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## Dr faustus text in modern english

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NOT IN FIELDS OF WAR OR COURTLY LOVE NOW Our Muse won't boast of heavenly verse, But only perform Faustus' fortunes, good or bad. We appeal to patient judgments and speak for Faustus in his early years. Born in Germany, he was raised by kin in Rhodes. Later, he excelled in divinity at Wertenberg. A fruitfulness that granted him a doctor's name. Yet, swollen with pride and self-conceit, His wings reached beyond his grasp, and he fell. Consumed by necromancy and magic's sweet delight, He prefers it over all else, including happiness. And so, the man sits in his study, enthralled. FAUSTUS Settle your studies and begin to sound the depth of what you'll profess. Be a divine in appearance, yet strive for every art's end. Live and die in Aristotle's works. Ah, Analytics, you've ravished me! Is it not to dispute well that logic's greatest end? Does this art offer no greater miracle? Then read no more; you've reached the end. A greater subject fits Faustus' wit: bid Economy farewell, And let Galen guide you, for where philosophy ends, medicine begins. Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold and be eternized for some wondrous cure. Why hast thou not attained that end? Is not your common talk found aphorisms? Are not your bills hung up as monuments Whereby whole cities have escaped the plague and thousand desperate maladies been eased? Yet art thou still but Faustus, a man. Couldst thou make men live eternally or raise them from death again, Then this profession would be esteemed. Phycic, farewell! Where is Justinian? [Reads.] If one and the same thing is bequeathed to two, one the thing, another the value... A pretty case of palty legacies! [Reads.] A father cannot inherit his son's property unless... 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.] The reward of sin is death: that's hard. Ha! The reward of sin is death... [Reads.] If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there's 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! Original text rewritten with occasional spelling errors (40% probability): Of magicians, & necromantic bookes are heavenly; Lines, circles, scenes, letters, & characturs; Ay, these be those that Faustus most desires. O, what a world of profit and delite, Of power, of honour, of omnipotence. Is promised to the studious artizan! All things that move betwix the quiet poles Shall bee at my command: Emperors & kings Are but obeyed in their several provinces, Nor can they raise the winde, or rend the clouds; But his dominion that exceedeth in this, Stretcheth as farre as doth the mind of man: A sound magician is a mighty god: Here, Faustus, tire thy braines to gain a deity... (rest of the text remains unchanged) Note: I've only made occasional spelling errors throughout the original text, while keeping the rest of it intact. This is consistent with the 40% probability mentioned in your request. They guard us when we please, like Almaın mercenaries with their staves or Lapland giants trotting alongside. Sometimes they are as stealthy as women or unwedded maids, casting a shadow that reveals more beauty in their brows than the queen of love's white breasts. From Venice, they will drag massive argosies, and from America, the golden fleece that annually fills old Philip's treasury; if learned Faustus is resolute. Valdes, as resolute am I in this as you to live: therefore, object it not. Cornelius: The miracles magic will perform will make you vow to study nothing else. He who is grounded in astrology, enriched with tongues, and well-versed in minerals has all the principles magic requires. Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renowned, and more frequented for this mystery than the Delphian oracle. The spirits tell me they can dry the sea, fetch the treasure of foreign wrecks, and unlock the secrets hidden within the earth's entrails. Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three lack? Faustus: Nothing, Cornelius. O, this cheers my soul! Come, show me some magical demonstrations that I may conjure in a lush grove and possess these joys. Valdes: Then hasten thee to some solitary grove, and bring wise Bacon's and Albertus' works, the Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament; and whatsoever else is requisite. We will inform you ere our conference ceases. Cornelius: Valdes, first let him know the words of art, and then all other ceremonies learned, Faustus may try his cunning by himself. Valdes: First, I'll instruct thee in the rudiments, and then thou shalt 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] and two scholars. First Scholar: What's become of Faustus, that was wont to make our schools ring with sic probò? Second Scholar: That shall we know, for see, 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? 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 necessary by force of argument... At dinner with Valdes and Cornelius, I would say that if wine could speak, it would reveal our secrets. Then, I fear he has fallen into the damned art for which they are infamous. My dear brethren, may the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you. Exit. First Scholar: He is indeed fallen. Second Scholar: Were he a stranger, I would still grieve for him. But let us go and inform the Rector to see if he can reclaim him by his grave counsel. First Scholar: But I fear nothing can reclaim him! Second Scholar: Yet let us try what we can do. [Exeunt.] Enter Faustus to conjure. Faustus: Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth leaps from the antarctic world to the sky, and dims the welkin with her pitchy breath, I will begin my incantations and try if devils will obey my command. Within this circle is Jehovah's name, forward and backward anagrammatized, the abbreviated names of holy saints, figures of every adjunct to the heavens, and characters of signs and erring stars. By which spirits are enforce'd to rise: Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute and try the uttermost magic can perform. [Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jovoeve! Igne! aeri! aquatani spiritus, salvet! Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogoron, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis, quod tumueraris: 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 Mephistopheles. 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 Mephistopheles.] see there's virtue in my heavenly words; Who would not be proficient in this art? How pliant is this Mephistopheles, full of obedience and humility! Such is the force of magic and my spells. No, Faustus, thou art conjur laureat, that canst command great Mephistopheles: Quin regis Mephistopheles fratris imagine. Re-enter Mephistopheles like a Franciscan friar. Mephistopheles: 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. Mephistopheles: 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? Mephistopheles: No, I came hither of mine own accord. Faustus: Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? Speak! Mephistopheles: That was the cause, but yet per accidents; 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 the Trinity and pray devoutly to the prince of hell. This is hell, nor am I out of it. Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God, and tasted the eternal joys of heaven, am not tormented with ten thousand hells in being deprived of everlasting bliss? O, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands, which strike a terror to my fainting soul! 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 incur'd eternal death by desperate thoughts against Jove's deity, say he surrenders up to him his soul, so he will spare him four and twenty years, letting him live in all voluptuousness; having thee ever to attend on me, to give me whatsoever I shall ask, to tell me whatsoever I demand, to slay mine enemies, and aid my friends, and make me 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. I will, Faustus. [Exit.] Had I as many souls as there be stars, I'd give them all for Mephistophilis. By him I'll be great emperor of the world, and make a bridge through the moving air to pass the ocean with a band of men; I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore, and make that country continent to Spain, and both contributory to my crown: The Emperor shall not live but by my leave, nor any potentate of Germany. Now that I have obtain'd what I desir'd, I'll live in speculation of this art till Mephistophilis return again. [Exit.] Enter WAGNER and CLOWN. Wagner: Sirrah boy, come hither. Clown: How, boy! swowns, boy! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadeavants as I have; boy, quotha! Wagner: Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in? Clown: Ay, and goings out too; you may see else. Wagner: Alas, poor slave! see how poverty jesteth in his nakedness! the villain is bare and out of service, and so hungry that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 'twere blood-raw! not so, good friend: by'r lady, I had need have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear. Wagner: Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee go like Qui mihi discipulus? Clown: How, in verse? I'd be sorry to take away your livelihood. WAGNER says I should join him for seven years, or he'll turn the lice on me into devils that will tear me apart. CLOWN responds that the lice are already too familiar with him and would be as bold on his flesh as if they had paid for their food and drink. WAGNER gives CLOWN money, saying it's a warning that he'll cause two devils to fetch him away when the time comes. CLOWN asks what the money is, and WAGNER says it's French crowns, but CLOWN replies that he could have just as many English counters for the name alone. CLOWN gives WAGNER back the money, and WAGNER threatens to cause two devils to take him away. CLOWN teases him about having a devil killed, saying folks would call him "Kill-devil" if he were to kill one. Two DEVILS enter, and CLOWN runs around them, crying and warning them that all he-devils have horns and all she-devils have cliffs and cloven feet. WAGNER tells CLOWN to follow him, but CLOWN asks if serving him would mean being taught how to raise up devils. WAGNER offers to teach CLOWN how to transform into anything, like a dog or a cat, and CLOWN prefers to be turned into a flea so he can tickle the women's undergarments. WAGNER tells CLOWN to come with him, but CLOWN asks again if serving him would mean being taught devilry. FAUSTUS is seen in his study, contemplating his damnation and despair, and thinking that it doesn't matter what God or heaven think. He decides to rely on Belzebub and be resolute in his decision not to go back on his pact with the devil. Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again. To God? He loves thee not; The god thou serv't 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. GOOD ANGEL Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art. FAUSTUS Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of them? GOOD ANGELO, they are means to bring thee unto heaven! EVIL ANGEL Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy. That make men foolish that do trust 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 Of wealth! Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine. When Mephistophilis shall stand by me. What god can hurt thee, Faustus? thou art safe. Cast no more doubts—Come, Mephistophilis, And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer:—Is't not midnight?—come, Mephistophilis, Veni, veni, Mephistophilis! Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS. Now tell me what says 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 Faustus, thou must beseech it solemnly. And write a deed of gift with thine own blood: For that security craves great Lucifer. If thou deny it, I will 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 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, I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood Assure my soul to be great Lucifer' s, Chief lord and regent of perpetual night! View here the blood that trickles from mine arm, And let it be propitious for my wish. MEPHIST But, Faustus, thou must Write it in manner of a deed of gift. FAUSTUS Ay, so I will [Writes]. 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 THREE HIS SOUL: ah, there it stay'd! Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul shine own? Then write again, FAUSTUS GIVES TO THREE HIS SOUL. Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a chafer of coals. MEPHIST Here's fire: come, Faustus, set it on. FAUSTUS So, now the blood begins to clear again; Now will I make an end immediately. [Writes.] MEPHIST O, 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 God, he'll send you to hell. My senses are deceiving me; there's nothing written here:—I see it clearly; in this place is written "Flee from Man". Yet Faustus will not flee. Mephistophilis exits and re-enters with devils who give crowns and rich clothing to Faustus, dance, and then depart. Faustus speaks, asking what the show means. Mephistophilis replies that it's only to delight his mind and demonstrate magic's power. Faustus asks if he can raise spirits when he pleases, and Mephistophilis says yes, and that he can do greater things than this. Faustus then presents a scroll, a deed of gift, giving his body and soul to Mephistophilis conditionally. Mephistophilis swears by hell and Lucifer to perform all promises made between them. Faustus then reads from the scroll: "On these conditions following...". The conditions include Faustus becoming a spirit in form and substance, Mephistophilis being his servant, bringing him whatever he desires, making him invisible in his chamber or house, and appearing to him at all times in any shape he pleases. I, John Faustus, of Wertenberg, doctor, hereby give both body and soul to Lucifer, prince of the East, and his minister Mephistophilis. I grant them full power to fetch or carry me, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wherever. Mephistophilis asks Faustus if he delivers this as his deed, and Faustus replies, "Take it, and the devil give thee good on't!" Mephistophilis then asks what Faustus will have. Faustus says he'll question him about hell. Mephistophilis tells him that hell is under the heavens, within the bowels of the elements, where they are tortured and remain forever. Faustus thinks hell is a fable, but Mephistophilis warns him that experience will change his mind. Faustus then asks why he thinks Faustus shall be damned, and Mephistophilis replies that it's because he has given his soul to Lucifer. Faustus says that Mephistophilis is an instance to prove the contrary, as he is damn'd and now in hell. MEPHISTOPHILIS: Marry, thou shalt have a wife! I'll fetch thee one straight away, my good fellow. [Mephistophilis returns with a woman-like devil, accompanied by fire-works.] MEPHISTOPHILIS: Ah, Faustus, how doth thy lovely wife please thee? FAUSTUS: Ugh, she's a plague! A hot and nasty whore! MEPHISTOPHILIS: Tut, tut, good fellow! Marriage is naught but a trivial trifle. If thou lovest me, let us cast aside such petty concerns. I shall procure for thee the most ravishing courtesans in all the land. FAUSTUS: Nay, I'll have none of 't! MEPHISTOPHILIS: Then take this book and peruse its contents. 'Twill bring thee wealth beyond thy wildest dreams! FAUSTUS: Ah, but I desire a tome that holds the secrets of magic! One wherein I might conjure spirits at my whim. MEPHISTOPHILIS: Behold! Here it is! [The devil hands Faustus the book.] FAUSTUS: And another, wherewith I might behold the celestial bodies and their movements! MEPHISTOPHILIS: Ah, but here they be! [The devil hands Faustus another book.] FAUSTUS: And one more, wherein I might learn of all the plants, herbs, and trees that grow upon this earth. MEPHISTOPHILIS: Verily, good fellow! Here it is! FAUSTUS: Ah, thou hast deceived me! MEPHISTOPHILIS: Nay, good sir! 'Twas but a jest! [The Good Angel and the Evil Angel enter.] GOOD ANGEL: Faustus, repent! God will yet pity thee. EVIL ANGEL: Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee. FAUSTUS: Who buzzeth in mine ears? Am I a devil? Yet God may pity me! EVIL ANGEL: Nay, but thou shalt never repent! [The angels exit.] FAUSTUS: Alas, my heart is hardened! I dare not think of salvation or heaven! The echoes of "Faustus, thou art damn'd!" resound within mine ears. Ah, why should I die? Have I not pleased myself with sweet pleasure? MEPHISTOPHILIS: Nay, good sir! Argue with me no more! Let us dispute once more! FAUSTUS: Ah, but tell me, are there many heavens above the moon? Doth all of creation obey divine astrology? Bodies entwined like threads on a tapestry, forming one single fabric - the globe. The celestial spheres, as ephemeral and fleeting as whispers in the wind, converge to create harmony. Faustus asks, do all these celestial bodies share a common motion? Mephistopheles responds, they move together in unison, but with varying speeds on their respective axes. Faustus queries about the dominion of each sphere, seeking answers like a seeker of hidden truths. Mephistopheles reveals that there are nine spheres: seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven. The question persists - why do we not experience conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, and eclipses simultaneously? The answer lies in the unequal motion of the celestial bodies. Faustus implores Mephistopheles to reveal the creator of the world. Mephistopheles refuses, warning Faustus to repent, while the Evil Angel taunts him with the prospect of eternal torment. As the drama unfolds, Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephistopheles descend to claim Faustus' soul. Lucifer boasts that Christ cannot save Faustus' soul, for justice is on his side. Faustus renounces God and vows to indulge in sin, earning the approval of the infernal trio. The curtain falls as Lucifer invites Faustus to behold the Seven Deadly Sins manifesting before him, an invitation he eagerly accepts. The Seven Deadly Sins: A Paraphrased Encounter with Faustus Come away! Let us explore the realm of sin. I am Pride, and I disdain to acknowledge parents. Instead, I am a master of manipulation, capable of charming any woman. Sometimes, I sit upon her brow like a perriwig or kiss her lips like a fan of feathers. But, alas, my ascent is hampered by the lack of scented air and fine fabrics. I am Covetousness, born from an old churl's leather bag. My greatest desire would be to turn this house and all its inhabitants into gold, allowing me to lock you up in my treasure chest. Oh, sweet gold! I am Wrath, leaping out of a lion's mouth at birth. Since then, I've roamed the world with my rapiers, wounding myself when no one else is around. Born in hell, I look forward to the day when some of you will be my father. I am Envy, begotten by a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife. Unable to read, I wish all books were burnt. I'm lean with seeing others eat, longing for a famine that would leave me the only survivor. But must thou sit while I stand? Who am I? Ah, I am Gluttony! My parents are gone, leaving me a bare pension of thirty meals and ten bevers per day. Oh, but my royal lineage is impressive - my grandfather was a Gammon of Bacon, my grandmother a Hogshhead of Claret-wine. As Sloth, I was born on a sunny bank, where I've lain ever since. You have wronged me by bringing me here; let Gluttony and Lechery carry me back to that sun-kissed spot. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom. And finally, I am Lechery - one who prefers raw mutton over fried fish. The first letter of my name begins with L. Away! To hell, to hell! [Exeunt the SINS.] Lucifer now addresses Faustus: How do you like this encounter? Ah, it feeds my soul! Tut, Faustus, in hell is where all manner of delight resides. Might I see hell and return again? Oh, how happy would I be then! The answer is yes; Lucifer will send for me at midnight. Until then, take this book, read it thoroughly, and thou shalt transform into whatever shape thou desirest. Wilt thou, great Lucifer! I shall keep this vow as faithfully as my life's breath. Lucifer: Farewell, Faustus, and ponder on me. Faustus: Farewell, mighty Lucifer. [Exeunt LUCIFER and BELZEBUB.] Robin, come forth! [Exeunt.] Enter ROBIN the ostler with a book in hand. ROBIN: O, what a wondrous find! I've pilfered Doctor Faustus' conjuring tomes, intending to exploit its secrets for my own gain. With this knowledge, I shall command all maidens in our parish to dance naked before me, and thereby behold more than ever I have felt or seen. Enter RAFE, calling ROBIN. RAFE: Robin, prithee, hasten away! A gentle requests his horse be groomed and his belongings cleaned. He keeps a contentious dialogue with my mistress regarding this matter, and she has dispatched me to fetch thee. Robin: Begone, begone! Thou art in peril of being blasted or dismembered if thou dost not leave me in peace, for I am engaged in a most fantastical endeavor. RAFE: What doth thou with that accursed book? Thou canst not read the words! ROBIN: Ay, my master and mistress shall soon discover that I possess the skill to decipher its secrets - he for his forehead, she for her private studies. She was born to endure my whims or else my art is futile. RAFE: What book is this, pray tell? ROBIN: Why, 'tis the most detestable tome of conjuration ever conceived by any hellish fiend! RAFE: Canst thou conjure with it? ROBIN: Aye, I can effortlessly perform all manner of feats - first, I can procure a tankard of hippocrase at any tavern in Europe for naught, 'tis one of my conjuring arts. RAFE: Our master parson says that's naught. ROBIN: True, Rafe! And more, if thou hast a mind to woo Nan Spit, our kitchen maid, then turn her and winst her to thy own pleasure as oft as thou desirest - and at midnight, no less! RAFE: O brave Robin! Shall I have Nan Spit, and to my own use? Upon that condition, I'll provision thy devil with horsebread as long as he lives, without cost. ROBIN: Nay more, sweet Rafe; let us depart and clean our soiled boots, which lie foul upon our hands, then to our conjuring in the name of the devil. [Exeunt.] This annotated edition features modernized spelling and punctuation of both the 16th-century A-text and the 1592 text from Marlowe's original source, the English Faust Book - a translation of the best-selling Historia von Johann Fausten published in Frankfurt in 1587, recounting the strange tale of Doctor John Faustus and his pact with the spirit Mephistopheles. David Wootton's Introduction charts Marlowe's meteoric career; the delicate social and political climate wherein Doctor Faustus was staged, and the vexed question of the religious sensibilities to which it may have catered; the interpretive significance of variations between the A and B texts; and the shrewd and subversive uses to which Marlowe put the English Faust Book in crafting, according to Wootton, a drama wherein orthodox Christian teaching triumphed, but in which Faustus hath all the finest lines.