another out of fear;  
 For love, all love of other sights controls,  
 And makes one little room an everywhere.  
 Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,  
 Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown,  
 Let us possess one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,  
 And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;  
 Where can we find two better hemispheres,  
 Without sharp north, without declining west?  
 Whatever dies, was not mixed equally;  
 If our two loves be one, or, thou and I  
 Love so alike, that none do slacken, none can die.

**Analysis:** *The Good-morrow* is one of Donne's happy love songs, celebrating the joys of a completely unified love. We can compare it, therefore, with *The Sunne Rising* and *The Extasie*. If the lovers are so unchanging in their love, they will achieve immortality, since only what changes, dies. The poem is

driven by a central image: that the two lovers make up a complete world. Nothing really exists outside of their world; it is self-sufficient, self-absorbing.

**The first stanza :** In the first stanza, the speaker, who is one of the lovers talking to his partner, looks back to when they were not in love. That time seems unreal. They were children, naïve, asleep even. Whatever pleasures they experienced were mere unrealities ('fancies') compared to what they have now. Any beauty (we presume any female beauty) was, again, a mere dream to be set against the present intense and concrete reality.

**The second stanza :** The second stanza of the poem suggests that the lovers have woken now into true reality, out of the shadows of night. In fact, they make their own reality. The room where they are in bed is their world, and nothing exists outside its walls. Yes, the poet says, there may be worlds out there: let discoverers go and find them or map-makers draw them, but let us use our time possessing our own private world.

**The third stanza :** One complete world suggests that each is a hemisphere perfectly complementing the other. The poet concludes by suggesting that if they can stay totally constant as lovers, then they cannot die, since, according to current thinking, only what is contrary or of different measure can disintegrate. A perfect harmony or completeness will be theirs.

**The Metaphysical poets:** (Wrote between 1590 and 1680.)

The term metaphysical poets was coined by the critic Samuel Johnson to describe a loose group of 17th-century English poets whose work was characterized by the inventive use of conceits, and by a greater emphasis on the spoken rather than lyrical quality of their verse. They did not call themselves Metaphysical poets. But were given this name by later writers because their poetry dealt with philosophical speculation and abstract ideas. They were mostly influenced by John Donne although he made no attempt to gather a group of poets round him.

Amoretti LXXV: One Day I Wrote her Name BY EDMUND SPENSER

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,  
 But came the waves and washed it away:  
 Again I wrote it with a second hand,  
 But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.  
 "Vain man," said she, "that dost in vain assay,  
 A mortal thing so to immortalize;  
 For I myself shall like to this decay,  
 And eke my name be wiped out likewise."  
 "Not so," (quod I) "let baser things devise  
 To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:  
 My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,  
 And in the heavens write your glorious name:  
 Where when as death shall all the world subdue,  
 Our love shall live, and later life renew."

**Analysis:** Edmund Spenser's *Amoretti* is one of the greatest of the Elizabethan sonnet sequences. Sonnet LXXV from Amoretti, beginning 'One day I wrote her name upon the strand', is probably the most famous poem in the cycle, and deserves closer analysis for its innovative use of a popular conceit.

The poem gives a vivid picture: the couple is along the seaside, the man is trying to write the lady's name on the sand, but waves come and wash it away. Then he writes again, but all in vain. The lady persuades him to give up and says that as time passes, she will also die just as the name wiped out by tide. But the man holds a different point of view: He believes his verses will make her immortal. The poet wrote his beloved's name on the beach one day, but the waves came in and washed the name away. He wrote his beloved's name out a second time, but again the tide came in and obliterated it, as if deliberately targeting the poet's efforts ('pains') with its destructive waves.

Spenser metaphorically compares tide rising and falling to the process of life. The poet personifies the seawater to a beast and compares the “name” to “his pray”, which implies that time and tide wait for no man, and that everyone is doomed to die. The lady in this poem feels insecure about time fleeting, while the man insists on “our love shall live, and later life renew”.

### Sonnet XVIII – William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?	Shall I compare you to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:	You are more lovely and more constant:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,	Rough winds shake the beloved buds of May
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:	And summer is far too short:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,	At times the sun is too hot,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;	Or often goes behind the clouds;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,	And everything beautiful sometime will lose its beauty,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;	By misfortune or by nature's planned out course.
But thy eternal summer shall not fade	But your youth shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;	Nor will you lose the beauty that you possess;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,	Nor will death claim you for his own,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;	Because in my eternal verse you will live forever.
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,	So long as there are people on this earth,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.	So long will this poem live on, making you immortal.

**Analysis:** **Sonnet 18** is the best known and most well-loved of all **154** sonnets. It is also one of the most straightforward in language and intent. The stability of love and its power to immortalize the subject of the poet's verse is the theme.

The speaker opens the poem with a question addressed to the beloved: “Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?” The next eleven lines are devoted to such a comparison. In line 2, the speaker shows what mainly differentiates the young man from the summer’s day: he is “more lovely and more temperate.” During summer, the sun shines too hot, or too dim. And summer is fleeting: its date is too short, and it leads to the withering of autumn, as “every fair from fair sometime declines.” The final part of the sonnet tells how the beloved differs from the summer in that respect: his beauty will last forever and never die. In the couplet, the speaker explains how the beloved’s beauty will accomplish this feat, and not perish because it is preserved in the poem, which will last forever.

### Selections from *Paradise Lost - The Temptation* - John Milton (1608–1674)

From *Paradise Lost*, Book IX.

THE SUN was sunk, and after him the star  
 Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring  
 Twilight upon the Earth, short arbiter  
 'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end  
 Night's hemisphere had veiled the horizon round:                   5  
 When Satan, who late fled before the threats  
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved  
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent  
 On Man's destruction, maugre what might hap  
 Of heavier on himself, fearless returned.                   10  
 By night he fled, and at midnight returned  
 From compassing the Earth;

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

The orb he roamed  
 With narrow search; and with inspection deep  
 Considered every creature, which of all

Most opportune might serve his wiles; and found 15  
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.  
 Him, after long debate, irresolute  
 Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose  
 Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom  
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide 20  
 From sharpest sight: for, in the wily snake  
 Whatever sleights, none would suspicious mark,  
 As from his wit and native subtlety  
 Proceeding; which, in other beasts observed,  
 Doubt might beget of diabolic power 25  
 Active within, beyond the sense of brute.

\* \* \* \* \*

For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend,  
 Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come;  
 And on his quest, where likeliest he might find  
 The only two of mankind, but in them 30  
 The whole included race, his purposed prey.  
 In bower and field he sought where any tuft  
 Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,  
 Their tendance, or plantation for delight;  
 By fountain or by shady rivulet 35  
 He sought them both, but wished his hap might find  
 Eve separate; he wished, but not with hope  
 Of what so seldom chanced; when to his wish,  
 Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,  
 Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood, 40  
 Half spied, so thick the roses blushing round  
 About her glowed.

\* \* \* \* \*

"She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods.  
 Not terrible, though terror be in love  
 And beauty, not approached by stronger hate, 45  
 Hate stronger, under show of love well feigned;  
 The way which to her ruin now I tend."

So spake the enemy of mankind, inclosed  
 In serpent, inmate bad! and toward Eve  
 Addressed his way: not with indented wave, 50  
 Prone on the ground, as since; but on his rear,  
 Circular base of rising folds, that towered  
 Fold above fold, a surging maze! his head  
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;  
 With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect 55  
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass  
 Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape  
 And lovely; never since of serpent-kind  
 Lovelier.

\* \* \* \* \*

So varied he, and of his tortuous train                   60  
 Curled many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,  
 To lure her eye; she, busied, heard the sound  
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used  
 To such disport before her through the field,  
 From every beast; more duteous at her call,             65  
 Than at Circean call the herd disguised.  
 He, bolder now, uncalled before her stood,  
 But as in gaze admiring: oft he bowed  
 His turret crest, and sleek enamelled neck,  
 Fawning; and licked the ground whereon she trod.       70  
 His gentle dumb expression turned at length  
 The eye of Eve, to mark his play; he, glad  
 Of her attention gained, with serpent-tongue  
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air,  
 His fraudulent temptation thus began.                 75  
 “Wonder not, sovran mistress, if perhaps  
 Thou canst who art sole wonder! much less arm  
 Thy looks, the Heaven of mildness, with disdain,  
 Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze  
 Insatiate; I thus single; nor have feared             80  
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.  
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,  
 Thee all things living gaze on all things thine  
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore  
 With ravishment beheld! there best beheld,           85  
 Where universally admired; but here  
 In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,  
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,  
 Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who should be seen     90  
 A goddess among gods, adored and served  
 By angels numberless, thy daily train.”  
 So glozed the tempter, and his proem tuned:  
 Into the heart of Eve his words made way.  
 \*     \*     \*     \*     \*

[After some discourse, the Tempter praises the Tree of Knowledge.]

So standing, moving, or to height up grown,  
 The tempter, all impassioned, thus began.             95  
 “O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,  
 Mother of science! now I feel thy power  
 Within me clear; not only to discern  
 Things in their causes, but to trace the ways  
 Of highest agents, deemed however wise.             100  
 Queen of this universe! do not believe  
 Those rigid threats of death: ye shall not die:  
 How should you? by the fruit? it gives you life  
 To knowledge; by the threatener? look on me,

Me, who have touched and tasted; yet both live,                   105  
 And life more perfect have attained than Fate  
 Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.  
 Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast  
 Is open? or will God incense his ire  
 For such a petty trespass? and not praise                   110  
 Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain  
 Of death denounced, whatever thing death be,  
 Deterred not from achieving what might lead  
 To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;  
 Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil                   115  
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunned?  
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;  
 Not just, not God: not feared then, nor obeyed:  
 Your fear itself of death removes the fear.  
 Why then was this forbid? Why, but to awe;                   120  
 Why, but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
 His worshippers? He knows that in the day  
 Ye eat thereof, your eyes, that seem so clear,  
 Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then  
 Opened and cleared, and ye shall be as gods,                   125  
 Knowing both good and evil, as they know.  
 That ye shall be as gods, since I as Man,  
 Internal Man, is but proportion meet;  
 I, of brute, human; ye, of human, gods.  
 So ye shall die, perhaps, by putting off                   130  
 Human, to put on gods; death to be wished,  
 Though threatened, which no worse than this can bring.  
 And what are gods, that man may not become  
 As they, participating godlike food?  
 The gods are first, and that advantage use                   135  
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds:  
 I question it; for this fair Earth I see,  
 Warmed by the Sun, producing every kind;  
 Them, nothing: if they all things, who inclosed  
 Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,                   140  
 That whoso eats thereof forthwith attains  
 Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies  
 The offence, that man should thus attain to know?  
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree  
 Impart against his will, if all be his?                   145  
 Or is it envy? and can envy dwell  
 In heavenly breasts?—These, these, and many more  
 Causes import your need of this fair fruit.  
 Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.”

**John Milton** was an English poet, polemicist, man of letters, and a civil servant for the commonwealth of England under Oliver Cromwell. He wrote at a time of religious flux and political upheaval, and is best known for his epic poem *paradise Lost* (1667) written in blank verse. God created the world and

his first best creation Adam and Eve to live in. He also created one evil character ‘Satan’. Satan always tried to destroy hierarchy of Heaven. He decided to spoil the best creation of god. One day Satan came as a serpent to the garden of paradise. Adam and Eve argued about dividing labor and finally Eve won. Eve looked very beautiful. Even Satan was attracted by her beauty. Satan praises the beauty of Eve to flatter her “thy looks, the heaven of mildness” Eve was amazed, mesmerized at serpent’s power to speak like man. Satan forgot his revengeful ideas for a moment and lost in the beauty of Eve. But burning hell of jealousy in him reminded him of the revenge, hatred, and envy he has in his mind.

Satan had been trying to tempt Eve by praising her beauty. One day when Eve decided to work in a separate place. Satan who was in search of Eve found Eve working alone. Satan made use of the golden opportunity to tempt her. Finally Eve was tempted by the evil serpent to taste the forbidden fruit. . At the end Satan had won in his temptation.

### **The Tyger - BY WILLIAM BLAKE**

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp,  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears  
And water'd heaven with their tears:  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,  
In the forests of the night:  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

**Analysis :** *The Tyger* (The Tiger) was first published in William Blake’s 1794 volume *Songs of Experience*, which contains many of his most celebrated poems. The *Songs of Experience* was designed to complement Blake’s earlier collection, *Songs of Innocence* (1789). The tiger itself is a symbol for the fierce forces in the soul that are necessary to break the bonds of experience. The tiger also stands for a divine spirit. he poem consists of 6 stanzas. Each of these stanzas is again made up of 4 lines. Hence, the entire poem consists of 24 lines in total.

In the first stanza, the poet sees the tiger and it seems to be glowing in the deep forests where it is roaming in the night time. Then he directly addresses the tiger and speaks to it. He says that its huge dimensions are bound to scare everyone who lays eyes on it. He is sure that no mortal being could have created such a fear-inducing creature. In the second stanza, the poet continues talking to the tiger. He says that when the tiger's eyes glint, they appear to have a fire raging within them. He wonders aloud where such a fire could have been created – whether in the sea or the sky. In the third stanza, the poet imagines the tiger's maker manipulating the ligaments of the tiger's body with his own hands. He then asks how much force his shoulders would have to hold to be able to do that. He also asks what skillful technique would have to be adopted to accomplish this task.

In the fourth stanza, the poet imagines the creator of the tiger to have been a blacksmith. He imagines that the body of the tiger was made in metal with such implements as the hammer and the chain. He also imagines that the brain of the tiger must have been made in the heated temperatures of a furnace. It must have been a terrible sight to watch the tiger being created, and so it must have been a very powerful fist that could grab the tiger in its grasp. In the fifth stanza, the poet imagines that after God had brought the tiger to life, the stars in heaven (who had been engaged in a battle at the time) relinquished their weapons. They were so overwhelmed at the sight of the tiger that they started to weep. The poet wonders whether God had been pleased with his creation of the tiger, and smiled. He also wonders whether it was the same God who had made both the tiger and the lamb.

The last stanza is composed of almost the same words as the first stanza. Only the last line is slightly changed. Instead of asking who could have created the fearsome tiger, the poet asks who would have dared to do so.

#### *To Sleep* - William Wordsworth (1770–1850)

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by  
 One after one; the sound of rain, and bees  
 Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,  
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;—

I've thought of all by turns, and still I lie                    5  
 Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies  
 Must hear, first utter'd from my orchard trees,  
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more I lay,  
 And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:                    10  
 So do not let me wear to-night away:

Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth?  
 Come, blesséd barrier between day and day,  
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

**Analysis :** *To Sleep* is not one of William Wordsworth's best-known poems. Despite its title, 'To Sleep' is not about sleep but is actually about sleeplessness: it's a sonnet which sees Wordsworth listing the various ways he's tried to lull himself to sleep (such as counting sheep), all to no avail. The poet knows that soon he will hear the birds singing outside, and know that he will never get to sleep and it'll be time to get up and go about his daily life again.

Wordsworth is addressing (and so, in a way, personifying) sleep, flattering it in an attempt to persuade it to visit him so that he might be refreshed and rejuvenated ready for tomorrow. Sleep is not just personified (as 'Sleep') but is gendered as female: 'Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!' as the poem's final line has it.



*Kubla Khan* - BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Or, a vision in a dream. A Fragment.  
 In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
 A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
 Through caverns measureless to man  
     Down to a sunless sea.  
 So twice five miles of fertile ground  
 With walls and towers were girdled round;  
 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
 A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
 A mighty fountain momently was forced:  
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:  
 And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
 It flung up momently the sacred river.  
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;  
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
 Ancestral voices prophesying war!  
     The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
     Floated midway on the waves;  
     Where was heard the mingled measure  
     From the fountain and the caves.  
 It was a miracle of rare device,  
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer  
 In a vision once I saw:  
 It was an Abyssinian maid  
 And on her dulcimer she played,  
 Singing of Mount Abora.  
 Could I revive within me  
 Her symphony and song,  
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me,

That with music loud and long,  
 I would build that dome in air,  
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
 And all who heard should see them there,  
 And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
 Weave a circle round him thrice,  
 And close your eyes with holy dread  
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

**Analysis:** Kublai became emperor of China in 1260 and proclaimed the establishment of his own Yuan dynasty in 1271. His capital was Ta-tu (present-day Beijing), but he maintained a summer residence in southeastern Mongolia at K'ai P'ing, also known as Shang-tu or Shangdu and, in Coleridge's poem, as Xanadu.

Coleridge dreams about the great Mongolian ruler Kubla (Kublai) Khan's construction of a stately palace in Xanadu. Upon awakening, he begins writing a poem about the dream. He says walls and towers enclose the Khan's palace and grounds, made up of "twice five miles" (line 6) of land abounding with gardens and winding streams, as well as trees with fragrant blossoms. Down from Xanadu the sacred river Alph runs through caverns on its way to the sea.

A ravine that opens into these caverns cuts a path through cedar trees on a green hill. The ravine reveals a dark and foreboding underworld, like a place where a woman wails "for her demon-lover" (line 16). From this chasm a fountain bursts intermittently, sending up huge rock fragments. Through the chasm runs the sacred river, Alph, down to the "lifeless ocean."

In his palace, Kubla hears--through the din of the tumbling waters and the spewing fountain--the voices of ancestors foretelling war. (One may conclude from the historical background that this part of the poem refers to the time when the Kubla begins to prepare for the battles that would make him emperor of China and the founder of its Yuan dynasty.)

The shadow of the palace casts itself down upon the waves, a shadow that will soon cast itself figuratively over all of China as Kubla Khan extends his sovereignty. How strange it is that the sun bathes the palace while ice encrusts the caves below.

At this point in writing his dream poem, Coleridge receives a visitor, who occupies him for an hour. By the time Coleridge returns to his writing, he has forgotten the rest of his dream. Consequently, he ends the poem by comparing his dream to a song he heard a woman sing, a song which he has also forgotten. This much he does remember: She was singing about Mount Abora to the accompaniment of music she played on a dulcimer.

***Ode to a Skylark* - BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY**

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!  
 Bird thou never wert,  
 That from Heaven, or near it,  
 Pourest thy full heart  
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher  
 From the earth thou springest  
 Like a cloud of fire;  
 The blue deep thou wingest,  
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
 Of the sunken sun,  
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning,  
 Thou dost float and run;  
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
 Melts around thy flight;  
 Like a star of Heaven,  
 In the broad day-light  
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows  
 Of that silver sphere,  
 Whose intense lamp narrows  
 In the white dawn clear  
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air  
 With thy voice is loud,  
 As, when night is bare,  
 From one lonely cloud  
 The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;  
 What is most like thee?  
 From rainbow clouds there flow not  
 Drops so bright to see  
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a Poet hidden  
 In the light of thought,  
 Singing hymns unbidden,  
 Till the world is wrought  
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden  
 In a palace-tower,  
 Soothing her love-laden  
 Soul in secret hour  
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden  
 In a dell of dew,  
 Scattering unbeholden  
 Its a{:e}real hue  
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embower'd  
 In its own green leaves,  
 By warm winds deflower'd,  
 Till the scent it gives  
 Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers  
 On the twinkling grass,  
 Rain-awaken'd flowers,  
 All that ever was  
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, Sprite or Bird,  
 What sweet thoughts are thine:  
 I have never heard  
 Praise of love or wine  
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,  
 Or triumphal chant,  
 Match'd with thine would be all  
 But an empty vaunt,  
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
 Of thy happy strain?  
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
 What shapes of sky or plain?  
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance  
 Languor cannot be:  
 Shadow of annoyance  
 Never came near thee:  
 Thou lovest: but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,  
 Thou of death must deem  
 Things more true and deep  
 Than we mortals dream,  
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,  
 And pine for what is not:  
 Our sincerest laughter  
 With some pain is fraught;  
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
 Hate, and pride, and fear;  
 If we were things born  
 Not to shed a tear,  
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures  
 Of delightful sound,  
 Better than all treasures  
 That in books are found,  
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness  
 That thy brain must know,  
 Such harmonious madness  
 From my lips would flow  
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

**Analysis:** The poem by Shelley is an ode to the “blithe” essence of a singing skylark and how human beings are unable to ever reach that same bliss. The poem begins with the speaker spotting a skylark flying above him. He can hear the song clearly. The bird’s song “unpremeditated,” it is unplanned and beautiful.

Shelley is stunned by the music produced by the bird and entranced by it’s movement as it flies into the clouds and out of sight. Although he can no longer see it, he is still able to hear it and feel it’s presence. The bird represents a pure, unbridled happiness that Shelley is desperately seeking. This desperation comes through in the next stanzas.

The poet then embarks on a number of metaphors through which he is hoping to better understand what the bird is and what he can accurately compare it to. He sees the bird as a “high-born maiden” that serenades her lover below her and spring, or “vernal,” showers that rain on the flowers below. The skylark is like “rainbow clouds” and the epitome of all “Joyous” things.

The next section of the ode is used to ask the skylark to reveal what inspires it to such glorious song. Is it, the poet asks, “fields, or waves, or mountains?” Could it be, he speculates, “shapes of sky or plain?” Whatever it may be, Shelley has never seen anything that could force such sounds from his own voice. He states that for a creature to have the ability to sing in such a way, it must know nothing of sorrow or “annoyance.” The bird must have the ability to see beyond life, understand death, and feel no concern about it. This is why humans may never reach the same state of happiness that the skylark exists within. “We” pine for things that we do not have, and even our “sweetest songs” are full of the “saddest thought[s].”

The poem concludes with the poet pleading with the bird to “Teach [him] half the gladness / That thy brain must know.” Even that small amount would provide Shelley with the ability to produce “harmonious madness” that would force the world to listen to him must as raptly as he is listening to the skylark now.

### *Ode to Autumn* BY JOHN KEATS

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;  
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;

To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
 Until they think warm days will never cease,  
 For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
 Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
 S pares the next swath and all its twined flowers:  
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
 Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,  
 Thou watchest the last oozi ng hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, Where are they?  
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—  
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
 Among the river shallows, borne aloft  
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft  
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;  
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

**Analysis:** *Ode to Autumn* is one of the most popular poems in the English speaking world and is considered by many critics to be one of Keats's finest creations. It is a shortened ode, a formal poem of meditative reflection.

The poem celebrates autumn as a season of abundance, a season of reflection, a season of preparation for the winter, and a season worthy of admiration. In this poem Keats describes the season of Autumn. The ode is an address to the season. It is the season of the mist and in this season fruits is ripened on the collaboration with the Sun. Autumn loads the vines with grapes. There are apple trees near the moss growth cottage. The season fills the apples with juice. The hazel-shells also grow plumb. These are mellowed. The Sun and the autumn help the flowers of the summer to continue. The bees are humming on these flowers.

They collect honey from them. The beehives are filled with honey. The clammy cells are overflowing with sweet honey. The bees think as if the summer would never end and warm days would continue for a long time. Autumn has been personified and compared to women farmer sitting carefree on the granary floor; there blows a gentle breeze and the hairs of the farmer are fluttering. Again Autumn is a reaper. It feels drowsy and sleeps on the half reaped corn. The poppy flowers have made her drowsy. The Autumn holds a sickle in its hand. It has spared the margin of the stalks intertwined with flowers. Lastly, Autumn is seen as a worker carrying a burden of corn on its head.

The worker balances his body while crossing a stream with a bundle on his head. The Autumn is like an onlooker sitting the juicy oozing for hours. The songs and joys of spring are not found in

Autumn seasons. But Keats says that Autumn has its own music and charm. In an autumn evening mournful songs of the gnats are heard in the willows by the river banks. Besides the bleat of the lambs returning from the grassy hills is heard. The whistle of the red breast is heard from the garden. The grasshoppers chirp and swallow twitters in the sky. This indicates that the winter is coming.

***The Lotos-eaters* BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON**

"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land,  
 "This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."  
 In the afternoon they came unto a land  
 In which it seemed always afternoon.  
 All round the coast the languid air did swoon,  
 Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.  
 Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;  
 And like a downward smoke, the slender stream  
 Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,  
 Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;  
 And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,  
 Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.  
 They saw the gleaming river seaward flow  
 From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,  
 Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,  
 Stood sunset-flush'd: and, dew'd with showery drops,  
 Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown  
 In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale  
 Was seen far inland, and the yellow down  
 Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale  
 And meadow, set with slender galingale;  
 A land where all things always seem'd the same!  
 And round about the keel with faces pale,  
 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,  
 The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,  
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave  
 To each, but whoso did receive of them,  
 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave  
 Far far away did seem to mourn and rave  
 On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,  
 His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;  
 And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,  
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,  
 Between the sun and moon upon the shore;  
 And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,

Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore  
 Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,  
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.  
 Then some one said, "We will return no more";  
 And all at once they sang, "Our island home  
 Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

CHORIC SONG

I

There is sweet music here that softer falls  
 Than petals from blown roses on the grass,  
 Or night-dews on still waters between walls  
 Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;  
 Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,  
 Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;  
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.  
 Here are cool mosses deep,  
 And thro' the moss the ivies creep,  
 And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,  
 And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep."

II

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,  
 And utterly consumed with sharp distress,  
 While all things else have rest from weariness?  
 All things have rest: why should we toil alone,  
 We only toil, who are the first of things,  
 And make perpetual moan,  
 Still from one sorrow to another thrown:  
 Nor ever fold our wings,  
 And cease from wanderings,  
 Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;  
 Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,  
 "There is no joy but calm!"  
 Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

III

Lo! in the middle of the wood,  
 The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud  
 With winds upon the branch, and there  
 Grows green and broad, and takes no care,  
 Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon  
 Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow  
 Falls, and floats adown the air.  
 Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,  
 The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,  
 Drops in a silent autumn night.  
 All its allotted length of days  
 The flower ripens in its place,  
 Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,  
 Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.



## IV

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,  
 Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.  
 Death is the end of life; ah, why  
 Should life all labour be?  
 Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,  
 And in a little while our lips are dumb.  
 Let us alone. What is it that will last?  
 All things are taken from us, and become  
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.  
 Let us alone. What pleasure can we have  
 To war with evil? Is there any peace  
 In ever climbing up the climbing wave?  
 All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave  
 In silence; ripen, fall and cease:  
 Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

## V

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,  
 With half-shut eyes ever to seem  
 Falling asleep in a half-dream!  
 To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,  
 Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;  
 To hear each other's whisper'd speech;  
 Eating the Lotos day by day,  
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,  
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray;  
 To lend our hearts and spirits wholly  
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;  
 To muse and brood and live again in memory,  
 With those old faces of our infancy  
 Heap'd over with a mound of grass,  
 Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

## VI

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,  
 And dear the last embraces of our wives  
 And their warm tears: but all hath suffer'd change:  
 For surely now our household hearths are cold,  
 Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:  
 And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.  
 Or else the island princes over-bold  
 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings  
 Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,  
 And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.  
 Is there confusion in the little isle?  
 Let what is broken so remain.  
 The Gods are hard to reconcile:  
 'Tis hard to settle order once again.  
 There is confusion worse than death,

Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,  
 Long labour unto aged breath,  
 Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars  
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

## VII

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,  
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)  
 With half-dropt eyelid still,  
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,  
 To watch the long bright river drawing slowly  
 His waters from the purple hill—  
 To hear the dewy echoes calling  
 From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—  
 To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling  
 Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!  
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,  
 Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

## VIII

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak:  
 The Lotos blows by every winding creek:  
 All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone:  
 Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone  
 Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust is blown.  
 We have had enough of action, and of motion we,  
 Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething free,  
 Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.  
 Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,  
 In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined  
 On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.  
 For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd  
 Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd  
 Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world:  
 Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,  
 Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,  
 Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.  
 But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song  
 Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,  
 Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong;  
 Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,  
 Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,  
 Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;  
 Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—down in hell  
 Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,  
 Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.  
 Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore  
 Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;  
 O, rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

**Analysis :** This poem is based on the story of Odysseus's mariners described in scroll IX of Homer's *Odyssey*. Homer writes about a storm that blows the great hero's mariners off course as they attempt to journey back from Troy to their homes in Ithaca. They come to a land where people do nothing but eat lotos (the Greek for our English "lotus"), a flower so delicious that some of his men, upon tasting it, lose all desire to return to Ithaca and long only to remain in the Land of the Lotos. Odysseus must drag his men away so that they can resume their journey home. In this poem, Tennyson powerfully evokes the mariners' yearning to settle into a life of peacefulness, rest, and even death.

Odysseus tells his mariners to have courage, assuring them that they will soon reach the shore of their home. In the afternoon, they reach a land "in which it seemed always afternoon" because of the languid and peaceful atmosphere. The mariners sight this "land of streams" with its gleaming river flowing to the sea, its three snow-capped mountaintops, and its shadowy pine growing in the vale.

The mariners are greeted by the "mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters," whose dark faces appear pale against the rosy sunset. These Lotos-eaters come bearing the flower and fruit of the lotos, which they offer to Odysseus's mariners. Those who eat the lotos feel as if they have fallen into a deep sleep; they sit down upon the yellow sand of the island and can hardly perceive their fellow mariners speaking to them, hearing only the music of their heartbeat in their ears. Although it has been sweet to dream of their homes in Ithaca, the lotos makes them weary of wandering, preferring to linger here. One who has eaten of the lotos fruit proclaims that he will "return no more," and all of the mariners begin to sing about this resolution to remain in the land of the Lotos-eaters.

The rest of the poem consists of the eight numbered stanzas of the mariners' choric song, expressing their resolution to stay forever. First, they praise the sweet and soporific music of the land of the Lotos-eaters, comparing this music to petals, dew, granite, and tired eyelids. In the second stanza, they question why man is the only creature in nature who must toil. They argue that everything else in nature is able to rest and stay still, but man is tossed from one sorrow to another. Man's inner spirit tells him that tranquility and calmness offer the only joy, and yet he is fated to toil and wander his whole life.

In the third stanza, the mariners declare that everything in nature is allotted a lifespan in which to bloom and fade. As examples of other living things that die, they cite the "folded leaf, which eventually turns yellow and drifts to the earth, as well as the "full-juiced apple," which ultimately falls to the ground, and the flower, which ripens and fades. Next, in the fourth stanza, the mariners question the purpose of a life of labor, since nothing is cumulative and thus all our accomplishments lead nowhere. They question "what...will last," proclaiming that everything in life is fleeting and therefore futile. The mariners also express their desire for "long rest or death," either of which will free them from a life of endless labor.

The fifth stanza echoes the first stanza's positive appeal to luxurious self-indulgence; the mariners declare how sweet it is to live a life of continuous dreaming. They paint a picture of what it might be like to do nothing all day except sleep, dream, eat lotos, and watch the waves on the beach. Such an existence would enable them peacefully to remember all those individuals they once knew who are now either buried or cremated.

In the sixth stanza, the mariners reason that their families have probably forgotten them anyway, and their homes fallen apart, so they might as well stay in the land of the Lotos-eaters and "let what is broken so remain." Although they have fond memories of their wives and sons, surely by now, after ten years of fighting in Troy, their sons have inherited their property; it will merely cause unnecessary confusion and disturbances for them to return now. Their hearts are worn out from fighting wars and navigating the seas by means of the constellations, and thus they prefer the relaxing death-like existence of the Land of the Lotos to the confusion that a return home would create.

In the seventh stanza, as in the first and fifth, the mariners bask in the pleasant sights and sounds of the island. They imagine how sweet it would be to lie on beds of flowers while watching the

river flow and listening to the echoes in the caves. Finally, the poem closes with the mariners' vow to spend the rest of their lives relaxing and reclining in the "hollow Lotos land." They compare the life of abandon, which they will enjoy in Lotos land, to the carefree existence of the Gods, who could not care less about the famines, plagues, earthquakes, and other natural disasters that plague human beings on earth. These Gods simply smile upon men, who till the earth and harvest crops until they either suffer in hell or dwell in the "Elysian valleys" of heaven. Since they have concluded that "slumber is more sweet than toil," the mariners resolve to stop wandering the seas and to settle instead in the land of the Lotos-eaters.

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

**By Christopher Marlowe From The Quarto of 1604**

### **DRAMATIS PERSONAE.**

THE POPE.

CARDINAL OF LORRAIN.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

DUKE OF VANHOLT.

FAUSTUS.

VALDES, CORNELIUS friends to FAUSTUS.

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.

**Prologue** Enter CHORUS.:

CHORUS. Not marching in the fields of Thrasymene,  
Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthagens; 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 vaunt her heavenly verse: Only this, gentles,—we must now perform  
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad: And now to patient judgments we appeal,  
And speak for Faustus in his infancy. Now is he born of parents base of stock,  
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes: At riper years, to Wittenberg he went,  
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up. So much he profits in divinity,  
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name, Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute  
In th' heavenly matters of theology; Till swoln with cunning, 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 now 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.]

Act I, Scene I - FAUSTUS discovered in his study.:

FAUSTUS. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:  
Having commenc'd, be a divine in show, Yet level at the end of every art,  
And live and die in Aristotle's works. Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou 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 that end:  
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit: Bid Economy farewell, and Galen come:  
Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold, And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure:

Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas, The end of physic is our body's health.  
 Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end? Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,  
 Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague, And thousand desperate maladies been cur'd?  
 Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man. Couldst thou make men 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 legatur duobus, alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.

A petty case of paltry legacies! [Reads.]

Exhoereditare filium non potest pater, nisi, &c. 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.

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 is 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, What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu!

These metaphysics of magicians, And necromantic books are heavenly;

Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters; Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.

O, what a world of profit and delight, Of power, of honour, and 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;

But his dominion that exceeds in this, Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man;

A sound magician is a demigod: Here tire, my brains, to gain a deity.

**Enter WAGNER.:**

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 treasure is contain'd:

Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky, Lord and commander of these elements. [Exeunt ANGELS.]

FAUSTUS. How am I glutted with conceit of this! Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,

Resolve 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, And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;

I'll have them wall all Germany with brass, And make swift Rhine circle fair Wertenberg;

I'll have them fill the public schools with silk, Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;

I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring, And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,

And reign sole king of all the provinces; Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,

Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp-bridge, I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS.:

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,

And make me blest with your sage conference. 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 ravish'd me. Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;  
 And I, that have with subtle syllogisms Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,  
 And made the flowering pride of Wittenberg Swarm to my problems, as th' infernal spirits  
 On sweet Musaeus when he came to hell, Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,  
 Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

VALDES. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,  
 Shall make all nations to canonize us. As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,  
 So shall the spirits of every element Be always serviceable to us three;  
 Like lions shall they guard us when we please; Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,  
 Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides; Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,  
 Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows Than have the white breasts of the queen of love:  
 >From Venice shall they drag huge argosies, And from America the golden fleece  
 That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury; If learned Faustus will be resolute.

FAUSTUS. Valdes, as resolute am I in this As thou to live: therefore object it not.

CORNELIUS. The miracles that magic will perform Will make thee vow to study nothing else.  
 He that is grounded in astrology, Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,  
 Hath all the principles magic doth require: Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,  
 And more frequented for this mystery Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.  
 The spirits tell me they can dry the sea, And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,  
 Yea, all the wealth that our forefathers hid Within the massy entrails of the earth:  
 Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

FAUSTUS. Nothing, Cornelius. O, this cheers my soul!  
 Come, shew me some demonstrations magical, That I may conjure in some bushy grove,  
 And have these joys in full possession.

VALDES. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,  
 And bear wise Bacon's and Albertus' works, The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;  
 And whatsoever else is requisite We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

CORNELIUS. Valdes, first let him know the words of art; And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,  
 Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

VALDES. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments, And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

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. [Exeunt.]

### Act I, Scene ii

Enter two SCHOLARS.:

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

SECOND SCHOLAR. That shall we presently know; here comes his boy. Enter WAGNER.:

FIRST SCHOLAR. How now, sirrah! where's thy master?

WAGNER. God in heaven knows.

SECOND SCHOLAR. Why, dost not thou know, then?

WAGNER. Yes, I know; but that follows not.

FIRST SCHOLAR. Go to, sirrah! leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

WAGNER. That follows not by force of argument, which you, being licentiates, should stand upon:  
 therefore acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

SECOND SCHOLAR. Then you will not tell us?

WAGNER. You are deceived, for I will tell you: yet, if you were  
 not dunces, you would never ask me such a question; for is he not  
 corpus naturale? and is not that mobile? then wherefore should

you ask me such a question? 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 but to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, 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! [Exit.]

FIRST SCHOLAR. O Faustus! Then I fear that which I have long suspected, That thou art fall'n into that damned art For which they two are infamous through the world.

SECOND SCHOLAR. Were he a stranger, not allied to me, The danger of his soul would make me mourn. But, come, let us go and inform the Rector: It may be his grave counsel may reclaim him. <26>

FIRST SCHOLAR. I fear me nothing will reclaim him now.

SECOND SCHOLAR. Yet let us see what we can do. [Exeunt.]

### Act I, Scene iii

Enter FAUSTUS FAUSTUS. Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,  
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look, Leaps from th' antartic 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 anagrammatiz'd,  
Th' abbreviated names of holy saints, Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,  
And characters of signs and erring stars, By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:  
Then fear not, Faustus, to be resolute, And try the utmost magic can perform. [Thunder.]  
Sint mihi dii Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovoe! Ignei, aerii, aquatani spiritus, salvete!  
Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat  
et surgat Mephistophilis Dragon, quod tumeraris: per Jehovam, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam  
quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis  
dicatus Mephistophilis!

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.:

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 MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

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.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS like a Franciscan friar.:

MEPHIST. 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.

MEPHIST. 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?

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

FAUSTUS. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? speak!

MEPHIST. That was the cause, but yet per accidens; For, when we hear one rack 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 Is stoutly to abjure all godliness,  
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.

FAUSTUS. So Faustus hath Already done; and holds this principle,  
There is no chief but only Belzebug; To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.  
This word "damnation" terrifies not me, For I confound hell in Elysium:  
My ghost be with the old philosophers! But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,  
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

MEPHIST. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

FAUSTUS. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

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

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

MEPHIST. 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?

MEPHIST. 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?

MEPHIST. In hell.

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

MEPHIST. 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 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 deprived of the joys of heaven?  
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude, And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.

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 to 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 me of thy master's mind.

MEPHIST. 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 thorough 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 desir'd, I'll live in speculation of this art,  
Till Mephistophilis return again. [Exit.]

#### Act I, Scene iv

Enter WAGNER and CLOWN.:

WAGNER. Come hither, sirrah boy.

CLOWN. Boy! O, disgrace to my person! zounds, boy in your face!

You have seen many boys with beards, I am sure.

WAGNER. Sirrah, hast thou no comings in?

CLOWN. Yes, and goings out too, you may see, sir.



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.

CLOWN. 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, and I will make thee go like Qui mihi discipulus?

CLOWN. What, in verse?

WAGNER. No, slave; in beaten silk and staves-acre.

CLOWN. Staves-acre! that's good to kill vermin: then, belike, if I serve you, I shall be lousy.

WAGNER. Why, so thou shalt be, whether thou dost it or no; 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.

CLOWN. 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 guilders. [Gives money.]

CLOWN. Yes, marry, sir; and I thank you too.

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

CLOWN. Here, take your guilders again; I'll none of 'em.

WAGNER. Not I; thou art pressed: prepare thyself, or I will presently raise up two devils to carry thee away.—Banio! Belcher!

CLOWN. Belcher! an Belcher come here, I'll belch him: I am not afraid of a devil.

Enter two DEVILS.: WAGNER. How now, sir! will you serve me now?

CLOWN. Ay, good Wagner; take away the devil[s], then.

WAGNER. Spirits, away! [Exeunt DEVILS.] Now, sirrah, follow me.

CLOWN. 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.

CLOWN. 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 mayst quasi vestigiis nostris insistere.

CLOWN. Well, sir, I warrant you. [Exeunt.]

## Act II, Scene i

FAUSTUS discovered in his study.: FAUSTUS. Now, Faustus, Must thou needs be damn'd, canst thou not be sav'd. What boots it, then, to think on God or heaven? Away with such vain fancies, and despair; Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub: Now, go not backward, Faustus; be resolute:

Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in mine ear, "Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"

Why, he loves thee not; The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite, Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub: To him I'll build an altar and a church, And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.:

EVIL ANGEL. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art.

GOOD ANGEL. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

FAUSTUS. Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of these?

GOOD ANGEL. O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

EVIL ANGEL. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy, That make men 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 wealth. [Exeunt ANGELS.]

FAUSTUS. Wealth! Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine.

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

Cast no more doubts.—Mephistophilis, come, And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—

Is't not midnight?—come Mephistophilis, And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—

Is't not midnight?—come Mephistophilis, Veni, veni, Mephistophile! Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.:

Now tell me what saith Lucifer, thy lord?

MEPHIST. 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.

MEPHIST. 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?

MEPHIST. Enlarge his kingdom.

FAUSTUS. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

MEPHIST. Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

FAUSTUS. Why, have you any pain that torture others?

MEPHIST. As great as have the human souls of men. But, tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?

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

FAUSTUS. Ay, Mephistophilis, I'll give it thee.

MEPHIST. Then, Faustus, stab thine 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.[Stabbing his arm]Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee, Faustus hath cut his arm, and with his proper blood Assures his soul to be great Lucifer's, Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!

View here this blood that trickles from mine arm, And let it be propitious for my wish.

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

FAUSTUS.[Writing]Ay, so I do. But, Mephistophilis, My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

MEPHIST. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. [Exit.]

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 stay'd! Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul thine own? Then write again, FAUSTUS GIVES TO THEE HIS SOUL

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with the chafer of fire.:

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

FAUSTUS. So, now the blood begins to clear again; Now will I make an end immediately. [Writes.]

MEPHIST. What will not I do to obtain his soul? [Aside.]

FAUSTUS. Consummatum est; this bill is ended, And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer.

But what is this inscription on mine arm? Homo, fuge: whither should I fly?

If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell. 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.

MEPHIST. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind. [Aside, and then exit.]

Enter DEVILS, giving crowns and rich apparel to FAUSTUS. They dance, and then depart.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.: FAUSTUS. What means this show? speak, Mephistophilis.

MEPHIST. 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?

MEPHIST. 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!

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

FAUSTUS. Then hear me read it, Mephistophilis. [Reads.]

ON THESE CONDITIONS FOLLOWING. FIRST, THAT FAUSTUS MAY BE A SPIRIT IN FORM AND SUBSTANCE. SECONDLY, THAT MEPHISTOPHILIS SHALL BE HIS SERVANT, AND BE BY HIM COMMANDED. THIRDLY, THAT MEPHISTOPHILIS SHALL DO FOR HIM, AND BRING HIM WHATSOEVER HE DESIRES. FOURTHLY, THAT HE SHALL BE IN HIS CHAMBER OR HOUSE INVISIBLE. LASTLY, THAT HE SHALL APPEAR TO THE SAID JOHN FAUSTUS, AT ALL TIMES, IN WHAT SHAPE AND FORM SOEVER HE PLEASE. I, JOHN FAUSTUS, OF WITTENBERG, DOCTOR, BY THESE PRESENTS, DO GIVE BOTH BODY AND SOUL TO LUCIFER PRINCE OF THE EAST, AND HIS MINISTER MEPHISTOPHILIS; AND FURTHERMORE GRANT UNTO THEM, THAT, FOUR-AND-TWENTY YEARS BEING EXPIRED, AND THESE ARTICLES ABOVE-WRITTEN BEING INVIOLETE, FULL POWER TO FETCH OR CARRY THE SAID JOHN FAUSTUS, BODY AND SOUL, FLESH AND BLOOD, INTO THEIR HABITATION WHERESOEVER. BY ME, JOHN FAUSTUS.

MEPHIST. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

FAUSTUS. Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good of it!

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

FAUSTUS. First I will question with thee about hell.

Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

MEPHIST. Under the heavens.

FAUSTUS. Ay, so are all things else; but whereabouts?

MEPHIST. Within the bowels of these elements, Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever:

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd 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 are not heaven.

FAUSTUS. I think hell's a fable.

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

FAUSTUS. Why, dost thou think that Faustus shall be damn'd?

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

FAUSTUS. Ay, and body too; and 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.

MEPHIST. But I am an instance to prove the contrary, For I tell thee I am damn'd and now in hell.

FAUSTUS. Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd:

What! sleeping, eating, walking, and disputing! But, leaving this, let me have a wife,

The fairest maid in Germany; For I am wanton and lascivious, And cannot live without a wife.

MEPHIST. Well, Faustus, thou shalt have a wife. [MEPHISTOPHILIS fetches in a WOMAN-DEVIL.]

FAUSTUS. What sight is this?

MEPHIST. Now, Faustus, wilt thou have a wife?

FAUSTUS. Here's a hot whore, indeed: no, I'll no wife.

MEPHIST. Marriage is but a ceremonial toy, And, if thou lov'st me, think no more of it.

I'll cull thee out the fairest courtezans, And bring them every morning to thy bed:

She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have, Were she as chaste as was Penelope, As wise as

Saba, or as beautiful As was bright Lucifer before his fall. Here, take this book, peruse it well: The

iterating of these lines brings gold; The framing of this circle on the ground Brings thunder,

whirlwinds, storm, and lightning; Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself, And men in harness shall

appear to thee, Ready to execute what thou command'st.

FAUSTUS. Thanks, Mephistophilis, for this sweet book: This will I keep as chary as my life.

[Exeunt.]

**Act II, Scene ii**

Enter FAUSTUS, in his study, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

FAUSTUS. When I behold the heavens, then I repent, And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis, Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.

MEPHIST. '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 breathes on earth.

FAUSTUS. How prov'st thou that?

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

FAUSTUS. If heaven was made for man, 'twas made for me:

I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.:

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, God will pity me, if I repent.

EVIL ANGEL. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.[Exeunt ANGELS.]

FAUSTUS. My heart is harden'd, I cannot repent; Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven: Swords, poisons, halters, and envenom'd steel Are laid before me to despatch myself; And long ere this I should have done the deed, Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.

Have not I made blind Homer sing to me Of Alexander's love and Oenon's death?

And hath not he, that built the walls of Thebes With ravishing sound of his melodious harp, Made music with my Mephistophilis? Why should I die, then, or basely despair?

I am resolv'd; Faustus shall not repent.— 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?

MEPHIST. As are the elements, such are the heavens, Even from the moon unto th' empyreal orb, Mutually folded in each other's spheres, And jointly move upon one axletree,

Whose termine is term'd the world's wide pole; Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter Feign'd, but are erring stars.

FAUSTUS. But have they all one motion, both situ et tempore?

MEPHIST. All move from east to west in four-and-twenty hours upon the poles of the world; but differ in their motions upon the poles of the zodiac.

FAUSTUS. These slender questions Wagner can decide: Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?

Who knows not the double motion of the planets? That the first is finish'd in a natural day;

The second thus; Saturn in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the Moon in twenty-eight days. These are freshmen's questions. But tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or intelligentia?

MEPHIST. Ay. FAUSTUS. How many heavens or spheres are there?

MEPHIST. Nine; the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.

FAUSTUS. But is there not coelum igneum et crystallinum?

MEPHIST. No, Faustus, they be but fables.

FAUSTUS. Resolve me, then, in this one question; why are not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

MEPHIST. Per inoequalem motum respectu totius.

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

MEPHIST. I will not.

FAUSTUS. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

MEPHIST. Move me not, Faustus.

FAUSTUS. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me any thing?

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

FAUSTUS. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

MEPHIST. Remember this. [Exit.]

FAUSTUS. Ay, go, accursed spirit, to ugly hell!

'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus' soul. Is't not too late?

Re-enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.: 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 raze thy skin. [Exeunt ANGELS.]

FAUSTUS. O Christ, my Saviour, my Saviour Help to save distressed Faustus' soul!

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

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

FAUSTUS. O, what art thou that look'st so terribly?

LUCIFER. I am Lucifer, And this is my companion-prince in hell.

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

BELZEBUB. We are come to tell thee thou dost injure us.

LUCIFER. Thou call'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise.

BELZEBUB. Thou shouldst not think on God.

LUCIFER. Think of the devil.

BELZEBUB. And his dam too.

FAUSTUS. Nor will Faustus henceforth: pardon him for this,

And Faustus vows never to look to heaven.

LUCIFER. So shalt thou shew thyself an obedient servant,

And we will highly gratify thee for it.

BELZEBUB. Faustus, we are come from hell in person to shew thee

some pastime: sit down, and thou shalt behold the Seven Deadly

Sins appear to thee in their own proper shapes and likeness.

FAUSTUS. That sight will be as pleasant unto 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, and fetch them in.

MEPHISTOPHILIS brings in the SEVEN DEADLY SINS.:

BELZEBUB. 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 flea; I can creep into every corner of a wench; sometimes, like a perriwig, I sit upon her brow; next, like a necklace, I hang about her neck; then, like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips; and then, turning myself to a wrought smock, do what I list. But, 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, the 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?

WRATH. 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 this case 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 and ten bevers,—a small trifle to suffice nature. I come of a royal pedigree: my father was a Gammon of Bacon, my mother was a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickled-herring and Martin Martlemas-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?

SLOTH. Heigho! I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank.

Heigho! I'll not speak a word more for a king's ransom.

FAUSTUS. And what are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

LECHERY. Who, I, sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stock-fish; and the first letter of my name begins with L.

LUCIFER. Away to hell, away! On, piper! [Exeunt the SINS.]

FAUSTUS. O, how this sight doth delight my soul!

LUCIFER. Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

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 throughly, And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

FAUSTUS. Thanks, mighty Lucifer! This will I keep as chary as my life.

LUCIFER. Now, Faustus, farewell.

FAUSTUS. Farewell, great Lucifer. [Exeunt LUCIFER and BELZEBUB.]

Come, Mephistophilis.

### Act II, Scene iii

Enter ROBIN, with a book.

ROBIN. What, Dick! look to the horses there, till I come again. I have gotten one of Doctor Faustus' 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, an they will.— [Reads.] A per se, a; t, h, e, the; o per se, o; Demy orgon gorgon.— Keep further from me, O thou illiterate and unlearned hostler!

DICK. 'Snails, what hast thou got there? a book! why, thou canst not tell ne'er a word on't.

ROBIN. That thou shalt see presently: keep out of the circle, I say, lest I send you into the ostry with a vengeance.

DICK. That's like, faith! 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 sawest 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'lt have me to do, and I'll do't: if thou'lt dance naked, put off thy clothes, and I'll conjure thee about presently; or, if thou'lt 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. [Exeunt.]

Enter CHORUS.:

CHORUS. Learned Faustus, To find the secrets of astronomy  
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament, Did mount him up to scale Olympus' top;  
Where, sitting in a chariot burning bright, Drawn by the strength of yoked dragons' necks,  
He views the clouds, the planets, and the stars, The tropic zones, and quarters of the sky,  
>From the bright circle of the horned moon Even to the height of Primum Mobile;  
And, whirling round with this circumference, Within the concave compass of the pole,  
>From east to west his dragons swiftly glide, And in eight days did bring him home again.  
Not long he stay'd within his quiet house, To rest his bones after his weary toil;  
But new exploits do hale him out again: And, mounted then upon a dragon's back,  
That with his wings did part the subtle air, He now is gone to prove cosmography,  
That measures coasts and kingdoms of the earth; And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,  
To see the Pope and manner of his court, And take some part of holy Peter's feast,  
The which this day is highly solemniz'd. [Exit.]

### Act III, Scene i

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.:

FAUSTUS. Having now, my good Mephistophilis, Pass'd with delight the stately town of Trier,  
Environ'd round with airy mountain-tops, With walls of flint, and deep-entrenched lakes,  
Not to be won by any conquering prince; From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,  
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine, Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;  
Then up to Naples, rich Campania, Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,  
The streets straight forth, and pav'd with finest brick, Quarter the town in four equivalents:  
There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb; The way he cut, an English mile in length,  
Thorough a rock of stone, in one night's space; From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,  
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands, That threatens the stars with her aspiring top,  
Whose frame is pav'd with sundry-colour'd stones, And roof'd aloft with curious work in gold.  
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time: But tell me now, what resting-place is this?

Hast thou, as erst I did command, Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

MEPHIST. I have, my Faustus; and, for proof thereof, This is the goodly palace of the Pope;  
And, 'cause we are no common guests, I choose his privy-chamber for our use.

FAUSTUS. I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

MEPHIST. All's one, for we'll be bold with his venison. But now, my Faustus, that thou mayst perceive  
What Rome contains for to delight thine eyes, Know that this city stands upon seven hills  
That underprop the groundwork of the same: Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream, With  
winding banks that cut it in two parts; Over the which two stately bridges lean, That make safe

passage to each part of Rome: Upon the bridge call'd Ponte Angelo Erected is a castle passing strong,  
Where thou shalt see such store of ordnance, As that the double cannons, forg'd of brass, Do match the  
number of the days contain'd Within the compass of one complete year; Beside the gates, and high  
pyramides, That Julius Caesar brought from Africa.

FAUSTUS. Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule, Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake  
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear That I do long to see the monuments  
And situation of bright-splendent Rome: Come, therefore, let's away.

MEPHIST. Nay, stay, my Faustus: I know you'd see the Pope, And take some part of holy Peter's feast,  
The which, in state and high solemnity, This day, is held through Rome and Italy, In honour of the  
Pope's triumphant victory.

FAUSTUS. Sweet Mephistophilis, thou pleasest me. Whilst I am here on earth, let me be cloy'd  
With all things that delight the heart of man: 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 admir'd thorough the furthest land.

MEPHIST. 'Tis well said, Faustus. Come, then, stand by me,  
And thou shalt see them come immediately.

FAUSTUS. Nay, stay, my gentle Mephistophilis, And grant me my request, and then I go.  
Thou know'st, within the compass of eight days We view'd the face of heaven, of earth, and hell;  
So high our dragons soar'd into the air, That, looking down, the earth appear'd to me  
No bigger than my hand in quantity; There did we view the kingdoms of the world,  
And what might please mine eye I there beheld. Then in this show let me an actor be,  
That this proud Pope may Faustus' cunning see.

MEPHIST. Let it be so, my Faustus. But, first, stay, And view their triumphs as they pass this way;  
And then devise what best contents thy mind, By cunning in thine art to cross the Pope,  
Or dash the pride of this solemnity; To make his monks and abbots stand like apes,  
And point like antics at his triple crown; To beat the beads about the friars' pates,  
Or clap huge horns upon the Cardinals' heads; Or any villany thou canst devise;  
And I'll perform it, Faustus. Hark! they come: This day shall make thee be admir'd in Rome.

Enter the CARDINALS and BISHOPS, some bearing crosiers, some the pillars; MONKS and  
FRIARS, singing their procession; then the POPE, RAYMOND king of Hungary, the ARCHBISHOP  
OF RHEIMS, BRUNO led in chains, and ATTENDANTS.

POPE. Cast down our footstool.

RAYMOND. Saxon Bruno, stoop, Whilst on thy back his Holiness ascends  
Saint Peter's chair and state pontifical.

BRUNO. Proud Lucifer, that state belongs to me; But thus I fall to Peter, not to thee.

POPE. To me and Peter shalt thou grovelling lie, And crouch before the Papal dignity.—

Sound trumpets, then; for thus Saint Peter's heir, >From Bruno's back, ascends Saint Peter's chair.

[A flourish while he ascends.] Thus, as the gods creep on with feet of wool,  
Long ere with iron hands they punish men, So shall our sleeping vengeance now arise,  
And smite with death thy hated enterprise.— Lord Cardinals of France and Padua,  
Go forthwith to our holy consistory, And read, amongst the statutes decretal,  
What, by the holy council held at Trent, The sacred synod hath decreed for him  
That doth assume the Papal government Without election and a true consent:

Away, and bring us word with speed. CARDINAL OF FRANCE. We go, my lord.

[Exeunt CARDINALS of France and Padua.]

POPE. Lord Raymond. [They converse in dumb show.]

FAUSTUS. Go, haste thee, gentle Mephistophilis, Follow the cardinals to the consistory;  
And, as they turn their superstitious books, Strike them with sloth and drowsy idleness,



And make them sleep so sound, that in their shapes Thyself and I may parley with this Pope,  
This proud confronter of the Emperor; And, in despite of all his holiness,  
Restore this Bruno to his liberty, And bear him to the states of Germany.

MEPHIST. Faustus, I go.

FAUSTUS. Despatch it soon: The Pope shall curse, that Faustus came to Rome.

[Exeunt FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

BRUNO. Pope Adrian, let me have right of law: I was elected by the Emperor.

POPE. We will depose the Emperor for that deed, And curse the people that submit to him:  
Both he and thou shall stand excommunicate, And interdict from church's privilege  
And all society of holy men. He grows too proud in his authority, Lifting his lofty head above the  
clouds, And, like a steeple, overpeers the church: But we'll pull down his haughty insolence;  
And, as Pope Alexander, our progenitor, Trod on the neck of German Frederick,  
Adding this golden sentence to our praise, "That Peter's heirs should tread on Emperors,  
And walk upon the dreadful adder's back, Treading the lion and the dragon down,  
And fearless spurn the killing basilisk," So will we quell that haughty schismatic,  
And, by authority apostolical, Depose him from his regal government.

BRUNO. Pope Julius swore to princely Sigismond, For him and the succeeding Popes of Rome,  
To hold the Emperors their lawful lords.

POPE. Pope Julius did abuse the church's rights, And therefore none of his decrees can stand.

Is not all power on earth bestow'd on us? And therefore, though we would, we cannot err.

Behold this silver belt, whereto is fix'd Seven golden seals, fast sealed with seven seals,  
In token of our seven-fold power from heaven, To bind or loose, lock fast, condemn or judge,  
Resign or seal, or what so pleaseth us: Then he and thou, and all the world, shall stoop,  
Or be assured of our dreadful curse, To light as heavy as the pains of hell.

Re-enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS, in the shapes of the CARDINALS of France and Padua.

MEPHIST. Now tell me, Faustus, are we not fitted well?

FAUSTUS. Yes, Mephistophilis; and two such cardinals Ne'er serv'd a holy Pope as we shall do.

But, whilst they sleep within the consistory, Let us salute his reverend fatherhood.

RAYMOND. Behold, my lord, the Cardinals are return'd.

POPE. Welcome, grave fathers: answer presently What hath our holy council there decreed  
Concerning Bruno and the Emperor, In quittance of their late conspiracy Against our state and papal  
dignity?

FAUSTUS. Most sacred patron of the church of Rome, By full consent of all the synod  
Of priests and prelates, it is thus decreed,— That Bruno and the German Emperor  
Be held as Lollards and bold schismatics, And proud disturbers of the church's peace;  
And if that Bruno, by his own assent, Without enforcement of the German peers,  
Did seek to wear the triple diadem, And by your death to climb Saint Peter's chair,  
The statutes decretal have thus decreed,— He shall be straight condemn'd of heresy,  
And on a pile of faggots burnt to death.

POPE. It is enough. Here, take him to your charge, And bear him straight to Ponte Angelo,  
And in the strongest tower enclose him fast. To-morrow, sitting in our consistory,  
With all our college of grave cardinals, We will determine of his life or death.

Here, take his triple crown along with you, And leave it in the church's treasury.

Make haste again, my good Lord Cardinals, And take our blessing apostolical.

MEPHIST. So, so; was never devil thus bless'd before.

FAUSTUS. Away, sweet Mephistophilis, be gone;

The Cardinals will be plagu'd for this anon. Exeunt FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS with BRUNO.]

POPE. Go presently and bring a banquet forth, That we may solemnize Saint Peter's feast,

And with Lord Raymond, King of Hungary, Drink to our late and happy victory.

**Act III, Scene ii**

A Sennet while the banquet is brought in; and then enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS in their own shapes.

MEPHIST. Now, Faustus, come, prepare thyself for mirth: The sleepy Cardinals are hard at hand,  
To censure Bruno, that is posted hence, And on a proud-pac'd steed, as swift as thought,  
Flies o'er the Alps to fruitful Germany, There to salute the woful Emperor.

FAUSTUS. The Pope will curse them for their sloth to-day, That slept both Bruno and his crown away.  
But now, that Faustus may delight his mind, And by their folly make some merriment,  
Sweet Mephistophilis, so charm me here, That I may walk invisible to all, And do whate'er I please,  
unseen of any.

MEPHIST. Faustus, thou shalt: then kneel down presently, Whilst on thy head I lay my hand,  
And charm thee with this magic wand. First, wear this girdle; then appear  
Invisible to all are here: The planets seven, the gloomy air, Hell, and the Furies' forked hair,  
Pluto's blue fire, and Hecat's tree, With magic spells so compass thee,  
That no eye may thy body see! So, Faustus, now, for all their holiness,  
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

FAUSTUS. Thanks, Mephistophilis.—Now, friars, take heed, Lest Faustus make your shaven crowns  
to bleed.

MEPHIST. Faustus, no more: see, where the Cardinals come!  
Re-enter the CARDINALS of France and Padua with a book.:

POPE. Welcome, Lord Cardinals; come, sit down.— Lord Raymond, take your seat.—Friars, attend,  
And see that all things be in readiness, As best beseems this solemn festival.

CARDINAL OF FRANCE. First, may it please your sacred Holiness To view the sentence of the  
reverend synod Concerning Bruno and the Emperor?

POPE. What needs this question? did I not tell you, To-morrow we would sit i' the consistory,  
And there determine of his punishment? You brought us word even now, it was decreed  
That Bruno and the cursed Emperor Were by the holy council both condemn'd  
For loathed Lollards and base schismatics: Then wherefore would you have me view that book?

CARDINAL OF FRANCE. Your grace mistakes; you gave us no such charge.

RAYMOND. Deny it not; we all are witnesses That Bruno here was late deliver'd you,  
With his rich triple crown to be reserv'd And put into the church's treasury.

BOTH CARDINALS. By holy Paul, we saw them not!

POPE. By Peter, you shall die, Unless you bring them forth immediately!—

Hale them to prison, lade their limbs with gyves.— False prelates, for this hateful treachery  
Curs'd be your souls to hellish misery! [Exeunt ATTENDANTS with the two CARDINALS.]

FAUSTUS. So, they are safe. Now, Faustus, to the feast: The Pope had never such a frolic guest.

POPE. Lord Archbishop of Rheims, sit down with us.

ARCHBISHOP. I thank your Holiness.

FAUSTUS. Fall to; the devil choke you, an you spare!

POPE. Who is that spoke?—Friars, look about.—

Lord Raymond, pray, fall to. I am beholding To the Bishop of Milan for this so rare a present.

FAUSTUS. I thank you, sir. [Snatches the dish.]

POPE. How now! who snatch'd the meat from me? Villains, why speak you not?—

My good Lord Archbishop, here's a most dainty dish Was sent me from a cardinal in France.

FAUSTUS. I'll have that too. [Snatches the dish.]

POPE. What Lollards do attend our holiness, That we receive such great indignity?  
Fetch me some wine.

FAUSTUS. Ay, pray, do, for Faustus is a-dry.

POPE. Lord Raymond, I drink unto your grace.

FAUSTUS. I pledge your grace. [Snatches the cup.]

POPE. My wine gone too!—Ye lubbers, look about, And find the man that doth this villany,  
Or, by our sanctitude, you all shall die!— I pray, my lords, have patience at this Troublesome banquet.

ARCHBISHOP. Please it your Holiness, I think it be some ghost crept out of Purgatory, and now is  
come unto your Holiness for his pardon.

POPE. It may be so.— Go, then, command our priests to sing a dirge, To lay the fury of this same  
troublesome ghost. [Exit an ATTENDANT.—The POPE crosses himself.]

FAUSTUS. How now! must every bit be spic'd with a cross?—Nay, then, take that.

[Strikes the POPE.]

POPE. O, I am slain!—Help me, my lords! O, come and help to bear my body hence!—Damn'd be his  
soul for ever for this deed! [Exeunt all except FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

MEPHIST. 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! (Re-enter the FRIARS, with bell, book, and candle, for the Dirge.)

FIRST FRIAR. Come, brethren, lets about our business with good devotion. [They sing.]

CURSED BE HE THAT STOLE HIS HOLINESS' MEAT FROM THE TABLE!

maledicat Dominus!

CURSED BE HE THAT STRUCK HIS HOLINESS A BLOW ON THE FACE! maledicat Dominus!

CURSED BE HE THAT STRUCK FRIAR SANDELO A BLOW ON THE PATE!

maledicat Dominus!

CURSED BE HE THAT DISTURBETH OUR HOLY DIRGE! Maledicat Dominus!

CURSED BE HE THAT TOOK AWAY HIS HOLINESS' WINE! Maledicat Dominus!

[MEPHISTOPHILIS and FAUSTUS beat the FRIARS, and fling fire-works among them, and exeunt.]

### Act III, Scene iii

Enter ROBIN and DICK with a cup.:

DICK. Sirrah Robin, we were best look that your devil can answer

the stealing of this same cup, for the Vintner's boy follows us at the hard heels.

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

DICK. Here 'tis. [Gives the cup to ROBIN.]

Yonder he comes: now, Robin, now or never shew thy cunning. Enter VINTNER

VINTNER. 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 tavern?

ROBIN. How, how! we steal a cup! take heed what you say: we look not like cup-stealers, I can tell  
you.

VINTNER. 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[Aside to DICK, giving him the cup].—

Come, come, search me, search me. [VINTNER searches him.]

VINTNER. Come on, sirrah, let me search you now.

DICK. Ay, ay, do, do. —Hold the cup, Robin[Aside to ROBIN, giving him the cup].—

I fear not your searching: we scorn to steal your cups, I can tell you. [VINTNER searches him.]

VINTNER. Never out-face me for the matter; for, sure, the cup is between you two.

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

VINTNER. 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.—Vintner, you shall have your cup anon.—Say nothing, Dick.—[Reads from a book] O per se, O; Demogorgon; Belcher, and Mephistophilis! Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.:

MEPHIST. You princely legions of infernal rule, How am I vexed by these villains' charms!  
From Constantinople have they brought me now, Only for pleasure of these damned slaves. [Exit VINTNER.]

ROBIN. By lady, sir, you have had a shrewd journey of it! will it please you to take a shoulder of mutton to supper, and 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.

MEPHIST. To purge the rashness of this cursed deed, First, be thou turned to this ugly shape,  
For apish deeds transformed to an ape.

ROBIN. O, brave! an ape! I pray, sir, let me have the carrying of him about, to shew some tricks.

MEPHIST. And so thou shalt: be thou transformed to a dog, and carry him upon thy back. Away! be gone!

ROBIN. A dog! that's excellent: let the maids look well to their porridge-pots, for I'll into the kitchen presently.—Come, Dick, come. [Exeunt ROBIN and DICK.]

MEPHIST. Now with the flames of ever-burning fire

I'll wing myself, and forthwith fly amain Unto my Faustus, to the Great Turk's court. [Exit.]

#### Act IV, Scene i

Enter MARTINO and FREDERICK at several doors.:

MARTINO. What, ho, officers, gentlemen! Hie to the presence to attend the Emperor.—  
Good Frederick, see the rooms be voided straight: His majesty is coming to the hall;  
Go back, and see the state in readiness.

FREDERICK. But where is Bruno, our elected Pope, That on a Fury's back came post from Rome?  
Will not his grace consort the Emperor?

MARTINO. O, yes; and with him comes the German conjurer, The learned Faustus, fame of  
Wittenberg, The wonder of the world for magic art; And he intends to shew great Carolus  
The race of all his stout progenitors, And bring in presence of his majesty  
The royal shapes and perfect semblances Of Alexander and his beauteous paramour.

FREDERICK. Where is Benvolio?

MARTINO. Fast asleep, I warrant you; He took his rouse with stoops of Rhenish wine  
So kindly yesternight to Bruno's health, That all this day the sluggard keeps his bed.

FREDERICK. See, see, his window's ope! we'll call to him.

MARTINO. What, ho! Benvolio!

Enter BENVOLIO above, at a window, in his nightcap, buttoning.

BENVOLIO. What a devil ail you two?

MARTINO. Speak softly, sir, lest the devil hear you; For Faustus at the court is late arriv'd,  
And at his heels a thousand Furies wait, To accomplish whatsoever the doctor please.

BENVOLIO. What of this?

MARTINO. Come, leave thy chamber first, and thou shalt see This conjurer perform such rare  
exploits, Before the Pope and royal Emperor, As never yet was seen in Germany.

BENVOLIO. Has not the Pope enough of conjuring yet? He was upon the devil's back late enough:  
An if he be so far in love with him, I would he would post with him to Rome again!

FREDERICK. Speak, wilt thou come and see this sport?

BENVOLIO. Not I.

MARTINO. Wilt thou stand in thy window, and see it, then?

BENVOLIO. Ay, an I fall not asleep i' the mean time.

MARTINO. The Emperor is at hand, who comes to see What wonders by black spells may compass'd  
be.

BENVOLIO. Well, go you attend the Emperor. I am content, for this once, to thrust my head out at a window; for they say, if a man be drunk over night, the devil cannot hurt him in the morning: if that be true, I have a charm in my head, shall control him as well as the conjurer, I warrant you. [Exeunt FREDERICK and MARTINO.]

**Act IV, Scene ii**

A Sennet. Enter CHARLES the German Emperor, BRUNO, DUKE OF SAXONY, FAUSTUS, MEPHISTOPHILIS, FREDERICK, MARTINO, and Attendants.

EMPEROR. Wonder of men, renown'd magician, Thrice-learned Faustus, welcome to our court. This deed of thine, in setting Bruno free From his and our professed enemy, Shall add more excellence unto thine art Than if by powerful necromantic spells Thou couldst command the world's obedience: For ever be belov'd of Carolus! And if this Bruno, thou hast late redeem'd, In peace possess the triple diadem, And sit in Peter's chair, despite of chance, Thou shalt be famous through all Italy, And honour'd of the German Emperor.

FAUSTUS. These gracious words, most royal Carolus, Shall make poor Faustus, to his utmost power, Both love and serve the German Emperor, And lay his life at holy Bruno's feet: For proof whereof, if so your grace be pleas'd, The doctor stands prepar'd by power of art To cast his magic charms, that shall pierce through The ebon gates of ever-burning hell, And hale the stubborn Furies from their caves, To compass whatsoever your grace commands.

BENVOLIO. Blood, he speaks terribly! but, for all that, I do not greatly believe him: he looks as like a conjurer as the Pope to a costermonger. [Aside.]

EMPEROR. Then, Faustus, as thou late didst 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 majesty shall see them presently.— Mephistophilis, away, And, with a solemn noise of trumpets' sound, Present before this royal Emperor Great Alexander and his beauteous paramour.

MEPHIST. Faustus, I will. [Exit.]

BENVOLIO. Well, Master Doctor, an your devils come not away quickly, you shall have me asleep presently: zounds, I could eat myself for anger, to think I have been such an ass all this while, to stand gaping after the devil's governor, and can see nothing!

FAUSTUS.: I'll make you feel something anon, if my art fail me not.— My lord, I must forewarn your majesty, That, when my spirits present the royal shapes Of Alexander and his paramour, Your grace demand no questions of the king, But in dumb silence let them come and go.

EMPEROR. Be it as Faustus please; we are content.

BENVOLIO. Ay, ay, and I am content too: an thou bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor, I'll be Actaeon, and turn myself to a stag.

FAUSTUS. And I'll play Diana, and send you the horns presently.

Sennet. Enter, at one door, 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 embraceth her, and sets DARIUS' crown upon her head; and, coming back, both salute the EMPEROR, who, leaving his state, offers to embrace them; which FAUSTUS seeing, suddenly stays him. Then trumpets cease, and music sounds.

My gracious lord, you do forget yourself; These are but shadows, not substantial.

EMPEROR. O, pardon me! my thoughts are so ravish'd With sight of this renowned emperor, That in mine arms I would have compass'd him. But, Faustus, since I may not speak to them, To satisfy my longing thoughts at full, Let me this tell thee: I have heard it said

That this fair lady, whilst she liv'd on earth, Had on her neck a little wart or mole;  
How may I prove that saying to be true?

FAUSTUS. Your majesty may boldly go and see.

EMPEROR. Faustus, I see it plain; And in this sight thou better pleasest me  
Than if I gain'd another monarchy.

FAUSTUS. Away! be gone! [Exit show.]—See, see, my gracious lord! what strange beast is yon, that  
thrusts his head out at window?

EMPEROR. O, wondrous sight!—See, Duke of Saxony, Two spreading horns most strangely fastened  
Upon the head of young Benvolio!

SAXONY. What, is he asleep or dead?

FAUSTUS. He sleeps, my lord; but dreams not of his horns.

EMPEROR. This sport is excellent: we'll call and wake him.— What, ho, Benvolio!

BENVOLIO. A plague upon you! let me sleep a while.

EMPEROR. I blame thee not to sleep much, having such a head of thine own.

SAXONY. Look up, Benvolio; 'tis the Emperor calls.

BENVOLIO. The Emperor! where?—O, zounds, my head!

EMPEROR. Nay, an thy horns hold, 'tis no matter for thy head, for that's armed sufficiently.

FAUSTUS. Why, how now, Sir Knight! what, hanged by the horns! this is most horrible: fie, fie, pull  
in your head, for shame! let not all the world wonder at you.

BENVOLIO. Zounds, doctor, this is your villany!

FAUSTUS. O, say not so, sir! the doctor has no skill, No art, no cunning, to present these lords,  
Or bring before this royal Emperor The mighty monarch, warlike Alexander.

If Faustus do it, you are straight resolv'd, In bold Actaeon's shape, to turn a stag:—

And therefore, my lord, so please your majesty,

I'll raise a kennel of hounds shall hunt him so As all his footmanship shall scarce prevail  
To keep his carcass from their bloody fangs.— Ho, Belimoth, Argiron, Asteroth!

BENVOLIO. Hold, hold!—Zounds, he'll raise up a kennel of devils,

I think, anon.—Good my lord, entreat for me.—'Sblood, I am never able to endure these torments.

EMPEROR. Then, good Master Doctor, Let me entreat you to remove his horns;

He has done penance now sufficiently.

FAUSTUS. My gracious lord, not so much for injury done to me, as to delight your majesty with some  
mirth, hath Faustus justly requited this injurious knight; which being all I desire, I am  
content to remove his horns.—Mephistophilis, transform him

[MEPHISTOPHILIS removes the horns] :—and hereafter, sir look you speak well of scholars.

BENVOLIO. Speak well of ye! 'sblood, an scholars be such cuckold-makers, to clap horns of honest  
men's heads o' this order, I'll ne'er trust smooth faces and small ruffs more.—But, an I be not revenged  
for this, would I might be turned to a gaping oyster, and drink nothing but salt water! [Aside, and then  
exit above.]

EMPEROR. Come, Faustus: while the Emperor lives, In recompense of this thy high desert,  
Thou shalt command the state of Germany, And live belov'd of mighty Carolus. [Exeunt.]

#### Act IV, Scene iii

Enter BENVOLIO, MARTINO, FREDERICK, and SOLDIERS.

MARTINO. Nay, sweet Benvolio, let us sway thy thoughts From this attempt against the conjurer.

BENVOLIO. Away! you love me not, to urge me thus: Shall I let slip so great an injury,  
When every servile groom jests at my wrongs, And in their rustic gambols proudly say,  
"Benvolio's head was grac'd with horns today?" O, may these eyelids never close again,  
Till with my sword I have that conjurer slain! If you will aid me in this enterprise,  
Then draw your weapons and be resolute; If not, depart: here will Benvolio die,

But Faustus' death shall quit my infamy.

FREDERICK. Nay, we will stay with thee, betide what may, And kill that doctor, if he come this way.

BENVOLIO. Then, gentle Frederick, hie thee to the grove, And place our servants and our followers

Close in an ambush there behind the trees. By this, I know the conjurer is near:

I saw him kneel, and kiss the Emperor's hand, And take his leave, laden with rich rewards.

Then, soldiers, boldly fight: if Faustus die, Take you the wealth, leave us the victory.

FREDERICK. Come, soldiers, follow me unto the grove: Who kills him shall have gold and endless love. [Exit FREDERICK with SOLDIERS.]

BENVOLIO. My head is lighter, than it was, by the horns; But yet my heart's<181> more ponderous than my head, And pants until I see that conjurer dead.

MARTINO. Where shall we place ourselves, Benvolio?

BENVOLIO. Here will we stay to bide the first assault: O, were that damned hell-hound but in place, Thou soon shouldst see me quit my foul disgrace! Re-enter FREDERICK.:

FREDERICK. Close, close! the conjurer is at hand, And all alone comes walking in his gown;

Be ready, then, and strike the peasant down.

BENVOLIO. Mine be that honour, then. Now, sword, strike home!

For horns he gave I'll have his head anon.

MARTINO. See, see, he comes! Enter FAUSTUS with a false head.:

BENVOLIO. No words. This blow ends all:

Hell take his soul! his body thus must fall. [Stabs FAUSTUS.]

FAUSTUS.[falling.]O!

FREDERICK. Groan you, Master Doctor?

BENVOLIO. Break may his heart with groans!—Dear Frederick, see, Thus will I end his griefs immediately.

MARTINO. Strike with a willing hand. [BENVOLIO strikes off FAUSTUS' head.]

His head is off.

BENVOLIO. The devil's dead; the Furies now may laugh.

FREDERICK. Was this that stern aspect, that awful frown,

Made the grim monarch of infernal spirits

Tremble and quake at his commanding charms?

MARTINO. Was this that damned head, whose art conspir'd

Benvolio's shame before the Emperor?

BENVOLIO. Ay, that's the head, and there the body lies, Justly rewarded for his villanies.

FREDERICK. Come, let's devise how we may add more shame To the black scandal of his hated name.

BENVOLIO. First, on his head, in quittance of my wrongs, I'll nail huge forked horns, and let them hang Within the window where he yok'd me first, That all the world may see my just revenge.

MARTINO. What use shall we put his beard to?

BENVOLIO. We'll sell it to a chimney-sweeper: it will wear out ten birchen brooms, I warrant you.

FREDERICK. What shall his eyes do?

BENVOLIO. We'll pull out his eyes; and they shall serve for buttons to his lips, to keep his tongue from catching cold.

MARTINO. An excellent policy! and now, sirs, having divided him, what shall the body do?

[FAUSTUS rises.]

BENVOLIO. Zounds, the devil's alive again!

FREDERICK. Give him his head, for God's sake.

FAUSTUS. Nay, keep it: Faustus will have heads and hands, Ay, all your hearts to recompense this deed.

Knew you not, traitors, I was limited For four-and-twenty years to breathe on earth?  
 And, had you cut my body with your swords, Or hew'd this flesh and bones as small as sand,  
 Yet in a minute had my spirit return'd, And I had breath'd a man, made free from harm.  
 But wherefore do I dally my revenge?— Asteroth, Belimoth, Mephistophilis?

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, and other Devils.

Go, horse these traitors on your fiery backs, And mount aloft with them as high as heaven:  
 Thence pitch them headlong to the lowest hell. Yet, stay: the world shall see their misery,  
 And hell shall after plague their treachery. Go, Belimoth, and take this caitiff hence,  
 And hurl him in some lake of mud and dirt. Take thou this other, drag him through<190> the woods  
 Amongst the pricking thorns and sharpest briars; Whilst, with my gentle Mephistophilis,  
 This traitor flies unto some steepy rock, That, rolling down, may break the villain's bones,  
 As he intended to dismember me. Fly hence; despatch my charge immediately.

FREDERICK. Pity us, gentle Faustus! save our lives!

FAUSTUS. Away!

FREDERICK. He must needs go that the devil drives.

[Exeunt MEPHISTOPHILIS and DEVILS with BENVOLIO, MARTINO, and FREDERICK.]

Enter the ambushed SOLDIERS. FIRST SOLDIER. Come, sirs, prepare yourselves in readiness;  
 Make haste to help these noble gentlemen: I heard them parley with the conjurer.

SECOND SOLDIER. See, where he comes! despatch and kill the slave.

FAUSTUS. What's here? an ambush to betray my life!

Then, Faustus, try thy skill.—Base peasants, stand! For, lo, these trees remove at my command,  
 And stand as bulwarks 'twixt yourselves and me, To shield me from your hated treachery!

Yet, to encounter this your weak attempt, Behold, an army comes incontinent!

[FAUSTUS strikes the door, and enter a DEVIL playing on a drum; after him another, bearing an  
 ensign; and divers with weapons; MEPHISTOPHILIS with fire-works. They set upon the SOLDIERS,  
 drive them out, and exeunt.]

#### Act IV, Scene iv

Enter, at several doors, BENVOLIO, FREDERICK, and MARTINO, their heads and faces bloody,  
 and besmeared with mud and dirt; all having horns on their heads.

MARTINO. What, ho, Benvolio!

BENVOLIO. Here.—What, Frederick, ho!

FREDERICK. O, help me, gentle friend!—Where is Martino?

MARTINO. Dear Frederick, here, Half smother'd in a lake of mud and dirt,  
 Through which the Furies dragg'd me by the heels.

FREDERICK. Martino, see, Benvolio's horns again!

MARTINO. O, misery!—How now, Benvolio!

BENVOLIO. Defend me, heaven! shall I be haunted still?

MARTINO. Nay, fear not, man; we have no power to kill.

BENVOLIO. My friends transformed thus! O, hellish spite!  
 Your heads are all set with horns.

FREDERICK. You hit it right;

It is your own you mean; feel on your head.

BENVOLIO. Zounds, horns again!

MARTINO. Nay, chafe not, man; we all are sped.

BENVOLIO. What devil attends this damn'd magician,  
 That, spite of spite, our wrongs are doubled?

FREDERICK. What may we do, that we may hide our shames?

BENVOLIO. If we should follow him to work revenge,



He'd join long asses' ears to these huge horns,  
 And make us laughing-stocks to all the world.  
 MARTINO. What shall we, then, do, dear Benvolio?  
 BENVOLIO. I have a castle joining near these woods;  
 And thither we'll repair, and live obscure,  
 Till time shall alter these our brutish shapes:  
 Sith black disgrace hath thus eclips'd our fame,  
 We'll rather die with grief than live with shame. [Exeunt.]

**Act IV, Scene v**

Enter FAUSTUS, a HORSE-COURSER, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

HORSE-COURSER. I beseech your worship, accept of these forty dollars.

FAUSTUS. Friend, thou canst not buy so good a horse for so small a price. I have no great need to sell him: but, if thou likest him for ten dollars more, take him, because I see thou hast a good mind to him.

HORSE-COURSER. I beseech you, sir, accept of this: I am a very poor man, and have lost very much of late by horse-flesh, and this bargain will set me up again.

FAUSTUS. Well, I will not stand with thee: give me the money [HORSE-COURSER gives FAUSTUS the money]. Now, sirrah, I must tell you that you may ride him o'er hedge and ditch, and spare him not; but, do you hear? in any case, ride him not into the water.

HORSE-COURSER. How, sir! not into the water! why, will he not drink of all waters?

FAUSTUS. Yes, he will drink of all waters; but ride him not into the water: o'er hedge and ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water. Go, bid the hostler deliver him unto you, and remember what I say.

HORSE-COURSER. I warrant you, sir!—O, joyful day! now am I a made *man* forever. [Exit.]

FAUSTUS. What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die? Thy fatal time draws to a final end; Despair doth drive distrust into my thoughts: Confound these passions with a quiet sleep: Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the Cross; Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

[He sits to sleep.] Re-enter the HORSE-COURSER, wet.

HORSE-COURSER. O, what a cozening doctor was this! I, riding my horse into the water, thinking some hidden mystery had been in the horse, I had nothing under me but a little straw, and had much ado to escape drowning. Well, I'll go rouse him, and make him give me my forty dollars again.—Ho, sirrah Doctor, you cozening scab! Master Doctor, awake, and rise, and give me my money again, for your horse is turned to a bottle of hay, Master Doctor! [He pulls off FAUSTUS' leg]. Alas, I am undone! What shall I do? I have pulled off his leg.

FAUSTUS. O, help, help! the villain hath murdered me.

HORSE-COURSER. Murder or not murder, now he has but one leg, I'll outrun him, and cast this leg into some ditch or other. [Aside, and then runs out.]

FAUSTUS. Stop him, stop him, stop him!—Ha, ha, ha! Faustus hath his leg again, and the Horse-courser a bundle of hay for his forty dollars. Enter WAGNER.:

How now, Wagner! what news with thee?

WAGNER. If it please you, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company, and hath sent some of his men to attend you, with provision fit for your journey.

FAUSTUS. The Duke of Vanholt's an honourable gentleman, and one to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning. Come, away! [Exeunt.]

**Act IV, Scene vi**

Enter ROBIN, DICK, the HORSE-COURSER, and a CARTER.

CARTER. Come, my masters, I'll bring you to the best beer in Europe.—What, ho, hostess! where be these whores? Enter HOSTESS.:

HOSTESS. How now! what lack you? What, my old guess! welcome.

ROBIN. Sirrah Dick, dost thou know why I stand so mute?

DICK. No, Robin: why is't?

ROBIN. I am eighteen-pence on the score. but say nothing; see if she have forgotten me.

HOSTESS. Who's this that stands so solemnly by himself? What, my old guest!

ROBIN. O, hostess, how do you? I hope my score stands still.

HOSTESS. Ay, there's no doubt of that; for methinks you make no haste to wipe it out.

DICK. Why, hostess, I say, fetch us some beer.

HOSTESS. You shall presently.—Look up into the hall there, ho! [Exit.—Drink is presently brought in.] DICK. Come, sirs, what shall we do now till mine hostess comes?

CARTER. Marry, sir, I'll tell you the bravest tale how a conjurer served me. You know Doctor Faustus? HORSE-COURSER. Ay, a plague take him! here's some on's have cause to know him. Did he conjure thee too? CARTER. I'll tell you how he served me. As I was going to Wittenberg, t'other day, with a load of hay, he met me, and asked me what he should give me for as much hay as he could eat. Now, sir, I thinking that a little would serve his turn, bad him take as much as he would for three farthings: so he presently gave me my money and fell to eating; and, as I am a cursen man, he never left eating till he had eat up all my load of hay.

ALL. O, monstrous! eat a whole load of hay!

ROBIN. Yes, yes, that may be; for I have heard of one that has eat a load of logs.

HORSE-COURSER. Now, sirs, you shall hear how villanously he served me. I went to him yesterday to buy a horse of him, and he would by no means sell him under forty dollars. So, sir, because I knew him to be such a horse as would run over hedge and ditch and never tire, I gave him his money. So, when I had my horse, Doctor Faustus bad me ride him night and day, and spare him no time; but, quoth he, in any case, ride him not into the water. Now, sir, I thinking the horse had had some quality that he would not have me know of, what did I but rid him into a great river? and when I came just in the midst, my horse vanished away, and I sate straddling upon a bottle of hay.

ALL. O, brave doctor!

HORSE-COURSER. But you shall hear how bravely I served him for it. I went me home to his house, and there I found him asleep. I kept a hallooing and whooping in his ears; but all could not wake him. I, seeing that, took him by the leg, and never rested pulling till I had pulled me his leg quite off; and now 'tis at home in mine hostry.

ROBIN. And has the doctor but one leg, then? that's excellent; for one of his devils turned me into the likeness of an ape's face.

CARTER. Some more drink, hostess!

ROBIN. Hark you, we'll into another room and drink a while, and then we'll go seek out the doctor.

[Exeunt.]

#### Act IV, Scene vii

Enter the DUKE OF VANHOLT, his DUCHESS, FAUSTUS, MEPHISTOPHILIS, and ATTENDANTS.

DUKE. Thanks, Master Doctor, for these pleasant sights; nor know I how sufficiently to recompense your great deserts in erecting that enchanted castle in the air, the sight whereof so Delighted me as nothing in the world could please me more.

FAUSTUS. I do think myself, my good lord, highly recompensed in that it pleaseth your grace to think but well of that which Faustus hath performed.—But, gracious lady, it may be that you have taken no pleasure in those sights; therefore, I pray you tell me, what is the thing you most desire to have; be it in the world, it shall be yours: I have heard that great-bellied women do long for things are rare and dainty.

DUCHESS. True, Master Doctor; and, since I find you so kind, I will make known unto you what my heart desires to have; and, were it now summer, as it is January, a dead time of the winter, I would

request no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

FAUSTUS. This is but a small matter.—Go, Mephistophilis; away! [Exit MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

Madam, I will do more than this for your content. Re-Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with grapes.:

Here now, taste you these: they should be good, for they come from a far country, I can tell you.

DUKE. This makes me wonder more than all the rest, that at this time of the year, when every tree is barren of his fruit, from whence you had these ripe grapes.

FAUSTUS. Please it your grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world; so that, when it is winter with us, in the contrary circle it is likewise summer with them, as in India, Saba, and such countries that lie far east, where they have fruit twice a-year; from whence, by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had these grapes brought, as you see.

DUCHESS. And, trust me, they are the sweetest grapes that e'er I tasted.

[The CLOWNS bounce at the gate, within.]

DUKE. What rude disturbers have we at the gate? Go, pacify their fury, set it ope, And then demand of them what they would have. [They knock again, and call out to talk with FAUSTUS.]

SERVANT. Why, how now, masters! what a coil is there! What is the reason you disturb the Duke?

DICK[within]. We have no reason for it; therefore a fig for him!

SERVANT. Why, saucy varlets, dare you be so bold?

HORSE-COURSER[within]. I hope, sir, we have wit enough to be more bold than welcome.

SERVANT. It appears so: pray, be bold elsewhere, and trouble not the Duke.

DUKE. What would they have?

SERVANT. They all cry out to speak with Doctor Faustus.

CARTER[within]. Ay, and we will speak with him.

DUKE. Will you, sir?—Commit the rascals.

DICK[within]. Commit with us! he were as good commit with his father as commit with us.

FAUSTUS. I do beseech your grace, let them come in; They are good subject for a merriment.

DUKE. Do as thou wilt, Faustus; I give thee leave.

FAUSTUS. I thank your grace.

Enter ROBIN, DICK, CARTER, and HORSE-COURSER.

Why, how now, my good friends!

Faith, you are too outrageous: but, come near;

I have procur'd your pardons: welcome, all.

ROBIN. Nay, sir, we will be welcome for our money, and we will pay for what we take.—What, ho! give's half a dozen of beer here, and be hanged!

FAUSTUS. Nay, hark you; can you tell me where you are?

CARTER. Ay, marry, can I; we are under heaven.

SERVANT. Ay; but, Sir Saucebox, know you in what place?

HORSE-COURSER. Ay, ay, the house is good enough to drink in. —Zouns, fill us some beer, or we'll break all the barrels in the house, and dash out all your brains with your bottles!

FAUSTUS. Be not so furious: come, you shall have beer.— My lord, beseech you give me leave a while; I'll gage my credit 'twill content your grace.

DUKE. With all my heart, kind doctor; please thyself; Our servants and our court's at thy command.

FAUSTUS. I humbly thank your grace.—Then fetch some beer.

HORSE-COURSER. Ay, marry, there spake a doctor, indeed! and, faith, I'll drink a health to thy wooden leg for that word.

FAUSTUS. My wooden leg! what dost thou mean by that?

CARTER. Ha, ha, ha!—Dost hear him, Dick? he has forgot his leg.

HORSE-COURSER. Ay, ay, he does not stand much upon that.

FAUSTUS. No, faith; not much upon a wooden leg.

CARTER. Good Lord, that flesh and blood should be so frail with your worship! Do not you remember a horse-courser you sold a horse to?

FAUSTUS. Yes, I remember I sold one a horse.

CARTER. And do you remember you bid he should not ride him into the water?

FAUSTUS. Yes, I do very well remember that.

CARTER. And do you remember nothing of your leg?

FAUSTUS. No, in good sooth.

CARTER. Then, I pray you, remember your courtesy.

FAUSTUS. I thank you, sir.

CARTER. 'Tis not so much worth. I pray you, tell me one thing. FAUSTUS. What's that?

CARTER. Be both your legs bed-fellows every night together?

FAUSTUS. Wouldst thou make a Colossus of me, that thou askest me such questions?

CARTER. No, truly, sir; I would make nothing of you; but I would fain know that.

Enter HOSTESS with drink.:

FAUSTUS. Then, I assure thee certainly, they are.

CARTER. I thank you; I am fully satisfied.

FAUSTUS. But wherefore dost thou ask?

CARTER. For nothing, sir: but methinks you should have a wooden bed-fellow of one of 'em.

HORSE-COURSER. Why, do you hear, sir? did not I pull off one of your legs when you were asleep?

FAUSTUS. But I have it again, now I am awake: look you here, sir. ALL. O, horrible! had the doctor three legs?

CARTER. Do you remember, sir, how you cozened me, and eat up my load of——

[FAUSTUS, in the middle of each speech, charms them dumb.]

DICK. Do you remember how you made me wear an ape's——

HORSE-COURSER. You whoreson conjuring scab, do you remember how you cozened me with a ho——

ROBIN. Ha' you forgotten me? you think to carry it away with your hey-pass and re-pass: do you remember the dog's fa—— [Exeunt CLOWNS.]

HOSTESS. Who pays for the ale? hear you, Master Doctor; now you have sent away my guess I pray who shall pay me for my a—— [Exit HOSTESS.]

DUCHESS. My lord,

We are much beholding to this learned man.

DUKE. So are we, madam; which we will recompense With all the love and kindness that we may:

His artful sport drives all sad thoughts away. [Exeunt.]

### Act V, Scene i

Thunder and lightning. Enter DEVILS with covered dishes; MEPHISTOPHILIS leads them into FAUSTUS'S study; then enter WAGNER.

WAGNER. I think my master means to die shortly; he has made his will, and given me his wealth, his house, his goods, and store of golden plate, besides two thousand ducats ready-coined. I wonder what he means: 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 ended. [Exit.]

Enter FAUSTUS, MEPHISTOPHILIS, and two or three SCHOLARS.

FIRST SCHOLAR. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us so much favour 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 unfeign'd,  
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'd the seas with her, And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.  
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

Music sounds. MEPHISTOPHILIS brings in HELEN; she passeth over the stage.

SECOND SCHOLAR. Was this fair Helen, whose admired worth  
Made Greece with ten years' war afflict poor Troy?

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

FIRST SCHOLAR. 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!

FAUSTUS. Gentlemen, farewell: the same wish I to you. [Exeunt SCHOLARS.]

Enter an OLD MAN.:

OLD MAN. 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 persever 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 banish'd 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 Says, "Faustus, come; thine hour is almost come;"  
And Faustus now will come to do thee right. [MEPHISTOPHILIS gives him a dagger.]

OLD MAN. 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. O friend, I feel Thy words to comfort my distressed soul!

Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

OLD MAN. Faustus, I leave thee; but with grief of heart, Fearing the enemy of thy hapless soul.  
[Exit.]

FAUSTUS. Accursed Faustus, wretch, what hast thou done? I do repent; and yet I do despair:  
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast: What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

MEPHIST. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul For disobedience to my sovereign lord:  
Revolt, or I'll in piece-meal 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.

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

FAUSTUS. Torment, sweet friend, that base and aged man, That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,  
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

MEPHIST. His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul; But what I may afflict his body with  
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

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 clean Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,

And keep my oath I made to Lucifer.

MEPHIST. This, or what else my Faustus shall desire, Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter HELEN, passing over the stage between two CUPIDS.

FAUSTUS. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships, And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?— Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.— [Kisses her.]

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 dross that is not Helena.

I will be Paris, and for love of thee, Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack'd;

And I will combat with weak Menelaus, And wear thy colours on my plumed crest;

Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel, And then return to Helen for a kiss.

O, thou art fairer than the evening air Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;

Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter When he appear'd to hapless Semele;

More lovely than the monarch of the sky In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms;

And none but thou shalt be my paramour! [Exeunt.]

### Act V, Scene ii

Thunder. Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

LUCIFER. Thus from infernal Dis do we ascend To view the subjects of our monarchy,

Those souls which sin seals the black sons of hell; 'Mong which, as chief, Faustus, we come to thee,

Bringing with us lasting damnation To wait upon thy soul: the time is come Which makes it forfeit.

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

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

MEPHIST. How should he but in desperate lunacy? Fond worldling, now his heart-blood dries with grief; His conscience kills it; and his labouring brain Begets a world of idle fantasies

To over-reach the devil; but all in vain; His store of pleasures must be sauc'd with pain.

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 perus'd 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.

FAUSTUS. Gramercy, Wagner. Enter SCHOLARS.:

Welcome, Gentlemen. [Exit WAGNER.]

FIRST SCHOLAR. Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are chang'd.

FAUSTUS. O, gentlemen!

SECOND SCHOLAR. What ails Faustus?

FAUSTUS. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now must die eternally. Look, sirs, comes he not? comes he not?

FIRST SCHOLAR. O my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

SECOND SCHOLAR. Is all our pleasure turn'd to melancholy?

THIRD SCHOLAR. He is not well with being over-solitary.

SECOND SCHOLAR. If it be so, we'll have physicians, And Faustus shall be cur'd.

THIRD SCHOLAR. 'Tis but a surfeit, sir; fear nothing.

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

SECOND SCHOLAR. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.

FAUSTUS. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. O gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the

seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell for ever, hell. O, hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

SECOND SCHOLAR. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

FAUSTUS. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! O my God, I would weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul! O, he stays my tongue! 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 and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired; this is the time, and he will fetch me.

FIRST SCHOLAR. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

FAUSTUS. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God, to fetch me body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

SECOND SCHOLAR. O, what may we do to save Faustus?

FAUSTUS. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

THIRD SCHOLAR. God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

FIRST SCHOLAR. Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and pray for him.

FAUSTUS. Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

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

FAUSTUS. Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

ALL. Faustus, farewell. [Exeunt SCHOLARS.]

MEPHIST. 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 robb'd me of eternal happiness!

MEPHIST. I do confess it, Faustus, and rejoice: 'Twas I that, when thou wert i'the way to heaven, Damm'd up thy passage; when thou took'st the book To view the Scriptures, then I turn'd the leaves, And led thine eye. What, weep'st thou? 'tis too late; despair! Farewell:

Fools that will laugh on earth must weep in hell. [Exit.]

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL at several doors.:

GOOD ANGEL. O Faustus, if thou hadst given ear to me, Innumerable joys had follow'd thee! But thou didst love the world.

EVIL ANGEL. Gave ear to me, And now must taste hell-pains perpetually.

GOOD ANGEL. O, what will all thy riches, pleasures, poms, Avail thee now?

EVIL ANGEL. Nothing, but vex thee more, To want in hell, that had on earth such store.

GOOD ANGEL. O, thou hast lost celestial happiness, Pleasures unspeakable, bliss without end Hadst thou affected sweet divinity, Hell or the devil had had no power on thee:

Hadst thou kept on that way, Faustus, behold, [Music, while a throne descends.]

In what resplendent glory thou hadst sit In yonder throne, like those bright-shining saints, And triumph'd 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. [Exit. The throne ascends.]

EVIL ANGEL. Now, Faustus, let thine eyes with horror stare [Hell is discovered.]

Into that vast perpetual torture-house: There are the Furies tossing damned souls

On burning forks; there bodies boil in lead; There are live quarters broiling on the coals,

That ne'er can die; this ever-burning chair Is for o'er-tortur'd souls to rest them in;

These that are fed with sops of flaming fire, Were gluttons, and lov'd only delicates,  
 And laugh'd to see the poor starve at their gates: But yet all these are nothing; thou shalt see  
 Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be. FAUSTUS. O, I have seen enough to torture me!  
 EVIL ANGEL. Nay, thou must feel them, taste the smart of all: He that loves pleasure must for  
 pleasure fall: And so I leave thee, Faustus, till anon; Then wilt thou tumble in confusion.

[Exit. Hell disappears.—The clock strikes eleven.]

FAUSTUS. O Faustus, Now hast thou but one bare hour to live, And then thou must be damn'd  
 perpetually! Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven, That time may cease, and midnight never  
 come; Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make Perpetual day; or let this hour be but  
 A year, a month, a week, a natural day, That Faustus may repent and save his soul! O lente, lente  
 currite, noctis equi! The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike, The devil will come, and  
 Faustus must be damn'd. O, I'll leap up to heaven!—Who pulls me down?— 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, a threatening arm, an angry brow! Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,  
 And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven! No! Then will I headlong run into the earth:  
 Gape, earth! O, no, it will not harbour me! You stars that reign'd at my nativity, Whose influence hath  
 allotted death and hell, Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist, Into the entrails of yon  
 labouring cloud[s], That, when you vomit forth into the air, My limbs may issue from your smoky  
 mouths; But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven! [The clock strikes the half-hour.]

O, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon. O, if my soul must suffer for my sin, Impose some end  
 to my incessant pain; Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,  
 A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd! No end is limited to damned souls.

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul? Or why is this immortal that thou hast?

O, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true, This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd  
 Into some brutish beast! all beasts are happy, For, when they die,

Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements; But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.

Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me! No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer  
 That hath depriv'd 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 chang'd into small water-drops, And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

Thunder. Enter DEVILS. O, mercy, heaven! look not so fierce on me!

Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while! Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!

I'll burn my books!—O Mephistophilis! [Exeunt DEVILS with FAUSTUS.]

### Act V, Scene iii

Enter SCHOLARS. FIRST SCHOLAR. Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,  
 For such a dreadful night was never seen; Since first the world's creation did begin,  
 Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard: Pray heaven the doctor have escap'd the danger.

SECOND SCHOLAR.: O, help us, heaven! see, here are Faustus' limbs, All torn asunder by the hand  
 of death! THIRD SCHOLAR.: The devils whom Faustus serv'd have torn him thus; For, twixt the  
 hours of twelve and one, methought, I heard him shriek and call aloud for help; At which self time the  
 house seem'd all on fire With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.

SECOND SCHOLAR. Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such As every Christian heart laments  
 to think on, Yet, for he was a scholar once admir'd For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,  
 We'll give his mangled limbs due burial; And all the students, cloth'd in mourning black,  
 Shall wait upon his heavy funeral. [Exeunt.]

**EPILOGUE** Enter CHORUS.: CHORUS. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight, And  
 burn'd is Apollo's laurel-bough, That sometime grew within this learned man. Faustus is gone: regard



his hellish fall, Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise, Only to wonder at unlawful things,  
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits To practise more than heavenly power permits. [Exit.]

***Dr. Faustus***

*Dr. Faustus* is a unique play among the plays that were written at the time. It is known as Morality play, a Renaissance and Elizabethan tragedy. Faustus is born to a common family in Rhodes, Germany. In his maturity, while living with relatives in Wittenberg, he studies theology and becomes a doctor as well. However, Faustus is so swollen with conceit that, like Daedalus, the ancient Greek inventor, he strives too far, becoming gluttoned with learning. He conspires with the Devil and falls, accursed to Hell.

At the outset of his downward path, Doctor Faustus finds himself complete master of three fields of knowledge—medicine, law, and theology. As a medical doctor, he achieves huge success and great renown. After obtaining good health for his patients, he faces no challenge except achieving immortality for them. He concludes that law is nothing but an elaborate moneymaking scheme. He thinks that only theology remains, but that it leads to a blind alley. He knows that the reward of sin is death and that no one can say that he or she is without sin; all people, guilty of sin, consequently die.

Necromancy, or black magic, greatly attracts Faustus. Universal power would be within his reach, the whole world would be at his command, and emperors would lie at his feet, if he could become a magician. Summoning his servant, Wagner, Faustus orders him to contact Valdes and Cornelius, believing they could teach him their black arts.

The Good Angel and the Evil Angel each try to persuade Faustus. Faustus is in no mood to listen to the Good Angel. He exults over the prospects of his forthcoming adventures. He will get gold from India, pearls from the oceans, tasty delicacies from faraway places; he will read strange philosophies, cull from foreign kings their secrets, control Germany with his power, reform public schools, and perform many other fabulous deeds. Eager to acquire knowledge of the black arts, he departs to study with Valdes and Cornelius. Before long the scholars of Wittenberg begin to notice the doctor's prolonged absence. Learning from Wagner of his master's unhallowed pursuits, the scholars lament the fate of the famous doctor.

Faustus's first act of magic is to summon Mephostophilis. At the sight of the ugly Devil, he orders Mephostophilis to assume the shape of a Franciscan friar. The docile obedience of Mephostophilis elates Faustus the magician, but Mephostophilis explains that magic has limits in the Devil's kingdom. Mephostophilis claims that he does not actually appear at Faustus's behest but comes, as he will to any other person, because Faustus curses Christ and abjures the Scriptures. Whenever someone is on the verge of being damned, the Devil will appear.

Interested in the nature of Lucifer, Faustus questions Mephostophilis about his master, the fallen angel, and about Hell, Lucifer's domain. Mephostophilis is cagey. He claims that the fallen spirits, being deprived of the glories of Heaven, find the whole world to be Hell. Even Mephostophilis urges Faustus to give up his scheme. Faustus, however, scorns the warning, saying that he will surrender his soul to Lucifer if the fallen angel will give to Faustus twenty-four years of voluptuous ease, with Mephostophilis attending him.

While Faustus indulges in an intellectual dispute concerning the relative merits of God and the Devil, the Good Angel and the Evil Angel, symbolic of Faustus's inner conflict, appear once again, each attempting to persuade him. The result is that Faustus is more determined than ever to continue his course.

Mephostophilis returns to assure Faustus that Lucifer is agreeable to the bargain, which must be sealed in Faustus's blood. When Faustus tries to sign his name, however, his blood congeals, and Mephostophilis has to warm the liquid by fire. Significantly, the words "Fly, man" appear in Latin on Faustus's arm. When Faustus questions Mephostophilis about the nature of Hell, the Devil claims that Hell has no limits for the damned. Intoxicated by his new status, Faustus disclaims any belief in an

afterlife. In this way, he assures himself that his contract with Lucifer will never be fulfilled, in spite of Mephostophilis's own warning that he himself is living proof of Hell's existence.

Faustus, eager to enjoy the promise of the Devil's offerings, demands books that will contain varied information regarding the Devil's regime. When the Good Angel and the Evil Angel come to him again, he thinks that he is beyond repentance. Again, the opposing angels incorporate themselves into Faustus's mind, until he calls on Christ to save him. Nevertheless, as he speaks, wrathful Lucifer descends upon his victim to admonish him never to call to God. As an appeasing gesture, Lucifer conjures up a vision of the Seven Deadly Sins—Pride, Covetousness, Envy, Wrath, Gluttony, Sloth, and Lechery.

Faustus travels extensively throughout the world, and Wagner marvels at his master's rapid progress. In Rome, at the palace of the pope, Faustus, becoming invisible as a result of his black arts, astounds the Roman Catholic pope by snatching items from the holy man's hands. Like a gleeful child, Faustus asks Mephostophilis to create more mischief. When Faustus returns home, the scholars eagerly question him about many things unknown to them. As Faustus's fame spreads, Charles V, emperor of Germany, asks him to conjure up the spirit of Alexander the Great. A skeptical knight scoffs at such a preposterous idea, so Faustus, after fulfilling the emperor's request, spitefully places horns on the head of the knight.

Foreseeing that his time of merriment is drawing to a close, Faustus returns to Wittenberg. Wagner senses that his master is about to die because Faustus is giving him all of his worldly goods. As death draws near, Faustus speaks with his conscience, which, taking the form of an old man, begs him to repent before he dies. When Faustus declares that he will repent, Mephostophilis cautions him not to offend Lucifer. Faustus asks Mephostophilis to bring him Helen of Troy as a lover to amuse him during the final days of his life.

In his remaining hours, Faustus converses with scholars who love him, and the fallen theologian reveals to them his bargain with Lucifer. Alone, he utters a final despairing plea that he be saved from impending eternal misery, but in the end he is borne off by a company of devils.

**Key Characters** : Dr. John Faustus sells his soul to the devil in return for twenty-four years of power. He represents the overachieving Renaissance individualist. Benvolio, Frederick, and Martino attempt to kill Faustus after he conjures up horns that grow out of Benvolio's head. They are punished by the devils and sprout horns on their heads. **Mephostophilis**- A devil whom Faustus summons with his initial magical experiments. Mephostophilis's motivations are ambiguous: on the one hand, his oft-expressed goal is to catch Faustus's soul and carry it off to hell; on the other hand, he actively attempts to dissuade Faustus from making a deal with Lucifer by warning him about the horrors of hell. Mephostophilis is ultimately as tragic a figure as Faustus, with his moving, regretful accounts of what the devils have lost in their eternal separation from God and his repeated reflections on the pain that comes with damnation. **Charles V** is Emperor of Germany. He asks Faustus to prove his powers by conjuring up Alexander the Great. **Old Man** - An enigmatic figure who appears in the final scene. The old man urges Faustus to repent and to ask God for mercy. He seems to replace the good and evil angels, who, in the first scene, try to influence Faustus's behavior. **Good Angel** - A spirit that urges Faustus to repent for his pact with Lucifer and return to God. Along with the old man and the bad angel, the good angel represents, in many ways, Faustus's conscience and divided will between good and evil. **Evil Angel** - A spirit that serves as the counterpart to the good angel and provides Faustus with reasons not to repent for sins against God. The evil angel represents the evil half of Faustus's conscience. **The horse-courser** buys Faustus' horse but rides it through water against Faustus' advice and turns it into straw. Faustus then plays a trick on him by having the horse-courser rip his leg off when he goes to wake him. **Lucifer** - The prince of devils, the ruler of hell, and Mephostophilis's master. **Wagner** - Faustus's servant. Wagner uses his master's books to learn how to summon devils and work magic. **Clown** - A clown who becomes Wagner's servant. The clown's antics provide comic

relief; he is a ridiculous character, and his absurd behavior initially contrasts with Faustus's grandeur. As the play goes on, though, Faustus's behavior comes to resemble that of the clown. **Robin**- An ostler, or innkeeper, who, like the clown, provides a comic contrast to Faustus. Robin and his friend Rafe learn some basic conjuring, demonstrating that even the least scholarly can possess skill in magic. Marlowe includes Robin and Rafe to illustrate Faustus's degradation as he submits to simple trickery such as theirs. **The Chorus in *Doctor Faustus***: The use of the chorus by Marlowe is one of a number of classical elements in the play. In Greek drama, the role of the chorus was to provide a commentary on the events of a play, upon the characters and their behavior. The chorus provided a way in for the audience, as it were, and a way to forge a deeper, more intimate connection between the audience and what was happening on stage. The play employs the Chorus in a number of functions: To explain the kind of play the audience is about to witness (Chorus 1), To tell 'the story so far' and fill in details of Faustus' birth and early career (Chorus 1), to anticipate the first part of the action, as Faustus turns towards forbidden knowledge (Chorus 1), to fill in episodes not represented on the stage and to introduce a new location (Chorus 2). This is spoken by Wagner, but in a manner very similar to that of Choruses 1 and 3, to inform the audience of Faustus' increased reputation as a learned man, and his summons to the court of the Emperor (Chorus 3), to offer a more intimate view of the change in Faustus' behaviour as the end of the play approaches. The Chorus identifies himself as Wagner and speaks in a language register similar to that he uses elsewhere in the play. In the final lines of the play, the chorus plays as a moral guide for the audience.

#### ***She Stoops to Conquer* – Oliver Goldsmith**

*She Stoops to Conquer*, by Oliver Goldsmith, is a five-act comedic play with a prologue and an epilogue first performed in 1773 in London. The prologue begins with Mr. Woodward— a comic actor—weeping because comedy is supposedly dead. He hopes that Goldsmith's play will make him laugh, thereby bringing the comic arts back to life.

**Characters :** **Sir Charles Marlow** : The father of Young Marlow and friend of Hardcastle. A respectable and aristocratic fellow from the town who believes his son is of very modest character. **Marlow** : the hero of a play -a respectable fellow who comes to Hardcastle's home to meet Kate Hardcastle. Possessed of a strange contradictory character, wherein he is mortified to speak to any "modest" woman, but is lively and excitable in conversation with barmaids or other low-class women. **Hardcastle** :The patriarch of the Hardcastle family, and owner of the estate where the play is set. He despises the ways of the town, and is dedicated to the simplicity of country life and old-fashioned traditions. **Hastings** : Friend of Marlow's, and lover of Constance Neville. A decent fellow who is willing to marry Constance even without her money. **Tony Lumpkin** : Son of Mrs. Hardcastle from an earlier marriage, and known for his free-wheeling ways of drinking and tomfoolery. Loves to play practical jokes. Proves to be good-natured and kind despite his superficial disdain for everyone. His mother wants him to marry Constance but he is set against the idea. **Diggory** - Hardcastle's head servant - **Mrs. Hardcastle** – Wife of Mr. Hardcastle, most notable for her pronounced vanity. She coddles her son Tony, and wants him to marry her niece, Constance Neville. **Kate Hardcastle** - Called "Miss Hardcastle" in the play. The heroine of the play, she is able to balance the "refined simplicity" of country life with the love of life associated with the town. She pretends to be a barmaid in order to judge her suitor Marlow's true character. **Constance Neville** - Called "Miss Neville" in the play. Niece of Mrs. Hardcastle, an orphan whose only inheritance is a set of jewels in the care of her aunt. Her aunt wishes her to marry Tony Lumpkin, but Constance wants to marry Hastings. **Maid** - Kate's servant. The woman who tells her that Marlow believed Kate to be a barmaid, which leads Kate towards her plan to stoop and conquer. **Landlord** -Landlord of the Three Pigeons, who welcomes Marlow and Hastings, and helps Tony to play his trick on them. **Jeremy** - Marlow's drunken servant. His drunken impertinence offends Hardcastle, which leads Hardcastle to order Marlow to leave.

**Summary :** Act One begins with the character Mr. Hardcastle. He has chosen a husband for his daughter, Kate, whom neither of them have met. Kate's husband-to-be is a reserved man of good looks, and the son of Mr. Hardcastle's old friend Sir Charles Marlow. In the second scene, Tony Lumpkin, Hardcastle's stepson, is enjoying a reverie at the Three Pigeons Tavern. Two gentlemen arrive, named Marlow and Hastings, and report that they are lost. They are looking for Hardcastle's house. Tony decides to play a joke on them, and gives them directions, but describes his stepfather's house as an inn. He tells them it's run by an eccentric man who thinks himself a gentleman.

In Act Two, Hardcastle gathers his servants, who are farmhands, and explains that he's expecting a visit from his future son-in-law, Marlow. He tells the servants that they must behave like the servants of a gentleman, which confuses them. Meanwhile, on the way to Hardcastle's house, which he thinks is an inn, Marlow confesses to Hastings that proper ladies make him feel shy. When they arrive at Hardcastle's home, Marlow and Hastings are rude to him because they think him to be the innkeeper. Hastings meets Miss Constance Neville, who is Mrs. Hardcastle's niece. She tells him they're not at an inn, but rather at Hardcastle's house. His response is to try to get her to elope with him. However, she doesn't want to abandon her inheritance. The two devise a plan to get her jewels so that they can elope. Hastings decides not to tell Marlow he's not at an inn, because then Marlow would become embarrassed and ruin Hastings' and Constance's plans.

Hastings introduces Marlow to both Constance and Kate Hardcastle, with whom Marlow is exceedingly shy. Kate finds his reticence off-putting, despite his handsome features, and wonders if she can be happy as his wife. Mrs. Hardcastle arrives, and Hastings teases her lack of connection to London and the fashionable society there. Then, while talking to Tony, Hastings discovers that Tony's mother is pressing him to marry Constance, to keep Constance's inheritance in the family. Tony hates the idea, so he promises to help Hastings not only recover Constance's inheritance, but also to elope with her.

Act Three once again opens with Hardcastle, who is confused as to why his friend, Sir Marlow, would recommend his son for Kate, since he finds young Marlow to be rude. Kate and her father discuss Marlow as though he's two different people, since Marlow treats Hardcastle rudely, as he would an innkeeper, and is reserved and shy around Kate because he knows her to be a lady. Meanwhile, Tony sends Constance's jewels to Hastings. Without knowing of their plan, Constance asks Mrs. Hardcastle if she can wear her jewels, intent on taking them with her when she elopes. Tony tells his mother to tell Constance that the jewels are lost, which she does.

Kate finds out about the joke Tony has been playing on Marlow and Hastings by telling them the house is an inn. She doesn't reveal the deception, but instead insists on perpetuating it. Marlow mistakes Kate for a barmaid, and flirts with her. Hardcastle catches them flirting and Marlow runs off, but Kate, who now likes Marlow, is certain she can prove he is respectable.

In Act Four, Constance informs Hastings that they're expecting Sir Marlow to visit. Hastings, meanwhile, has sent Constance's jewels to Marlow for safekeeping, but without any instructions, so Marlow gives them to one of the servants, thinking her the landlady of the inn. The servant brings the jewels to Mrs. Hardcastle. Marlow is in the midst of telling Hastings about the barmaid he fancies—who is actually Kate—when Hastings asks about the jewels. Marlow answers that he returned them to the landlady. Hastings decides that he and Constance will have to elope without the jewels.

Marlow finally realizes the house is not an inn after Hardcastle gets upset that Marlow has encouraged the servants to get drunk. Kate confirms this, but continues to pretend she is a barmaid. Marlow tells her that he would marry her if society and his father allowed it, but he says this is unlikely. Meanwhile, Mrs. Hardcastle, who now has Constance's jewels again, presses Tony to marry Constance. However, Tony has already prepared horses for Constance to elope with Hastings. Mrs. Hardcastle finds out about the elopement and whisks Constance away to her Aunt Pedigree's home. Marlow becomes angry

with Hastings for not telling him the home was not, in fact, an inn. Hastings is angry with Marlow for returning the jewels to Mrs. Hardcastle. With Constance gone, there seems little hope, but Tony comes up with another plan.

In Act Five, Sir Marlow and Hardcastle discuss Marlow and Kate's marriage. Tony, meanwhile, doesn't take Mrs. Hardcastle and Constance to Aunt Pedigree's, as he is supposed to. Instead, he ultimately leads them back to where they started. Constance decides not to elope, but hopes that the Hardcastles will give their approval and her inheritance so that she can honorably marry Hastings. Marlow learns Kate's true identity. The play ends with both couples marrying.

In the Epilogue, Goldsmith summarizes the play, and how Kate stooped in her rank to conquer the difficulties put upon the characters by society. Restoration comedy was known for its depiction of the society's vices and follies. Goldsmith's own experiences provided him with a base for his play. Restoration comedy begins with the Comedy of Manners which is a type of comedy that depicts the manners and fashions of particular class. They often satirises the middle or upper classes who were the very audience that watched these plays.

### **The Alchemist – Ben Jonson**

Ben Jonson (1573-1637) was one of the foremost of the Jacobean dramatists. He wrote a number of plays (both comedies and tragedies) and a series of stylised masques for the Court. He had a keen eye for the follies of his contemporaries, and in this play he particularly satirises human gullibility. He displays considerable understanding of alchemy and makes many jokes based on its symbolism (and in two places even refers to Dee and Kelly). *The Alchemist* is one of Ben Jonson's four great comedies.

**The characters in the play:-** **Subtle** - The Alchemist. **Face** - The house-keeper, otherwise Lovewit's butler Jeremy. **Dol Common** - The conspirator of Subtle and Face. **Lovewit** - The owner of the house in which Subtle sets up his work. **Dapper** - A Lawyer's Clerk, who wants Subtle to help him in gambling. **Abel Drugger** - A Tobacco merchant, who wants Subtle to assist him, through magic in setting up an apothecaries shop. **Sir Epicure Mammon** - A Knight, who wants Subtle's help in making him wealthy. **Tribulation Wholesome** - A Pastor of Amsterdam. **Ananias** - A Deacon, colleague of Tribulation. These religious brothers want Subtle's help in minting money to help establish Puritanism in Britain. **Kastril** - The angry boy, recently come into an inheritance. He wants Subtle's help in aiding him to win fights. **Dame Pliant** - A widow, sister of Kastril, wants to know her fortune in marriage. **Pertinax Surly** - A Gamester, who sees through the deceptions. Neighbours, Officers, Attendants. The action takes place in Lovewit's house in London, while he is away in the country.

Summary : With his master Lovewit resting in the country to avoid an outbreak of plague in London, a clever servant named Face develops a scheme to make money and amuse himself. He gives Subtle, a charlatan, and a prostitute named Dol Common access to the house. Subtle disguises himself as an alchemist, with Face as his servant; Dol disguises herself as a zealous Puritan. Together, the three of them gull and cheat an assortment of foolish clients. These include Sir Epicure Mammon, a wealthy sensualist looking for the philosopher's stone; two greedy Puritans, Tribulation Wholesome and Ananias, who hope to counterfeit Dutch money; Drugger, a "tobacco man" hoping to marry the wealthy widow Dame Pliant; Dapper, an incredibly suave, fashionable, good-looking 17th century gentleman, and other minor figures looking for a short-cut to success in gambling or in business.

The play takes place over the course of one day in the house of Face's master. The three rogues are forced to increasingly frenetic manoeuvres first to manage all of their simultaneous scams, and then to fend off the suspicious Kestrel, Dame Pliant's brother. At last, Lovewit returns; quickly perceiving what Face has done in his absence, he devises a scheme of his own to allow all to end well. Doll and Subtle escape unpunished but empty-handed; Mammon's goods are restored to him, but the Puritans' are not. The smaller victims either flee or are driven from the stage. Lovewit himself pledges troth to

Dame Pliant, with Kestrel's approval. Face is restored without punishment to his original place as Jeremy Lovewit's butler.'

*The Rivals* – R. B. Sheridan.

In the Restoration period England witnessed the emergence of ‘**comedies of manners**’ showing the confused and sanctimonious lifestyles of the rising middle class and upper class then “during the 18th century, ‘**sentimental comedies**’ encouraged audiences to uphold virtue and avoid vice, chiefly by stirring their emotions.” Sheridan, in the form of sentimental comedy, attempted a revival of the Restoration comedy of manners

*The Rivals* is one such comedy in five acts by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, produced and published in 1775. The play concerns the romantic difficulties of Lydia Languish, who is determined to marry for love and into poverty.

**Characters:** Sir Anthony Absolute, a wealthy baronet

Captain Jack Absolute, his son, disguised as Ensign Beverley

Faulkland, friend of Jack Absolute                      Bob Acres, friend of Jack Absolute

Sir Lucius O'Trigger, an Irish baronet                      Fag, Captain Absolute's servant

David, Bob Acres' servant                                      Thomas, Sir Anthony's servant

Lydia Languish, a wealthy teenaged heiress, in love with "Ensign Beverley"

Mrs. Malaprop, Lydia's middle-aged guardian

Julia Melville, a young relation of the Absolutes, in love with Faulkland

Lucy, Lydia's conniving maid

**Captain Jack Absolute :** (Ensign Beverley), a young aristocrat who poses as a penniless ensign to win the love of Lydia Languish. After many problems—among them relatives who oppose his marriage, rivals who challenge him to duels, and misunderstandings with his fiancée—Jack wins fair Lydia.

**Lydia Languish :** Jack Absolute's beloved, a girl whose head is so stuffed with the fantastic adventures of popular fictional people that she cannot bear to marry anyone in her own class. She spurns Jack Absolute when she learns that he is not the penniless Ensign Beverley, but she is greatly impressed when she learns that he is to fight a duel because of her, and he wins her hand.

**Sir Anthony Absolute :** Jack's strong-willed father, who insists that Jack marry the woman Sir Anthony selects. Jack refuses to obey his father's edict until he learns that Sir Anthony has chosen Lydia to be his son's wife.

**Mrs. Malaprop :** Lydia's aunt, whose eccentric treatment of the English language spawned the word “malapropism.” She opposes Lydia's intention to marry Jack, but she drops her objections at last to bask in the high spirits of those whose problems have found happy solutions.

**Bob Acres :** Bob Acres, an affable country squire who challenges Ensign Beverley to a duel. When he learns that Beverley and his friend Jack are the same person, the timid squire is greatly relieved that no duel will be necessary.

**Sir Lucius O'Trigger :** a brash Irishman who is hoodwinked into believing that he is corresponding with Lydia when, actually, Mrs. Malaprop and he are exchanging letters. He challenges Jack to a duel but withdraws when he learns that Lydia never has been interested in him.

**Faulkland :** Jack's friend, who is in love with Julia Melville, Lydia's cousin. Faulkland's avocation is worrying about the welfare of his suit for Julia, thus creating obstacles where there are none. Finally, however, he banishes care and generously accepts Julia's love.

**Summary :** The play is set in 18th-century Bath, a town that was legendary for conspicuous consumption and fashion at the time. Wealthy, fashionable people went there to “take the waters”, which were believed to have healing properties. Bath society was much less exclusive than London, and hence it provides an ideal setting for the characters.

The plot centres on the two young lovers, Lydia and Jack. Lydia, who reads a lot of popular novels of the time, wants a purely romantic love affair. To court her, Jack pretends to be “Ensign Beverley”, a poor army officer. Lydia is enthralled with the idea of eloping with a poor soldier in spite

of the objections of her guardian, Mrs. Malaprop, a moralistic widow. Mrs. Malaprop is the chief comic figure of the play, thanks to her continual misuse of words that sound like the words she intends to use, but mean something completely different (the term malapropism was coined in reference to the character).

Lydia has two other suitors: Bob Acres (a somewhat buffoonish country gentleman), and Sir Lucius O'Trigger, an impoverished and combative Irish gentleman. Sir Lucius pays Lucy to carry love notes between him and Lydia (who uses the name "Delia"), but Lucy is swindling him: "Delia" is actually Mrs. Malaprop.

As the play opens, Sir Anthony arrives suddenly in Bath. He has arranged a marriage for Jack, but Jack demurs, saying he is in love already. They quarrel violently. But Jack soon learns through the gossip of Lucy and Fag that the marriage arranged by Sir Anthony is, in fact, with Lydia. He makes a great show of submission to his father, and is presented to Lydia with Mrs. Malaprop's blessing. Jack confides to Lydia that he is only posing as Sir Anthony's son. She annoys Mrs. Malaprop by loudly professing her eternal devotion to "Beverley" while rejecting "Jack Absolute".

Jack's friend Faulkland is in love with Julia, but he suffers from jealous suspicion. He is constantly fretting himself about her fidelity. Faulkland and Julia quarrel foolishly, making elaborate and high-flown speeches about true love that satirise the romantic dramas of the period.

Bob Acres tells Sir Lucius that another man ("Beverley") is courting the lady of Acres' choice (Lydia, though Sir Lucius does not know this). Sir Lucius immediately declares that Acres must challenge "Beverley" to a duel and kill him. Acres goes along, and writes out a challenge note – despite his own rather more pacifist feelings, and the profound misgivings of his servant David. Sir Lucius leaves, Jack arrives, and Acres tells him of his intent. Jack agrees to deliver the note to "Beverley", but declines to be Acres' second.

Mrs. Malaprop again presents Jack to Lydia, but this time with Sir Anthony present, exposing Jack's pose as "Beverley". Lydia is enraged by the puncturing of her romantic dreams, and spurns Jack contemptuously.

Sir Lucius has also learned of the proposed marriage of Jack and Lydia, and determines to challenge Jack. He meets Jack, who, smarting from Lydia's rejection, agrees to fight him without even knowing the reason. They will meet at the same time as Acres is scheduled to fight "Beverley". At the dueling ground, Acres is very reluctant to fight, but Sir Lucius will have no shirking. Jack and Faulkland arrive. Acres learns that "Beverley" is actually his friend Jack, and begs off from their duel. However, Jack is quite willing to fight Sir Lucius, and they cross swords.

David informs Mrs. Malaprop, Lydia, Julia, and Sir Anthony of the duel, and they all rush off to stop it. Sir Lucius explains the cause of his challenge, but Lydia denies any connection to him, and admits her love for Jack. Mrs. Malaprop announces that she is Delia, but Sir Lucius recoils in horror, realising that he has been hoaxed. Sir Anthony consoles Mrs. Malaprop, Julia is reconciled to Faulkland, and Acres invites everyone to a party.

### ***Strife – John Galsworthy***

Galsworthy wrote this play at a time when the rights of laborers were only beginning to be asserted. STRIFE presents a picture of both sides of the strike question, for Galsworthy was always an impartial realist. Aside from its social implications, the play is also notable for several very real and forceful characters Roberts and old Anthony among them.

**John Anthony** :the chairman of the board of a sheet metal plant. He is dramatically a fully realized character and also an example of a popular type that figured in early twentieth century industrial disputes. He fights stubbornly for his principles and is uncompromising in his attitude toward petitions from labor factions. Eventually, his resignation is forced by board members eager to compromise with the union.

**David Roberts** : a zealous leader of the striking workers who is Anthony's counterpart in the ranks of labor. He is typical of the adamant, unyielding element prevalent in labor disputes in the early twentieth century. As Anthony is deserted by the board, so Roberts is abandoned by the union membership, and the strike is compromised. **Annie Roberts** : David's wife, who, though not an active character in the play, is an important agent in it. It is her death from the privation caused by the strike that causes the contending forces to think soberly and work out a compromise. **Edgar Anthony** : the realistically presented son of John Anthony. He expresses the views that employers of the future might be expected to have where labor is concerned. **Enid Underwood** : he is sympathetic to labor's cause. Francis, because he is the plant manager, is not as overt in his stand as is Enid. She boldly attempts to reconcile the opposing factions, first by attending Roberts' sick wife and then by pleading personally with Roberts to give up the fight. Significant is the fact that Enid is Anthony's daughter. **Simon Harness** : a union officer whose compromise finally is accepted by the contending parties.

**Summary** : The strike at the Trenartha Tin Plate Works had lasted so long without any sign of a settlement that the directors had begun to fear for their dividends. They had all gathered at the Underwood home at the request of the workers, and at first there was some talk of compromise. Facing them, however, was the stern figure of the chairman of the board, seventy-five-year-old John Anthony, who refused to consider any plan for compromise.

Anthony belonged to the old school of businessmen who refused to move with the times. For him there could be only one master at the plant, and that was John Anthony himself. He had defeated four strikes in his thirty-two years as chairman of the board, and he was certain that a little more perseverance would defeat the strikers once more.

The other directors were a little uneasy under his stern refusal. In his report Underwood, the plant manager, had made no attempt to disguise the terrible suffering of the striking workers and their families. The directors were also aware that if the strike lasted much longer their stockholders would begin to protest strongly.

Although the union had withdrawn support from the strikers because two of their conditions exceeded the prevailing standards, Simon Harness, a Trades Union official, had been sent to attempt mediation between the board and the workers. His interview with the directors accomplished nothing because of Anthony's obstinacy. The meeting between the representatives of the workers and the directors was equally unhappy. Roberts, the leader of the striking workmen, was just as unyielding on his side as Anthony was on his. Both sides faced a deadlock.

Conditions among the workers were so terrible that many of them were ready to give in, but Roberts remained adamant. Mrs. Roberts was dying; her weak heart could not stand the cold and hunger which the strike imposed upon them all. At one time she had been the maid in Underwood's home, and one afternoon Enid Underwood went to visit her. Mrs. Underwood had tried to send food to Mrs. Roberts, but the strike leader was too proud and too stubborn to accept help from the daughter of John Anthony. Mrs. Underwood tried to plead with Roberts, asking him, for his wife's sake, to give in and end the strike. But he was fanatic in his certainty that in the end the workmen could bring their employers to terms.

At a meeting of the men and Harness, the Trades Union official, it became evident that most of the strikers were willing to compromise, to accept the union suggestions. A few were willing to give in completely. When Roberts appeared at the meeting, the men did not wish to hear him speak. But Roberts was a powerful orator, and as he talked to them again about the eventual victory which they could win if they refused to give in now, they were once more moved and convinced by his oratory. As he was speaking, a young woman approached the platform and told him that his wife had died. With this tragedy as an example of what they must expect if they continued to resist, the men decided to accept the terms of the union compromise.

The news of Mrs. Roberts' death was a blow to the directors. Edgar Anthony, in spite of the











... ..

... ..

**UNIT IV**

... ..

\* '... ..

\* ... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

- ... ..
- ... ..
- ... ..
- ... ..





1960 1974 1986  
 14 14  
 75 103 5 14  
 18.55 25000  
 16 42 2  
 12, 1993 1993, ( )