

Doctor Faustus

extract from the end of the play

Old forms in 16th and 17th century English

thou = **you (subject pronoun)**

thee = **you (object pronoun)**

thy = **your**

thine = **yours**

[The clock strikes eleven.]

FAUSTUS: Ah, 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.

[The clock strikes the half-hour.]

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be
past anon.

O God,

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath
ransom'd me,

Impose some end to my incessant pain;

Let Faustus live in hell a thousand
years,

A hundred thousand, and at last be
sav'd!

O, no end is limited to damned souls!

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Unto 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.]

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!