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THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

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HISTORY OF
DOCTOR FAUSTUS**

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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.]

O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
 Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!

[Thunder and lightning.]

O soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,
 And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

Enter DEVILS.

My God, my god, 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!—Ah, Mephistophilis!

*[Exeunt DEVILS with FAUSTUS.]*¹⁷⁴

¹⁷⁴ Exeunt DEVILS with FAUSTUS— In THE HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS, his "miserable and lamentable end" is described as follows: it took place, we are informed, at "the village called Rimlich, halfe a mile from Wittenberg."—"The students and the other that were there, when they had prayed for him, they wept, and so went forth; but Faustus tarried in the hall; and when the gentlemen were laid in bed, none of them could sleepe, for that they att[e]nded to heare if they might be privy of his end. It happened that betweene twelve and one a clocke at midnight, there blew a mighty storme of winde against the house, as though it would have blowne the foundation thereof out of his place. Hereupon the students began to feare and goe out of their beds, comforting one another; but they would not stirre out of the chamber; and the host of the house ran out of doores, thinking the house would fall. The students lay neere unto the hall wherein Doctor Faustus lay, and they heard a mighty noyse and hissing, as if the hall had beene full of snakes and adders. With that, the hall-doore flew open, wherein Doctor Faustus was, that he began to cry for helpe, saying, Murther, murther! but it came forth with halfe a voyce, hollowly: shortly after, they heard him no more. But when it was day, the students, that had taken no rest that night, arose and went into the hall, in the which they left Doctor Faustus; where notwithstanding they found not Faustus, but all the hall lay sprinkled with blood, his braines cleaving to the wall, for the devill had beaten him from one wall against another; in one corner lay his eyes, in another his teeth; a pittifull and fearefull sight to behold. Then began the students to waile and weepe for him, and sought for his body in many places. Lastly, they came into the yard, where they found his body lying on the horse-dung, most monstrously torne and fearefull to behold, for his head and all his joynts were dashed in peeces. The fore-named students and masters that were at his death, have obtained so much, that they buried him in the village where he was so grievously tormented. After the which they returned to Wittenberg; and comming into the house of Faustus, they found the servant of Faustus very sad, unto whom they opened all the

