

Prince of the East

Devilish Impressions

FAUSTUS: (...) 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, Mephistophile!
(Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS)
Now tell me what says Lucifer, thy lord?

MEPHISTOPHILIS: 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.

MEPHISTOPHILIS: But, Faustus, thou must bequeath 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?

MEPHISTOPHILIS: Enlarge his kingdom.

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

MEPHISTOPHILIS: Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

FAUSTUS: Why, have you any pain that torture others?!

MEPHISTOPHILIS: 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.

MEPHISTOPHILIS: 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] 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.

MEPHISTOPHILIS: But, Faustus, thou must
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.
(Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with DEVILS, who give crowns and rich apparel to FAUSTUS, dance, and then depart)

FAUSTUS: Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?

MEPHISTOPHILIS: Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,

And to shew thee what magic can perform.

FAUSTUS: But may I raise up spirits when I please?

MEPHISTOPHILIS: Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

FAUSTUS: Then there's enough for a thousand souls.
Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift of body and of soul:
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All articles prescrib'd between us both.

MEPHISTOPHILIS: Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us made!

FAUSTUS: Then hear me read them. [Reads] On these conditions
following. First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and
substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his com-
mand. 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
form or shape so ever he please. I, John Faustus, of Wertenberg, doctor, by
these presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer Prince of The East,
and his minister Mephistophilis (...)

MEPHISTOPHILIS: Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

FAUSTUS: Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good on't!

MEPHISTOPHILIS: Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

FAUSTUS: First will I question with thee about hell.
Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

MEPHISTOPHILIS: Under the heavens.

FAUSTUS: Ay, but whereabouts?

MEPHISTOPHILIS: 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; for where we are is hell,
And where hell is, there must we ever be:
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

FAUSTUS: Come, I think hell's a fable.

MEPHISTOPHILIS: Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

FAUSTUS: Why, think'st thou, then, that Faustus shall be damn'd?

MEPHISTOPHILIS: Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

FAUSTUS: Ay, and body too: but what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine
That, after this life, there is any pain?
Tush, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.

MEPHISTOPHILIS: But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the contrary,
For I am damn'd, and am now in hell *

* „The Tragical History of Dr Faustus - 1604" by Christopher Marlowe