ANCIENT MYSTERIES

FROM THE

DIGBY MANUSCRIPTS.

[ed. Thomas Sharp]

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At a Meeting of the Committee of Management of the Abbotsford Club, held at Edinburgh, November 12, 1834—

Resolved, That the volume of Ancient Mysteries and Moralities, transcribed from the Digby MSS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and edited by Mr Sharpe of Coventry, be immediately put to press for the use of the Members of the Club, and that the superintendence of the printing be committed to the Secretary.

W. B. D. D. Turnbull, *Secretary.*

MYSTERIES.

THE

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MDCCCXXXV.

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INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

The Miscellaneous Quarto MS. Volume in the Bodleian Library, Digby, No. 133, is partially known to investigators of the History of the English Stage by the publication from it of a Religious Mystery in "Hawkins' Origin of the English Drama:" but this only forms about a sixth, and that by no means the most interesting part of its contents of a similar nature; and moreover, the Mystery, as printed by Hawkins, is not only incorrect in many instances, but, for want of proper types, does not exhibit a fac-simile of the contractions of the original MS. With the present improved means of printing ancient MSS., and a greatly extended taste for studying the Religious Mysteries and Moralities which laid the foundation of our National Drama, it seems desirable that the metrical portion of this volume, comprising three Mysteries, and a very curious, though imperfect morality, and extending to between four and five thousand lines, should, through the medium of the press, be rendered more generally accessible. No pains have been spared in making a faithful and minutely correct transcript of the origi-

nal MS.; and an analysis of each Mystery, with remarks, will be found in the following Introductory Essay. A copious Glossary is also appended, and such explanatory notes given as the passing subjects seemed to require.

In the stage directions will be found some highly interesting and curious illustrations of the machinery, and management of the pageant vehicles and scenic adjuncts, as well as minute particulars of the dresses of many of the characters, forming altogether so important an assemblage of facts connected with the history of pageant exhibitions, that it is matter of surprise they should have been so long neglected.

It may not here be irrelevant to remark, that the name of Parfre, which is subjoined in the following manner to the First Mystery, "Jhan Parfre ded wryte thys booke," is evidently that of the transcriber, and not, as has been generally supposed, the composer of the mystery,—an error that it seems the more necessary to correct, because, even amongst literary antiquaries, we hear it regularly called

"PARFRE'S CANDLEMAS-DAY."

Proceeding to notice this composition, as first in order in the ensuing publication, it may be observed, that it evidently appears to have been one of a series of religious pageants or mysteries, and probably part of the great annual Corpus Christi exhibitions, lines 25 &c. of the prologue spoken in character of the poet or writer being as follow,

"The last yeer we shewid you ꝫ in this place
How the shepherds of Crists birthe made letifieacon

And thre kyngs that ycome fro þe cuntrees be gᵃce
To worship Jhu wᵗ enteer devocon
And now we ꝑpose wᵗ hool affeccon
To ꝑcede in oure mater as we can
And to shew you of our ladies purificacon," &c.

The poet proceeds to relate the leading circumstances of the Massacre of the Innocents, and the Flight into Egypt; in conformity with which events, the full title of this Mystery is "Candlemas-day, & the kyllyng of þe childrē of Israell," though it is usually spoken of as "Parfre's Candlemas-day" only. The conclusion of the Mystery, wherein the poet is again the speaker, supplies at line 585 &c. a further proof of its being part of an extended series,

"And the next yeer we be ꝑposid in our mynde
The disputacon of the doctoʳs to shew in yoʳ ꝑsens," &c.

This, and every other Mystery that the editor has examined, wherein Herod is introduced, shews an identity in the conception of his character, which points out a sort of common origin, and proves the acumen of our great bard, when he writes of "out-heroding Herod."* The speeches assigned to this personage are remarkable for a ridiculously pompous and inflated style of composition, alliteration sometimes carried to a great extent, and an union of boasting and violence of the most extravagant kind. The representation concludes with a dance by the performers, in aid of which the minstrels are called upon to "do their diligence;" and at the end of the pageant, a list of the characters, 17 in number, is given, and the date of the year when Jhan Parfre made the transcript, viz. 1512.

* See "Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries," pp. 122, 3.

The next pageant is entitled

"THE CONVERSION OF SAUL,"

and bears a considerable resemblance in general structure and composition to the preceding one, commencing and ending with a short address in the character of the poet or author, who refers to the "byble" for his authority, and directs those of his auditors who would have "þe very notycyon" to "rede þe booke Acta Appostoloꝝ." The Conversion of St Paul, however, differs in one remarkable circumstance from the preceding pageant, being divided into three parts, each of which was performed at a different station. Saul makes his entrèe as a knight adventurer, "goodly besene," and after some vain-boasting, a little in the Herod style, proceeds to Caiaphas and Annas, and, having received written authority from them, prepares to set out for Damascus on the object of his mission, attended by two soldiers. Whilst Saul retires to accoutre himself for riding, a low, but ludicrous scene, takes place betwixt his servant and the "hosteler," or "stabyl-groom," to whom the former applies for a horse for Saul, who being mounted, "rydyth forth wt hys ꝯuants about þe place out of þe p~," that is, out of the pageant, and consequently in the street. And here it may be observed, that the transferring of the scene of action from the pageant vehicle to the street, is a circumstance of no very unusual occurrence in our ancient mysteries; as for example, in the Coventry Shearmen, and Taylor's Pageant,* one of the directions is, "Here Erode ragis in þe pagond & in the strete also." The poet soon

* See Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries, p. 107.

afterwards announces the conclusion of this portion, and invites the audience to follow the performers to the next station, where the scene opens with Saul riding in with his servants, and declaring his intentions in going to Damascus. The miraculous circumstances attending his conversion are next detailed, as related in the New Testament; and this second division of the performance concludes with an address from the poet, who modestly declares the inability of the compiler to "translat veray so holy a story," and beseeches the "fauorable correccyon of them þt letteryd be." The third and last station is opened with a brief address from the poet, and the business of the pageant commences by the two soldiers, who attended Saul, relating to Caiaphas and Annas his miraculous conversion, which they reluctantly give credence to, but at length determine upon measures of punishment for his treachery, and declare they will uphold the laws as committed to their charge by Cesar. At this place, and evidently inserted by a later hand, is introduced a council of the Infernals, to consider upon the best means to be adopted for averting the dangers and injuries they apprehend from the conversion of Saul. Belial enters with thunder and fire, and after a speech commencing with the usual Satanic exclamation of the mystery writers "Ho ho," and ending with a desire to see his messenger Mercury, sits down in a chair. Mercury then enters in appropriate style, and communicates the loss their cause has sustained by the defection of Saul, the agent he "most trustyd to,"—the conversation being interspersed with numerous exclamations of "Ho owȝt owȝt"*

* See Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries, pp. 59, 60.

and at one time they "rose & crye" together; but at length, upon the suggestion of Mercury, determine upon moving Caiaphas and Annas, here called (by an anachronism of no unusual occurrence with mystery writers) "the Busshopys," to put Saul to death; and finally they vanish away with a fiery flame and a tempest. Saul next enters clad in a "disciply's wede," and after praying for the salvation of the auditors, "thys semely company þt here syttyth or stonde," addresses them at considerable length on the seven deadly sins, at the conclusion whereof, he is recognized by a servant of the high priests, and without resistance taken before them. Here he boldly makes a declaration of his principles; and after some consultation, the gates and walls of the city are ordered to be well watched, and Saul is condemned to death. An angel appears to Saul, and admonishes him of his danger, whereupon he declares,

> "In a beryng baskett or lepe anon
> I shall me cōuay wt help of the dyscyplys;"

and with a deprecatory address of the poet for his "lackyng lytturall scyens," the pageant terminates.

The next pageant is named

"MARY MAGDALENE."

It consists of nearly 2300 lines, and bears marks of earlier composition than the preceding Mysteries, abounding in alliteration, and well deserves the attention of the curious reader. The piece opens with a speech from the Emperor Tiberius, somewhat in the Herod "vein," and full of alliterations; towards the

close of which he orders that inquiry be made throughout his dominions whether the worship of his "goldyn godds" is strictly practised, and threatens disobeyers with "morder and myschāse." Cyrus, the father of Mary Magdalene, then enters, and, after a boasting prelude, reciting his power and possessions, describes his family as consisting of Lazarus, Mary, and Martha, whose respective merits he descants upon, and then declares the disposition of his property amongst them after his decease, viz. to Lazarus the lordship of Jerusalem, to Mary the Castle of Maudleyn, and Bethany to Martha. Due thanks are expressed by each of these parties, and Cyrus orders them to be served with wine and spices. After which Tiberius again appears and orders his Provost to prepare a precept for Herod, his regent at Jerusalem, and another for Pilate, commanding them to make strict inquiry whether any of his subjects there dare to preach against his law or his gods. The Provost writes the letters and dispatches a Messenger with them to Herod, who is the next personage that appears, and, in a speech fraught with alliterations, swears by "Mahoud's bones" that he will hurl off the heads of such as dare to utter a single word; cries out "help, help, þ^{t} I had a swerd;" and orders all around to fall down, not merely bare-headed, but actually commands them "heve of yor heds and hatts;" and then announces, with great pomp, his titles and numerous dependencies, declaring himself to be only second to Tiberius, and calls upon his philosophers to say if he is not the great governor he describes. The first philosopher admits that he is the greatest ruler that ever had dominion in Judea, but declares that scriptures rehearse a child shall be

born there whom all the world shall honour. This is confirmed and much amplified by the second philosopher, whereupon Herod breaks out into a truly "out-Heroding" speech, and protests the "caytyff sall be cawth and slaw." His soldiers avow their readiness to bring before him, or put to death, all such as are opposed to his will; and Herod, soothed and flattered, protests his conviction that, whilst he has such faithful attendants, he has nothing to fear, for that, secretly or openly, the threatened rival shall be "browt ond°." The emperor's Messenger now enters, and, in a speech full of adulation, delivers his letters to Herod, who promises to fulfil the commands they contain, and gives back the letter intended for Pilate, with orders that it be immediately taken to him. Pilate now appears, and, in a strain of alternate boasts and threats, delivers a self-gratulatory speech, abounding in alliteration; after which the Messenger enters, presents the epistle, and receives a reward, being then dismissed with a respectful message to the Emperor, and an assurance that his commands shall be obeyed. The stage direction here states that Cyrus "takyt hꝑ deth;" and accordingly, after describing the pains he endures, crying to God for pity, and blessing his children, he "suddenly avoideth," and a conversation ensues between Lazarus and his sisters, bewailing their loss, and terminating with a declaration to Lazarus, on the part of the sisters, that he shall be head and governor of the castle, and that they will abide there with him. A remarkable scene now follows, introducing the King of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, accompanied by the Seven deadly Sins, and a bad and good Angel. The first of these personages declares his nature

and qualities, and is soon joined by the King of the Flesh, accompanied by Sloth, Gluttony, and Lechery, Pride and Covetousness being already in attendance. The King of the Flesh, in a flowery speech, enumerates the several delights at his command, and declares that "a more plesaunt cōpeny doth no wher abyde." Then follows this direction, "Here sal entyr þe prynse of dylfs in a stage and helle ondyrneth þ^t stage þ^s seyȳg þe dylfe."

A minute and curious illustration of the manner in which the favourite and popular representation of hell and the devil was produced is here to be found. The stage mentioned above, it appears from line 363 of the dialogue, was in form of a tower, in which Satan was seated, and, according to line 382, descended to join the Prince of the World, and afterwards, *vide* line 366, goes to his stage again. It would seem from the notice following line 693, that this piece of machinery, evidently an addition to the usual pageant vehicle, continued attached to it during the performance that succeeded the return of the Devil to it, for the bad Angel there "enters into hell with thunder," being in all probability the hell underneath the tower, which, in conformity with the custom of the time, was represented by a monstrous mouth with a moveable jaw,* which, when opened, shewed flames within.

As the various proceedings of Satan and his subordinate devils will be described in the continued analysis of the piece, it may suffice to observe here, that finally they are thus disposed of, *vide* lines 748, 749,

> "Now to hell lett vs synkyn als
> To owr felaws blake,"

* See Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries, p. 61, &c.

a scene that would be represented by their entering the huge hell-mouth above described.

The resumed analytical notice of this pageant begins with a speech from Satan, opening with the following barbarous specimen of alliteration,

"Now I prynse pyrhed prykkyd in pryde,"

and proceeds to declare his enmity against mankind, for possessing those joys, which Lucifer, with his attendant legions, lost by their pride; and that, by snares and wiles, he will not cease to tempt them until "body and soule sal com" to hell; calling his "knyghts," Wrath and Envy, to accompany him to the King of the World, whose aid he demands, in order "a womā of whorship our ꝓuant to make." The King of the World invites Satan to come up to his tent, and dispatches a Messenger to the King of the Flesh, desiring his presence at a council "as fast as he may ryde." The summons is cheerfully obeyed, and on his arrival, he enquires the cause of his being so hastily sent for, when he is informed that Cyrus died lately, and that such are the virtues of his daughter Mary, that, if allowed to continue therein, even hell itself will be in danger. It is, after due consideration, determined that Lechery, in the guise of a servant, shall endeavour to become the attendant of Mary, and Satan promises the aid of a bad Angel, whom he calls into his presence, and charges accordingly. The stage direction here notes, that the Seven deadly Sins besiege the castle until the inmates agree to go to Jerusalem, and Lechery, with the bad Angel, enter, the former addressing a flattering speech to Mary, which produces

an enquiry as to what person it is who thus commends her; and the proffered services of Lechery, who assumes the name of Luxury, are cheerfully accepted. The new servant enquires why her mistress does not resort to places of pleasure, and is answered, that grief for the death of her father is the cause; but this objection is speedily overcome by the persuasions of Luxury, and committing the care of her castle to Lazarus and Martha, she bids them adieu, and sets out for Jerusalem, accompanied by Luxury. On arriving there, they resort to a taverner, who makes a long recital of his various wines, and Luxury orders him to bring the finest he has, which Mary partakes of, and calls him "the groom of bliss." A gallant, named Curiosity, then enters, and in a flippant speech, shews his licentious habits, concluding with a declaration, that before evening he will "be shavyn for to seme ȝyng." Luxury recommends him to the notice of Mary, who desires the taverner to call him in, and he addresses her in a strain of high-wrought flattery, calling her his "dere dewchesse," and "dayssyys Iee," and at length prevails upon her to dance, and take "sopps in wyne;" after which she falls entirely into his power, goes with him to "another stede," and the bad Angel returns to his employers to report his success, telling them that Mary has granted to Curiosity all his boon. Satan expresess great delight at these tidings, and orders the bad Angel to return and be her constant guide in "þe laudabyll lyfe of lecherry," for that all hell will rejoice at her fall. The bad Angel having returned to Mary, the council is dissolved, and Satan goes back to his stage. Mary enters an arbour adjoining the house of Simon the leper, attended only by her evil

counsellor, whilst the Seven deadly Sins, arrayed like devils, are conveyed into the house, and lie there closely concealed. After this arrangement the dialogue is resumed by Mary, who expresses her impatience for the appearance of some of her lovers, and at length lies down to sleep. Simon the leper now enters, and after relating the preparations he has made for giving "a dyner of substawns" to his friends, shews an anxious desire to become acquainted with the Prophet, as he designates Christ, and retires into his house. The good Angel then addresses Mary in terms calculated to awaken in her a sense of her dangerous condition, and proffers his aid to guide her in a better course. Mary, deeply sensible of the sinful life she has led, and encouraged by the assurances of the "spirit of goodness," declares her intention of seeking the Prophet with "swete baumys," who by the "oyle of m̃cy" shall give her relief, and promises to be his stedfast follower. At this juncture the Prophet enters with his disciples, and Simon bidding him welcome, invites him to dine at his house. Jesus at once accepts the invitation, and assures him that "þe bemys of grace" shall enlighten his dwelling, and charity rest therein; after which, they sit down at the "bord," and Mary enters, making great lamentation for her sinful life, protesting that her whole trust is in the mercy of her Maker, and beseeching Jesus, who knows her heart and thoughts, to reward her after them, falls at his feet, washing them with her tears, and wiping them with her hair, after which she anoints him with a precious ointment. A conversation then ensues between Jesus and Simon, wherein Jesus, after thanking the latter for his repast, relates to him how a certain man had two debtors,

one owing him one hundred, the other fifty pence, who were unable to discharge their debts, and asked, for pity's sake, to be forgiven, which was granted; adding, now Simon, which of these two persons was most beholden to that man? Simon replies, he that owed most; whereupon Christ declares he has answered rightly, and also wisely, if he fail not to remember that he himself is one of the debtors so specified. He then proceeds in the beautiful language of the gospel narrator, which is versified with great closeness and simplicity, to contrast the attentions of Mary with those of his host, and turning to the former, pronounces her forgiveness. Mary warmly expresses her thankfulness, and declares, that as pride was the chief cause of her fall, she will put on humility, and oppose patience and charity to wrath and envy. Her contrition is commended by Jesus, who pronounces that her faith has saved her, and concludes, by saying "Vade in pace." The stage direction here expresses, that at these words the seven Devils leave Mary, and the bad Angel enters into hell with thunder. Mary renews her thanks for recovery of "sowle helth," and declares her reliance upon "þe techyng of Jȝaye in scripte" concerning Christ; to which our Saviour rejoins, that those are blessed who, not seeing, have yet believed in him, and cautions Mary, that, after having by contrition obtained mercy, she beware of falling into negligence, promising a participation in his bliss, as the reward of her steadfastness. Jesus here departs with his disciples, and the good Angel expresses his joy at the conversion of Mary, in a speech more conspicuous for prolixity than for merit of composition.

Satan is the next speaker, and commences a violent call upon

his attendant devils to come up to him, with the exclamation, "A owt owt & harow,"* so frequently put by the mystery writers into the mouth of this character; the evil Spirit is also summoned to appear, and, after being questioned how he suffered Mary to break his bonds, undergoes gross personal chastisement, and the seven Devils are served in like manner, and then ordered to enter the house and set it on fire; which being done, they sink into hell, and Mary goes to Martha and Lazarus, to whom she recounts her penitence, and consequent forgiveness by the "blyssyd ꝑphet." Lazarus welcomes her, and, together with Martha, expresses his joy at her conversion, and Mary prays in alliterative verse for the continued enjoyment of the light of Christ, and defence against the "dead sleep" of darkness; after which, Lazarus is suddenly seized with death-pains, and prays to Jesus for his guidance. His sisters endeavour to comfort him and hasten to Jesus, who, Martha reminds her sister, hath "grett delectacyon" towards him; and, upon meeting Jesus, they make known to him the dangerous sickness of his lover, and earnestly pray for relief. Our Saviour's reply is somewhat obscure, but concludes by desiring his suitors to return home to Lazarus, and an assurance that his grace shall attend him. The parties then separate, and the scene reverts to Lazarus, who, after a short speech, expires. A conversation then ensues between Martha and Mary, and two Knights, respecting the manner of their brother's interment, and whilst one Knight moves the stone from the entrance of the sepulchre,

* See Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries, pp. 59, 60.

the other brings in the body of Lazarus with attendant "wepars" or mourners, arrayed in black, who lay it in the sepulchre.

The people now all resort to the castle, and Jesus invites his disciples to go with him into Judea, there to recover Lazarus his friend from the "grevos slipe" of death, predicting to them his own death and passion, and in the restoration to life of Lazarus, both thereby shewing his power, and prefiguring his own resurrection. They now approach the house, and Martha being informed of Christ's coming, runs out to meet him, and entreats his aid, declaring in the language of scripture,

> "Lord ꝑ þu haddyst byn her° werely
> My brother had natt a byn ded I know well thysse."

Jesus replies that her brother shall rise again, and Martha answers, "Yee lord at þe last day." Jesus asks of her whether she believes that he is the resurrection and the life, and is answered in the affirmative. Mary then enters, and falling at Jesus' feet, repeats the declaration made by Martha on first seeing him, and our Saviour desires to see the grave. Martha removes the grave-stone, and Jesus, having prayed to his father, says, "Lazer, Lazer com̃ hethyr to me;" upon which Lazarus arises, "trossed wt towells in a shete," declares that body and soul were "deptyd asond°," and praises his Saviour for his goodness; whereupon the assembled people, with one voice, in which they are joined by Mary and Martha, proclaim their belief in Jesus as their Saviour, who, after a short address, concluding "Vade in pace," departs with his disciples; and the sisters, with Lazarus, enter the castle.

This is followed by the entry of the King of Marseilles, who, according to the stage direction, "begynnyt hys bost." Accordingly, we have a speech in the usual style of alliteration assigned to great personages, containing a due mixture of vain boasting and threats, and concluding with a high wrought description of the beauty and charms of his queen, who returns the compliment in a strain of equal adulation and bombast. The king, delighted to be thus lauded, orders his knights to bring forth spices and wine, which done, a Devil enters, "in orebyll aray," exclaiming with "Owt owt harow," that all is lost, that their bars of iron and gates of brass burst asunder at the presence of the King of Joy, who, though hanged on a cross, had, since Friday, triumphantly entered hell, "lytynnyd lymbo," and set at liberty Adam and Abraham, and all their kindred, admitting them to the joys of paradise, and that he himself having withstood all their temptations, is risen from the dead, and gone into Galilee. Thus, concludes Satan, "blenyd is owr eye," for in future none shall fall into our power but by rightful doom; and to hell, with fury, he declares he will go.

The three Maries now enter "arayed as chast womē wt sygnis of þe passon pryntyd vp on þr brests," and each, having expressed her grief and commisseration for the crucified Jesus, finishing with a united apostrophe to the cross, Mary Magdalen proposes that they shall go to "þe monumēt," to anoint the body of Christ; and when arrived there, two angels in white appear to them, saying that he is risen, and bidding them tell Peter and the other disciples that he is gone into Galilee, and desires them to be comforted.

Mary Magdalen then meets Peter and John, to whom she relates that the Lord's body is borne away, and expresses her fear that they are beguiled. Peter declares his intention of going to the sepulchre, and shews deep contrition for his abandonment of Jesus "in hys t'mētry;" after which the apostles proceed to the sepulchre, the Maries following. Here they discover only "a sudare cloth," and Mary Magdalen's lament produces an enquiry from an angel as to the cause of her tears, who answers, that she desires to know who has borne away the body of her Lord. Jesus himself then appears, and, upon asking whom she seeks, receives the same answer. He then says, "O Mari!" upon which she joyfully recognises and attempts to kiss him, but is repulsed with the reply, "Towche me natt," &c. Mary assures him that at first she thought he had been Simon the gardener, which produces a declaration from our Saviour that he truly is a gardener, and man's heart his garden, wherein he sows seeds of virtue, and roots up weeds and vices; adding, that when watered with tears, virtues spring up and "smelle full sote." After this, Jesus, having promised his aid to repentant sinners, suddenly disappears, and Mary breaks out to her sister in a strain of exceeding joy at the appearance of Jesus; which ended, they propose going to the Virgin Mary and the disciples to comfort them with the glad tidings.

Jesus, at this juncture, again appears, and the women pray for his blessing, which he gives them, "In noĩe patrys et felii et sp̃s sc̃ti amen," once more giving charge that the disciples go into Galilee where they shall see him "bodyly wt her carnall yye;" after which, he "devoydytt aȝen," and, Mary Mag-

dalen having returned thanks for the Lord's condescension in thus appearing to them and declared that his commands shall be obeyed, they depart, and the King of Marseilles enters to sacrifice.

A short speech from the Emperor opens this part of the proceedings, and by a speech of the Queen, we are informed that the sacrifice is to be offered to "Mahond þ^t is so mykyll of myth." The Priest now enters with his Clerk, or as he is called in the stage directions, "his boy," and orders his altar to be prepared, and a bell rung. This leads to a very gross conversation on the part of the boy, whose ribaldry is punished by a sound beating, the full measure of which is interrupted by a demand from the Emperor that the service of the temple shall be forthwith proceeded in. The Priest, having put on his vestment and "aray," orders his boy to provide himself with a book, and bring him another; after which he commences "þe lesson" appointed for the service of the day, "leccyō mahoūdys,"—a ridiculous assemblage of mock Latin words, not devoid of coarse humour, and ending with the following lines,

> "Hownds ⁊ hoggs in heggs ⁊ hells
> Snakes ⁊ todds mott be your bells
> Ragnell ⁊ roffyn ⁊ other in þe wavys
> Grauntt yow g^ace to dye on þe galows."

The priest then calls upon the assembled lords and ladies to kneel down and make their offering, promising his own benison, and Mahound's grace. The king offers a "besawnt of gold," with a suitable prayer to Mahound; to which follows a song by

the Priest and Clerk, "owr ꝯvyce be note," as the former calls it, and, at its abrupt termination, in consequence of the boy's singing "all owt of rule," the Priest exhibits various relics of Mahound, the whole scene, however intended, being a most satirical parody of the ceremonies of the Romish church.

Pilate now appears and addresses his serjeants, learned in the law, desiring to be advised by them concerning the death of Christ, since a true account of it must be sent to Cesar. He declares him to have been a man of "grett ꝯtue," most wrongfully put to death, and although watched by many knights, to have risen again, according to his own prediction, and moreover that he has taken away Joseph of Arimathea. One of the serjeants replies, that Pilate has spoken the truth, but that subtilty must be used, and the disciples of Jesus charged with having stolen the body away, which advice is approved by the other serjeant, who adds, that it will be best to write an epistle to that effect, and Pilate dispatches a Messenger with directions to call upon Herod and inform him of the particulars of Christ's death, and then, without delay, to proceed with the letter to the Emperor.

The Messenger delivers a letter to Herod, stating it to be from "þe prȳsys of þe law." Herod receives it with much satisfaction, as a token of renewed friendship betwixt Pilate and himself, and rewards the Messenger, who next presents himself to the Emperor, and, after an adulatory address, delivers his dispatches. The Emperor, on receiving the writing, orders his judges to take its contents into their immediate consideration, and declare whether they are for his advantage or not. The provost explains the intent of the "pystull" to be, that Pilate,

with due recommendations, gives an account how a prophet named Jesus, and claiming to be king of the Jews, and son of God, was crucified and buried, but on the third night was stolen away by his disciples. The Emperor, after an observation on the craft that had been used, declares that he will preserve the letter, and also "have cronekyllyd þe ȝer ⁊ þe reynne," so that the event shall never be forgotten, and then dismisses the Messenger with his fee.

The next scene introduces Mary Magdalen with her disciples, and her speech, in the form of calling to recollection past events, enumerates the death, resurrection, and ascension of Christ, and the gift of tongues, concluding with an observation, that the disciples have separated, and gone into divers countries to preach the gospel. Here, according to the stage direction, heaven opens and shews Jesus, who is made to deliver a strange laudatory speech in honour of the Virgin Mary, who is compared to the uneclipsed sun, Solomon's temple, the moon, Noah's ark, and Gideon's fleece, then she is called Queen of Jerusalem, and Empress of hell, cinnamon, musk, &c.; all which is summed up by a declaration, that neither tongue nor pen can express the goodness of his mother. Then calling to recollection his servant Mary Magdalen, he orders the angel Raphael into his presence, and charges him with a message to her, directing her to cross the sea to Marseilles, which country she shall convert. The angel expresses his obedience, and then descends to Mary, informing her of Christ's commands, and that she, "as an holy apostylesse," shall not only convert the King and Queen, but "alle þe lond." Mary professes her readi-

ness to undertake the voyage in the name of him, who from her "ꝑson vij dewlls mad to fle," and prays for the aid of the Trinity.

Here, according to the stage notice, enters "a shyp wt a mery song," and the shipman orders his boy to strike sail, and let go the anchor in the seeming fair haven, desiring also to have drink brought him. One of those low and obscene conversations, that were evidently introduced into these compositions to suit the depraved taste of the vulgar portion of the auditory, now follows between the shipman and his boy; at the end of which, Mary desires a conference with the shipman, and, learning whither he is bound, wishes to sail with him. She is received on board, and, as the ship is supposed to proceed on her voyage, the shipmen sing, and the master points out and names the countries they pass, till at length they arrive at Marseilles, where, having with due caution entered the harbour, he puts Mary on shore, shows her the king's palace, and then orders that the ship be "sett of from land," the stage direction which follows, being in these words, "her goth þe ship owt of þe place." Mary makes earnest supplication to Jesus for success in her undertaking, which done, she enters into the king's presence, and, having besought Christ to save and guide him into the path of persuasion, prays, in the name of "Jħu, þe son of þe mychty trenite," to be permitted to dwell in that land. The king answers in anger, "Jħu Jħu qᵃt deylle is hym," calls her "false lordeyn," and wonders at her hardiness in making such an application. Mary meekly replies that she comes with no deception, but that Christ has sent her thither for his advantage, and in order

that he may forsake his misbelief. This produces an enquiry who that Christ is of whom she speaks, and Mary answers, " Is est salvator," the second person of the Trinity, who made heaven and earth from nothing. The King then asks, " whatt mad God at þe fyrst begynnyng?" and Mary, in reply, says *In principio erat verbum*, afterwards rehearsing the works of God at the creation, day by day, at considerable length. Unconvinced by this relation, the King angrily declares, that great and many as her " resount" are, such also appertain to his gods, and that unless she speedily make better answer he will cut out her tongue. Mary mildly rejoins, that if she has said amiss she will return back again, but begs to know what his gods are, and if they have power to save, upon which the King desires her and all the people to come to the temple, and there witness the might of his gods. They accordingly proceed thither, and the King proudly demands of Mary what she says to such a sight as his gods standing pleasantly there. Then addressing one of them, he earnestly beseeches him to speak to the Christian there present. No reply being heard, he says, " Herke þ^{u} pryst q^{ꝫ}t menytt all this," and again entreats his god to speak as he was wont, enquiring what aileth him. The Priest replies that he will not speak whilst a Christian is present. Upon which Mary beseeches the King for leave to pray to her God in heaven, that he may show some miracle for his sake, and having received permission in the following uncourteous terms, " pray þi fylle tyll þin knees ake," prefaces her prayer with *Dominus illuminatio mea*, &c., upon pronouncing which, the " mament" trembles and quakes, and Mary, proceeding in English, beseeches the

Lord of Lords to justify her faith, and not to suffer these idols to make pretence to his power, but to put down their pride; when a cloud descends from heaven and sets the temple on fire, the Priest and his Clerk sink down, and the King returns home in great perplexity, expressing his anger at being thus deluded, and, calling Mary to him, informs her, though wedded many years, he never has had a child, and that if she, through her God, find a remedy for this, he will obey his laws, and serve him. Mary declares her readiness to make supplication to her Lord, assuring the King that if he will believe in him only, she has hopes that the Queen will soon conceive. The King, agitated and vexed by the passing events, becomes ill, and goes hastily to bed, and Mary retires "to an old logge wtowt þe gate," where she prays for Christ's succour and support, being in great distress both from hunger and thirst, and beseeching him to help her as he saved Daniel from the lions, and preserved his prophet Habbakuk. Jesus hearing the prayer of his "lou," orders his Angels to descend and conduct her to the king's chamber, bearing lights before her, and, when there, to bid her make known her wants. The Angels signify their ready obedience, and descend to Mary, informing her of the Lord's command, that she go to the King, while he is asleep, and ask relief, adding, that they will precede her in white mantles, carrying lights, and that the doors shall open before them.

Mary views the white clothing as betokening meekness, and declares her readiness with all humility to obey the Lord's desires; which done, she approaches the King's bed, in the manner above described, and addressing the King, prays him to give

to her who is hungry, thirsty, and cold, some of his superabundance, reminding him that God has sent him signal warnings, and counselling both himself and Queen to amend their lives; having said which, she departs, and changes clothes with the angel. The King now awakes, rejoicing at the return of day, and relates, that in his sleep he saw a fair woman clad all in white, and led by an angel, who gave him serious counsel, and the Queen declares that such was the light, she thought the chamber would have taken fire, adding, that the woman charged them, on God's commandment, to relieve those who were in need. The King assents, and immediately orders a Knight to bring "þt womã" before him, a duty which he soon performs; and Mary, on entering, offers a prayer to the Trinity in their behalf, and then asks their will; whereupon the King replies that it is his desire to supply her with meat, money, and clothes, from the wealth that God has given him, and entreats Mary to rehearse to them the joys of her Lord in heaven. Mary breaks forth into a strain of exultation at their conversion, and concludes, with assuring the King that his boon is granted, and that his wife is "grett wt chyld," which is confirmed by a declaration from the Queen, that she feels it stir in her womb, and a promise to worship Mary's God with due reverence. The King then enquires Mary's name, and, on being answered, expresses his thankfulness that he has lived to see her; but Mary replies, that he must render his thanks to her master Peter, who is his friend, and shall christen him. Delighted at these tidings, the King tells Mary, that from that time, he puts her in full possession of all he has, placing all under her rule and governance, until he re-

turns. On hearing which, the Queen entreats to be allowed to accompany him, "a crestyn womā made to be." The King remonstrates on account of her pregnancy; but she still implores not to be left behind, and, having obtained at length her husband's consent to go with him, Mary blesses them.

Then comes a ship "in placeā," and the Shipman calls to his boy "Grobbe" to look out and see if he can espy land. The boy ascends the shrouds, and cries out that he sees a castle; upon which the Shipman orders him to steer that way, for it is "a havyn town." On their arrival, the King enquires whence the vessel comes from; and after some objections on the part of the Shipman, who, on account of the King's urgency, accuses him of having "stollyn sū mans wyffe," agrees for the sum of 10 marks to land him at "þe cleyff in þe holy lond;" and, the wind being favourable, they set sail. After a supposed interval, a storm arises, and the Queen makes deep lamentation, calling upon Mary, "flowꝰ of womāhed," for help lest they be drowned. Her husband endeavours to comfort her, and bids her trust in Mary, who will save them from perils and pray to God in their behalf; but the Queen is seized with the pains of childbirth, and, bewailing that for lack of "womans help" she shall be lost, gives birth to a child, and calling upon Mary to lead her soul "In manus tuas dñe" expires. Hereupon, the King, much grieved, exclaims that his motherless child will perish for want of proper sustenance, and prays to God for succour, when the Shipman, alarmed at the increasing storm, cries out that the "mast woll all asondyr," and the boy protests that unless they cast out the dead body into the sea they shall sink:

but the King hearing this implores them not to do so, and, pointing to a rock, entreats that they will put the body upon it and the child by her side. The Shipman readily consents, and the King, with tears and kisses, deposits the body of his wife, with her infant by her side, upon the rock, praying to "Mary myld" to be their guide. They then leave the rock, and the Shipman soon announces to the King their arrival at the port he seeks, and, having received the stipulated "styntt," together with a mark each for himself and boy, wishes the King good speed; and Peter enters, exhorting "all creaturs vpon mold" to worship Jesus. The King enquires of him, where he may find Peter the apostle, who replies that he is the person sought, and demands his business; whereupon the King tells him that he has undertaken a pilgrimage from Marseilles, at the instigation of a woman named Mary Magdalen, in order that he may be made a Christian. Peter rejoices at his conversion and questions him as to his belief; when the King answers that he believes in Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and in Christ's death and resurrection, desiring to be baptized; which ceremony is immediately performed by Peter in the name of the Trinity, the stage direction being "Tunc aspargit illū cū aqua." The new convert prays to be instructed as to his future proceedings, and Peter tells him to labour daily for the attainment of "very experyens," to learn "eloquens" by walking with him, and after a while to visit "þe stacyons," going to Nazareth and Bethlehem, that by his own inspection he may confirm his faith.

By a due exercise of poetical licence, the King's next address to Peter states that it is now full two years since he came

"Crystꝰ ꝑvant and youꝰ to be," and that, having fulfilled Christ's law, he intends to return home, and prays Peter's blessing; which he gives, part in English and part in Latin. During the above scene with Peter it is evident that the ship has remained upon the stage, for the direction that follows is in these words, "et tunc rex transit ad navem, et đ (dicit) rex hold ner Shepman, hold, hold;" and the Mariner, apprized by his boy of being hailed, answers the King, "A Sꝰ I ken yow of old," and bids him welcome. No sooner does the King signify his desire to pass over the sea, than the Shipman invites him on board, and, without any stipulation for terms, observes to "Grobbe," his boy, that "þe wynd is nor wast," and orders him to hoist sail immediately; "et tunc navis venit ad circū placeā," when the King, thinking he sees the rock upon which his wife and child were exposed, desires the Shipman to steer thither. His opinion is confirmed by the Shipmaster, who promises to conduct him there speedily, and, on nearing the rock, the King exclaims that his wife and child lie there, fair, pure in colour, and unchanged; and, blessing the Virgin, declares that his wife wakes as from sleep, and is actually alive. The Queen, after addressing the Virgin by various epithets of praise, then turns her lauding to the "demurᵉ Mavdlyn," by whom, as she declares to the King, she has not only been sustained, but led to the holy land, where she has been baptized by St Peter, seen the cross and sepulchre, and also visited the "stacyons." Her husband warmly gives thanks to Jesus, Mary Magdalen, and our Lady, for the recovery of his wife and child; after which the ship rows away from the rock, and the Shipman next informs the King that they are now

past all peril, and actually arrived at the land of Marseilles, so that he may go on shore as soon as he chooses; whereupon the King gives him "x lī of nobylls cler," and declares he will ever be his friend.

Here, according to the stage direction, "goth þe shep owt of þe place," and Mary Magdalen enters and pronounces an exhortation to faith and steadfastness under poverty and adversity, declaring, at considerable length, those who are blessed, and concluding with a prayer that he who "for vs dyyd on þe rode tre" may bring all to his bliss. The King and Queen now enter, and, kneeling down, they each salute Mary in terms of high panegyric, the latter declaring that by her holiness herself and child were relieved "on þe rokke of stoñ." Mary welcomes them home to their heritage and people, congratulates the King on having become "Godds oun knygth," and tells him that he fought "for sowle, helth, salve," and has now a knowledge how to come to grace. She then reinstates the King in his possessions, expresses her hopes that she has governed well during his absence, and declares her intention of departing; but is strongly entreated not to leave them. In answer to this request she promises to be their daily "bede woman," that they may live in peace, and rest, and innocence; and prays for the blessing of God upon them, but retains her purpose, and, leaving them, goes into the wilderness. Both the King and Queen express their sorrow at Mary's departure, the latter declaring that now in her "restytt neyther game nor gle;" but the King observes, that, though "nothyng glad" of her going, he must apply himself to the government of his lands, and, in obedience to

the commands of St Peter, erect churches in each of his cities, punish all such as oppose his "feyth," and, defying Mahound and his laws, betake himself entirely to Jesus.

The next scene discovers Mary in the wilderness, who declares her intention of abiding in that "deserte," and there, for the salvation of her soul, and in obedience to the dictates of her conscience, become humble, patient, and charitable, giving herself up to holy contemplation, and renouncing all worldly food, to live solely "be þe fode þt cōmyt from heven on hye."

Without any stage direction or remark in the MS., but evidently from the context, represented as though in heaven, Jesus next delivers a speech, wherein he first expresses his delight at the prayers sent up from his "belovyd frynd," and then orders his angels to bear her up into the clouds, to feed her there with manna, and assure her that no "fyndds frawd" shall deceive her, but that she may enjoy her heavenly repast in perfect security. An angel, addressing Christ by a number of figurative epithets, declares the readiness with which himself and his companions will obey the blissful commands of their lord and descend into the wilderness. The stage direction that follows is very minute and curious; "here xall to (two) angylls desend in to wyldyrnefse, & other to xall bryng an oble, opynly aperyng aloft in þe clowdds, þe to benethyn xall bryng Mari, & she xall receyve þe bred, & þan go azen in to wyldyrnefse." Another angel after this informs Mary that "God gretyth" her with heavenly influence and heavenly signs, and will honour and advance her above other virgins; that, although she has built her an humble dwelling in the woods, she shall be received into the

clouds, there to be replenished with "gostly fode" for her salvation. Mary answers, "fiat volūtas tua—I am redy as hꝑ blyssyd wyll isse;" and then follows, "Her· xall ſhe be halsyd wt angylls wt reverēt song."

> "Assumpta est Maria in nubᵃ celi gavdēt
> Angeli lavdantes filiū Dei."

This being done, Mary offers her thanks and praises to God for having, "wt melody of angylls shewit" her "glee & game," and fed her with delicious food.

"An holy prest" is next introduced, who, astonished at the wonders he beholds, mirth and melody in heaven, with angels bright as the lightning, beseeches Jesus, for his "namys sewynne" that he may be favoured "þt ꝑson to se." According to the stage direction, he now advances into the wilderness, and discovers Mary at her devotions, addressing her as the favourite of Christ, "swetter þan sugur or cypreſse," and telling her, that for "xxx wynt & more" he saw not the "joye of Jhũllem" which she has been permitted to see, whereby he knows that she is "of gret ꝑfytneſse," and beseeches her to shew him of our Lord. Mary replies, that for thirty winters this has been her cell, that three times a day she is borne up into the clouds, experiencing greater joys than tongue can express; that during this period she has never been approached by human creature, but has had intercourse only "wt godds angylls bryth;" nevertheless, believing him to be a devout man, and of good conversation, she bids him welcome. He replies that he is "sacryed," a Christian priest, that angels minister at his celebra-

tion of mass, and that the holy manna of Christ's body is his daily food and sustenance. Mary here tells the Priest that it is her time of ascension, upon which he departs to his cell, and Jesus again appears. He first pronounces that Mary shall be called to the inheritance of eternal life, and then directs his angels to visit the Priest's cell, ordering that he take Christ's body in form of bread and repair to Mary and "hossell" her. The Angels declare their readiness, and those who go to the Priest inform him that they have commands from heaven that he go and "hosyll" Mary. Having put on his vestment, he proceeds on his mission, the Angels attending and bearing lights. The other Angels go to Mary, and, desiring her to be strong and of good heart, announce that she shall that day receive the palm of victory, and with songs of angels be received into heaven. Mary devoutly expresses her obedience to the divine command, when "hic apparet angel⁹ et presbit⁹ cū corpe dominico;" and the Priest, addressing Mary, informs her that he has brought her the "bred of lyf." Mary receives it with devout gratitude, and kissing the earth, says

> "In man⁹ tuas Domine
> Lord wᵗ þi grace we wysse
> Cōmendo sp̄m meū redemisti me
> Domine deus veritatꝭ."

The Angels declare that they receive her soul to dwell with them in heaven, and thus conclude, "now lett vs syng a mery song," the stage notice being "gavdent in celis." After this the Priest gives praise and adoration to Jesus, and, having descanted upon Mary's joys in heaven, undertakes the charge of her body, pro-

mising to deliver it to "þe bosshop of þe sete" for interment with due solemnity; and then, addressing the auditory, he informs them that the play is concluded, prays that God may bring them "to hf blysse so brygth," and concludes by calling upon the

"——— clerkys wt woycys cler
Te deū lavdam9 lett vs syng."

The MS. thus terminates, "Explycit originale de Sca Maria Magdalena."

"Yff ony thyng amysse be
Blame cōnyng and nat me
I desyr þe redars to be my frynd
Yff þr be ony amysse þt to amend."

The last extract from the Digby MS., given in the present volume, is a nameless

MORALITY,

somewhat imperfect at the conclusion; a circumstance to be regretted, since, however much some portions of the composition are rendered dull and obscure by the introduction of religious dogmas, yet are there other parts that rise so vastly superior to the common standard of similar productions, and discover such decided indications of a master-hand, and really poetic genius, as to excite both concern and surprise that a more equal degree of merit does not pervade the whole piece.

It must however be remembered, that the genius of the writer was necessarily cramped and restrained by the allegorizing nature of the opening portion of the morality, through

which nevertheless there occasionally breaks out natural bursts of feeling and genius; still the entire scene between Lucifer, Mind, Will, and Understanding, is conducted with great and uniform spirit, the character of Lucifer being admirably sustained, and the artful address with which he insinuates his pernicious reasonings is, both in matter and manner, a proof of considerable genius and talent in the writer.

The latter part of the composition is marked by pungent satire and humour, with frequent allusions that shew an intimate acquaintance with the literature, customs, and sayings or proverbs of the time.

The piece opens with the following very minute and curious stage direction, "Fyrst entreth Wysdom in a ryche ꝑpyll cloth of gold, wt a mantyll of the same ermyned wtin, havyng abought his nek a ryall hood furred wt ermyne, vpon his hed a cheveler wt browes, a berd of gold of sypres curled, a ryche impiall crowne ther vpon set wt riche stonys and perlys, in his left hand a ball of gold wt a crosse þr vpon, and ī his right hond a ryall sceptre, þ9 seyng."

Wisdom, after an elaborate definition of his name and properties, declares himself to be the second person in the Trinity,

> "————now god now man
> Spowse of the chirche and verray patron
> Wyfe of eche chose sowle thus wysdam began."

"Here entreth aĩa (Anima) as a mayde in a whight cloth of gold gytely purfyled wt menyver, a mantyll of blak ther vpon, a cheuelar lyke to Wysdam, wt a riche chapetelet lasyd behynde hangyng down wt ij knotts of gold & syde tasselys, knelyng down to Wysdam, þ9 seyng."

Anima (or Soul) says, that from her youth up, she has loved and sought Wisdom, and declares that no creature knoweth the "full exposicion" of his name. To which Wisdom, commencing with these words "Sapiencia specialior est sole," goes on to dilate upon the brightness of his light; and, after extolling the value of Wisdom, adds

> "The lengthe of the yerꝑ in my right syde be
> And in my lefte syde richesse ioye and ꝑspite."

Anima prays Wisdom to speak of love, and is answered that his love is admirable, worthy of being embraced by all mankind, and proceeds to give examples of those he loves and the "ꝓrogatyve" of his love, at considerable length, declaring that "angell nor man can tell playnly" what godly love is, that it may be felt and experienced, but cannot be expressed. Anima, after a warm apostrophe to Wisdom, and declaring the advantages of repairing to him, asks

> "What may I ȝeve you agayn for this
> O creatoʳ louer of yoʳ creatur."

To which Wisdom answers,

> "Thi clene hert thi meke obeisaunce
> ȝeve me that and I am content."

Anima then beseeches Wisdom to teach her "the scolys of his devenyte;" and in reply, Wisdom commences by warning her not to aspire after knowledge "to (too) excellent," but in humble dread to conform to his will, since the fear of God teacheth sin to flee, and virtues to spring up in the soul. Anima next enquires how she may have knowledge of God, and is answered, by self-knowledge; in proportion to her advancement in which

will be her knowledge of God. She then enquires what is the soul, and is informed, the image of God, that man was made in his likeness, and, till Adam's fall, was the fairest of all creatures. This leads to a demand why souls not then in existence abide the punishment of his offence. To which Wisdom answers, that every descendant of Adam is so "disfygured" by his original sin, as to be "dampnyd to darkenesse," and may in no wise attain to heaven. Anima now enquires how begins that grace which reforms the soul, and brings it to its first state of purity, and is told that Wisdom, *i. e.* Christ, God and man, made an atonement upon the cross for all mankind, from whence arose the seven sacraments, the first of which, viz. baptism, cleanseth away original sin, and reforms the soul by faith to the glorious likeness of God eternal. Anima, still pursuing her enquiries, asks of what parts a soul consists, and Wisdom replies, two, sense or fleshly feeling and reason; to the former belong "the v outward wyttys," which, when they are not well governed, lead to sensuality and sin. The operation of reason is next described, and every soul is said to be

"Blak and whyt fowle and fayr verylye,"

black and foul by sin, and whyte and fair

"By knowyng of God by hys reson wtinne."

Anima here calls to her five prudent virgins, whom she designates "the v wyttys of my soule wtinne," who enter "in white kertelys & mantelys wt chevelers & chapelyttf, and syng Nigra sū, sʒ formosa, filia Ierlem, sicut taberna la Cedar & sicut pelles Salomonis." At the end of this song, Anima observes that she bears the dark shadow of humanity, as the tabernacle of Cedar

is black without, "and winne as the skynne of Salomon full of bewte." Wisdom admonishes all souls that are in a state of grace to take example by the five prudent virgins, and, by keeping themselves from uncleanliness, resemble God's image and become his resting place. He then observes that every christian soul hath "Thre myghtf," which are applicable to the Trinity; and Mind here replies, that all three are present, Mind, Will, and Understanding. Wisdom desires they will declare their respective significations and properties, and Mind commences by stating, that in the soul she is "the very figure of the deite," and then proceeds to illustrate the properties of the mind and its proper influence upon the conduct, concluding an uninteresting demonstration with these quibbling lines,

> "Thus mynde to mynde bryngeth that fauour
> Thus be mynde of me God I can knowe
> Good mynde of God it is the fygure
> And this mynde to haue all cristen owe."

Will next speaks, and claims to be the likeness of the godhead, argues the necessity of "a good wyll" in all things, since "wyll for dede oft is take," but this must be governed by reason, and good will is ever excited in us by God's grace. This laboured, but dull speech, is followed by an address from Underderstanding, "the iij^de^ pte of the soule," demonstrating her great insight into the works of God, and the knowledge thus afforded of his power and goodness, and especially of his love to mankind, "clepyd Charite," for God is indeed Charity,

> "And who is in charite in God dwellith he
> And God that is charite in hym dwelles."

Wisdom now speaks again, illustrating these three great pro-

perties in the soul, as emanations from the three persons of the Trinity,

> "Not thre Godds but on God in beyng;"

and after observing how Faith, Hope, and Charity also spring from this source, thus pointedly proceeds,

> "And above all this ye haue fre wyll
> Of that be ware byfore all thynge
> For if that puert all this doth spylle."

Wisdom then proceeds to caution the soul against three mortal enemies, the world, the flesh, and the devil, to oppose whom reason must be called in aid; and if by her assistance, Mind, Will, and Understanding, consent not,

> "—— than suche steryngs be no synne
> Thei do but purge the soule ——"

The address is concluded by an exhortation to fight and obtain the crown of glory, that is, everlasting joy.

The author, having got through the apparently uncongenial task of writing allegory and spiritualizing his subject, now casts off his shackles, and, in the concluding speech of Anima, discovers the following fine vein of poetic feeling,

> "Sovereigne lorde I am bounde to the
> Whan I was nought thu made me thus glorious
> Whan I pisshed thurgh synne thu sauyd me
> Whan I was in grett parell thu kept me Xpus
> Whan I erryd thu reducyd me Ihus
> Whan I was ignoraunt thu taught me truthe
> Whan I synnyd thu correct me Ihus
> Whan I was hevy thu conforted me be ruthe
> Whan I stonde in grce thu holdest me that tyde
> Whan I falle thu reisest me myghtily
> Whan I go wele thu art my gyde
> Whan I come thu receyvist me most louyngly

Thu hast anoynted me wt the oyle of mrcy
Thy benefetys lord be innumrable
Wherfor laude endles to the I crye
Recōmendyng me to thi endles powre durable."

"Here in þe goyng out þe v wyttf sing tota pulcre es &c, thei goyng before, Aīa next, & hir folowyng Wysdam; & aftr hȳ Mynde, Wyll, & Vnderstonding, all iij in whit cloth of gold chevelered & crestyd in on sute; and aftr þe song entreth Lucyfer in a deuely aray wtout & wtin as a prowde galaunt, seyng thus on this wyse."

In conformity with the examples of his predecessors, the poet makes Lucifer's speech to open with "Out herrowe I rore." He also commences it in a different measure and rythm; but, as the speech proceeds, though the rythm continues, the length of the lines considerably increase. The argument of Lucifer's address is as follows. He commences by lamenting that God hath created man to restore the void once occupied by him; but protests all shall not come there, he will so beset them with temptations. He then proceeds to relate who he is, and the occasion of his fall, declaring his enmity to man, and his unceasing endeavours to prevent his attaining "that heuynly place;" boasts that he is "as wyly" now as before his fall, knows all the propensities of mankind, and tempts them so sore that many holy men by him are "mosed;" adding that, although man is the most glorious of created beings and the similitude of God himself, yet, if he listen to his counsel, he will "bryng hym to nought." He then repeats the doctrine before advanced in the dialogue between Wisdom and Anima, that there are three parts in the soul, and, inasmuch as the "Flesh of man" is so unstedfast, he will there commence his temptations; nevertheless,

since without the consent of the soul there is no deadly sin, he will make suggestions to the Mind, bring the Understanding "to delectacon," so that the Will shall give confirmation; and then, adds he, "am I seker," and have rule over the soul. He concludes with a vow "to all the devilis of helle" that he will go and make this attempt; but, recollecting his forbidding appearance, declares he will change himself "in to brightnefse," the more easily to beguile and "vertu pve it wykednefse." Accordingly "here Lucypher devoydeth and cōmyth in ageyn as a goodly galaunt;" and it will be remembered that, upon the first appearance of Lucifer, he is described as having "a deuely aray wtout & wtin as a prowde galaunt," so that he would only have to cast off his outer or devilish dress, and return to the stage ready to personate the gallant. No direction for the entry of Mind, Will, and Understanding, occurs in the MS.; but at this period they come on, Mind saying that his thoughts are "euꝰ on Iħu," and declaring his purpose always to follow his doctrine. Understanding, in like manner, protests that the observance of Christ's laws "is swettr to me than the sauor of the rose;" and Will, that his will is God's only; when Lucifer accosts Mind, commencing his address with the following instance of alliterative composition,

> "Ye fonnyd Faders founders of foly
> Vt quid hic statſ tota die ociosi,"

then declaring such men's dangerous condition, he adroitly charges the devil with imposing this burthensome life of contemplation upon them, concluding thus,

> "Mynde mynde syr haue mynde of this."

To this attack Mind simply replies, that

"He is not idyll that wt God is,"

a remark so just, that Lucifer at once admits its truth, but artfully observes there is a proper time for all things, as "prayer, fastyng, laborr," and that, when not practised in due season, the deed is no longer good. To illustrate this doctrine, he instances a man who has a wife, children, and servants, with consequent wordly occupations, and asking if it be fitting that, having these duties, he should give himself to prayer and bodily ease, answers the question himself in these words,

"Who so do thus wt God is not than
Martha plesid God gretly thore."

Mind admirably extricates himself from his difficult position, by answering,

"Ye but Maria plesid hym moche more."

Lucifer promptly tries to maintain his ground, by observing that Martha, though she pleased least, yet was admitted to everlasting bliss; but Mind, still firm in his faith, answers

"Contemplatyfe lyff is sett before;"

but Lucifer denies this, and referring to Christ himself when "he was man bore," asks whether he always led a contemplative life; and Mind replying,

"I suppose not be my relacon,"

Lucifer, following up his advantage, boldly asserts that Christ's life was full of information and example to man, and illustrates this position in some well expressed lines, which he closes by declaring that man ought to pursue the same "vita mixta." Mind

admits his belief that this is true; and Lucifer, with great spirit and effect, proceeds to point out the privations and hardships of a contemplative life, asserting that some have been driven by it into despair, and some to madness, concluding

> " Wete it wele God is not plesyd wt this
> Leve leve suche syngler besynefse
> Be in the world vse thyngf necefse
> The cōmon is best exprefse
> Who clymyth high his ffalle grett is."

Mind replies that he cannot oppose such reasoning, promising to bear in mind the advice given him. And Lucifer, having recommended him to "thynke ther vpon, it is yor saluacōn," turns to Understanding, and tells him that if he would have real delight he must give over all "syngler deuocōns," and his "v witts abrode let sprede." He then descants upon the advantages of dress, power, and riches, until Understanding allows that he feels pleasure in the contemplation of them, an admission which Lucifer thus lays hold of,

> "A ha Sir than thar- make a pawsacōn,"

and proceeds to argue that salvation is easily obtained by contrition, that God is best pleased "wt good wyll," and concludes his address in the following spirited manner,

> " Leve yor stodyes tho be devyne
> Yor pāyers your penānce of ipocytf the signe
> And lede a comown lyff
> What synne is in mete in ale in wyne
> What synne is in richesse in clothing fyne
> All thyng God ordeigned to man to inclyne
> Leve yor nyse chastyte and take a wyff
> Better is fayr frute than foule pollucōn
> What seyth Sensualitie to this conclusion."

Will answers the appeal made to Sensualitie by declaring

that according to his understanding the reasoning is good, and Lucifer then asserts that the will is free, and ought not to be too much controlled by reason, a doctrine that is readily admitted by Will, who declares his belief that

> " Man may be in the world and be right good."

Lucifer replies " ya Sir be Seynt Powle;" but lest any mischief should ensue from his asseveration, he cautions Will not to trust these preachers, for they both flatter and lie, being wolves in sheep's clothing. Will now surrenders himself a convert to the doctrine he has heard, and protests he " wyll no more row ageyn the fflode," but be mery and enjoy himself; a determination that Lucifer pronounces wise, declaring that God loves " a clene soule and merry," and assures the trio that if they accord together they cannot but do well. To this advice they individually express their assent, and Lucifer tells them to go into the world and examine it well, earnestly endeavour to get riches and freely enjoy them,

> " And euꝰ be mery lett reuell rought."

A hearty assent is given by each to this counsel in terms of grossness strongly marking their changed feelings, and this is followed by brief indications of their intended course of proceeding, closed by a declaration from Will of indulging in " lustꝰ of lechory," ending with the following use of an old saying

> " With whye whyppe
> Farewell q̃d I the deuyll is vp."

The three converts here leave the stage, and Lucifer, now alone, indulges in expressions of pleasure, at the triumph of his sophistry, vaunting thus,

> " Reson I haue made both deff and dūme
> Grace is out and putt a rome."

And in a similar strain he continues to describe the gradations by which he shall lead his captives from Pride, " of all synnes hed," to Covetousness, and thence to Lechery, at which point he says, " than am I seker the soule is ded." That soul, exults he, which God made " incōpable," I shall debase " evyn lyke to a ffende of helle," and with malignant joy indulges in the anticipation of appearing before his unhappy victims at the time of their death, proving their state to be " dampnable," and filling them with despair. His speech closes in these words

> " Thus by colours and false gynne
> Many a soule fro hevyn I wynne
> Wyde to go I may not blynne
> With this false boy God geve hym ille g^{a}ce."

" Here he takith a shrewed boy w^{t} hȳ & goth his way cryeng." The last two lines and the direction which follows seem to have no immediate connection with the piece, and perhaps were introduced merely for the purpose of certain stage effects.

Mind and his two companions now enter, the former " in newe aray," having bade " farewele" to perfection, expresses his delight at the change he has made. Understanding exclaims, " and have here one as fressh as you," and boasting that he has " gete good God wote howe," bids farewell to conscience, and as to truth, says, " I lete hym slippe." Will declares him-

self to be as "jolye" as the rest, so full of delight that he seems to fly, and having tasted lust, bids adieu to chastity, protesting that all his enjoyment is in beauty. Mind states that his especial solace is in the graces and gifts of fortune, and the advantages of noble kindred; Understanding, in hoarding up riches, on which he expatiates with a miser's feeling; and Will declares that his happiness arises from playing the lover's part, which he thus describes,

> "It is joy of joyes inestimable
> To halse to kysse the affiable
> A louer is sone pceyvable
> Be the smylyng on me ———"

After a conversation between these parties, made up of brief sentences, wherein each makes an unblushing description of his own peculiar vice, not unmixed with some keen strokes of satire, a song is proposed, which they accompany with the following instruments, viz. "a tenor, a mene, and a trebyll."

The song ended, Understanding suggests that each shall relate his condition; and Will, "ashamyd of ryght nought," states that he obtains much worship by procuring for others the patronage and protection of "myghty lorship," and boasts that this is a means of great advantage to him. Understanding uses "jorourry," in other words false swearing, practises "choppe and chaunge wt symonye," and be the case never so true, "wt a quest of myn affye," says he,

> "I preve it false I swere I lye;"

adding that this is now the ready way to thrift. Will boasts

that he spends thrice as much as he gets, and that, regardless of money,

> Sūtyme I geve sumtyme thei me,"

concluding with a declaration, that "lust is now common as the i waye."

A conversation, carried on in short sentences, but full of keen satire, upon the great prevalence of the vices before enumerated, now ensues, which Mind terminates by a proposition that their respective retainers shall come in and perform a dance before them, observing that "this wer a disporte." Upon this being agreed to, Will, addressing Mind, intimates that he shall first call in his company or "Meynten$^{\sigma}$nce," and the following stage direction ensues, "Here entre vj disgysed in the sute of Mynde, w^{t} red berds & lyons rampaunt on hir crests, & iche a warder in his hand, hir menstrall trumpes, eche answere for his name," and Mind calls them forward in the following order, Indignation, Sturdynesse, Malyce, Hastyness, Wrethe, and Discord, "and the vijth am I Mynten$^{\sigma}$nce." Seven, he observes, is an imperfect number. "Lo her$^{\circ}$ is a gomanry w^{t} loveday to dresse," who, according to his description, if "the deuyll had swore it thei wold bere vp falsnesse." This, he next observes, is "the develys daunce," and their attendant minstrels are appropriate; since, he remarks, "tromps" should sound to judgment and battle, concluding thus,

> "Blow sett se madam regent
> And daunce ye laddꝑ yor hertꝑ ben light
> Lo that other spare this meny will spende."

Some short and pithy remarks follow by the same interlocutors.

After which Understanding characterizes his retainers as "jourours," who under one hood bear two faces, combining fair speech and false matter, and calls them forward by the title of "the queste of helborn," who ever oppose "the right; and according to the stage direction, "Her entreth vj jorours in a sute gownyd wt hoodf abowte her necks, hattf of Maynte-nance ther vpon vysered diusly, her mynstrall a bag pype." As they enter, Understanding thus names the goodly crew, Wronge, Sleight, Doblenesse, Falsehed, Ravyne, and Disceyte; and then proceeds,

> "Her is the quest of helborn an euyll endyreete
> Thei daunce all this londe hyder and thedyr
> And I Piury yor foundour
> Now daunce on vs all the world doth wonder.

The same sort of brief and sarcastic observations, as occurred in the preceding instance, succeed to the speech by Understanding, at the conclusion whereof, Will remarks, that Maintenance and Perjury having shewed their company of retainers, he will produce Lechery, whose

> "—— forme is of the stewys clene rybaldry
> The wene seyseth whan that thei lye
> Of the comon thei synge eche weke by & bye
> Thei may say wt tynker I trowe late amende."

"Her entre vj woman in sute disgysed as galauntf & thre as matones wt wonderfull vysers cōregent, her mynstrallys an horn-pype."

At this place the MS. abruptly terminates, leaving defective

the particular description and properties of Understanding's followers, and the completion of the piece; respecting which conjecture would be but ill applied, and therefore shall not here be attempted.

The nature of the subject and stile of composition evidently bespeak a later origin than the Mysteries which precede it; but as an early specimen of Moralities, it will well reward the enquiring reader for the pains of a careful examination and perusal.

MYSTERIES.

CANDLEMAS DAY.

POETA

This solemne ffest to be had in remembraunce
Of blissed Seynt Anne moder to our Lady
Whos ryght discent was fro kyngs alyaunce
Of Davyd ⁊ Solamon witnefseth the story
Hir blissid doughter that callid is Mary
By Godds ꝑvision an husband shuld have
Callid Joseph of natur· old ⁊ drye
And the moder vnto Crist that all the world shall save
This glorious maiden dought⁹ vnto Anna
10 In whos worship this ffest we honour
And by resemblaunce likenyd unto manna
Wiche is in tast celestiall of savour
And of Jerico the sote rose ffloure
Gold Ebryson callid in pictur·
Chosyn for to bere mankynds savyour
Wt a ꝓrogative love eche creature

A

These grett thyngs remembred aft^{p} our entent
Is for to worshippe oure Ladye and Seynt Anne
We be comen heder as s̊vaunts diligent
20 Our$^{\sim}$ ꝑcesse to shewe you as we can
Wherfor of bñvolense we p^{er}y e$\overset{\circ}{\text{v}}$y man
To have vs execused that we no better doo
An other tyme to emende it if we can
Be the g^{er}ce of God if our cūnyng be ther too
The last yeer$^{\sim}$ we shewid you ꝫ in this place
How the shepherds of Crists birthe made letificac$\overset{\text{on}}{\text{o}}$n
And thre Kyngs that ycome fro ꝑe cuntrees be g^{er}ce
To worship Iħu w^{t} enteer devoc$\overset{\text{on}}{\text{o}}$n
And now we ꝑpose w^{t} hool affecc$\overset{\text{on}}{\text{o}}$n
30 To ꝑcede in oure mater as we can
And to shew you of our Ladies purificac$\overset{\text{on}}{\text{o}}$n
That she made in the temple as the usage was than
And aft^{p} that shall Herowd have tydyngs
How the thre Kyngs be goon hoom an other way
That were w^{t} Iħu ꝫ made ther offryng^{es}
And ꝑmysed Kynge Herowde w^{t}out delay
To come ageyn by hym this is no nay
And whan he wist that thei were goon
Like as a wodman he gan to fray
40 And cōmaundid his knyghts for to go anoon
In to Israell to serche e$\overset{\circ}{\text{v}}$y towne ꝫ cite
For all the Children that thei cowde ther fynde
Of ij yeers age and w^{t}in sparyng neither bonde nor ffree
But sle them all either for ffoo or ffrende
Thus he cōmaundid in his furious wynde

Thought that Iħu shuld have be oon
And yitt he failed of his froward mynde
For by Gods ꝑviaunce our Lady was in to Egipte gon
Frends this ꝑcefse we ꝓpose to pley as we can
50 Before you all here in your presens and
To the honor of God our Lady and Seynt Anne
Besechyng you to geve us peseable audiens
And ye menstrallis shewe sume sport ⁊ plesure
These people to solas and to do God reverens
As ye be appoynted doth yor besy cure

Et tripudient.

HERODES

Above all kynges under the clowdys cristall
Royally I reigne in welthe w^tout woo
Of pleasaunt ꝑspyte I lakke non at all
Fortune I fynde that she is not my ffoo
60 I am Kyng Herowde I will it be knowen soo
Most strong ⁊ mighty in feld for to fyght
And to venquyfshe my enemyes p^t ageynst me do
I am most be dred w^t my bronde bright
My grett goddes I gloryfye w^t gladnefse
And to honoure them I knele up on my knee
For thei have sett me in solas from all sadnefse
That no conqueroure nor knyght is cōparid to me
All tho that rebelle ageyns me ther bane I will be
Or grudge ageyns my godds on hyll or hethe
70 All suche rebellers I shall make for to fflee

And wt hard punyſhements putt them to dethe
What erthely wretches wt pompe and pride
Do ageyns my lawes or wtstonde myne entent
Thei shall suffre woo ꝫ peyne thurgh bak ꝫ syde
Wt a very myschaunce ther fleſshe shalbe all to rent
And all my ffoes shall have suche cōmaundement
That they shalbe glad to doo my byddyng ay
Or ells thei shalbe in woo ꝫ myscheff ꝑmanent
That thei shall fere me nyght ꝫ day
80 *My messanger at my comaundement come heder to me
And take hed what I shall to the say
I charge the loke abought thurgh all my cuntre
To aspye if ony rebells do ageynst our lay
And if ony suche come in thy way
Brynge hem in to our hygh presens
And we shall se them correctid or thei go hens

WATKYN MESSANGER

My Lord yor cōmaundement I have fulfilled
Evyn to the uttermest of my pore power
And I wold shew you more so ye wold be contentid
90 But I dare not lest ye wold take it in anger
For if it liked you not I am sure my deth were nere
And therfor my Lord I wole hold my peas

HEROD

I warne the thu Traytor that thu not seas

* From hence unto line 104 inclusive is in the original crossed over thus ×, apparently being omitted in the representation of the Pageant.

To shewe evy thyng thu knowist ageyns our revence

MESSANGER

My Lord if ye have it in your remembraunce
Ther were iij straunger Kyngs but late in yor psence
That went to Bedlem to offre wt due obsvaunce
And pmysed to come ageyn by you wtout variaunce
But by ther bonys ten thei be to you untrue
100 For homward an other way thei doo sue

HEROD

Now be my grett godds that be so full of myght
I will be avengid upon Israell if thy tale be true

MESSANGER

That it is my Lord my trouth I you plight
For ye foūde me nev° false syn ye me knewe

HEROD

I do pceyve though I be here in my cheff cite
Callid Jerlem my riche Royall Town
I am falsly disceyvid by straunge kyngs three
Therfor my knyghts I warne you wtout delacon
That ye make serche thurgh out all my region
110 Wtoute ony tarieng my wille may be seen
And sle all tho Children wtout excepcon
Of to yeers of age pt wtin Israell bene
For wtin my self thus I have concluded
For to avoyde awey all interrupcon

Sythens thes thre kyngs have me thus falsly deluded
As in man⁹ by froward collusion
And ageyn resorted hom in to ther region
But yitt maugre ther herts I shall avengid be
Both in Bedlem ⁊ my ꝑvynces evychone
120 Sle all the Children to kepe my liberte

P¹M⁹ MILES

My Lord ye may be sure that I shall not spare
For to fulfille yoʳ noble cōmaundement
Wᵗ sharpe sword to perse them all bare
In all cuntrees that be to you adiacent

II⁹ MILES

And for yoʳ sake to obsve yoʳ cōmaundement

III⁹ MILES

Not on of them all our hands shall astert

IIII⁹ MILES

For we wole cruelly execute your judgement
Wᵗ swerde ⁊ spere to perse them thurgh the hert

HEROD

I thanke you my knyghts but loke ye make no tarieng
130 Do arme yoʳself in stele shynyng bright
And conceyve in yoʳ mynds that I am yoʳ kyng
Gevyng you charge pᵗ wᵗ all yoʳ myght
In consvacon of my tytell of ryght

That ye go ꝫ loke for myn adv^{a}ntage
And sle all the Children p^{t} come in yor sight
Wiche ben w^{t}in two yeers of age
Now be ware that my byddyng ye truly obey
For non but I shall reigne w^{t} equyte
Make all the Children on yor swords to dey
140 I charge you spare not oon for m̃cy nor pyte
Am not I lord ꝫ kyng of the cuntre
The crowne of all Jerusalem longith to me of right
Who so ev^{p} say nay of high or lowe degre
I charge you sle all suche p^{t} come in yor syght

I$^{\text{9}}$ MILES

My Lord be ye sure accordyng to yor will
Like as ye charge us be streig^{t} cōmaundement
All the children of Israell doughtles we shall kylle
W^{t}in to yeers of age this is our entent

II$^{\text{9}}$ MILES

My Lord of all Jurye we hold you for chef regent
150 By titell of enheritaunce as yor auncestors beforn
He that seith the contrary be Mahound shalbe shent
And curse the tyme that ev^{p} [he] was born

HEROD

I thanke you my knyghts with hool affeccion
And whan ye con e ageyn I shall you avaunce
Therfor quyte you wele in feld ꝫ town
And of all the fondlyngs make a delyṽaunce

Here the Knyghts shall depte from Herowde to Israell ꝑ Watkyn shall abyde seyng thus to Herode

WATKYN

Now my Lord I beseche you to here my dalyaunce
I wold aske you a bone if I durst aright
But I were loth ye shuld take ony displesaunce
160 Now for Mahounds sake make me a knyght
For oon thyng I ꝑmyse you I will manly fight
And for to avenge yor quarell I dare undertake
Though I sey it my self I am a man of myght
And dare live ꝑ deye in this quarell for yor sake
For whan I com amonge them for fere thei shall quake
And though thei sharme ꝑ crye I care not a myght
But w^t my sharpe sworde ther ribbes I shall strake
Evyn thurgh the guttes for anger and despight

HEROWDE

Be thi trouthe Watkyn woldest thu be made a knyght
170 Thu hast be my ꝯv^a^nt ꝑ messanger many a day
But thu were nev^o^ ꝑvid in bataile nor in fight
And therfor to avaunce the so sodeynly I ne may
But oon thyng to the I shall say
Be cause I fynde the true in thyn entent
Forth w^t my knyghts thu shalt take the way
And quyte the wele ꝑ thu shalt it not repent

WATKYN

Now a largeys my Lord I am ryght wele apaid

If I do not wele ley my hed upon a stokke
I shall go shew yor knyghts how ye have seid
180 And arme my self manly ꝫ go forthe on the flokke
And if I fynde a yong child I shall choppe it on a blokke
Though the moder be angry the child shalbe slayn
But yitt I dredde no thyng more than a woman with a rokke
For if I se ony suche be my feith I come ageyn

HEROWDE

What shall a woman with a rokke drive thèe away
Fye on the traito^{r} now I tremble for tene
I have trosted the long ꝫ many a day
A bold man ꝫ an hardy I went thu haddist ben

WATKYNG MESSANG^{o}

So am I my Lord ꝫ that shalbe seen
190 That I am a bold man ꝫ best dare abyde
And ther come an hundred women I wole not ffleen
But fro morowe tyll nyght w^{t} them I dare chide
And therfor my Lord ye may trust unto me
For all the children of Israell yor knyghts ꝫ I shall kylle
I wyll not spare one butt dede thei shalbe
If the ffader ꝫ moder will lete me have my wille

HEROWDE

Thu lurdeyn take hede what I sey the tyll
And high the to my knyghts as fast as thu can
Say I warne them in ony wyse þ^{r} blood þ^{t} thei spille

200 Abought in evy cuntre ꝫ lette for no man

WATKYN

Nay nay my Lord we wyll let for no man
Though ther come a thousand on a rought
For yor knyghts ꝫ I will kylle them all if we can
But for the wyves that is all my dought
And if I se ony walkyng abought
I will take good hede tyll she be goon
And assone as I aspye that she is oute
By my feith into the hous I will go anon
And this I ꝑmyse you that I shall nev^r slepe
210 But eu^r more wayte to fynde the children alone
And if the moder come in under the benche I will crepe
And lye stylle ther tyll she be goon
Than manly I shall come out ꝫ hir children sloen
And whan I have don̄ I shall renne fast away
If she founde her child dede ꝫ toke me ther alone
Be my feith I am sure we shuld make a fray

HEROWDE

Nay harlott abyde stylle w^t my knyghts I warne the
Tyll the children be slayn all the hool rought
And whan thu comyst home ageyn I shall avaunce the
220 If thu quyte thee like a man whill thu art ought
And if thu pley the coward I put the owt of dought
Of me thu shalt neyther have ffee nor adv^ꝫuntage
Therfor I charge you the contre be well sought
And whan thu comyst home shalt have thi wage

WATKYN

Þis S^{t}e be my trouthe ye shall wele knowe
Whill I am oute how I shall aquyte me
For I ꝑpos to spare neither high nor lowe
If ther be no man wole smyte me
The most I fere the wyves will bete me
230 Yitt shall I take good hert to me ꝫ loke wele abought
And loke that yor knyghts be not ferre fro me
For if I be alone I may sone gete a clought

HEROD

I say hye the hens that thu were goon
And unto my knyghts loke ye take the way
And sey I charge them that my cōmaundemēt be done
In all hast possible w^{t}out more delay
And if ther be ony that will sey you nay
Redde him of his lyff out of hand anon
And if thu quyte the weel unto my pay
240 I shall make þe a knyght aventuros whan þu comyst home

WATKYN

Syr knyghts I must go forth w^{t} you
Thus my Lord cōmaunded me for to doñ
And if I quyte me weel whill I am amonge you
I shalbe made a knyght aventur^{9} when I come home
For oon thyng I ꝑmyse you I will fight anon
If my hert faile not whan I shall begynne
The most I fere is to come amonge wemen
For thei fight like devells w^{t} ther rokks whan þei spynne

I9 MILES

Watkyn I love thee for thu art ev° a man
250 If thu quyte the weel in this grett viage
I shall speke to my Lord for the that I can
That thu shalt no more be neither grome nor page

II9 MILES

I wyll speke for the that thu shalt have bett° wage
If thu quyte the manly amonge the wyves
For thei be as fers as a lyon in a cage
Whan thei are vroken ought to reve men of p^r lives

Her^e the Knyghts ⁊ Watkyn walke abought the place tyll Mary ⁊ Joseph be conveid into Egipt.—Dix^t Angelus

ANGELUS

O Joseph ryse up ⁊ loke thu tary nought
Take Mary w^t the ⁊ in to Egipt fflee
For Jhu thi sone p^rsuyd is ⁊ sought
260 By Kyng Herowd the wiche of grete inyquyte
Cōmaundid hath thurgh Bedlem cite
In his cruell ⁊ furyous rage
To sle all the children that be in that cuntre
That may be founde w^tin to yeers of age
Ther shall he shew in that region
Diuse myracles of his high regalye
In all ther temples the mawments shall falle down
To shew a tokyn towards the ꝑtie
This child hath lordship as ꝑphets do specifie
270 And at his comyng thurgh his myghty hond

In despight of all idolatrie
Evy oon shall falle whan he comyth into the lond

JOSEPH

O good Lord of this g^{a}cious orden^{a}unce
Like as thu list for our jorney ꝑvide
In this viage with humble attendaunce
As God disposeth ꝯ list to be our gyde
Therfor upon them bothe mekely I shall abide
P^{a}ying to that Lord to thynk upon us three
Vs to ꝑsve wheder we go or ryde
280 Towards Egipte from all advcitie

MARY

Now husbond in all hast I p^{a}y you go we hens
For drede of Herowde that cruell knyght
Gentyll spouse now do your diligens
And bryng yor asse I p^{a}y you anon right
And from hens let us passe w^{t} all our myght
Thankyng that Lord so for us doth ꝑvide
That we may go from Herowde p^{t} cursid wight
Wiche will us devour if that we abide

JOSEPH

Mary you to do pleasaunce w^{t}out ony lett
290 I shall brynge forth yor asse w^{t}out more delay
Ful sone Mary thereon ye shalbe sett
And this litell child that in yor wombe lay
Take hym in yor armys Mary I you pray

And of yor swete mylke let hym sowke inowe
Mawger Herowd ⁊ his grett fray
And as yor spouse Mary I shall go w^{t} you
This ferdell of gere I ley up my bakke
Now I am redy to go from this cuntre
All my smale instruments is putt in my pakke

Et exeant

300 Now go we hens Mary it will no better be
For drede of Herowd a paas I wyll high me
Lo now is our geer trussid both more ⁊ lesse
Mary for to plese you w^{t} all humylitie
I shall go before ⁊ lede forth your asse

Here Mary ⁊ Joseph shall go out of þe place ⁊ þe Godds shall falle ⁊ than shall come in the women of Israell w^{t} yong children in ther armys ⁊ than the Knyghts shall go to them saying as foluyth

I^{9} MILES

Herke ye wyffys we be come yor housholds to visite
Though ye be nev^{9} so wroth nor wood
W^{t} sharp swerds that redely will byte
All yor children w^{t}in to yeers age in our cruell mood
Thurgheout all Bethleem to kylle ⁊ shed þ^{9} yong blood
310 As we be bound be the cōmaundement of þe kyng
Who that seith nay we shall make a flood
To renne in the stretis by ther blood shedyng

II^{9} MILES

Therfor unto us ye make a delyveraunce
Of your yong children and that anone
Or ells be Mahounde we shall geve you a myschaunce

Our sharpe swerds thurgh yor bodies shall goon

WATKYN

Therfor be ware for we will not leve oon
In all this cuntre that shall us escape
I shall rather slee them evychoon
320 And make them to lye ꝫ mowe like an ape

P^{l}MA MULIER

Fye on you traito^{r}s of cruell tormentrye
Wiche w^{t} yor swerds of mortall violens

SC̃DA MULIER

Our yong children that can no socoure but crie
Wyll slee ꝫ devoure in ther innocens

TERCIA MULIER

Ye false traito^{r}s unto God ye do grett offens
To sle ꝫ morder yong children p^{t} in p^{o} cradell slumber

IIII^{a} MULIER

But we women shall make ageyns you resistens
Aft^{o} our power your malice to encomber

WATKYN

Peas you folyſshe quenys wha shuld ye defende
330 Ageyns us armyd men in this apparaile
We be bold men ꝫ the kyng us ded sende
Hedyr into this cuntre to hold w^{t} you battaile

P^a MULIER

Fye upon the coward of the I will not faile
To dubbe the knyght w^t my rokke rounde
Women be ferse when thei list to assaile
Suche prowde boyes to caste to the grounde

WATKYN

Avaunt ye skowtys I defye you evychone
For I wole bete you all myself alone

Hic ouidēt pu^ɔos

I^a MULIER

Alas alafse good Gossyppes this is a sorowfull payn
340 To se our dere children that be so yong
W^t these Catyves thus sodenly to be slayn
A vengeaunce I aske on them all for this grett wrong

II^a MULIER

And a very myscheff mut come them amonge
Whersoever thei be come or goon
For thei have killed my yong sone John

III^a MULIER

Gossippes a shameful deth I aske upon Herowde our kyng
That thus rygorously our children hath slayn

IIII^a MULIER

I p^ay God bryng hym to an ille endyng
And in helle pytte to dwelle ev^ɔ in peyn

WATKYN

350 What ye harlotts I have aspied certeyn
That ye be traytours to my lord the kyng
And therfor I am sure ye shall have an ille endyng

I^{a} MULIER

If ye abide Watkyn you ꝫ I shall game
With my distaff that is so rounde

II^{a} MULIER

And if I seas thanne have I shame
Tyll thu be fellid down to the grounde

III^{a} MULIER

And I may gete the within my bounde
W^{t} this staff I shall make the lame

WATKYN

Yee I come no more ther be Seynt Mahound
360 For if I do me thynketh I shall be made tame

I^{a} MULIER

Abyde Watkyn I shall make the a knyght

WATKYN

Thu make me a knyght that were on the newe
But for shame my trouthe I you plight
I shuld bete you bak ꝫ side tyll it were blewe
But be my god Mahounde that is so true

My hert begynne to fayle ꝫ waxeth feynt
Or ells be Mahounds blood ye shuld it rue
But ye shall lose yor goods as traito^rs atteynt

I^a MULIER

What thu javell canst not have do
370 Thu ꝫ thi cumpany shall not depart
Tyll of our distavys ye have take part
Therfor ley on gossippes w^t a mery hart
And lett them not from vs goo

Here thei shall bete Watkyn ꝫ the knyghts shall come to rescue hym ꝫ than thei go to Herowde þus saying

I^9 MILES

Honorable prynce of grett apparayle
Thurgh Jerlem ꝫ Jude yor wyll we have wrought
Full suerly harneysed in armo^r of plate ꝫ maile
The children of Israell vnto deth we have brought

II^9 MILES

Syr to merke yor cōmaundement we lettid nought
In the strets of the children to make a flood
380 We sparid neither for care nor thought
Thurgh Bethlem to shede all the yong blood

WATKYN

In ffeyth my Lord all the children be dede
And all the men out of the cuntre be goon.
Ther be but women ꝫ thei crie in evy stede

A vengeaunce take king Herode for he hath o^{r} children sleon
And bidde a myscheff take him both evyn ꝫ morn
For kyllyng of ther children on you thei crie oute
And thus goth yor name in all the cuntre abought

HERODES

Oute I am madde my wyttes be ner goon
390 I am for the wrokyng of this werke wylde
For as wele I have slayn my ffrends as my foon
Wherfor I fere deth hath me begyled
No^{t}w^{t}stoyndyng syn thei be all defyled
And on þe yong blood of Bethlem wrought wo ꝫ wrake
Yitt I am in no certeyn of that yong child
Now for woo myn herte gynneth to quake
Alas I am so sorowfull ꝫ sett in of sadnes
I chille ꝫ chever for this orrible chaunce
I cōmaunde you all as ye wole stond in my g^{a}ce
400 Aft^{o} this yong kyng to mak good enqueraunce
And he þ^{t} bryngeth me tydyngs I shall hym av^{a}nce
Now vnto my chamber I purpose me this tyde
And I charge you to my p̊cepts geve attendaunce
In ony place wher ye goo or ryde
What out out allas I wene I shall dey þis day
My hert tremblith ꝫ quakith for feer
My robys I rende a to for I am in a fray
That my hert will brest asunder evyn heer
My Lord Mahound I p^{a}y the w^{t} hert enteer
410 Take my soule into thy holy hande
For I fele be my hert I shall dey evyn heer

For my leggs ffalter I may no longer stande

Here dieth Herowde ꝗ Symeon shall sey as foluyth *

SYMEON

Now God that art both lok ꝗ keye
Of all goodnefse ꝗ goostly gouꝯnaunce
So geve vs gᵃce thi lawys to obeye
That we vnto the do no displesaunce
Lett thi grace of ꝯcifull haboundaunce
Vpon me shyne that callid am Symeon .
So that I may wout ony variaunce
Teche thi people thi lawis euꝯychon
From the sterrid hevyn Lord thu list come doun
Into the closett of a pure virgyn
Our kynde to take for mannys saluacꝯn
Thi grett ꝯcy thu lowe lyst enclyne
Lyke as ꝓphetys by gᵃce that is divyne
Have ꝓphecied of the sythe long afforn
It is fulfilled I knowe be ther doctryne
And of a chast maide I wote wele thu art born
Now good Lord herdly I the pray
Here my requeste grounded vpon right
Most blissed Lord lett me neuᵒ dey
Tyll that I of the may haue a sight
Thu art so gloryous so blissed ꝗ so bright
That thi ꝓsence to me shuld be gret solas
I shall not reste but pray bothe day ꝗ nyght

* At this place in the MS. are inserted the words "Vacat ab hic" shewing that in the representation the remaining part was omitted.

Tyll I may behold o Lord thi swete face

Here shall our Lady come forth holdyng Iħu in hir armys ꝑ sey this language foluyng to Joseph

MARIA

Joseph my spouse tyme it is we goo
Vnto the Temple to make an offrynge
Of our swete sone the lawe cōmandeth so
And ij yonge dowys wꝫ us for to bryng
Into a prests hands wꝫoute tarieng
I shall ꝑsente for an obꝑuaunce
Our babe so blissed wiche is but yinge
Wꝫ me to go I pray you make purviaunce

JOSEPH

Most blissed spouse me list not to feyne
Fayn wold I plese you wꝫ hool affeccion
Behold now wyff herᵉ are dowys tweyne
Of wiche ye shull make an oblacon
Wꝫ our child of full grett devocion
Goth forth aforn hertly I you pray
And I shall folue voide of ꝑsumpcion
Wꝫ true entent as an old man may

Here Maria ꝑ Joseph go toward the temple wꝫ Iħu ꝑ ij dowes ꝑ our Lady seith vnto Symeon

MARIA

Heyll holy Symeon full of grett vertu
To make an offryng I gan myself prveye

Of my soueyne sone that callid is Iħu
Wt ij yong dowes the lawe to obeye
Toward this temple gace list me conveye
Of Goddis sone to make a psentacion
Wherfore Symeon hertly I you pray
460 Into yor hands take myn oblacion

Here shall Symeon receyve of Maria Iħu ⁊ ij dowis ⁊ holde Iħu in his armys expownyng nūc dimitto ⁊c seyng thus

SYMEON

Welcome Lord excellent of power
And welcome Maria wt yor sone soueyne
Yor oblacon of hool herte ⁊ enteer
I receyve wt these dowys tweyn
Welcome babe for joye what may I seyn
Atwene myn armys now shall I the embrace
My prayer Lord was not made in veyn
For now I se thy celestiall face

Here declareth nūc dimitto

O blissed Lord aftr thi language
470 In parfight peas now lett thy suant reste
For why myn eyen have seyn thi visage
And eke thyn helthe thurgh my meke request
Of the derk dungeon let the gats brest
Befor the face of thyn people alle
Thu hast brought triacle ⁊ bawme of the best
Wt soueigne suger geyn all bitter galle
I mene thi self Lord gracious ⁊ benigne
That woldest come doun from thyn high glorye

Poyson to repelle thi m̃cy doth now shyne
480 To chaunge thyngs that are transitory
Thu art the light ⁊ the hevynly skye
To the relevyng of folk most cruell
Thu hast brought gladness to our oratorye
And enlumyned the people of Israell

Here shall Anna ꝑphetissa sey thus to V^l^gynes

ANNA ꝑPHETISSA

Ye pure v^l^gynes in that ye may or can
W^t^ tapers of wex loke ye come forth here
And worship this child very God ⁊ man
Offrid in this temple be his moder dere

Here Virgynes as many as a man wyll shall holde tapers in ther hands and the first seyth

P^a^ V^l^GO

As ye cōmaunde we shal do our dever
490 Þ^t^ Lord to plese echon for our ꝑtye
He makyth vnto us so comfortable chere
Þ^t^ we must nedes ꝑis babe magnifie

SYMEON

Now Mary I shall tell you how I ā purposed
To worship ꝑis Lord I wil go ꝑcefsion
For I se Anna w^t^ virgynes disposed
Mekly as now to your sonys laudac̃on

MARIA

Blissed Symeon w^t^ hertly affecc̃on

As ye hau seyd I concent therto

JOSEP̃

In worship of our child wt grett devossion
500 Abought þe tempill in ordir let vs go

SYMEON

Ye virgynes alle wt feythfull intent
Dispose your silfs a song for to synge
To wors̃p this child pt is here p̃sent
Whiche to mankende gladnes list bryng
In tokyn our herts withe joye doth spryng
Betwyn myn armys þis babe shalbe born
Now ye virgynis to this Lords p̃sing
Syngyth nunc dimittꝰ of whiche I spak afforn

Here shal Symeon bere Iħu in his armys goyng a p̃cession rounde aboute þe tempill ⁊ al þis wyle þe virgynis singe nunc dimittꝰ ⁊ whan that is don Symeon seyth

SYMEON

O Iħu chef cause of our welfare
510 In yone tapir therebe thyngs iijᵉ
Wax week ⁊ light whiche I shall declare
To þe apporprid by moralite
Lord wax betoknyth thyn humanyte
And week betoknyth thy soule most swete
Yone lyght I lykene to þe godhede of the
Brighter than Phebus for al his fervent hete
Pes ⁊ m̃cy hau set in the herꝰ swete

To slake þe sharpnes o Lord of rigour
Very God ⁊ man gū togedir mete
520 In the tabirnacle of thy modrys bower
Now shalt þu exile wo ⁊ al langour
And of mankende t'appese infernall stryff
Record of ꝑphets thou shalt be redemptour
And singuler repast of eůlastyng lyf
My sprets joyen þu art so amyable
I am not wery to loke on þi face
Our trowe entent let it be acceptable
To þe honor of the sheuyd in this place
For thy s̊uents a dwellȳg þu shalt purchase
530 Brighter than berall outher clere cristall
Þe to worship as chef welle of grace
On both my knees now don knele I shall

MARIA

Now Semyon take me my childe þt is so bright
Chef lodesterre of my felicyte
And all þt longyth þe lawe of right
I shall obeye as it lyth in me

SYMEON

Þis Lord I take you knelyng on my kne
Whiche shall to blisse folk ageyn restore
And eke be callid tonne of tranquylyte
540 To ȝeve hem drynke þt hau thrustyd sore

Her⁃ she receyveth hir sone þus seyng

MARIA

Now is myn offryng to an ende conveyed
Wherfore Symeon hens I wole wende

SYMEON

The laws Mary ful well ye hau obbeyed
In this tempill wt hert ꝫ mende
Nowe ferwell Lord comfort to all mankende
Farwell Maria ꝫ Josep̃ on you waytyng

JOSEP̃

Selestiall socour our sone mote you sende
And for his high mercy ȝeve you his blissyng
Here Maria ꝫ Josep̃ goyng from þe tempill seyng

MARIA

Husband I thanke you of your gentilnes
550 Þt ye hau shewed onto me this day
Wt our child most gracious of godenes
Let vs go hens hertly I you pray

JOSEP̃

Go forth afforn my own wyf I sey
And I shall come aftir stil vpon þis ground
Ye shall me fynde plesant at euy assaye
To cherysshe you wyf gretly am I bonde

SYMEON

Nowe may I be glad in myn inwarde mende

For I haue seyn Iħu wt my bodily eye
Wiche on a cros shall bey al menkende
560 Slayn by Jew at þe Mount of Calvery
And throwe devyn grace here I will þvysye
Of blissid Mary howe she shall suffre peyn
Whan hir swete sone shall on a rood deye
A sharpe swarde of sorow shall cleve hir hert atweyn
Anna þphetiſsa hertly I prey you nowe
Doth your devir ꝯ your diligent labour
And take these virgynis euꝯychon wt you
And teche hem to plese God of most honour

ANNA ÞPHETISSA

Lyke as ye say I will do this hour
570 Ye chast virgynis wt all humylite
Worshipe we Iħu pt shalbe our sauyour
Alle at ones come on and folowe me
And shewe ye sūme plesur as ye can
In the worship of Iħu our Lady ꝯ Seynt Anne

Et tripudient

POETA

Honorable souꝯeignes thus we conclude
Our mater pt we haue shewid here in yor þsens
And though our eloquens be but rude
We beseeche you all of your paciens
To þdon vs of our offens
580 For aft þe sympyll cunnyng that we can
This mater we have shewid to yor audiens

In the worship of our Lady ꝑ hir moder Seynt Anne
Now of this pore ꝓcesse we make an ende
Thankyng you all of yor good attendaunce
And the next yeer we be ꝓposid in our mynde
The disputacon of the doctors to shew in yor ꝓsens
Wherfor now ye v^ꝯgynes or we go hens
W^t all yor cumpany you goodly avaunce
Also ye menstralles doth yor diligens
590 Afore our deꝓtyng geve vs a daunce

FINIS

THE NAMYS OF THE PLEYERS

The Poeta	Maria
Kyng Herowde	Anna ꝓphetissa
i Knyght	A Virgyn
The ij^de Knyght	Angelus
The iij^de Knyght	i^a Mulier
The iiij^th Knyght	ij^a Mulier
Watkyn messanger	iij^a Mulier
Symeon the bysshop	iiij^a Mulier
Joseph	Sm^a xvij

Jhan Parfre ded wryte thys booke
Anno D'ni Mill'mo ccccxij

THE CONVERSION OF SAUL.

POETA

Rex glorie kyng omnipotent
Redemer of þe world by the power divine
And Maria þ^t^ pure vyrgyn quene most excellēt
Wyche bare þ^t^ blyssyd babe Iħu þ^t^ for us sufferd payne
Unto whoys goodnes I do inclyne
Besechyng þ^t^ Lord of hys pytous influens
To ꝑserue and gouͤne thys wyrshypfull audyens
Honorable frendꝶ besechyng ow of lycens
To ꝓcede our ꝓceſse we may under yor correccon
10 The conusyon of Seynt Paule as þe byble gyf experyens
Whoo lyst to rede þe booke Acta Appostolorum
Ther shall he have þe very notycyon
But as we can we shall us redres
Brefly w^t^ your fauo^r^ begynyng our ꝓces

Here entꝛeyth Saule goodly besene in þe best wyse lyke an aunterous knyth thus sayyng

SAULUS

Most dowtyd man I am lyuȳg upon the ground
Goodly besene wt many a ryche garlement
My pere on lyve I trowe ys nott found
Throw pe world fro pe oryent to pe occydent
My fame ys best knowyn undyr pe fyrmamēt
I am most drad of pepull unyvsall
They dare not dyspease me most noble
Saule ys my name I wyll pt ye notify
Whych conspyreth the dyscyplys wt thretſ ⁊ menacſ
Before pe princſ of prestſ most hye ⁊ noble
I bryng them to punyshemēt for ther trespace
We wyll them nott suffer to rest in no place
For they go abouȝte to ꝑche ⁊ gyff exemplis
To destroye our lawes sinagoges and templis
By the God Bellyall I schall make ꝓgreſse
Unto the pncſ both Caypha and Anna
Wher I schall aske of them in suernes
To ꝓsue thorow all Dammask ⁊ Liba
And thus we schall soon aftꝰ than
Bryng them pt so do lyff into Jerusalem
Both man and child that I fynd of them

Hereꝰ cūmyth Sale to Caypha ⁊ Anna pꝰstſ of pe tempyll

Nobyll ꝑlatſ and pncſ of regalyte
Desyryng and askyng of yor benyngne worthynes
Yor letters ⁊ epystolys of most souente
To subdue rebellyous that wyll of frawardnes
Agaynst or lawes rebell or transgreſse
Nor wyll not inclyne but mak obieccon

To pursue all such I wyll do ꝑteccon

CAYPHA

To yor desyer we gyf pfyth sentens
Accordyng to yor petycons that ye make postulacon
By cause we know yor trewe delygens
To ꝑsue all tho p^t do reprobacon
Agayns our lawes by ony redarguacon
Wherefor shortly we gyf in cōmandment
To put down them p^t be dysobedyent

ANNA

50 And by thes letturs p^t be most reuerrēt
Take them in hand full agre p^o to
Cōstrayn all rebellys by our hole assent
We gyf yow full power so to doo
Spare not hardly for frend nor foo
All thos ye fynd of p^t lyfe in thys realme
Bounde loke ye bryng them into Jerusalem

Her Saule resayuyth ther letters

SAULUS

Thys ꝑcept here I take in hande
To fullfyll aft^o your wytt(both
Wher I shall spare w^tin pis lande
60 Nother man nor woman to pis I make an oth
But to subdue I wyll not be loth
Now folow me kny^tys ⁊ ꝓuant(trewe
Into Damaske as fast as ye can sewe

P^1^M^9^ MILES

Unto yor cōmaūdmēt I do obeysaunce
I wyll not gaynsay nor make delacon
But w^t^ good mynd ⁊ harty plesaunce
I shall yow succede ⁊ make pambulacon
Thorow oute Damaske w^t^ all delectacon
And all thoo rebell ⁊ make resystens
70 For to oppres I wyll do my delygens

SECŪD^9^ MILES

And in me shalbe no neclygens
But to thys precept myself I shall applye
To do yor behest w^t^ all cōuenyens
W^t^owt ony frowardnes or ony obstynacy
Non shall appere in me but verely
W^t^ all my mynd I yow insure
To resyst tho rebell^e^ I wyll do my cure

SAULUS

Truly to me yt ys grett consolacon
To here thys report p^t^ ye do ava^cr^ns
80 For yor sapyencyall wyll^e^ I gyf cōmēdacon
Eu^p^ at my nede I haue founde you cōstant
But kny^t^^e^ ⁊ ꝓuāt^e^ p^t^ be so plesaunt
I pray yow anon my palfray ye bryng
To spede my jurney w^t^owt lettyng

Here goyth Sale forth a lytyll asyde for to make hym redy to ryde the s^p^uāt thus seyng

S^o^U^9^

How Hosteler how a peck of otys ꝫ a botell of haye
Com of apase or I wyll to anoth^o^ inne
What Hosteler why cōmyst not thy way
Hye þe faster I beshrew þi skynne

STABULARY^9^

I am non Hosteler nor nō Hostelers kynne
90 But a jentylmanys ꝑuāt I þ^u^ dost know
Such crabyysh wordſ do aske a blow

SERU^9^

I cry yow mercy S^t^ I wyst well sur what ye were
Owþ^o^ a gētylman or a knave me thynkyth by yor physnomy
Yf on loke yow in þe face þ^t^ nev^o^ se yow ere
Wold thynk ye were at þe next dore byy
In good fayth I wenyd yow had bene an Hosteler verely
I sye suche another jentylman w^t^ yow a barowfull bare
Of hors doung ꝫ doggſ tordſ ꝫ sych other gere
And how yt happenyd a ꝑvelous chance betyde
100 Yo^r^ felow was not suer of foote ꝫ yet he went very brode
Butt in a cow tord both dyd ye slyde
And as I wene yor nose þ^o^in rode
Yo^r^ face was bepayntyd w^t^ sowter code
I sey neu^o^ sych a syȝt I make God a vow
Ye were so begrymlyd ꝫ yt had bene a sow

STABULARI^9^

In fayth þ^u^ neu^o^ syest me tyll þis day

I haue dwellyd w^{t} my master thys vij ȝere ꝫ more.
Full well I haue pleasyd hym he wyll not say nay
And mykyll he makyth of me therfore

SERU^{9}

By my trowth þan be ye changyd to a new lore
A ꝯuand ye are ꝫ þ^{t} a good
Ther ys no better lokyth owt of a hood

STABUL^{9}

For soth ꝫ a hood I use for to were
Full well yt ys lynyd w^{t} sylk ꝫ chamlett
Yt kepyth me fro the cold þ^{t} þe wynd doth me not dere
Nowther frost nor snow þ^{t} I thereby do sett

SERU^{9}

Yea yt ys a dobyll hood ꝫ þ^{t} a fett
He was a good man þ^{t} made yt I warant yow
He was noth^{o} horse ne mare nor yet yokyd sow

Here cōmyth þe fyrst Knyth to þe Stabyl grom sayng

I^{9} MILES

Now stabyll grom shortly bryng forth away
The best horse for our Lorde wyll ryde

STABY^{9}

I am full redy here ys a palfray
There can no man a better bestryde
He wyll cōducte our Lorde ꝫ gyde

Thorow the world he ys sure ꝫ abyll
To bere a gentyllman he [is] esy ꝫ ꝑphetabyll

Here þe Knyth cūmyth to Saule wt a horse

1º MILES

Behold St Saule yor palfray ys com̃
Full goodly besene as yt ys your desyer
To take your vyage thorow euᵒy regyon
Be nott in dowt he wyll spede yor mater
And we as yor ꝑuaūtꝛ wt glad chere
Shall gyf attendance we wyll nott gaynsay
But folow yow where ye go be nyȝt or day

SAULUS

Unto Damask I make my ꝑgreſsyon
To ꝑsue all rebellyous beyng froward ꝫ obstynate
Agayne our lawes be ony transgreſsyon
Wt all my delygens myself I wyll ꝑpare
Cōcernyng my purpose to oppres ꝫ sepate
Non shall reioyce that doth offend
But utterly to repue wt mynd ꝫ intende

Here Sale rydyth forth wt hys sᵒuantꝛ about þe place owt of þe pᵉ

CAYPHA

Now Saule hath takyn hys wrthy wyage
To ꝑsue rebellyous of what degre pei be
He wyll non suffer to raygne nor have passage
Wtin all thys regyon we be in ꝑstayn
Wherefor I cōmende hys goodly dygnyte

That he thus alway takyth in hande
By hys power to goune thus all thys lande

ANNA

We may lyve in rest by hys consolacon
He defendyth us wherefore we be bounde
150 To love hym intyrely wt or harttf affeccon
And honor hym as champyon in evy stounde
Ther ys non suche lyuyng upon pe grounde
That may be lyke to hym nor be his pere
Be est nor west ferre nor nere

POETA—SI PLACET CONCLUSIO

Fynally of pis stacon thus we mak a cōclusyon
Besechyng thys audiens to folow t succede
Wt all yor delygens pis genrall pcefsyon
To understande pis matter we lyst to rede
The holy bybyll for pe better spede
160 Ther shall we haue pe pfyth intellygens
And pus we comyt yow to Crystys magnyfycens

Finis istius stacois et altera sequitur

POETA

Honorable frendf we beseike yow of audyens
To here or intencon t also or prosses
Upon or matter be yor fauorable lycens
Another pt of pe story we wyll redres

He^{o} shalbe brefly shewyd w^{t} all o^{r} besynes
At thys pagent Saynt Poullys cōuercyon.
Take ye good hede ꝛ therto gyf affeccon

Here comyth Saule rydyng in w^{t} hys s^{o}uāt ꝗ

SAUL

My purpose to Damaske fully I intende
170 To pursewe the dyscypulys my lyfe I apply
For to breke down the chyrchys thus I cōdescende
Non I wyll suffer that [they] shall edyfey
Þchaunce our lawes than myȝte therby
And the pepull also turne ꝛ cōuerte
Whych shuld be gret heuynes unto my hart
Nay þ^{t} shall nott be butt layd apart
Þe prynces haue geuyn me full potestacon
All þ^{t} I fynd pei shall nott start
But bounde to Jerusalem w^{t} furyous vyolacon
180 Befor Cesar Caypha ꝛ Annas ꝑſentacon
Thus shalbe subduyd tho wretchys of þ^{t} lyfe
That non shall injoy nother man chylde nor wyfe

Here comyth a feruent w^{t} gret tempest and Saule faulyth down of hys horse þ^{t} done Godhed spekyth in hevyn

DE^{o}

Saule Saule why dost þ^{u} me pursue
Yt ys hard to pryke agayns þe spore
I am þe savyo^{r} þ^{t} ys so trwe
Whych made hevyn ꝛ erth ꝛ eche creature
Offende nott my goodnes I wyll þe recure

SAUL[9]

O Lord I am aferd I tremble for fere
What woldyst I ded tell me here

DEUS

190 Aryse ꝫ goo pu wyth glad chere
Into the cyte a lyttyll besyde
And I shall þe socor in euꝰy dere
That no maner of yll xal betyde
And I wyll therfor the þuyde
By my grete goodnes what pu shalt doo
Hy þe as fast thethꝰ as pu must goo

SAUL[9]

O mercyfull God what aylyth me
I am lame my leggꝯ be take me fro
My sygth lykwyse I may nott see
200 I can nott tell whether to goo
My men hath forsake me also
Wethꝰ shall I wynde or whether shall I pas
Lord I beseeke the helpe me of thy grace

'help of the helpless'

I[9] MILES

Syr we be here to help the in þi nede
Wt all or affyance we wyll not seise

SAUL[9]

Than in Damask I pray yow me lede
In Godꝯ name accordyng to my þmyse

II^{9} MILES

To put forth your hand loke ye dreſse
Cū on yor way we shall yow bryng
210 Into þe cyte w^{t}owt taryng

Here the Knyght^{ſ} lede forth Sale into a place ꝫ Cryst apperyth to Annanie sayng

DEUS

Ananie Ananie where art þu Ananie

ANANIAS

Here Lord I am here trwly

DEUS

Go thy way ꝫ make þi curse
As I shall assyng þe by myn aduysse
Into þe strete qui dicitur rectus
And in a certayn house of warantyse
Ther shall ye fynd Saule in humble vyse
As a meke lambe þ^{t} a wolf before was namyd
Do my behest be nothyng ashamyd
220 He wantyth hys syth by my punyshmēt cōstrayned
P^{a}yeng unto me I assure þu shalt hym fynd
W^{t} my stroke of pyte sore ys he paynyde
Wantyng hys sygth for he ys truly blynyde

ANANIAS

Lord I am aferd for aluay ī my mynd
I here so myche of hys furyo^{9} cruelte

Þt for spekyng of þi name to deth he will put me

DEUS

Nay Ananie nay I assure þe
He wilbe glad of thy cūmyng

ANANIAS

A Lord but I know of a certayn
That thy seyntſ in Jerusalem to deth he doth bryng
Many yllys of hym I haue be kennyng
For he hath the pour of the p'ncſ alle
To saue or spylle do which he schall

DEUS

Be nothyng adrad he ys a chosen weſsell
To me assyngned by my godly elecc̃on
He shall bere my name before the kyngſ ⁊ chyldᵉ of Israell
By many sharpe shourſ sufferyng correcc̃on
A gret doctor of benyngne complecc̃on
The trwe precher of the hye diuynete
A very pynacle of þe fayth I ensure the

ANANYAS

Lorde thy cōmandmēt I shall fullfyll
Unto Saule I wyll take my waye

DEUS

Be nothyng ī dowte for good nor yll

Farewell Ananie tell Saule what I do say

Et exiat De9

ANANIAS

Blyssyd Lord defende me as þu best may
Gretly I fere hys cruell tyrāny
But to do þi precept myself I shall applye

Here Ananias goth toward Saule

I9 MYLES

I marvayle gretly what yt doth mene
To se our master in thys hard stounde
250 The wond° grett lychtys þt were so shene
Smett hym doune of hys hors to þe grounde
And me thowt that I hard a sounde
Of won spekyng wt voyce delectable
Which was wonderfull myrable

II9 MYLES

Sertenly thys lyȝt was ferefull to see
The sperkys of fyer were very feruēt
Yt inflamyd so grevosely about þe coūtre
That by my trewth I went we shuld a ben brēt
But now Serys lett us relente
260 Agayne to Caypha ꝯ Anna to tell þis chaūce
How þt befell to us thys greuans

Her Saule ys in contemplacon

SAUL[9]

Lord of þi coūfort moch I desyre
Þu myȝty p[h]nce of Israell kyng of pyte
Whyche me hast punyshyd as þi presoner
That nother ete nor dranke thys dayes thre
But gracyos Lord of þi vysytacyon I thanke the
Thy ꝯuant shall I be as long as I have breth
Though I therfor shuld suffer dethe

Here cōmyth Anania to Saule sayeng

ANANIAS

Pease be in thys place ꝫ goodly mansyon
270 Who ys w[t]in speke in Crystys holy name

SAUL[9]

I am here Saule cū in on Goddꝯ benyson
What ys yo[r] wyll tell w[t]owten blame

ANANIAS

From Almyghty God ꝯtanly to the sent I am
And Ananie men call me wher as I dwell

SAUL[9]

What wold ye have I pray yow me tell

ANANIAS

Gyfe me yo[r] hand for yo[r] awayle
For as I was cōmaūdyd by hys g[ra]cyos sentens
And bad the be stedfast for þ[u] shalt be hayle

For thys same cause he sent me to þi presens
280 Also he bad the remember hys hye excellens
Be þe same tokyn þ^{t} he dyd þe mete
Toward þe cyte when he apperyd in þe strete
Ther mayst þ^{u} know hys power celestyall
How he dysposyth euery thyng as hym lyst
No thyng may w^{t}stand hys myȝte essencyall
To stond upryght or els doun to thryste
Thys ys hys pow^{r} þ^{t} may not be myste
For who þ^{t} yt wantyth lackyth a frende
Thys ys þe massage þ^{t} he doth þe sende

SAULUS

290 Hys marcy to me ys ryght welcom
I am ryght glad þ^{t} yt ys thus

Hic aparebit spus sc̃s sup eū

ANANIAS

Be of good chere ꝫ þfyte jubylac̃on
Discendet sup te spirytus sanctus
Whych hath w^{t} hys grace illumyned us
Put forth þi hand ꝫ goo wyth me
Agayne to thy syght here I restore the

SAULUS

Blyssyd Lord thankys to yow euer bee
The swame ys fallyn from my eyes twayne
Wher I was blynd ꝫ cowld nott see

300 Lord pu hast sent me my syght agayne
From sobbyng ⁊ wepyng I cannot refrayne
My pensive hart full of cōtrycōn
For my offencſ my body shal have punycyon
And where I haue used so gret ꝑsecucyon
Of þi descyplys thorow all Jerusalem
I wyll [aid] ⁊ defende ther ꝑdycacyon
That they dyd tech in all þis reme
Wherefor Ananie at the watery streme
Baptyse me hartely I þe praye
310 Among yor nūbyr that I electe ⁊ chosen be may

ANANIAS

On to þis well of mych vertu
We wyll us hye wt all or delygens

SAUL[9]

Go yow before ⁊ after I shall sewe
Laudyng ⁊ praysyng or Lordſ benevolens
I shall never offend hys myȝty magnyfycens
But alway observe hys preceptys ⁊ kepe
For my gret unkyndnes my hart doth wepe

ANANIAS

Knele ye doun upon thys grounde
Receyuyng thys crystenyng wt good intent
320 Whyche shall make yow hole of yor dedly woūd
That was infecte wt venom nocent
Yt purgyth synne and fendſ pourſ so fraudelent

It putyth asyde where thys doth attayne
In every stede he may not obtayne
I crysten yow w^{t} mynd full þfyght
Reseyuyng yow into our relygyon
Euer to be stedfast ⁊ never to flyt
But euer constant w^{t}owt varyacyon
Now ys fulfylled all o^{r} obseruacyon
330 Concludyng þ^{u} mayst yt ken
In noĩe patris et filij et sp̃s sc̃i amen

SAULUS

I am ryght glad as foule on flyte
That I haue receyuyd þis blissyd sacremēt

ANANIAS

Com on yor way Saule for nothyng lett
Take yow sum coūforth for yor bodyes noryschmēt
Ye shall abyde w^{t} þe dyscyplys verament
Thys many dayes in Damask cyte
Untyll þe tyme more þfyt ye may be

SAULUS

As ye cōmande holy father Ananie
340 I full assent at yowr request
To be gydyd ⁊ rulyd as ye wyll have me
Evyn at yor pleasur as ye thynk best
I shall not offend for most nor lest
Go forth your way I wyll suceede
Into what place ye wyll me lede

Cōclusyo

POETA

Thus Saule ys cōuertyd as ye se expres
The very trew ꝯuant of our Lord Iħu
Non may be lyke to hys pfyȝt holynes
So nobyll a doctor cōstant ⁊ trwe
350 Aftyr hys cōꝯsyon nev^o mutable but still insue
The lawys of God to teche euer more ⁊ more
As holy scryptur tellyd who so lyst to loke p^o fore
Thus we comyte yow all to ꝑe trynyte
Conkludyng thys stacon as we can or may
Under ꝑe correccyon of them p^t letteryd be
How be yt unable as I dare speke or say
The cōpyler hereof shuld translat veray
So holy a story but w^t fauorable correccyon
Of my fauorable masters of p^o benygne supplexion

Finis istiꝯ 2de stacōis ⁊ sequitur tercia

POETA

360 The myght of the fadirꝯ potenciall deite
P^oꝯsue thys honorable ⁊ wurshypfull cōgregacon
That here be ꝑsent of hye ⁊ low degree
To understond thys pagent at thys lytyll stacon
Whych we shall ꝓcede w^t all o^r delectacon
Yf yt wyll plese yow to gyf audyens fauorable
Hark wysely therto yt ys good ⁊ ꝓfetable

PRIMꝯ MILES

Nobyll ꝑlatꝯ take hede to owr sentens

A wundyrfull chaūce fyll ꝫ dyd betyde
Unto owr master Saull when he deptyd hens
370 Into Damaske p^r^posyd to ryde
A m̊uelous lyȝt fro thelemēt dyd glyde
Whyche smet doun hym to grunde both horse ꝫ man
W^t^ the ferfulest wether p^t^ eu^o^ in cam

II9 MILES

It rauysshid hym and his spiritꝫ did benōme
A swete dulcet voyce spake hym unto
And askyd wherfor he made such psecucyon
Ageynst hys dyscyplys ꝫ why he dyd soo
He bad hym into Damaske to Ananie goo
And ther he shuld reseyue baptym truly
380 And now clene ageyns owr lawys he ys trwly

CAYPHA

I am sure thys tale ys not trew
What Saule conuertyd from o^r^ law
He went to Damask for to p^r^sue
All the dyscyplys that dyd w^t^draw
Fro owr fayth thys was hys sawe
How say ye Anna to thys mater pis ys a m̊velos chans
I cannot beleve pt thys ys of assurans

ANNA

No Caypha my mynde trwly [I] do tell
That he wyll not turne in no maner wyse
390 But rather to deth put ꝫ expell

All myscreauntſ ꝫ wretchys pt doth aryse
Agaynst or lawes by ony enterpryse
Say the trwth wt [owt] ony cause frawdelent
Or els for yor talys ye be lyke to be shent

I9 MILES

Ellys owr bodyes may put to payn
All pt we declare I sye yt wt myn ye
Nothyng offendyng but trwly do iustyfye

CAYPHAS

By the gret God I do maruayle gretly
And thys be trw pt ye do reherse
He shall repent hys rebellyous treytory
That all shal be ware of hys falsnes
We wyll not suffer hym to obtayne dowtles
For meny pellys pt myght betyde
By hys subtyll meanys on evy syde

ANNA

The law ys cōmyttyd to owr aduysmēt
Wherfor we wyll not se yt decay
But rather uphold yt help ꝫ agmēt
That ony reprofe to us fall may
Of Cesar themprour by nyȝt or day
We shall to such maters harke ꝫ attende
Accordyng to the lawes our wyttſ to spende

[*Here to entꝰ a Dyvel wt thundꝰ ꝫ fyre ꝫ to avaūce hȳ sylfe saying as folowyth ꝫ hys spech spokyn to syt downe in a chayre

* The parts within brackets are by a later hand and inserted on separate leaves.

BELYALL

Ho ho beholde me þe myȝte p'nce of þe ꝑt infernall
Next unto Lucyfer I am in magestye
By name I am nominate þe God Belyall
Nō of more myȝte nor of more excellencye
My powre ys p'ncypall ⁊ now of most soferaynte
In þe templ ⁊ synagog who deneyth me to honore
My busshop thorow my motyon þei wyl hȳ sone devoure
I have movyd my plat Cayphas ⁊ Aña
To þsew ⁊ put doune by powre ryall
Thorow þe sytyes of Damaske ⁊ Liba
All soch as do worship þe hye God supnall
Ther deth ys cōspyryd wtowt any fauoure at all
My busshoppys hathe chosyne won most rygorus
Them to þsew howse name ys Saulus
Ho thus as a God most hye in majestye
I rayne ⁊ I rule ov creatur humayne
With sourayne sewte sowȝte to ys my deyte
Mans mynd ys applicant as I lyst to ordeyne
My law styll encreasyth whereof I am fayne
Yet of late I have hard of no newys truly
Wherfor I long tyll I speke wt my messēgꝰ Mꝰcurye

Here shall entere anoþꝰ devyll callyd Mꝰcury wt a fyeryng comyng in hast cryeng ⁊ roryng ⁊ shal say as folowyth

MERCURY

Ho owȝt owȝt alas thys sodayne chance
Well may we bewayle þis cursyd advēture

BELYALL

Mercurye what aylyff y^{u} tell me thy grevaūce
Ys p^{o} any p^{t} hath wrowȝte us dypleasure

M^{o}CURY

Dyspleasure inough p^{o}of ye may be sure
Our law at lengthe yt wylbe clene doune layd
For yt decayth sore ꝫ more wyl I am afrayd

BELYAL

Ho how can p^{t} be yt ys not possyble
Cōsyder p^{u} foole pe long cōtynuance
Decaye q^{a} a yt ys not credyble
Of fals tydyngꝭ p^{u} makyst here utterance
Behold how the peple hath no pleasaūce
But in syn and to folow our desyere
Pryde ꝫ voluptuosyte p^{o} hartꝭ doth so fyre
Thowȝe on do swar^{e} away from our lore
Yet ys our powre of suche nobylyte
To have hym agayne ꝫ twoo therfore
Þ^{t} shal ꝑferre pe prayse of owre maiestye
What ys pe tydyngꝭ tell out let us see
Why arte p^{u} amasyd so declare afore us
What fury ys fallyn p^{t} troblyth pe thus

MERCURY

Ho owȝt owȝte he p^{t} I most trustyd to
And he p^{t} I thowȝte wold haue ben to us most specyall
Ys now of late turnyd ꝫ our cruell foo

Our specyall frynd our chosen Saul
Ys becōme ꝑvante to þe hye God eꝑnall
As he dyd ryde on our enemyes ꝑsecucyon
He was sodenly strykyn by þe hye ꝑvysyon
And now ys baptysyd ꝯ ꝑmys he hath made
Nevᵒ to vary ꝯ soch grace he hath opteynyd
Þᵗ ondowtyd hys fayth from hȳ cannot fade
Wherfor to cōplayne I am cōstraynyd
For moch by hym shuld we have ꝑvaylyd

BELYAL

Ho owȝt owȝt what haue we loste
Our darlyng most dere whom we lovyd moste
But ys yt of trowth pᵗ pᵘ dost here specyfye

MᵒCURY

Yt ys so undowȝtyd why shuld I fayne
For thowȝte I can do no opᵒ but crye

Here þei shal rore ꝯ crye ꝯ þen Belyal shal saye

BELYAL

Owȝte þis grevyth us worse pan hell payne
Þe cōꝑusyon of synner certayne
Ys more payne to us ꝯ ꝑsecucyon
Than all þe furyes of þe infernall dongyon

MERCURY

Yt doth not avayl us thus to lament
But lett us ꝑvyd for remedy shortlye

Wherfor let us both by on assent
Go to pe Busshopys ꝯ moue pem pryvelye
Þt by some sotyl meane pei may cause hȳ to dye
480 Than shal he in our law make no dysturbaūce
Nor hereafter cause us to have more grevaūce

BELYAL

Wel sayd M°curye thy councel ys pfytable
Ho Saul pu shalt repent thy unstablenes
Thou hadyst ben bett to haue ben cōfyrmable
To our law for thys deth dowtles
Yt ys cōspyryd to reward thy falsnes
Though on hath dyssayvyd us yet now a days
Xxti doyth gladly folow oure layes
Some by pryde some thorowgh envye
490 Ther rayneth thorow my myght so moch dysobedyaūce
Ther was nev among crystyans less charyte
Than ys at pis howre ꝯ as for cōcupysence
Rayneth as a lord thorow my violence
Glotony ꝯ wrath evy man doth devyse
And most now ys praysyd my cōsyn coveytyce
Cū M°cury let us go ꝯ do as we have sayd
To delate yt any longer yt ys not best

M°CURY

To bryng yt abowȝt I wolde be wel apayd
Till yt be done let us not rest

BELYAL

500 Go we than shortly let us depte

Hys deth to deuyse syth he wyl not revart

Here þei shal vanyshe away wt a fyrye flame ⁊ a tēpest]

Here apperyth Saule in a disciplis wede sayeng

SAULUS

That Lord pt ys shaper of see ⁊ of lond
And hath wrowth wt hys woord all thyng at hys wyll
Saue thys semely [company] pt here syttyth or stonde
For hys meke marcy pt we do not spyll
Grant me good Lord thy pleasur to fulfyll
And send me suche speche that I pe trwth say
My entencōns prophitable to move yf I may
Wel belouyd frendſ there be vij mortall synnes
510 Whych be þvyd pryncypall ⁊ pꝛncſ of prysounes
Pꝛde pt of bytternes all bale begynnes
Wtholdyng all fayth yt fedyth ⁊ foysounes
As holy scriptur beryth playn wyttneſse
Inicium omiū peccatorū suþbya est
That often dystroyeth both most ⁊ lest
Off all vyces ⁊ foly pꝛde ys the roote
Humylyte may not rayn nor yet indure
Pyte alak that ys flower ⁊ boot
Ys explyd wher pꝛde hath socour
520 Omis qui se exaltat humiliabitur
Good lord gyf us grace to understond ⁊ þseuer
Thys word as pu bydyst to fulfyll euer
Whoso in pꝛde beryth hym to hye
Wt mysheff shalbe mekyd as I mak mensyon
And I therfor assent ⁊ fully certyfy

In text as I tell the trw entencyon
Of pfyȝt goodnes ⁊ very locucyon
Noli tibi dico in altū sape sed time
Thys ys my consell bere the not to hye
But drede alway synne ⁊ folye
Wrath enuy couytys and slugysnes
Exeūt out of thy syȝt glotony ⁊ lechery
Vanyte ⁊ vayne glory and fals idylnes
Thes be the branchys of all wyckydnes
Who pt in hym thes vyces do roote
He lackyth all grace ⁊ bale ys pe boote
Lern at myself for I am meke of hart
Our Lorde to hys ꝯuantꝯ thus he sayth
For meknes I sufferyd a spere at my hart
Meknes all vycꝯ anullyth ⁊ delayeth
Rest to soulys yt shall fynd in fayth
Discite a me quia mitis sum ⁊ corde humilis
Et inveniet requiem animis vestris
So owr savyor shewyth vs example of mekenes
Thorow grace of hys goodnes mekly ys groundys
Trwly yt wyll us save fro pe synnes sekenes
For pryde ⁊ hys pgeny mekenes confoundys
Quanto maior es tanto humilia te in ōibȝ
The gretter pu art the lower loke thu be
Bere the nev pe hyer for pi degre
Fro sensualyte of fleshe thyself loke pu lede
Unlefully therein use not thy lyfe
Whoso therein delyteth to deth he must nede
It consumyth natur the body sleyth wtowt knyf

Also yt styntyth nott but manslawt^{o} ꝯ stryf
Omis fornicator aut imūd^{g} nō ħet hereditatem X^{i}
Nō shall in hevyn posses that be so unthryfty
Fle fornycacon nor be no letchour
But spare yor speche ꝯ spek nott theron
560 Ex habundancia cordis os loquitur
Who movyth yt of chastyte louyth non
Of pe hartꝗ habundans pe tunge makyth locucon
What manys mynde ys laboryd therof yt spekyth
That ys of suernes as holy scryptur tretyth
Wherfor I reherse thys w^{t} myn owyn mowthe
Caste viuentes templū Dei sunt
Kepe clene yor body from synne uncuth
Stabyll yor syghtꝗ ꝯ look ye not stunt
For of a ꝯstaynte I know at a brunt
570 Oculus est nuncius peccati
That the iey ys eu^{o} pe messenger of foly

S^{o}U^{g} SAC^{o}DOTŪ

Whate ys not thys Saule p^{t} toke hys vyage
Into Jerlm the dyscyplys to oppreſse
Bound he wold bryng them yf ony dyd rage
Upon Cryst pis was hys proceſse
To pe p^{l}ncꝗ of ꝯstys he sayde dowtles
Thorow all Damask ꝯ also Jerlem
Subdwe all templys p^{t} he founde of them

SAULUS

Yes ꝯstaynly Saule ys my ꝓper name

580 That had in powr the full dominion
To hyde yt fro you yt wer gret shame
And mortall synne as in my opynyon
Under Cesar ⁊ ꝑstꝯ of the relygyon
And templys of Jues pt be very hedyous
Agayns almyghty Cryst pe Kyng so ꝑcyous

SUꝰ SACERDOTŪ

To Anna ⁊ Caypha ye must make yor recurse

SAULUS

Com on yor way ⁊ make no delacõn
I wyll yow succede for better or wors
To the pryncꝯ of ꝑstꝯ wt all delectacõn

SUꝰ SACERDOTŪ

590 Holy pꝰstꝯ of hye potestacõn
Here ys Saule lok on hym wysely
He ys another man than he was verely

SAULUS

I am pe ꝑvant of Jhesu Almyghty
Creator ⁊ maker of see ⁊ lonnd
Whyche ys kyng conctypotent of hevyn glory
Chef cõfort ⁊ solace both to fre ⁊ bonde
Agayne whos power nothyng may stonde
Ēpowr he ys both of hevyn ⁊ hell
Whoys goodnes ⁊ grace al thyng doth excell

Recedit paulisp

CAYPHA

600 Unto my hart thys ys gret admyracon
That Saule ys thus mvelously changyd
I trow he ys bewytchyd by sum coiuracon
Or els the devyll on hym ys avengyd
Alas to my hart pt yt dessendyd
That he ys thus taken fro or relygyon
How say ye Anna to thys couercyon

ANNA

Full mvelously as in my cocepcon
Thys wonderfull case how yt befell
To se thys chaunce so sodenly don
610 Unto my hart yt doth grete yll
But for hys falsnes we shall hym spyll
By myn assent to deth we wyll hym bryng
Lest pt more myschef of hym may spryng

CAYPHA

Ye say very trew we myȝt yt all rewe
But shortly in thys we must have aduysemet
For thus agayns us he may nott cotynew
Pauentur than of Cesar we may be shent

ANNA

Nay I had leuer in fyer he were brent
Than of Cesar we shuld haue dyspleasure
620 For sych a rebell and subtyle fals treator

CAYPHA

We wyl cōmand the gatſ to be kept abowte
And the wallſ suerly on euery stede
That he may not eskape no wher ouȝte
For dye he shall I ensuer yow indede

ANNA

Thys trayto^r rebellyous evyll mut he spede
That doth pis unhappynes agayns all
Now eꝟy costodyer kepe well hys wall

S^ꝰU^ꝯ SACER̃

The gatys be shytt he cannote skape
Euꝟy place ys kepte well ⁊ sure
630 That in no wyse he may tyll he be take
Gett owt of pe cyte by ony cōiecture
Upon. p^t caytyf ⁊ fals trayto^r
Loke ye be auengyd w^t deth mortall
And judge hym as ye lyst to what end he shall

ANGELUS

Holy Saule I gyf yow monycyon
The p^ncſ of Jues entende ꝯstayn
To put yow to deth but by Goddſ ꝑvysyon
He wyll ye shall lyue longer and optayn
And after thy deth p^u shalt rayng
640 Above in hevyn w^t ou^r Lordſ grace
Cōuay yourself shortly into another place

SAULUS

That Lordꝑ pleasur euꝯ mut be doun
Both in hevyn ꝛ in hell as hys wyll ys
In a beryng baskett or a lepe anon
I shall me cōuay wt help of the dyscyplys
For euy gate ys shett ꝛ kept wt multytud of pepull
But I trust in owr Lord that ys my socor
To resyst ther malyce ꝛ cruell furor

Cōclusyo

POETA

Thus leve we Saull wtin þe cyte
650 The gatꝑ kept by cōmandmēt of Caypha ꝛ Anna
But the dyscyplys in þe nyȝt ouꝯ þe wall truly
As the bybull sayeth dimiserūt eū sūmitteñ ī sporta
And Saule after that in Jerłm vera
Joyned hymself ꝛ ther accompenyed
Wt þe dycyplys wher þei were unfayned
Thys lytyll pagent thus cōclud we
As we can lackyng lytturall scyens
Besechyng yow all of hye ꝛ low degre
Owr sympylnes to hold excusyd ꝛ lycens
660 That of retoryk haue nō intellygens
Cōmyttyng yow all to our Lord Jhesus
To whoys lawd ye syng Exultet celū laudibus

Finis cōuꝯcōis Sancti Pauli

MARY MAGDALENE

INPAT[r]

I cōmand sylyns in þe peyn of forfet[r]
To all myñ audyens p̄sent general
Of my most hyest ⁊ mytyest wolūte
I woll it be knowyn to al þe word vnyv̄sal
That of heven ⁊ hell chyff rewlar am I
To wos magnyfycēs nō stondy[t] egall
For I am soveren of al soverēs subiugal
On to myñ empere beyng incōpable
Tyberyus Sesar wos power is potencyall
10 I am þe blod ryall most of sov̄ente
Of all empours ⁊ kyngs my byrth is best
And all regeoūs obey my myty volūte
Lyfe ⁊ leñ ⁊ goods all be at my request
So of all sov̄ens my magnyfycens most mytyest
May nat be agayñ sayd of frend nor of foo
But all abydyn jugment ⁊ rewle of my lyst

All grace vpon erth from my goodñ cōmy^{t} fro
And p^{t} bryngis all pepell in blysse so
For pe most worthyest woll I rest in my sete

SERYBYL

20 Syr from yor pson growy^{t} moch grace

INPAT^{r}

Now for p^{n} answer Belyall blysse y^{r} face
Mykyl prosperyte I gyn to porchase
I ā wonddyn in welth from all woo
Herke p^{u} ꝑvost I gyff pe in cōmādmēt
All yor pepull ꝓserve in pesabyl poſseſson
Yff ony p^{r} be to my godds [dis] obedyent
Dyssev^{o} tho harlottꝗ and make to me declaracyon
And I xall make all swych to dye
Thos ꝓcharsse of Crystys incarnacyon

ꝑVOST

30 Lord of all Lordds I xall gyff yow informacyon

INPAT^{r}

Lo how all pe word obedyat at my domynacyoñ
That ꝑson is not born p^{t} dare me dysseobey
Syrybbe I warne yow se p^{t} my lawys
In all yor ꝑtys have dew obeysauns
Inquere ꝫ aske eche day p^{t} davnnꝗ
Yf in my pepul be fovnd ony weryons
Cōtrary to me in ony chansse

Or wt my goldyn godds groue ore grooth
I woll marre swych harlotts wt wondor ⁊ myschāse
40 Yff ony swyche remayn put hem in repreffe
And I xall yow releff

SERYBL

Yt xall be don Lord wtowtyn ony lett or wtowt doth

INPATr

Lord ⁊ lad> to my law doth lowte
Is it not so sey yow all wt oñ showte

Here answerryt all þe pepul at ons ȝa my Lord ȝa

So ye froward folks now am I plesyd
Sett wyñ ⁊ spycys to my cōsell full clere
Now have I told yow my harts I am wyll plesyd
Now lett vs set doñ all ⁊ make good chyr

Here entyrt Syr9 þe fader of Mary Mavdleyn

SYR9

Empor ⁊ kyngs ⁊ cōquerors kene
50 Erlys ⁊ barons and knyts þt byn bold
Berds in my bowr so semely to sene
I cōmand yon at onys my hests to hold
Behold my þson glysteryn in gold
Semely to be syn of all other men
Cyr9 is my name be cleffys so cold
I cōmād yow all obedyent to beyn
Wo so woll nat in bale I hem bryng
And knett swyche caytyfys in knotts of care

Thys castell of Mavdleyn is at my wylddyng
60 W^{t} all pe cōtre bothe lesse ꝫ more
And Lord of Jhīm who agens me don dare
Alle Beteny at my biddyng be
I am sett in solas from syȳg sore
And so xall all my posteryte
Thus for to leveñ in rest ꝫ ryalte
I have here a sone p^{t} is to me fvl trew
No cōlyar creatu^{r} of Godds creacyon
To amyabyll douctors full brygth of ble
Ful gloryos to my syth an ful of delectacyon
70 Lazar^{9} my son in my reſpeccyon
Here is Mary ful fayr ꝫ ful of femynyte
And Martha ful bevte and of delycyte
Ful of womāly merrorys ꝫ of benygnyte
Þey have fulfyllyd my hart w^{t} cōsolacyon
Here is a coleccyon of cyrcūstance
To my cognysshon nev^{9} swych anothyr
As be demonstracyon knett incōtynens
Save alonly my lady p^{t} was p^{r} mother
Now Lazar^{9} my sonne wheche art p^{r} brothyr
80 The Lordshep of Jhīm I gyff pe aft^{9} my dysses
And Mary thys castell alonly an non othyr
And Martha xall have Beteny I sey expreſe
These gyfts I gravnt yow w^{t}owtyn les
Whyll p^{t} I am in good mind

LAZAR^{9}

Most reverent father I thank yow hartely

Of your grett kyndnes shuyd onto me
Ye haue gravntyd swych a lyfelod worthy
Me to restreyn from all nefsefsyte
Now good Lord ꝫ hys wyll it be
90 Gravnt me grace to lyve to thy plesavns
And aȝens hem so to rewle me
Thatt we may have joye wtowtyn weryaūs

STABIL.

MARY MAV̄

Thatt God of pes and pryncypall coūsell
More swetter is pi name pan hony be kynd
We thank yow fathyr for yor gyfts ryall
Owt of peyns of povte vs to onbynd
Thys is a psuatyff from streytnes we fynd
From worldly labors to my coūfortyng
For thys lyfflod is abyll for pe dowtts of a kyng
100 Thys place of plesavns pe soth to seye

MARTHA

O ye good fathyr of grete degre
Thus to depte wt yor ryches
Cōsederyng our lowlynes ꝫ humylyte
Vs to save from wordly dessetres
Ye shew vs poynts of grete jentylnes
So mekly to meyntyn vs to yor grace
Hey in heuen awansyd mot yow be
In blysse to se pt Lords face
Whan ye xal hens passe

CYR[9]

110 Now I reioyse w[t] all my mygtht
To enhanse my chyldryn it was my delyte
Now wyñ ꝫ spycys ȝe jentyll knytts
Onto þes ladys of jentylnes

Here xal þey be s[o]uyd w[t] wyn ꝫ spycys

INÞAT[r]

Syr Þvost ꝫ skryve jugges of my reḿ
My masseng[o] I woll send into ferre cūtre
Onto my sete of Jhĺm
Onto Herowde þ[t] regēt þ[r] ondyr me
And onto Pylat jugges of þe covntre
Myn entent I woll hem teche
120 Take hede þ[u] Þvost my precept wretyn be
And sey I cūmaūd hem as þey wóll be ow[t] wrech
Yf þ[r] be ony in þe cūtre ageyn my law doth þch
Or ageyn my goddes ony trobyll tells
That thus agens my lawys rebells
As he is regent and in þ[t] reme dwells
And holdyth hys crovn of me be ryth
Yff þ[r] be ony harletts þ[t] agens me make replycacyō
Or ony moteryng agens me make w[t] malynacyō

Þvost

Syr of all thys they xall haue informacyō
130 So to vphold yowr renovn ꝫ ryte
Now masseng[o] w[t]owtyn taryyng
Have here gold onto þi fe

So bere thes lettyrs to Herowde þe kyng
And byd hem make inquyrans in euery cũtre
As he is jugge in þ^t^ cũtre beyng

NUNCYUS

Souereñ yor arend it xall be doñ ful redy
In alle þe haste þ^t^ I may
For to fullfyll yor byddyng
I woll nat spare nother be nyth nor be day

Here goth þe maseng^ᵖ^ toward Herowde

HEROWDE

140 In þe wyld wanyng word pes all at onys
No noyse I warne yow for grevyng of me
Yff yow do I xall hovrle of yowr heds be Mahonds bont
As I am trew kyng to Mahond so fre
Help help þ^t^ I had a swerd
Fall doñ ye faytors flatt to þe groond
Heve of yor heds ⁊ hatts I cũmavnd yow alle
Stond bare hed ye beggars wo made yow so bold
I xall make yow know yor kyng ryall
Thus woll I be obeyyd thorow al the word
150 And who so wol not he xall be had in hold
And so to be cast in carys cold
That w^ᵖ^kyn ony wondyr aȝens my magnyfycẽs
Behold these ryche rubyys red as ony fyr
W^t^ þe goodly grene perle ful sett abowgth
What kyng is worthy or egall to my pow^ᵖ^
Or in thys word who is more had in dowt

Than is þe hey name of Herowde kyng of Jhĩm
Lord of Alapye Assye ⁊ Tyr
Of Abyron Berȝaby ⁊ Bedlem
160 All thes byn ondyr my gov̊noūs
Lo all þes I hold wtowtyn reprobacyon
No mā is to me egall saue alonly þe empowr
Tyberyus as I haue in ꝓvostycacyon
How sey þe phylyſov̊ys be my ryche reyne
Am nat I þe grettest gov̊nowr
Lett me ondyrstond whatt can ye seyn

PHELYSOFYR

Soueren ⁊ it plece you I woll expresse
Ye be þe rewlar of þis regyon
And most worthy souereyn of nobylnes
170 That euᵒ in Jude barre domynacyon
Bott Syr skreptoʳ gevyᵗ informacyon
And doth rehersse it werely
That chyld xal remayñ of grete renovñ
And all þe word of hem shold magnyfy
Et ambulabūt gentes in lumine et reges
In splendore ortᵍ tui

HEROWDE

And whatt seyst thow

SECŪDᵍ PHY̆

The same weryfyyᵗ my bok as how
As þe skryptoʳ doth me tell

180 Of a myty duke xal rese ꝫ reyn
Whych xall reyñ ꝫ rewle all Israell
No kyng aȝens hys worthynes xall opteyn
The whech in profesy hath grett eloquence
Non avferetur septrum Juda et dux de
Femore eius donec veniat invitend⁹ est

HEROWD

A owt owt now am [I] greuyd all wᵗ þe worst
Ye dastardſ ye doggs þe dylfe mote yow draw
Wᵗ fleyyng flapps I byd yow to a fest
A swerd a swerd þes lordeynñ wer slaw
190 Ye langbannſ losells forsake ȝe pᵗ word
Þᵗ caytyff xall be cawth ꝫ suer I xall hem slaw
For hym many mo xal be marry wᵗ morder

I⁹ MILES

My souereyn Lord dyssemay yow ryth nowt
They ar but folys pʳ eloquens wantyng
For in sorow ꝫ care sone þey xall be cawt
Aȝens vs þey can mak no dysscenddyng

II⁹ MILES

My Lord all swych xall be browte before yoʳ awdyens
And leuyn ondyr yoʳ domynacyon
Or ells dāmyd to deth wᵗ mortall sentense
200 Yf we hem gett ondᵉ owr gubernacyon

HEROWD

Now thys is to me a gᵃcyous exsortacyon

And grettly reioysyth to my spryts indede
Thow þes sotts aȝens me make replycacyon
I woll suffer nō to spryng of þ^t^ kenred
Some woys in my lond shall sprede
Preuely or pertely in my lond abowth
Whyle I haue swych men I nede nat to drede
But þ^t^ he xal be browt ond^ᵖ^ w^t^owtyn doth

Her^ᵉ^ cōmy^t^ þe Empow^ᵖ^s [maseng^ᵖ^] yn sayyng to Herowde

MASENG^ᵖ^

Heyll prynse of bovntyowsneſse
210 Heyll myty Lord of to magnyfy
Heyll most of worchep of to expreſse
Heyll reytyus rewlar in þi regensy
My sofereyn Tybery^g^ chyff of chyfalry
Hſ souereen sond hath sent to yow here
He desyrth ȝow ꝫ preyy^t^ on eche þty
To fulfyll hſ cōmavndmēt and desyr

Here he xall take þe lettyrs onto þe kyng

HEROWD

Be he sekyr I woll natt spare
For [to] complyshe hſ cūmavnddmēt
W^t^ sharp swerdds to ꝑce þe bare
220 In all covntres w^t^in thys regent
For hſ love to fulfyll hſ intentt
Non swych xall from owr handys stertt
For we woll fulfyll hſ ryall juggemēt
W^t^ swerd ꝫ spere to perce thorow þe hartt
But Maseng^ᵖ^ reseyve thys lett^ᵖ^ wyth

And ber ytt onto Pylattys syth

MESENG°

My Lord it xall be don ful wygth
In haste I woll me spede

PYLATT

Now ryally I reyne in robys of rychesse
230 Kyd ꝫ knowyn both ny ꝫ ferre
For juge of Jhꝫm pe trewth to expreſse
Ondyr the Empowr Tyber⁹ Cesar
Þ°for I rede yow all be warre
Ye do no ꝑgedyse aȝen pe law
For and ȝe do I wyll yow natt spare
Tyl he haue jugment to be hangyd ꝫ draw
For I am Pylat prmmyſsary ꝫ presedent
Alle renogal robber jup rowpent
To put hem to peyn I spare for no pete
240 My ꝑjeaunts semle qᵃt sey ye
Of pis rehersyd I wyll natt spare
Plesaūtly Syrrys avnswer to me
For in my herte I xall haue pe lesse care

I⁹ S°INT

As ye haue seyd I hold it for pe best
Yf ony swych among vs may we know

II⁹ S°GEAŪT

For to gyf hem jugmēt I hold yt best

And so xall ye be dred of hye ꝫ low

PYLATT

A now I am restoryd to felycyte

Her comyt þe Emprors Masēgo to Pylat

MASĒGo

Heyll ryall in rem in robis of rychesse
250 Heyl present þu prynsys pere
Heyl jugge of Jhm̄ þe treuth to expreſse
Tyberyȝ þe emprowr sendyt wrytyng herre
And prayyt yow as yow be hꝯ lovr dere
Of þis wrytyng to take avysement
In strenthyng of hꝯ lauys cleyr
As he hath set yow in þe seate of jugment

Her Pylat takyt þe lettyrs wt grete reverens

PYLAT

Now be Martꝯ so mythy I xall sett many a snare
Hꝯ lawys to strenth in al pt I may
I rejoyse of hꝯ renown ꝫ of hꝯ wylfare
260 And for þe tydynggs I geyff þe þis gold to day

MASĒGo

A lorgeys ȝe Lord I crye þis day
For þis is a ȝeft of grete degre

PYLAT

Masengo onto my sovereyn pu sey

On pe most specyall wyse recūmend me

Her^e a voydy^t pe Masengyr ⁊ Syr9 taky^t hſ deth

SYRUS

A help help I stond in drede
Syknes is sett ond^e my syde
A help deth wyll aquyte me my mede
A grete God p^u be my gyde
How I am trobyllyd both bak ⁊ syde
Now wythly help me to my bede
A thys rendy^t my rybbys I xall nev^e goo nor ryde
The dent of deth is hevyar pan led
A Lord Lord what xall I doo pis tyde
A gracyous God have ruth on me
In thys word no longer to abyde
I blys yow my chyldyrn God mot w^t vs be

Here avoydy^t Syr9 sodenly ⁊ than sayyng Lazar9

[LAZAR^9]

Alas I am sett in grete hevynesse
Þ^r is no tong my sorow may tell
So sore I am browth in dystresse
In feyntnes I falt^e for [þ] is fray fell
Thys dewresse wyl lett me no longer dwelle
But God of grace sone me redresse
A how my peyns doñ me repelle
Lord w^tstond p^s duresse

MARY MAGLEȳ

The in wytt^e syneȝ God p^t eu^r xal reyne

Be hꝯ help an sowlys sokor
To whom it is most nedfull to cūplayn
He to brȳg vs owt of owr dolor
He is most mytyest gov̊nowr
290 From soroyng vs to restrayne

MARTHA

A trow I am sett in sorowys sad
That long my lyfy may nat indevre
Thes gᵒwous peyns make me nᵒ mad
Vndyr clowʳ is now my fathyris cure
Þᵗ sūtyme was here ful mery ꝫ glad
Our Lords m̊cy be hꝯ mesure
And defeynd hym from peȳns sad

LAZARᵒ

Now systers our fatherys wyll we woll exp̊se
Thys castall is owᵒys wᵗ all þe fee

MARTHA

300 As hed ꝫ gov̊nowr as reson is
And on þis wyse abydyn wᵗ you wyll wee
We wyll natt desevyr what so befalle

MARIA

Now brothyr ꝫ systers welcū ȝe be
And therof specyally I pray ȝow all

Here xal entyr þe kyng of þe Word þe Flesch ꝫ þe Dylfe wᵗ þe seuen dedly Synns a bad Angyll and a good Angyl þus seyyng þe Word

[WORD]

I am þe Word worthyest þ^t^ euyr God wrowth
And also I am þe prymatt portatur
Next heueyn yf þe trewth be sowth
And that I jugge me to skrypt^r^
And I am he þ^t^ longest xal induer^e^
310 And also most of domynacyon
Yf I be hys foo woo is abyll to recure
For þe whele of fortune w^t^ me hath sett hſ sētur
In me resty^t^ þe order of þe metells seuyn
Þe whych to þe seuen planytts ar knett ful sure
Gold þteyny^t^ to þe Sōne as astronemers nevyn
Sylvyr to þe Mone whyte ⁊ pure
Iryn onto þe Maris þ^t^ long may endure
Þe fegetȳ m̊cury onto M^o^cury^9^
Copyr onto Venus red in h^e^ merro^r^
320 The frangabyll tyn to Jubyter yf ȝe can dyscus
On þis planyt Saturne ful of rancur
Þe soft metell led nat of so gret puernesse
Lo alle þis rych tresor w^t^ þe Word doth indure
The vij prynses of hell of gret bountosnesse
Now who may p̊sume to com̃ to my hono^r^

PRYDE

Ye worthy Word ȝe be gronddar of gladnesse
To þem þ^t^ dwellyng ondyr your domynacyon

COVETYSE

And who so wol nat he is sone set asyde

When as I Couetyse take mynystracyon

MŪD[9]

330 Of pt I pray yow make no declaracyon
Make swyth to know my sovreynte
And pan pey xal be fayn to make supplycacyon
Yf pt pey stond in ony nesefsyte

Here xal entyr þe kyng of Flesch wt Slowth Gloteny [⁊] Lechary

FLESCH

I Kyng of Flesch florychyd in my flowers
Of deyntys delycyous I have grett domynacyon
So ryall a Kyng was neuer borne in bowrys
Nor hath more delyth ne more delectacyon
For I haue cōfortatywys to my cōfortacyon
Dyagalenga ambra ⁊ also margaretton
340 Alle þis is at my lyst aȝens alle vexacyon
Alle wykkyt thyngſ I woll sett asyde
Clary pepur longꝰ wt granoꝯ paradyse
Zenȝybyr ⁊ synamon at euery tyde
To alle suych deyntyys delycyus vse I
Wt swyche deyntyys I have my blysse
Who woll covet more game ⁊ gle
My fayer spowse Lechery to halse ⁊ kysse
Here ys my knyth Gloteny as good reson is
Wt þis plesavnt lady to rest be my syde
350 Here is Slowth anothyr goodly of to expresse
A more plesavnt cōpeny doth no wher abyde

LUXURIA

O ȝe prynse how I am ful of ardent lowe
Wt sparkyllſ ful of amerowsnesse
Wt yow to rest fayn wold I aprowe
To shew plesavns to yor jentylneſse

FLESCH

O ȝe bewtews byrd I must yow kysse
I am ful of lofeȝ to halse you þis tyde

Here xal entyr þe Prynse of Dylſs in a stage and helle ondyrneth þt stage þ' seyȳg þe Dylſe

[DYLFE]

Now I prynse pyrhed prykkyd in pryde
Satan our sovereyn set wt euery cyrcūstanse
360 For I am atyred in my towr to tempt you þis tyde
As a kyng ryall I sette at my plesavns
Wt Wroth [ꝫ] Invy at my ryall retynowns
The bolddest in bowr I bryng to abaye
Mānis sowle to besegyn ꝫ bryng to obeysavns
Ya [with] tyde ꝫ tyme I do pt I may
For at hem I haue dysspyte pt he xold haue þe joye
That Lucyfer wt many a legyoun lost for pr pryde
Þe snarſ pt I xal set wher nev° set at Troye
So I thynk to besegyn hem be every waye wyde
370 I xal getyn hem from grace whersoeu° he abyde
That body ꝫ sowle xal com to my hold
Hym for to take
Now my knythts so stowth

Wt me ye xall ron in rowte
My cōsell to take for a skowte
Whytly pt we were went for my sake

WRATH

Wt Wrath or wyhylls we xal hyrre wynne

ENUY

Or wt sū sotyllte sett hur in synne

DYLFE

Lo of pan let vs begynne
380 To werkyn hur sū wrake

Here xal þe Deywl go to þe Word wt hſ cōpeny

SATAN

Heyle Word worthyest of aboundans
In hast we must a cōseyll take
Ye must aply yow wt all yor afyauns
A womā of whorshep owr ꝯvant to make

MŪD9

Satan wt my cōsell I wyll þe awanſse
I pray þe cū up onto my tent
Were þe Kyng of Flesch her wt hſ asemblauns
Maseng9 anon pt pu werre went
Thys tyde
390 Sey þe Kyng of Flesch wt grete renown
Wt hſ cōsell pt to hym be bowñ

In alle þe hast þ^{t} eu^{ꝯ} they mown
Cō as fast as he may ryde

MASĒG^{ꝯ}

My Lord I am yor ꝯvant Sensualyte
Yo^{r} masege to don I am of glad chyr
Ryth sone in ꝯsens ȝe xal hym se
Yo^{r} wyl for to fulfylle her

Here he goth to þe Flesch thus seyyng

Heyl Lord in lond leď w^{t} lykyng
Heyl Flesch in lust fayyrest to behold
400 Heyl lord ꝫ ledar of emproꝛ ꝫ kyng
Þe worthy Word be wey ꝫ wold
Hath sent for yow ꝫ yor cōsell
Satan is sembled w^{t} hꝯ howshold
Yo^{r} coūseyl to haue most for a weyle

FLESCH

Hens in hast þ^{t} we þ^{r} where
Lett vs make no lengar delay

SENSWALITE

Gret myrth to y^{r} herts shold you arere
Be my trowth I dare safly saye

Here comy^{t} þe kyng of Flesch to þe Word þ^{t} seyyng

[FLESCH]

Heyl be yow soverens lefe ꝫ dere
410 Why so hastely do ȝe for me send

MŪD9

A we are ryth glad we haue yow here
Our coūsell togethyr to cōprehend
Now Satan sey yor devyse

SATAN

Serys now ye be set I xal yow say
Syr9 dyyd þis odyr day
Now Mary hꝯ dowcter þ^t may
Of þ^t castel bery^t þe pryse

MŪD9

Sertenly Serys I you telle
Yf she in vtu stylle may dwelle
She xal byn abyll to destroye helle
But yf yor coūseyll may othyrwyse devyse

FLESCH

Now ȝe Lady Lechery yow must don yor attendans
For yow be flow^r fayrest of femynyte
You xal go desyyr svyse t byn at hur atendavns
For ȝe xal sonest ent^r ȝe beral of beute

LECHERY

Serys I obey ȝor coūsell in eche degre
Strytt waye þethyr woll I passe

SATAN

Spt̃s malyngny xal cō to þe

L

Hyr^e to tempt in euery plase
430 Now alle þe vj p^t her be
Wysely to w^rke hyr fawor to wȳne
To entyr hyr ꝑson be þe labor of Lechery
Þ^t she at þe last may cō to helle
How how spr̄s malyng^e p^u wottyst what I mene
Cū owt I sey heryst nat what I seye

BAD ANGYLL

Syrꝰ I obey yor coūsell in eche degrēe
Strytt waye þethyr woll I passe
Speke soft speke soft I trotte hyr to tene
I prey þe pertly make no more noyse

Here xall alle þe vij dedly sȳns besege þe castell tyll [they] agre to go to Jhr̄m Lechery xall entyr þe castell w^t þe bad Angyl þ^t seyyng Lechery

[LECHERY]

440 Heyl Lady most lawdabyll of alyauñs
Heyll oryent as þe sonne in hꝰ reflexite
Myche pepul be cōfortyd be yor benȳg afyauñs
Bryter þan þe bornyd is yor bemys of bewte
Most debonaring w^t yor aungelly delycyte

MARYA

Q^t ꝑsonne be ȝe p^t p^s me comendyd

LUXURYA

Yo^r ꝩvant to be I wold cōþhende

MARY

Yo^{r} debonar^{9} obedyans ravyssyt me to trankquelyte
Now syth ye desyre in eche degree
To receyve yow I have grett delectacyon
450 Ye be hartely welcū onto me
Yo^{r} tong is so amyabyll devydyd w^{t} reson

LUXURYA

Now good Lady wyll ȝe me expresse
Why may p^{r} no gladdnes to yow resort

MARY

For my father I haue had grett heuynesse
Whan I remēbyr my mynd waxit mort

LUXURYA

Ya Lady for all p^{t} be of good cōfort
For swych obusyons may brede myche dysese
Swych desepcyons potyt peyñ to exsport
Prynt yow in sports whych best doth yow plese

MARY

460 Forsothe ye be welcū to myn hawdyens
Ye be my harts leche
Brother Lazar^{9} ꝫ it be your pleȝaūs
And ȝe systyr Martha also in substawns
Thys place I cōmend onto yor gov̄nēs
And onto God I yow betake

LAZAR[9]

Now Systyr we xal do yo[r] intente
In thys place to be resydent
Whyle þ[t] ȝe be absent
To kepe þis place from wreche

Here taky[t] Mary hur wey to Jhĩm w[t] Luxsurya and þey xal resort to a Tav[v]ner þ[t] seyyng þe Tav[v]ner

TAV[V]NER

470 I am a Tavner wytty ⁊ wyse
That wynys haue to sett gret plente
Of all þe tavners I bere þe pryse
That be dwellyng w[t]inne þe cete
Of wynys I haue grete plente
Both whyte wȳne ⁊ red þ[t] [ys] so cleyr
Here ys wȳne of mawt ⁊ malmeseyn
Clary wȳne ⁊ claret ⁊ other moo
Wyn of Gyldyr and of Gallꝗ þ[t] make at þe grome
Wyn of Wyañ ⁊ V[v]nage I seye also
480 Ther be no bett as ferre as ȝe can goo

LUXSURYA

Lo Lady þe comfort ⁊ þe sokowr
Go we ner ⁊ take a tast
Thys xal bryng yor spryts to fawor
Tavner bryng vs of þe fȳnest þu hast

TAV[V]NER

Here Lady is wyne a repast

To man ꝫ womā a good restoratyff
Ye xall nat thynk yor mony spent in wast
From stodyys ꝫ heuynes it woll you relyff

MARY

I wys ȝe seye soth ȝe grome of blysse
490 To me ȝe be cowrtes ꝫ kynde

Here xal entyr a galavnt þ^{s} seyyng

GALAŪT

Hof hof hof a frysch galaūt
Ware of thryft ley þ^{t} adoune
What wene ȝe Syrrys þ^{t} I were a marchant
Becavse þ^{t} I am new come to touñ
W^{t} sū praty tappyester wold I fayne rownd
I haue a shert of Reyñ w^{t} slevys pencaūt
A lase of sylke for my Lady constant
A how she is bewtefull ꝫ ressplendant
Whan I am from hyr þsens Lord how I syhe
500 I wol awye sovereyns ꝫ socetts I dysdene
In wynt^{ꝯ} a stomachyr in som^{ꝯ} nō at tal
My dobelet ꝫ my hossys eu^{ꝯ} together abyde
I woll or euen be shavyn for to seme ȝyng
W^{t} her aȝen þe her^{ꝯ} I love mych pleyyng
That maky^{t} me ilegāt ꝫ lusty in lykyng
Thus I lefe in þis word I do it for no pryde

LUXSURYA

Lady þis mā is for ȝow as I se can

To sett yow in sportts ꝯ talkyng þis tyde

MARY

Cal hym in Taꝟner as ye my loue wyll han
And we woll make ful mery yf he wolle abyde

TAVꝟNER

How how my mastyr Coryossyte

CORYOSTE

What is yor wyll Syr what wyl ȝe w^t me

TAVꝟNER

Her^ ar jentyll womẽ desyer yor ꝑsens to se
And for to drynk w^t yow thys tyde

CORYOSTE

A dere dewchesse my daysyys iee
Splendaũt of color most of femynyte
Yo^r sofreyn colo^r set w^t synseryte
Cõseder my loue into your alye
Or ells I am smet w^t peyns of ꝑplexite

MARI

Why Sr̃ wene ȝe þ^t I were a kelle

CORIOSTE

Nay prenſses ꝑde ye be my herts hele
So wold to God ye wold my loue fele

MARI

Q^{a}t cavse p^{t} ye love me so sodenly

CURIOSTE

Onedys I mvst myn own Lady
Yo^{r} pson itts so womāly
I can nat refreyn me swete lelly

MARI

Sr̃ curtesy doth it yow lere

CORIOSTE

Now g^{a}cyous gost w^{t}owtyn pere
Mych nort^{r} is p^{t} ȝe coñe
But wol yow dauns my own dere

MARI

S^{r} I asent in good man^{o}
Go ȝe before I sue you ner
For a mā at alle tymys bery^{t} reverens

CORISTE

Now be my trowth ye be w^{t} other teñ
Felle apese Tavner let vs señ
Sopps in wyne how love ȝe

MARI

As ye don so doth me
I am ryth glad p^{t} met we be

My love in yow gȳny^t to close

CORYOST

540 Now derlyng dere wol yow do be my rede
We haue dronkyn ꝯ ete lytyl brede
Wyll we walk to another stede

MARI

Euyn at yor wyl my dere derlyng
Thow ȝe wyl go to þe words eynd
I wol nev^o from yow wynd
To dye for yor sake

Here xal Mary ꝯ þe Galent auoyd ꝯ þe bad Angyll goth to þe Word þe Flesch ꝯ þe Dylfe þ^t sayyng þe bad Angyl

BAD ANGYL

A lorges a lorges Lordds alle at onys
Ye haue a ꝑvāt fayr ꝯ afyabylle
For she is fallyn in owr grogly gromys
550 Ya Pryde callyd Corioste to hur is ful lavdabyll
And to hur he is most preyseabyll
For she hath graūttyd hym al hꝯ bone
She thynky^t hꝯ ꝑson so amyabyll
To her syte he is semelyar þan ony kyng in trone

DIABL^o

A how I tremyl ꝯ trott for þese tydyngs
She is a ꝑovyn ꝑvant þ^t hath hur fet in sȳne
Go thow agayn ꝯ ew^r be hur gyde

Þe lavdabyll lyfe of lecherry let hur neu^{r} lynne
For of hur al helle xal make reioysseyng

Here goth þe bad Angyl to Maria agayn

REX DIABOL^{9}

560 Farewell farewell ȝe to nobyl Kyngs þis tyde
For hom̃ in haste I woll me dresse

MŪD^{9}

Farewell Satan prynsse of pryde

FLESCH

Farewell semyest all sorowys to sefse

Here xal Satan go hom to hꝑ stage ⁊ Mari xal entyr into þe place alone save þe bad Angyl ⁊ al þe seuen dedly synnes xal be cōveyyd into þe howse of Symont Leprevs þey xal be arrayyd lyke vij dylfs ⁊ kept closse Mari xal be in an erbyr þ^{s} seyyng

MARI

A God be w^{t} my valentyne
My byrd swetyng my lovys so dere
For þey be bote for a blossum of blysse
Me mervelly^{t} sore þey be nat here
But I woll restyn in þ^{s} erbyr
Amons thes bamys ꝑcyus of prysse
570 Tyll som lov^{r} wol apere
That me is wont to halse ⁊ kysse

Her xal Mary lye doū ⁊ slepe in þe erbyr

SYMON LEPRUS

Thys day holly I pot in remēberouns
To solas my gests to my pow^{r}
I haue ordeynyd a dyner of substawns
My chyff freynds p^{r}w^{t} to chyre
Into þe sete I woll apere
For my gests to make porvyawns
For tyme dray^{t} ny to go to dyn^{e}
And my offycyrs be redy w^{t} p^{r} ordynowñs
So wold to God I myte have aqueynta$^{\alpha}$ns
Of þe profyth of trew þfytnesse
To come to my place ꝫ porvyaunce
It wold rejoyse my hert in grett gladnesse
For þe report of hys hye nobyllnesse
Renny^{t} in contreys fer ꝫ nere
Hys þcheyng is of gret þfythnes
Of ꝕythuysnesse ꝫ mcy cleyr

Here ētyr Symont into þe place þe good Angyll þ^{t} seyyng to Mary

GOOD ANGYLL

Womā womā why art p^{u} so onstabyll
Ful bytꝫly thys blysse it wol be bowth
Why art p^{u} aȝens God so verybyll
Wy thynks p^{u} nat God made þe of nowth
In syn ꝫ sorow p^{u} art browth
Fleschly lyst is to þe full delectabyll
Salve for þi sowle must be sowth
And leve þi w^{e}ks wayn ꝫ veryabyll
Remēbyr womā for þi pore pryde

How þi sowle xal lyyn in helle fyre
A remēbyr how sorowful itts to abyde
Wtowtyn eynd in angur ꝑ ire
600 Remēbyr þe oñ olyr· m̃cy make þi sowle
I am þe gost of goodnesse þt so wold þe gydde

MARY

A how þe speryt of goodnesse hat promyt me þis tyde
And temptyd me wt tytyll of trew þfythnesse
Alas how betꝑnesse in my hert doth abyde
I am wonddyd wt werks of gret dystresse
A how pynsynesse potyt me to oppresse
That I haue synnyd on euery syde
O Lord wo xall put me from þis peynfulnesse
O woo xal to m̃cy be my gostly gyde
610 I xal persue þe Prophett wherso he be
For he is þe welle of þfyth charyte
Be þe oyle of m̃cy he xal me relyff
Wt swete bawmys I wyll sekyn hym þis nyth
And sadly folow hꝯ Lordshep in eche degre

Here xal entyr þe Þphet wt hꝯ desyplys þs seyȳg Symōt Leprus

[SYMŌT LEPRUS]

Now ye be welcom̃ mastyr most of magnyfycens
I beseche yow benȳgly ye wol be so gracyous
Yf þt it be lekyng onto yowr hye ꝑsens
Thys daye to come dyne at my hows

IH̃S → Greek

God a m̃cy Symont þt þu wylt me knowe

620 I woll entyr þi hows wt pes ⁊ vnyte
I am glad for to rest þi grace gȳnyt grow
For wtine þi hows xal rest charyte
And þe bemys of grace xal byñ illumynows
But syth pu wytyst saff a dyner on me
Wt pes ⁊ grace I entyr þi hows

SYMOND

I thank yow mastꝰ most benȳg ⁊ gracyus
That yow wol of yor hye soverente
To me itts a joye most speceous
Wtinne my hows pt I may yow se
630 Now syt to þe bord mastyrs alle

Here xal Mary folow alonge wt þis lamētacyō

MARY

O ȝe cursyd caystyff pt myche wo hath wrowth
Aȝens my maker of myts most
I have offendyd hym wt dede ⁊ thowth
But in hꝯ grace is all my trost
Or ells I know well I am but lost
Body ⁊ sowle dampynd ꝑpetuall
Yet good Lord of Lordds my hope ꝑhennall
Wt þe to stond in grace ⁊ fawor to se
Thow knowyst my hart ⁊ thowt in especyal
640 Therfor good Lord aftꝰ my hart reward me

Here xal Mary wasche þe fett of þe ꝑphet wt þe terrs of hur yys whypyng hem wt hur herre ⁊ þan anoynt hym wt a precyus noyttmēt

IHS DICIT

Symond I thank ȝe speceally
For þis grett repast þ^t^ her^e^ hath be
But Symond I telle þe fectually
I have thyngs to seyn to þe

SYMOND

Mast^r^ q^a^t yor wyll be
And it plese yow I will yow her^e^
Seyth yor lykyng onto me
And al þe plesaunts of yor mynd ꝗ desyr

IHS

Symond þ^r^ was a mā in þis ꝑsent lyf
650 The whyche had to dettors woll suer^e^
Þe whych wher^e^ pore ꝗ myth make no restoratyf
But stylle in þ^r^ dett ded induo^r^
Þe oñ ow^t^ hym an hondryd pense ful suer^e^
And þe other fifty so befell þe chanse
And becawse he cowd nat hꝑ mony recure
They askyd hym for rewnesse ꝗ he forȝaf in substās
But Symont I pray ȝe answer me to þis sentens
Whych of þes to ꝑsonnes was most beholddyn to þ mā

SYMOND

Mas^r^ ꝗ it plese yor hey ꝑsens
660 He þ^t^ most ow^t^ hym as my reson ȝef can

IHS

Recte iudicasti þ^u^ art a wyse mā

And þis quefson hast dempte trewly
Yff þ^{u} in þi concyens remēbyr can
Ye to be þe detto^{r}s þ^{t} I of specefy
But Symond behold þis womā in alwyse
How she w^{t} teres of hyr bitt^{9} wepyng
She wassheth my fete ȝt doth me ȝvyse
And anoyty^{t} hem w^{t} onymēt lowly knelyng
And w^{t} her [hair] fayr ȝt brygth shynnyng
She wypeth hem agayn w^{t} good entent
But Symont syth that I entyrd þi hows
To wasshe my fete þ^{u} dedyst nat aplye
Nor to wype my fete þ^{u} wer^{e} nat so fawor^{9}
Wherfor in þi cōcyñs þ^{u} ow^{t}yst nat to reply
But womā I sey to þe werely
I forgeyffe þe þi wrechednesse
And hol in sowle be þu made þ^{r}by

MARIA

O blessyd be þu Lord of eu^{r}lastyng lyfe
And blyssyd be þi berth of þ^{t} puer v^{i}gynne
Blyssyd be þ^{u} repast cōtemplatyf
Aȝens my seknes helth ȝt medsyn
And for þ^{t} I have synnyd in þe synne of pryde
I wol enabyte me w^{t} humelyte
Aȝens wrath ȝt envy I wyl devyde
Thes fayr v^{i}tuys pacyens ȝt charyte

IH̃S

Woman in cōtryfsoñ þ^{u} art expert
And in þi soule hast inward mythe

That sūtyme were in desert
And from therknesse hast purchasyd lyth
690 Thy fayth hath savyt þe ȝt made þe bryth
Wherforᵉ I sey to þe vade in pace

Wᵗ þis word vij dyvllys xall dewoyde from þe womā and the bad Angyll entᵖ into hell wᵗ thondyr

[MARIA]

O pᵘ gloryuᵍ Lord þis rehersyd for my sped
Sowle helth attſ tyme for to recure
Lord for pᵗ I was in whanhope now stond I in dred
But pᵗ þi gret mcy we may endure
My strenth pᵘ knewyst wᵗowtyn ony dowth
Now may I trost þe techeyng of Iȝaye in scriptᵉ
Wos report of þi nobyllnesse rennyᵗ ferᵉ abowt

IHS

Blyssyd be pey at alle tyme
700 That sen me nott ȝt have me in credens
Wᵗ cōtryssoñ pᵘ hast mad a recūpens
Þi soule to save from all dystresse
Bewarᵉ ȝt kepe þe from alle neclygens
And aftᵖ pᵘ xal be ꝑtenᵖ of my blysse

Here devoydyᵗ Ihs wᵗ hſ desipylls þe good Angyll reioysyng of Mawdleȳ

BONᵍ ANGELᵍ

Holy God hyest of ōipotēcy
The astat of good governaᵗns to þe I recūmēd
Hūbylly besecheyng pyn ꝑpall glorye

In pi devyn v^t^tu vs to cōphend
And delectabyll Iħu soureyn sapyens
710 Our feyth we recūmend onto yor purpete
Most mekely prayyng to yor holy aparens
Illumyn our ygnorans in yor devynyte
Ye be clepyd redempcyoñ of soulys defens
Whyche that ben obscuryd be pi blessyd mortalyte
O lux vera graunt vs ȝowr lucense
That w^t^ pe spryte of erro^r^ I nat seduct be
And speryt^9^ alme to yow most benyne
Thre psons in trenyte and on God eterne
Most lowly owr feyth we cōsyngne
720 Þ^t^ we may cō to yor blysse gloryfyed from malȳgne
And w^t^ yor gostely bred to fede vs we desyreñ

REX DEABOL^9^

A owt owt ꝫ harow I ā hampord w^t^ hate
In hast wyl I set on jugment to se
W^t^ thes betyll browyd bycheys I ā at debate
How Belfago^r^ ꝫ Belȝabub cō up here to me

Here aperyth to dyvllys before þe Mast^9^

SECŪD^9^ DIABOL^9^

Here Lord here q^a^t wol ȝe

TERCI^9^ DIABOL^9^

The jugmēt of harlotts here to se
Settyng in judycyal lyke astate
Now thow bad angyll apere before my g^a^ce

SP̃S MALIGN⁹

730 As flat as fox I falle before yor face

I⁹ DIABOL⁹

Thow theffe wy hast p^u don alle þis trespas
To lett yoñ womā þi bonds breke

MALIN⁹ SP̃S

The speryt of g^ace sore ded hyr smyth
And temptyd so sore p^t ipocryte

I⁹ DIABOL⁹

Ya thys hard balys oñ þi bottokkys xall byte
In hast oñ þe I wol be wroke
Cū up ȝe horsons ⁊ skore awey p^r yche
And w^t thys panne ȝe do hym pycche
Cū of ȝe harlotts p^t yt wer doñ

Here xall þey s^ova all þe sevyn as þey do þe ferst

740 Now have I a part of my desyer
Goo into þis howsse ȝe lordeynns here
And loke ye set yt on a feyer
And p^t xall hem awake

Here xall þe tother deylls sett þe howse on a fyer and make a sowch ⁊
Mari xall go to Lazar ⁊ to Martha

So now have we well afrayyd þese felons fals
They be blasyd both body ⁊ hals
Now to hell lett vs synkyn als
To owr felaws blake

N

MARI MAVGLEȲ

O brother my harts cōsolasyown
O blessyd in lyffe ꝗ solytary
750 The blyssyd Ꝑphet my cōfortacyown
He hathe made me clene ꝗ delectary
The wyche was to synne a subiectary
Thys kyng Cryste cōsedyryd hꝯ creacyown
I was drynchyn in synne devsarye
Tyll pt Lord relevyd me be hꝯ domynacyon
Grace to me he wold nev denye
Thowe I were nevyr so synful he seyd revtere
O I synful creature to gace I woll aplye
The oyle of mcy hath helyd myñ infyrmyte

MARTHA

760 Now worchepyd be pt hey name Iħu
The wych in Latyn is callyd Savyour
Fulfyllyng pt word ewyn of dewe
To alle synfull ꝗ seke he is sokor

LAZARO

Systyr ȝe be welcū onto your tower
Glad in hart of your obessyawnse
Wheyl pt I leffe I wyl ȝve hym wt honor
That ȝe have forsakyn synne ꝗ varyauns

MARY M.

Cryst pt is pe lyth ꝗ pe clero daye
He hath oncuryd pe therknesse of pe clowdy nyth

770 Of lyth þe lucens ꝫ lyth veray
Wos ꝑchyng to vs is a gᵃcyows lyth
Lord we beseche þe as þu art most of myth
Out of þe ded slep of therknesse defend vs aye
Gyff vs gᵃce ewyr to rest in lyth
In quyet ꝫ in þes to ꝯve þe nyth and day

Here xall Lazarᵉ take hꝯ deth þus seyyng

[LAZARᵉ]

A help help systyrs for charyte
Alas dethe is sett at my hart
A ley on hands wher arᵉ ye
A I faltyr ꝫ falle I wax all onquarte
780 A I bome above I wax all swertt
A good Iħu thow be my gyde
A no longarᵉ now I reꝯte
I yeld up þe gost I may natt abyde

MARY M.

O good brother take coūforth ꝫ myth
And lett noñ heuynes in ȝour hart abyde
Lett away all þis feyntnesse ꝫ fretth
And we xal gete ȝow leches ȝour peyns to devyde

MARTHA

A I sych ꝫ sorow ꝫ sey alas
Thys sorow ys apoynt to be my cōfusyon
790 Jentyl systᵉ hye we from þis place
For þe Ꝑphe[t] to hȳ haᵗ grett delectacyon

Good brother take some cōfortacyon
For we woll go to seke yow cure

Here goth Mary ⁊ Martha ⁊ mett wt Iħu þus seyyng

[MARY ET MARTHA]

O Lord Iħu owr mellefluous swettnesse
Thow art grettest Lord in glorie
Lovo to þe Lord in all lowlynesse
Comfort þi creatr pt to þe crye
Behold your lovo good Lord specyally
How Lazaro lyth seke in grett dystresse
He ys þi lovo Lord sueoly
Onbynd hym good Lord of hꝯ heuynesse

IHS

Of all infyrmyte pr is nō to deth
For of all peynns pt is inpossyble
To vndyrstond be reson to know þe woke
The joye pt is in Jhħm heuenly
Can revo be cōpylyd be covnnyng of clerke
To se þe joyys of þe fathyr in glory
The joyys of þe sōne whych owth to be magnyfyed
And of þe therd ꝑson þe holy gost truly
And alle iij but oñ in heuen gloryfyed
Now womē pt arre in my ꝑsens here
Of my wordys take awysemēt
Go hom̃ aȝen to your brothyr Lazero
My grace to hym xall be sent

MARY M.

O thow glory9 Lord here p̊sent
We yeld to pe salutacyon
In owr w°gys ye be expedyent
Now Lord vs defend from trybolacyon

Here goth Mary & Martha homward & Iħs devody^t

LAZAR9

A in woo I waltyr as wawys in pe wynd
820 Awey ys went all my soko^r
A deth deth p^u art onkynd
A a now brysty^t myn hartt pis is a sharp show°
Farewell my systyrs my bodely helth

Mortuus est

MARY M.

Iħu my Lord be yowr sokowr
And he mott be your gosts welth

P^rM9 MILES

Godds grace mott be hys gov̊no^r
In ioy ev̊lastyng for to be

SECŪD9 MIL

Amonge alle good sowlys send hym favo^r
As pi power is most of dygnyte

MARTHA

830 Now Syr pe chans is fallyn soo

That deth hath drewyn hym doñ þis day
We must nedys owr devyrs doo
To þe erth to bryng hym wtowt delay

MARY M.

As þe vse is now ⁊ hath byn aye
Wt wepers to þe erth yow hym bryng
Alle þis must be done as I yowe saye
Clad in blake wtowtyn lesyng

PlMg MILES

Gracyows Ladyys of grett honor
Thys pepull is comm̃ here in your syth
Wepyng ⁊ welȳg wt gret dolor
Because of my Lords dethe

Here þe oñ Knygth make redy þe stoñ and other bryng in þe wepars arayyd in blake

Now good frynds pt here be
Take vp thys body wt good wyll
And ley it in hꝯ sepoltur semely to se
Good Lord hym save from alle manꝯ ille

Lay hym in
Here al þe pepyll resort to þe castell þus seyyng Iħs

[IħS]

Tyme ys comyn of very cognyssoñ
My dyssyplys goth wt me
For to fulfyll possyvyll peticion
Go we together into Jude
Ther Lazar my frynd is he

Goo we together as chyldynr᷑ of lyth
And from grevos slepe sawen heym wyll we

DISSIPUL[9]

Lord it plese yowr myty volūte
Thow he slepe he may be savyd be skyll

IHS

That is trew ꝫ be possybilyte
Therfor of my deth shew yow I wyll
My fathyr of nemymows charyte
Sent me hꝯ son to make redemcyon
Whyche was cōseyvyd be pue᷑ vꝯginyte
860 And so in my mother had cler᷑ incarnacyon
And y᷑for must I suffyr᷑ grewos passyon
Ondyr᷑ Povnse Pylat wꝯ grett ꝑplexite
Betyn bobbyd sko᷑nyd crowñyd wꝯ thorne
Alle þis xall be þe soferons of my deite
Therfor hastely folow me now
For Lazar᷑ is ded verely to ꝓve
Wherfor I am joyfull I sey onto yow
That I knowlege yow þrwꝯ þꝯ ye may it beleve

Here xal Ihs com wꝯ hꝯ dissipuls ꝫ oñ Jew tellyꝯ Martha

[JEW]

A Martha Martha be full of gladnesse
870 For þe Ꝑphett ys cōyng I sey trewly
Wꝯ hꝯ dyssypylls in grett lowlynesse

He shall yow cōfortt wt hf mcy

Here Martha xall rone agen Ihs þus seyyng

[MARTHA]

A Lord me sympyl creatur nat denye
Thow I be wrappyd in wrecchydnesse
Lord ꝫ þu haddyst byn her werely
My brother had natt abyn ded I know well thysse

IHS

Martha doutor onto þe I sey
Thy brother xall reyse agayn

MARTHA

Yee Lord at þe last day
880 That I beleve ful pleyn

IHS

I am þe resurreccyon of lyfe pt ev xall reyne
And whoso belevyt verely in me
Xall have lyfe evlastyng þe soth to seyn
Martha belevyst thow þis

MARTHA

Ye forsoth þu prynnse of blysth
I beleve in Cryst þe son of sapyens
Whyche wtowt eynd ryngne xall he
To redemyn vs freell from owr iniquite

Here Mary xall falle to Ihs þus seyyng Mary

[MARY]

O þu rythewys regent reynȳg in equite
890 Þu gracyous Lord þu swete Iħs
And þu haddyst byn her᷑ my brothyr alyfe had be
Good Lord myn hertt doth þis dyscus

IH̃S

Wher have ȝe put hym sey me thys

MARY M.

In hꝯ moment᷑ Lord is he

IH̃S

To that place ȝe me wys
Thatt gᵃ᷑ve I desyre to se
Take of þe stoñ of þis monvmēt
The agremēt of gᵃ᷑ce her᷑ shewyn I wyll

MARTHA

A Lord yowr ꝑseptts fulfyllyd xall be
900 Thys stoñ I remove wᵗ glad chyr
Gracyous Lord I aske þe ꝏcy
Thy wyll mott be fullfyllyd here

Here xall Martha put of þe grave stoñ

IH̃S

Now father I beseeke thyn hey paꝯnyte
That my prayoʳ be resoūdable to þi fathyrod in glory
To opyn peyn erys to þi son in humanyte

Nat only for me but for þi pepyll verely
That þey may beleve ⁊ betake to þi mcy
Fathyr for þem I make supplycacyon
Gracyous ſather gravnt me my bone
910 Lazer Lazer comm̃ hethyr to me

Here xall Lazar aryse trossyd wt towells in a shete

LAZAR

A my makar my savyour blyssyd mott þu be
Here mē may know þi wrks of wondyr
Lord no thȳg ys onpossybyll to the
For my body ⁊ my sowle was deptyd asondr
I xuld arottyt as doth þe tondyr
Fleysch from þe bonys acōsumyd away
Now is aloft pt late was ondyr
The goodnesse of God hath doñ for me here
For he is bote of all balys to onbynd
920 That blyssyd Lord pt here ded apere

Here all þe pepull ⁊ þe Jewys Mari ⁊ Martha wt on woys sey Yes Lord we beleve in you Savyour Ihs Ihs Ihs

IHS

Of your good herts I have advtacyonne
Where thorow in sowle holl made ȝe be
Betwyx yow ⁊ me be nevr varyacyonne
Wherfor I sey vade in pace

Here devoydyt Ihs wt hꝯ desypylls Mary ⁊ Martha ⁊ Lazar gon hom̃ to þe castell ⁊ here [the kyng of Marcylle] begynnyt hys bost

[KYNG OF MARCYLLE]

Awant awant ye on worthy wrecchesse

Why lowtt ȝe nat low to my lawdabyll ꝑsens
Ye brawlyng breells ⁊ blabyr lyppyd bycchys
Obedyently to obbey me wtowt offense
I am a sofereyn semely pt ye se butt seyld
930 No swyche ondꝰ sonne pe soth for to say
Whanne I fare fresly ⁊ fers to pe feld
My fomē fle for fer of my fray
Ewen as an empowr I am onored ay
Waur baner gyn to blasse ⁊ bemys gyn to blow
Hed am I heyest of all hethennesse holld
Both kynggs ⁊ caysers I woll pey xall me know
Or ells pey bey the bargayn pt ewr pey wer so bold
I am kyng of Marcylle talys to be told
Thus I wold it wer knowyn ferre ⁊ ner
940 Ho sey cōtraly I cast heym in cares cold
And he xall bey the bargayn wondyr dere
I have a favorows fode ⁊ fresh as the fakown
She is full fayr in hyr femynyte
Whan I loke on pis lady I am lofty as the lyon
In my syth
Of delyyte most delycyows
Of felachyp most felecyows
Of alle fodys most favorows
O my blysse in bevteys brygth

REGINA

950 O of cōdycyons and most onorabyll
Lowly I thank yow for pis recūmēdacyon
The bovnteest ⁊ the boldest ondꝰ baner bryth

No creatur so constāt to my cōsolacyon
Whan the regent be resydēt itts my refeccyō
Your dilectabyll deds devydy^{t} me from dyvsyte
In my ꝑson I pryde to put me from polucyon
To be plezāt to your ꝑson itts my prosperyte

REX

Now Godamcy berel brytest of bewte
Godamcy rubie rody as ꝑe rose
960 Ye be so pleavnt to my pay ȝe put me frō peyn
Now cōly knygthys loke p^{t} ȝe forth dresse
Both spycys ⁊ wyn her^{e} in hast

Here xall ꝑe knygtꝗ gete spycys ⁊ wynne ⁊ here xall ent^{r} a Dylle in orebyll aray ꝑus seyyng

[A DYLLE]

Owt owt harow I may crye ⁊ yelle
For lost is all owr labo^{r} wherfor I sey alas
For of all holdds p^{t} ev^{r} hort noñ so as hell
Owr barrs of iron ar^{e} all to brost stronge gates of brasse
The kyng of joy entyd in p^{r}at as bryth as fyrys blase
For fray of hꝗ ferfull baner^{e} owr felashep fled asondyr
Whan he towcheyd it w^{t} hꝗ towkkyng ꝑey brast as ony glase
970 And rofe asond^{r} as it byn w^{t} thondor^{e}
Now ar^{e} we thrall p^{t} frest wher^{e} fre
Be ꝑe passon of hꝗ manhede
Ō a crosce on hye hangyd was he
Whych hath destroyd owr labo^{r} ⁊ alle owr dede
He hath ly^{t}ynnyt lymbo ⁊ to paradyse ȝede

Þt wondyrfull worke wꝰkytt vs wrake
Adam ⁊ Abram ⁊ all hyr kynred
Owt of owr preson to joye wer þey take
All þis hath byn wrowth syn freyday at none
980 Brostyn doñ our gates þt hangyd wer full hye
Now is he resyn hſ resurreccyō is don
And is þcedyd into Galelye
Wt many a tētacyon we tochyd hym to astrey
To know whether he was God or noñ
Ye for all our besynes bleryd is our eye
For wt hſ wyld wꝰke he hath wonne hem everychō
Now for þe tyme to come
Þr xall noñ falle to owr chanse
But at hſ deleverans
990 And weyyd be rythfull balans
And ȝowyn be rythfull dome
I telle yow alle infū to helle wyll I gonne

Here xall entꝰ þe iij Maries arayyd as chast womē wt sygnis of þe passon pryntyd vpon þr brests þ9 seyyng Mavdlyn

[MAVDLYN]

Alas alas for þt ryall bem̃
A þis þcytt my hart worst of all
For here he turnyd aȝen to þe womā of Jerusalem
And for wherynesse lett þe crosse falle

M. JACOBE

This sorow is beyttar þan ony galle
For here þe Jewys spornyd hym to make hym goo

And þey dyspyttyd pr kyng ryall
1000 That clyvyt myn hart ⁊ maket me woo

M. SALOME

Yt ys intollerabyll to se or to tell
For ony creature pt strong tormētry
O Lord þu haddyst a m̊velows mell
Yt ys to hedyows to dyscry

Al þe Maryys wt on woyce sey þis folowȳg

[MARYYS]

Heylle gloryows crosse þu baryst pt Lord on hye
Whych be þi mygth deddyst lowly bowe doñ
Mānys sowle to bye from all thraldom
That ev̊more in peyne shold abie
Be record of Davyt wt myld stevyn
1010 Domine inclina celos tuos et descende

M. MAGDLE

Now to þe monumēt lett vs gon
Wher as our Lord ⁊ savyowr layd was
To anoynt hym body ⁊ bone
To make amends for owr trespas
Ho xall put doñ þe led of þe monvmēt
Thatt we may anoytt hȩ gracy9 wovnds
Wt hartt ⁊ my[n]d to do owr intentt
Wt þ̊cy9 bamys þis same stovndd

M. SALOME

That blyssyd body wtin þis bovnds

1020 Here was layd wt rufull monꝯ
Nevꝰ creature was borne vpon groūdds
Þt mygth soferꝫ so hediows a peyne at onys

Here xall apere ij angelis in whyte at þe gᵃve

[I9] ANGEL9

Ye womē ꝑsentt dredytt yow ryth nowth
Iħs is resun and is natt here
Loo here is þe place pt he was inbrowth
Go sey to hꝯ dysypylls ⁊ to Petr he xall apere

II9 ANGEL9

In Galelye wtowtyn ony wyre
Þr xall ye se hym lyke as he sayd
Go your way ⁊ take cōfortt ⁊ chyr
1030 For pt he sayd xall natt be delayyd

Here xall þe Maryys mete with Petꝰ ⁊ Jhon

M. MAGDLEȳ

O Petꝰ ⁊ Jhon we be begylyd
Our Lords body is borne away
I am aferd itts dyffylyd
I am so carefull I wot natt what to saye

PETꝰ

Of þes tydynggys gretly I dysmay
I woll me thether hye wt all my myth
Now Lord defend vs as he best may
Of þe sepulcure we woll have a syth

JHON

A myn inward sowle stōdyng in dystresse
1040 Þe wheche of my body xuld have a gyde
For my Lord stondyng in hevynesse
Whan I remēbyr hſ wovnds wyde

PET^o

The sorow ⁊ peyne p^t he ded drye
For our offens ⁊ abomynacyon
And also I forsoke hym in hys t^rmētry
I toke no hede to hſ techyng ⁊ exortacyon

Here Pet^o ⁊ Jhon go to þe sepulc^r ⁊ þe Maryys folowȳg

A now I se ⁊ know þe sothe
But g^ꝛcy^9 Lord be owr ꝑtexcyon
Here is nothyng left butt a sudare cloth
1050 Þ^t of p^s beryyng xuld make mēcyon

JHON

I am aferd of wykkyt opressyon
Where he is becū it cannatt be devysyd
Butt he seyd aft^o þe iij^d day he xuld have resur^oxō
Long beforn thys was ꝑmysed

M MAGDLEȲ

Alas I may no longar abyde
For dolo^r ⁊ dyssese p^t in my hartt doth dwell

I^9 ANGEL^9

Womā womā wy wepest pu

Wom sekest þu w^{t} dolo^{r} þus

M. MAGDLEȳ

A fayn wold I wete ȝt I wyst how
1060 Wo hath born away my Lord Iħs

Hic aparuit Iħs

IH̃S

Womā womā wy syest thow
Wom sekest þ^{u} tell me þis

M. MAGDLEȳ

A good Syr tell me now
Yf þ^{u} have born awey my Lord Iħs
For I have porposyd in eche degre
To have hym w^{t} me werely
The wyche my specyall Lord hath be
And I hꝑ lov^{ꝯ} ȝt cavse wyll phy

IH̃S

O Mari

M. MAGDLEȳ

1070 A g^{a}cy^{9} Mast^{ꝯ} ȝt Lord you it is þ^{t} I seke
Lett me anoynt yow w^{t} þis bamys sote
Lord long hast þ^{u} hyd þe from my spece
Butt now wyll I kesse þe for my harts bote

IH̃S

Towche me natt Mary I ded natt asend

To my father in deyyte ꝫ onto yow⁹s
Butt go sey to my brotheryn I wyll ꝑtende
To stey to my father in hevly tow⁹s

M. MAGDLEY

Whan I sye yow fyrst Lord verely
I wentt ye had byn Symond þe garden⁹

IHS

1080 So I am forsothe Mary
Mānys hartt is my gardyn her
Þrin I sow sedys of vtu all þe ȝer
Þe fowle wedꝗ ꝫ wycys I reynd up be þe rote
Whan pt gardyn is watteryd wt terys cler
Than spryng vtu⁹ ꝫ smelle full sote

M. MAGDLEY

O pu dere wurthy ēpowe⁹ pu hye devyne
To me þis is a joyfull tydyng
And onto all pepull pt aft⁹ vs xall reyngne
Thys knowlege of þi deyyte
1090 To all pepull pt xall obteyne
And know þis be posybyle

IHS

I woll shew to synnars as I do to þe
Yf pey woll wt ꝗuens of love me seke
Be stedfast ꝫ I xall ev⁹ wt þe be
And wt all tho pt to me byn meke

Here avoydyt Ihs sodenly þus seyyg Mary M.

O systyrs p^s^ pe hey ꝫ nobyll inflventt g^a^ce
Of my most blessyd Lord Iħs Iħs Iħs
He aperyd ōto me at pe sepultu^r^ p^r^ I was
Þ^t^ hath relevyd my woo ꝫ moryd my blysche
1100 Ittſ innvmerabyll to expresse
Or for ony tong for to tell
Of my joye how myche ittſ
So myche my peȳns itt doth excelle

M. SALOME

Now lett vs go to pe sette to our Lady dere
Hyr for to shew of hſ wellfare
And also to dyssypylls p^t^ we have syñ here
Þe more yt xall rejoyse pem from carė

M. JACOB

Now systyr Magdleȳ w^t^ glad chyr
So wold p^t^ good Lord we myth w^t^ hym mete

IHS

1110 To shew desyrows harts I am full ner
Womē [I] apere to yow ꝫ sey awete

SALOME

Now g^a^cy9 Lord of your nymyos charyte
W^t^ hombyll harts to pi ꝑsens cōplayne
Gravntt vs pi blyssyng of pi hye deyte
Gostly owr sowlys for to sosteyne

IHS

Alle tho byñ blysyd pt sare refreȳne
We blysch yow father ⁊ son and holy gost
All sorow ⁊ care to cōstryne
Be owr powr of mytſ most
1120 In noĩe patrys et felii et sp̃s sc̃ti amen
Goo ye to my brethryn ⁊ sey to hem ps
Þt pey ꝑcede ⁊ go into Gallelye
And pr xall pey se me as I seyd before
Bodyly wt her carnall yye

Here Ihs devoydyt agen

MAGDLEȲ

O pu glory9 Lord of heuen regyon
Now blyssyd be pi hye devynyte
Thatt evr thow tokest incarnacyon
Thus for to vesyte pi pore ꝑvāts thre
Þi wyll gracyows Lord fulfyllyd xall be
1130 As pu cōmaūdyst vs in all thyng
Owr gracyows brethryn we woll go se
Wt hem to seyn all owr lekeyng

Here devoyd all þe iij Maryys ⁊ þe kyng of Marcyll xall begȳne a sacryfyce

REX MCYLL

Now lordds ⁊ ladyys of grett apse
A mater to þe is in my memoryall
Þis day to do a sacryfyce
Wt multetude of myrth before our godds all

Wt ꝑors in aspecyall before hꝑ ꝑsens
Eche creature wt hartt demvre

REGINA

To pt Lord cuteys ⁊ keynd
1140 Mahond pt is so mykyll of myth
Wt mynstrelly ⁊ myrth in mynd
Lett vs goñ ofer in pt hye kyngis syth
Here xall entꝰ an hethen Preste ⁊ hꝑ Boye

PB̃Y

Now my clerke Hawkyn for love of me
Loke fast myn awter werꝰ arayd
Goo ryng a bell to or thre
Lythly chyld it be natt delayd
For here xall be a grett solēnyte
Loke boy pu do it wt abrayd

CLERICꝰ

Whatt Mastꝰ woldyst pu have pi lemā to pi bedds
1150 Thow xall abyde tyll my ꝑvyce is sayd

PB̃Y

Boy I sey be Sentt Coppyn
No swyche words to pe I spake

BOY

Wether pu ded or natt pe fryst jorny xall be
For be my feyth pu beryst Watts pakke
But Syr my mastꝰ grett morell

Ye have so fellyd yowr bylly wt growell
Þt it growit grett as þe dywll of hell
Owr shaply pu art to see
Whan womē come to here þi ȝmon
1160 Pratyly wt hem I can houkkyn
Wt Kyrchon and fayr Maryon
Þey love me bettr þan ȝe
I dare sey ꝫ pu xull ryde
Þi body is so grett ꝫ wyde
Þt nevr horse may þe abyde
Exseptt pu breke hꝑ bakk asovndyr

PB̃Y

A pu lyyst boy be þe dyvll of hell
I pray God Mahond mott þe quell
I xall whyp þe tyll þi ars xall belle
1170 Ō þi ars cō mych wondyr

BOY

A fartt Mastr ꝫ kysse my grēne
Þe dyvll of hell was þi eme
Þis kenred is asprōgn late
Loo Mastyrs of swyche a stokke he cam̃

PB̃Y

Mahovnds blod ȝcyows knave
Stryppys on þi ars pu xall have
And rappys on þi pate

Bete hym

REX DICIT

Now pryᵗ ꝯ clerkys of þis tempyll clerᵒ
Yowr ȝvyse to sey lett me se

PB̃Y

1180 A soveryn Lord we shall doñ owr devyr
Boy a boke anō pᵘ brȳg me
Now boy to my awter I wyll me dresse
Ō xall my westmēt ꝯ myn aray

BOY

Now þan þe lesson I woll expresse
Lyke as longyᵗ for þe ȝvyse of þis day
Leccyo Mahaūdys viri fortissimi Sarasenorᵒ
Glabriosū ad glvmādū glvmardinoꝝ
Gormodorᵒ alocoꝝ stāpatinātū cursoꝝ
Cow̃thtꝯ fulatū cōgrvryandū tersoꝝ
1190 Mursū malgoꝝ mararazoꝝ
Skartū sialpoꝝ fartū cardiculoꝝ
Flavndri strovmppū corboleoꝝ
Fysugū fuagō werwolffoꝝ
Standgardū lamba befettoꝝ
Strowtū stardy strangoleoꝝ
Rygoʳ dagoʳ flappoꝝ
Castratū ratyrybaldoꝝ
Hownds ꝯ hoggs in heggs ꝯ hells
Snakes ꝯ todds mott be yowr bells
1200 Ragnell ꝯ roffyn ꝯ other in þe wavys

Grawntt yow g^{a}ce to dye on þe galows

PB̃Y

Now lordes ⁊ ladyys lesse ⁊ more
Knele all don w^{t} good devocyon
Yonge ⁊ old rych ⁊ pore
Do yowr oferyng to Sent Mahoūde
And ye xall have grett ꝑdon
Þ^{t} lengy^{t} to þis holy place
And receyve ȝe xall my benesown
And stond in Mahoūds g^{a}ce

REX DICIT

1210 Mahoūd þ^{u} art of myts most
In my syth a glory$^{\text{9}}$ gost
Þu comfortyst me both in contre ⁊ cost
W^{t} þi wesdom ⁊ þi wytt
For truly Lord in þe is my trost
Good Lord lett natt my sowle be lost
All my cownsell well þu wotst
Here in þi ꝑsens as I sett
Thys besawnt of gold rych ⁊ rownd
I ofer ytt for my lady ⁊ me
1220 Þ^{t} þu mayst be owr counfort in þis stoūd
Sweth Mahownd remēbyr me

PB̃Y

Now boy I pray þe lett vs have a song
Owr ꝑvyse be note lett vs syng I say

Cowff vp þi brest stond natt to long
Begynne þe offyse of þis day

BOY

I home ȝt I host I do þt I may
Wt mery tvne þe trebyll to syng
Syng both

PB̃Y

Hold vp þe dyvll mote þe afray
For all owt of rule þu dost me bryng
1230 Butt now St Kyng Quene ȝt Knyth
Be mery in hartt everychon
For here may ye se relyks brygth
Mahoūds oun nekke boñ
And ȝe xall se or ewer ye goñ
Whattsomewer you betyde
And ye xall kesse all þis holy boñ
Mahoūdys own yeetyd
Ye may have of þis grett store
If ye knew þe cavse wherforꝰ
1240 Ytt woll make yow blynd for ewrmore
Þis same holy bede
Lordds ȝt ladyys old ȝt ynge
Mahoūd þe body ȝt dragon þe dere
Golyas so good to blysse may yow bryng
Wt Belyall in blysse ewrlastyng
Þt ye may pr in joy syng
Before pt cōly kyng

Þ^{t} is owr God in fere

PYLATT

Now ȝe s̊jaunts semly q^{a}t sey ȝe
1250 Ye be full wetty mē in þe law
Of þe dethe of Iħu I woll awysyd be
Owr soferyn Sesar þe soth mvst nedſ know
Thys Iħu was a mā of grett v^{t}tu
And many wondyrs in hſ tyme he wrowth
He was put to dethe be cawsys ontrw
Whech mat^{o} steky^{t} in my thowth
And ȝe know well how he was to þe deth browth
Watchyd w^{t} knygths of grett aray
He is resyn agayn as before he tawth
1260 And Joseph of Aramathye he hath takyn awey

S^{o}IANTT

Soferyñ Juge all þis is soth þ^{t} ȝe sey
But all þis mvst be curyd be sotylte
And sey how hſ dysypylls stollyn hym away
And þis xall be þe answer be þe asentt of me

SECŪD S^{o}IAUNT

So it is most lykly for to be
Yowr covncell is good ꝫ cōmēdabyll
So wryte hym a pystyll of specyallte
And þ^{t} for vs xall be most ꝓphytabyll

PYLATT

Now masengyr in hast hether^{e} þu com̃

1270 Ou^{r} masage þu movst w^{t}owt wrytyng
To þe soferyn empow^{r} of Rome
But fryst þu xall go to Herod þe kyng
And sey how þ^{t} I send hym knowyng
Of Crysts deth how it hath byn wrowth
I charge þe make no lettyng
Tyll þis lett^{r} to þe empow^{r} be browth

NUNCY^{9} PYLATI

My Lord in hast yowr masage to spede
Ōto þ^{t} Lord of ryall renown
Dowth ȝe nat my Lord it xall be doñ indede
1280 Now hens woll I fast owt of þis town

Her^{e} goth þe Masēg^{r} to Herod

Heyll soferyn Kyng ond^{r} crown
Þe prȳsys of þe law recūmēde to yowr heynesse
And sendy^{t} yow tydyngs of Crystſ passon
As in þis wrytyng doth expresse

HEROD

A be my trowthe now am I full of blys
Þes be mery tydyngs þ^{t} þey have þus doñ
Now certes I am glad of þis
For now ar we frends þ^{t} afore wher foñ
Hold a reward Maseng^{r} þ^{t} thow were goñ
1290 And recōmēd me to my soferens g^{a}ce
Shew hym I woll be as stedfast as stoñ
Ferr ꝫ ner^{e} ꝫ in every place

Here goth þe Masēg^{r} to þe Empow^{r}

NVNCY9

Heyll be yow Sofereyn settyng in solas
Heyll worthy wtowtyn pere
Heyll goodly to gravntt all gace
Heyll empow9 of pe word ferr t ner
Soferyn t it plese yow9 hye empyre
I have browth yow wrytyng of grett apse
Whyche xall be pleseyng to yow9 desyre
1300 From Pylatt yow9 hye Justyce
He sent yow word wt lowly intentt
In ewery place he kepyt yow9 cūmaūdemēt
As he is bovnd be hf ofyce

EPOW9

A welcū Maseng9 of grett plezeavns
Þi wrytyng anō lett me se
My juggf anō gyffe atendans
To ond9stond whatt þis wrytyng may be
Wethyr it be good or ony devnyte
Or ells natt for myn awayll
1310 Declare me þis in all hast

PVOST

Syr þe sentells we woll dyscus
And it plese yow9 hye exseleyns
The intentt of þis pystull is þus
Pylatt recūmēdyt to yow9 ꝑsens
And of a Pphett is þe sentells
Whos name was callyd Iħs

He is putt to dethe w^{t} vyolens
For he chalyngyd to be kyng of Jews
Þ^{o}for he was crucyfyed to ded
1320 And syn was beryyd as þey thowth reson
Also he deymyd hȳsylf son of þe godhed
Þe therd nygth he was stollyn away w^{t} treson
W^{t} hſ desypylls þ^{t} to hȳ had dyleccyon
So w^{t} hym away þey ȝode
I m̃veyll how þey did w^{t} þe bodyys corupcyoñ
I trow þey wer$^{\circ}$ fed w^{t} a froward fode

IMPATOR

Crafty was þ^{r} cōnyng þe soth for to seyn
Thys pystyll I wyll kepe w^{t} me yff I can
Also I wyll have cronekyllyd þe ȝer$^{\circ}$ ꝫ þe reynne
1330 Þ^{t} nev^{o} xall be forgott whoso loke þ^{r}on
Maseng^{o} owt of þis town w^{t} a rage
Hold þis gold to þi wage
Mery for to make

NUNCY^{o}

Farewell my Lord of grett renown
For owt of town my way I take

Her$^{\circ}$ entyr Mawdleyn w^{t} hyr dysypyll þ^{s} seyyng

MAVDLYN

A now I remēbyr my Lord þ^{t} put was to ded
W^{t} þe Jewys w^{t}owttyn gyltt or treson
Þe therd nygth he ros be þe myth of hſ godhed

Vpon þe sonday had hſ glory⁹ resurrexcyon
1340 And now is þe tyme past of hſ glory⁹ asencyoñ
He steyyd to hevyn ꝛ pʳ he is kyng
A hſ grett kendnesse may natt fro my mēcyoñ
Of alle manᵒ tonggs he ȝaf vs knowyng
For to vndyᵒstond every langwage
Now have þe dysypylls take pʳ passage
To dyꝟs cōtreys herᵒ ꝛ ȝendyr
To prech ꝛ teche of hſ hye damage
Full ferr ar my brothryn deꝑtyd asondyᵒ

Here xall hevyn opyn ꝛ Ihs xall shew [hymself]

IHS

O þe onclypsyd sonne tempyll of Salamō
1350 In þe mone I restyd pᵗ nevᵒ changgyd goodnesse
In þe shep of Noee fles of Judeoñ
She was my tapyrnakyll of grett nobyllnesse
She was þe paleys of Phebȝ brygthnesse
She was þe wessel of puerᵒ clennesse
Wher my godhed ȝaff my manhod myth
My blyssyd mother of demvre femynyte
For mākynd þe feynddſ defens
Quewne of Jherusalem pᵗ hēnly cete
Empresse of hell to make resystens
1360 She is þe ꝑcy⁹ pyñ full of ensens
The ꝑcy⁹ synamū þe body thorow to seche
She is þe mvske aȝens þe cardyakylls wrech
The goodnesse of my mother no tonḡ cā expresse
Nerᵒ no clerke of hyr hyḡ joyys cā wryth

Butt now of my ꝑvantt I remēby⁹ þe kendnesse
Wᵗ hevēly masage I cast me to vesyte
Raphaell mȳ angell in my syte
To Mary Mavdleyn decēde in a whyle
Byd her passe þe se be my myth
1370 And sey she xall cōꝑte þe land of M⁹cyll

ANGEL⁹

O glory⁹ Lord I woll resort
To shew yoʳ ꝑvant of yowr grace
She xall labor for þᵗ lordſ cōfortt
From heuynesse þem to porchasse

Tunc descēdet Angel⁹

Abasse þe novᵗ Mary in þis place
Ow⁹ Lordſ ꝑceptt þᵘ must fullfyll
To passe þe see in shortt space
Onto þe lond of Marcyll
Kyng ⁊ Quene cōꝑte xall ȝe
1380 And byn amyttyd as an holy apostylesse
Alle þe lond xall be techyd alonly be the
Goddſ lawys onto hem ȝe xall expresse
Þ⁹for hast yow ferth wᵗ gladnesse
Goddſ cōmaūddemēt for to fullfylle

MARI MAW̃

He þᵗ from my ꝑson vij dewlls mad to fle
Be vᵗtu of hym alle thyng was wrowth
To seke thoys pepyll I woll rydy be
As þᵘ hast cōmaūddytt in vᵗtu þey xall be browth

Wt pi grace good Lord in deite
1390 Now to pe see I wyll me hy
Sum sheppyng to asspy
Now spede me Lord in eternall glory
Now be my spede allmyty trenite

Here xall ētyrᵉ a shyp wt a mery song

SHEPMĀ

Stryke stryke lett fall an ankyr to grownd
Herᵉ is a fayᵉ haven to se
Cōnȳgly in loke pt ye sownd
I hope good harbarow have xal wee
Loke pt we have drynke boy pu

BOY

I may natt for slep I make God a wow
1400 Þu xall abyde ytte ⁊ pu werᵉ my syerᵉ

SHEPMĀ

Why boy we arᵉ rydy to go to dynerᵉ
Xall we no mete have

BOY

Natt for me be of good chyrᵉ
Thowe ye be sor honȝord tyll ȝe rave
I telle yow plenly beforn
For swyche a cramp on me sett is
I am a poynt to fare pe worse
I ly ⁊ wryng tyll I pysse

And am a poynt to be forlorn

Þe mast^{r}

1410 Now boy whatt woll ye þis seyll

BOY

Nothyng but a fayer damsell
She shold help me I know it well
Or ells I may rue þe tyme þ^{t} I was born

Þe mast^{r}

Be my trowth syr boye ȝe xal be sped
I wyll hyr bryng onto yow^{r} bed
Now xall þ^{u} lern a damsell to wed
She wyll natt kysse þe oñ skorn

Bete hym

Þe boy

A skorn no no I fynd it hernest
The dewlle of helle motte þe brest
1420 For all my corage is now cast
Alasse I am forlorn

MAUDLEYN

Mast^{r} of þe shepe a word w^{t} the

MAST^{r}

All redy fayr womā whatt wol ȝe

MARY

Of whense is thys shep tell ȝe me
And yf ȝe seyle wtin a whyle

MASTꝰ

We woll seyle þis same day
Yf þe wynd be to owꝰ pay
Þis shep pt [I] of sey
Is of þe lond of Marcyll

MARY

1430 Syr may I natt wt yow sayle
And ȝe xall have for owꝰ awayle

MASTꝰ

Of sheppyng ȝe xall natt faylle
For vs þe wynd is good ꝫ saffe
Yondyꝰ is þe lond of Torke
I wher full loth for to lye
Now xall þe shepmē sȳg
Of þis cors we thar nat abaffe
Yondꝰ is þe land of Satyllye
Stryk bewar of sond
Cast a led ꝫ in vs gyde
1440 Of Marcyll þis is þe kynggs lond
Go a lond yow fayr womā þis tyde
To þe kynggs place yondꝰ may ȝe se
Sett of sett of from lond

PE BOY

All redy mast° at thyn hand

Her° goth þe shep owt of þe place

MARY

O Iħu þi mellyfluos name
Mott be worcheppyd w^t reverens
Lord graūt me vyctory aȝens þe fyndſ flame
And þ^u þi lawys gyf þis pepyll credens
I wyll resortt be grett cōvenyens
1450 Oñ hſ ꝑsens I wyll draw ner°
Of my lordſ lawys to shoe þe sentens
Bothe of hſ godhed ⁊ of hſ power°

Here xall Mary ētyr before þe Kyng

Now þe hye kyng Crist mānſ redempcyon
Mote save yow St Kyng regnyng in equite
And mote gydde yow þe [way] toward sauasyon
Iħu þe son of þe mythty trenite
That was ⁊ is ⁊ ev° xall be
For mānſ sowle þe reformacyon
In hſ name Lord I beseche þe
1460 W^tin þi lond to have my mācyon

REX

Iħu Iħu q^ꝫt deylle is hym þ^t
I defye þe ⁊ pyn apenyoñ
Thow false lordeyn I xal fell þe flatt
Who made the so hardy to make swych reboñ

MARY

Syr I cō natt to þe for no decepcyon
But þt good lord Crist hether me cōpassyd
To receyve hys name ittꝗ yowꝯ refeccyon
And þi forme of mysbele[f] be hym my be losyd

REX

And whatt is þt lord þt thow spoke of herꝰ

MARY

1470 Is est salvator yf thow wyll lerꝰ
Þe secūde þson þt hell ded conquerꝰ
And þe son of þe father in trenyte

REX

And of whatt powꝯ is þt God þt ȝe reherse to me

MARY

He mad hevyn ꝫ erth lond ꝫ see
And all þis he mad of nowth

REX

Womā I pray ȝe answer me
Whatt mad God at þe fyrst begynnyng
Thys þcesse ondyrstond wol we
That wold I lerne ittꝗ my plesyng

MARY

1480 Syr I wyll declare al ꝫ sum

What from God fyrst ded þcede
He seyd in principio erat vbū
And wt pt he provyd hſ grett godhed
He mad heven for owꝰ spede
Wheras he sytth in troñ hyee
Hſ mynystyrs next as he saw nede
Hſ angelis ⁊ archangylls all the cōpeny
Vpon þe fyrst day God mad all þis
As it was pleȝyng to hſ intent
1490 On þe Mūday he wold natt mys
To make sōne mone ⁊ sterrys in þe fyrmamēt
The sōne to begynne hſ cors in þe oryent
And evꝰ labor wtowtyn werynesse
And keptt hſ covrs into þe occedentt
The Twysday as I ondyrstond þis
Grett gᵃce for vs he gan to incresse
Þt day he satt vpon watis
As was lykyng to hſ goodnesse
As holy wrytt berytt wetnesse
1500 Þt tyme he made both see ⁊ lond
All pt wꝰke of grett nobyllnesse
As it was pleȝyng to hſ gᵃcyus sond
On þe Weddysday owꝰ Lord of mythe
Made more at hſ pleȝyng
Fysche in flod ⁊ fowle in flyth
And all þis was for owꝰ hellpyng
On the Thorsday pt nobyll kyng
Mad dyvse bests grett ⁊ smale
He ȝaff hem erth to ther fedyng
1510 And bad hem cressyn be hylle ⁊ dale

And on þe Fryday God mad man
As it pleȝett hſ hynesse most
Aft^{o} hſ own semelytude than
And ȝaf hem lyfe of þe holy gost
Ō þe Satyrday as I tell can
All hſ w^{o}kys he gan to blysse
He bad them multyply ⁊ incresse than
As it was pleȝyng to hſ worthynesse
And on þe Sonday he gan rest take
1520 As skryptur declary^{t} pleyn
Þ^{t} all shold reverens make
To hyr makar þ^{t} hem doth susteyn
Vpon þe Sonday to leven in hſ ꝑvyse
And hym alonly to ꝑve I tell yow pleyn

REX

Herke womā thow hast many resonnſ grett
I thyngk onto my goddſ apteynyng þey beth
But þ^{u} make me answer soñ I xall þe frett
And cut þe tong owt of þi hed

MARY

Syr yf I seyd amys I woll return agayn
1530 Leve yow^{o} encōberows of ꝑt^{r}bacyon
And lett me know w^{t} yow^{o} goddſ byn
And how þey may save vs from trevbelacyon

REX

Hens to þe tēpyll þ^{t} we war
And þ^{o} xall thow se a solom syth

Com̃ on all both lesse ꝛ more
Thys day to se my goddſ myth

Here goth þe Kyng w^t all hſ atendavntſ to þe tempyll

Loke now qwatt seyyst thow be þis syth
How pleȝeavntly þey stond se thow how
Lord I besech þi grett myth
1540 Speke to þis xp̃etyn p^t here sest p^u
Speke good Lord speke se how I do low
Herke p^u pryst q^ꝫt meny^t all this
What speke good Lord speke w^t eyly^t þe now
Speke as thow artt bote of all blysse

PRYSBIT^ꝯ

Lord he woll natt speke whyle xp̃eten her^ꝰ is

MARY

Syr kyng ꝛ it pleȝe yow^ꝯ gentyllnesse
Gyff me lycens my prayors to make
Onto my God in heven blysch
Sū merakyll to shewyn for yow^ꝯ sake

REX

1550 Pray þi fylle tyll þin knees ake

MARY

Domin^ꝯ illuminacio mea quē timeo
Domin^ꝯ ꝓtector vite mee a quo trepedabo

Here xal þe mament tremyll ꝛ quake

Now Lord of Lordſ to þi blyssyd name sanctificatt

Most mekely my feyth I recūmēd
Pott doñ þe pryd of mamētꝫ violatt
Lord to þi lov^{r} þi goodnesse descend
Lett natt þ^{r} pryd to þi poste ꝑtend
Whereas is rehersyd þi hye name Jhesus
Good Lord my ꝑor I feythfully send
1560 Lord þi rythwysnesse here dysc^{d}

Here xall come a clowd from heven ⁊ sett þe tēpyll on a fyer ⁊ þe Pryst ⁊ þe Cler xall synke ⁊ þe Kyng gothe hom þ^{d} seyyng

[REX]

A owt for angur I am þ^{d} deludyd
I wyll bewreke my cruell tene
Alas w^{t}in mysylfe I am cōcludytt
Þ^{u} womā come hether ⁊ wete whatt I mene
My wyff ⁊ I together many ȝerys have byn
And nev^{r} myth be cōceyvyd w^{t} chyld
Yf þ^{u} for this Crist fynd a mene
I wyll abey þi god ⁊ to hym be meke ⁊ myld

MARY

Now Syr syn þ^{u} seyst so
1570 To my Lord I pr^{a}ye w^{t} reythfull lone
Beleve in hym ⁊ in na mo
And I hope she xall be cōceyvyd sone

REX

Awoyd awoyd I wax all seke
I wyll to bed þis same tyde

I am so wexyd wt ȝon suek
Þt hath ner to deth me dyth

Here þe Kyng goth to bed in hast ⁊ Mary goth into an old logge wtowt þe gate þs seyyng

MARY

Now Cryst my creatr me cōsve ⁊ kepe
Þt I be natt cōfūddyd wt þis reddure
For hūgor ⁊ thurst to þe I wepe
1580 Lord demene me wt mesuer
As pu savydyst Daniell frō þe lyouns regur
Be Abakuk þi masengyr recevyd wt sustynoūs
Good Lord so helppe me ⁊ sokor
Lord as ittꝰ þi hye pleȝeawns

IHS

My grace xall grow ⁊ doñ decēd
To Mary my lov þt to me doth call
Hyr astatt for to amend
She xall be relevyd wt sustinōs corporall
Now awngels dyssend to hyr in especyall
1590 And lede hyr to þe ꝑsysys chābyr ryth
Bid hyr axke of hꝰ good be weyys pacyfycol
And goo you before hyr wt reverent lyth

PTMꝰ ANGELꝰ

Blyssyd Lord in þi syth
We dyssend onto Mary

II9 ANGEL9

We dyssend from yow9 blysse bryth
Onto yow9 cūmavndemēt we aplye

Tunc descendit angel9

P'M9 DYXIT

Mary ow9 Lord wyll cōfortt yow fend
He bad to þe kyng ye xuld take þe waye
Hym to asay yf he woll cōdesend
As he is slepyng hem to asaye

II9 ANGEL9

Byd hym releve yow to Goddſ pay
And we xal go before yow wt solem lyth
Ī a mētyll of whyte xall be ow9 araye
The dorſ xall opyn aȝens vs be ryth

MARY

O gracy9 God now I undyrstond
Thys clothyng of whyte is tokenyng of mekenesse
Now gracy9 Lord I woll natt wond
Yow9 ꝑseptt to obbey wt lowlynesse

Here goth Mary wt þe Angelſ before hyr to þe Kynggſ bed wt lythys beryng þ9 seyyng Mary

[MARY]

Thow froward Kyng trobelows t wood
That hast at þi wyll all worddſ wele
Depte wt me wt sum of þi good

That am in hongor threst ꝫ cold
God hath þe sent warnȳgys felle
I rede þe torne ꝫ amēd þi mood
Beware of þi lewdnesse for þi owin hele
And thow Qwen torne from þi good

Here Mari woydy^t ꝫ þe Angyll ꝫ Mary change hyr clotheyng þ^s seyyng þe Kyng

[KYNG]

A þis day is comm̃ I am mery ꝫ glad
The son is vp ꝫ shynyth bryth
A m̃velows shewyng in my slep I had
That sore me trobelyd þis same nyth
A fay^ꝰ womā I saw in my syth
All in whyte was she cladd
Led she was w^t an angyll bryth
To me she spake w^t words sad

REGINA

I trow from good þ^t þey wer^ꝰ sentt
In ow^ꝰ hartts we may have dowte
I wentt ow^ꝰ chambyr sholld abrentt
For þe lyth þ^t þ^r was all abouth
To vs she spake words of dred
That we xuld help þem þ^t have nede
W^t ow^ꝰ go[o]dꝶ so God ded byd
I tell yow w^towtȳ dowthe

REX

Now semely wyff ȝe sey ryth well

A kynth anon wtowtyn delay
Now as pu hast byn trew as stylle
Goo fett pt womā before me þis daye

MILES

My sovereyn Lord I take þe waye
She xall com̃ at owr pleseawns
Your soveryn wyll I wyll goo saye
1640 Ittſ almesse hyr to awawns

Tunc transit Miles ad Mariam

Sped well good womā I am to þe sentt
You for to speke wt þe Kyng

MARIA

Gladly St at hys intentt
I come at hſ own pleȝeyng

Tunc transyt Maria ad Regem

The mythe ⁊ þe power of þe heye trenyte
The wysdom of þe son mott govne yow in ryth
The holy Gost mott wt yow be
What is yowre wyll sey me in sythe

REX

Thow fayr womā ittſ my delyth
1650 Þe to refresch is myn intentt
Wt mete ⁊ mony ⁊ clothys for þe nyth
And sv wt swych grace as God hathe me lentt

MARIA

Than fullfylle ȝe Goddſ cūmavndemēt

Pore folk in mysch þem to susteyn

REX

Now blyssyd womā reherse here presentt
The joyys of yowᵒ Lord in heven

MARY

A blyssyd þe owᵒ ꝫ blyssyd be þe tyme
Þᵗ to Goddꝰ lawys ȝe wyll gyff credens
To yowᵒselfe ȝe make a glad pryme
1660 Aȝens þe fenddꝰ malysyows violens
From God above cōiᵗ þe influens
Be þe holy Gost into þi brest sentt down
For to restore þi offens
Þi sowle to bryng to ewᵒlastyng salvacyō
Thy wyffe she is grett wᵗ chyld
Lyke as pᵘ desyerest pᵘ hast þi bone

REGINA

A ȝe I fel ytt stir in my wombe vp ꝫ down
I am glad I have þe in ꝑsens
O blyssyd womā rote of owᵒ savacyon
1670 Þi God woll I worshep wᵗ dew reverens

REX

Now fayᵒ womā sey me þe sentens
I beseche þe whatt is þi name

MARY

Sᵗ aȝens pᵗ I make no resystens

Mary Mavdleyn wtowtyn blame

REX

O blyssyd Mary ryth well is me
Þt ewer I have abedyn þis daye
Now thanke I þi God ⁊ specyally ȝe
And so xall I do whyle I leve may

MARY

Ye xall thankytt Petr my mastr wtowt delay
He is þi frend stedfast ⁊ cler
To allmythy God he holp me pray
And he xall crestyn yow from þe fynddr powr
In þe syth of God on hye

REX

Now suerly ȝe answer me to my pay
I am ryth glad of þis tyddyngs
Butt Mary in all my goods I sese yow þis day
For to byn at yowr gydyng
And þem to rewlyn at yowr pleȝeyng
Tyll þt I cōme home agayn
I wyll axke of yow neythyr bond nor rekynyng
But I here delevr yow power pleyn

REGINA

Now worshepfull Lord of a bone I yow pray
And it be pleȝeyng to yowr hye dygnite

REX

Madam yowr dyssyer onto me say

What bone is yt ȝe desyer of me

REGINA

Now worshepfull sovereyn in eche degre
Þt I may wt yow goo
A crestyn womā made to be
Gacy9 Lord it may be soo

REX

1700 Alas pe wyttꝰ of womē how pey byn wylld
And prof fallyt many a chanse
A why desyer it yow ꝫ ar wt chyld

REGINA

A my sovereyn I am knitt in care
But recōsedyr now pt I crave
For all pe lowys pt ever ware
Behynd yow pt ȝe me nat leve

REX

Wyff syn pt ȝe woll take pis wey of pryse
Þrto can I no more seyn
Now Iħu be ow9 gyd pt is hye justyce
1710 And pis blyssyd womā Mary Mavgleyn

MARY

Syth ȝe ar cōsentyd to pt dede
The blessyng of God gyff to yow wyll I
He xall save yow from all dred

Latin

In noĩe patrys et filii et sp̃s sc̃ti amẽ

Et tunc navis venit in placeã et Navta dic̃

[NAVTA]

Loke forth Grobbe my knave
And tell me q^{a}t tydyngs p^{u} have
And yf p^{u} aspye ony lond

BOY

Into ꝑe shrowds I woll me hye
Be my sythe a castell I aspye
1720 And as I ondyrstond

NAVTA

Sett p^{o}w^{t} yf we mown
For I wott ittꝰ a havyn town
Þ^{t} stondy^{t} vpon a strond

Ett tunc transitt Rex ad navem et đ Rex

[REX]

How good mã of whens is p^{t} shep
I pray ȝe S^{r} tell p^{u} me

NAVTA

S^{r} as for p^{t} I take no kepe
For q^{a}t cavse enquire ȝe

REX

For cawsys of nede seyle wold we

Ryth fayn we wold ow^{p} byn

NAVTA

1730 Yee butt me thynky^{t} so mote I the
So hastely to passe yow^{p} spendyng is thyn
I trow be my lyfe
Þu hast stollyn sū mans wyffe
Þu woldyst lede hyr owt of lond
Neverpeles so God me save
Lett se whatt I xall have
Or ells I woll not wend

REX

Ten marke I wyll ȝe gyff
Yf þu wylt set me vp at þe cleff
1740 In þe holy lond

NAVTA

Set of boy into þe flod

BOY

I xall Mast^{p} þe wynd is good
Hens þ^{t} we wer^{e}
Lamētatur Regina

[REGINA]

A Lady helpp in þis nede
Þ^{t} in þis flod we drench natt
A Mary Mary flow^{p} of womāhed
O blyssyd Lady [for]ȝete me nowth

REX

A my dere wyffe ne dred ȝe have
Butt trost in Mary Mavdleyn
1750 And she from perellꝯ xall vs save
To God for vs she woll prayyn

REGINA

A dere hosband thynk on me
And save yowʳsylfe as long as ȝe may
For trewly itt wyll no otherwyse be
Full sorʳ my hart it makyᵗ þis day
A þe chyld pᵗ betwyx my sydꝯ lay
Þe wyche was cōseyvyd on me be ryth
Alas pᵗ womans help is away
An hevy deptyng is betwyx vs in syth
1760 For now depte wee
For defawte of womē here in my nede
Deth my body makyth to sprede
Now Mary Mavdleyn my sowle lede
In manᵍ tuas Dñe

REX

Alas my wyff is ded
Alas þis is a carefull chans
So xall my chyld I am adred
And for defawth of sustynās
Good Lord þi gᵃce gravnte to me
1770 A chyld betweñ vs of increse
And it is motherles

Help me my sorow for to relesse
Yf þi wyl it be

NAVTA

Benedicite benedicite
Q$^{\alpha}$t wethyr may þis be
Ow^{þ} mast woll all asondyr

BOY

Mast^{þ} I þ^{r}to ley myn ere
It is for þis ded body þ^{t} we bere
Cast hyr owt or ells we synke ondyr
Make redy for to [cast] hyr owt

REX

1780 Nay for Godds sake do natt so
And ȝe wyll hyr into þe se cast
Gyntyll Sers for my love do
Yondyr is a rock in þe west
As ley hyr þ^{r}on all above
And my chyld hyr by

NAVTA

As þ^{þ}to I assent well
And she were owt of þe wessell
All we xuld stond þe more in hele
I sey yow werely

REX

1790 Ly here wyff ʼt chyld þe by

Blyssyd Mavdleyn be hyr rede
W^{t} terys wepyng ꝫ grett cavse why
I kysse yow both in þis sted
Now woll I pray to Mary myld
To be y^{r} gyde here

Tunc remigat a mōte et Navta dic̃

[NAVTA]

Pay now S^{t} ꝫ goo to lond
For here is þe portt ȝaf I ondyrstond
Ley down my pay in my hond
And belyve go me fro

REX

1800 I gravnt þe S^{t} so God me save
Lo here is all þ^{t} cõnownt
All redy þ^{u} xall it have
And a marke more þan þi gravnt
And þ^{u} page for þi good obedyentt
I gyff yow besyde yow^{r} styntt
Eche of yow a marke for yow^{r} wage

NAUTA

Now he þ^{t} mad both day ꝫ nyth
He sped yow in yow^{r} ryth
Well to go on yow^{r} passage

PET^{r}

1810 Now all creaturs vpon mold

Þ^{t} byn of Crysts creacyon
To worchep Iħu pey ar$^{\sim}$ behold
Nor nev$^{\flat}$ aȝens hym to make waryacyon

REX

S^{t} feythfully I beseche you pis daye
Wher$^{\sim}$ Pet$^{\flat}$ pe apostull is wete wold I

PET$^{\flat}$

Ittſ I Sy^{r} w^{t}owt delay
Of yow$^{\flat}$ askyng tell me qwy

REX

S^{t} pe soth I xall yow seyn
And tell yow myn intentt w^{t}in a whyle
1820 Y$^{\flat}$ is a womā hyth Mary Mavdleyn
Þ^{t} hether hath laboryd me ow^{t} of M$^{\flat}$cyll
Onto pe whyche womā I thynk no gyle
And pis pylg$^{\alpha}$mage cawsyd me to take
I woll tell yow more of pe stylle
For to crestyn me from wo ꝫ wrake

PET$^{\flat}$

O blyssyd be pe tyme p^{t} ȝe ar falle to g$^{\alpha}$ce
And ȝe wyll kepe yow$^{\flat}$ beleve aft$^{\flat}$ my techeyng
And alle only forsake pe fynd Saꝫnas
The cōmavndmēttſ of God to have in kepyng

REX

1830 Forsoth I beleve in pe father p^{t} is of all wyldyng

And in the son Iħu Cryst
Also in þe holy Gost hſ gᵃce to vs spredyng
I beleve in Crysts deth ⁊ hſ vprysyng

PETYR

Sᵗ pan whatt axke ȝe

REX

Holy father baptym̃ for charyte
Me to save in eche degre
From þe fynds bond

PETYR

In þe name of þe trenete
Wᵗ þis watᵖ I baptysse ȝe
1840 Þᵗ pu mayst strong be
Aȝens þe fynd to stond

Tunc aspargit illū cū aqua

REX

A holy fathyr how my hart wyll be sorᵉ
Of cūmaūdemētt ⁊ ȝe declare nat þe sentens

PETYR

Syr dayly ȝe xall labor more ⁊ more
Tyll pᵗ ȝe have very experyens
Wᵗ me xall ȝe walk to have more eloquens
And goo vesyte þe stacyons by ⁊ by
To Naȝareth ⁊ Bedlam goo wᵗ delygens
And be yowᵖ own inspeccyon yowᵖ feyth to edyfy

REX

1850 Now holy father dereworthy ꝫ dere
Myn intent now know ȝe
Ittſ gon full to ȝerᵉ
Þᵗ I cā to yow owerᵉ þe se
Crystſ ꝯvantt ꝫ yowᵖ to be
And þe lave of hym evᵖ to fulfyll
Now woll I hom̃ into my cōtre
Yowᵖ þverᵉ blyssynd gravnt vs tylle
Þᵗ feythfully I crave

PETRUS

Now in þe name of Iħu
1860 Cū patre et sc̃to spiritu
He kepe þe ꝫ save

Et tunc Rex transit ad navem et đ Rex

[REX]

Hold ner shepmā hold hold

BOY

Sʳ ȝondyr is oñ callyd aftᵖ cold

NAVTA

A Sʳ I ken yow of old
Be my trowth ȝe be welcū to me

REX

Now gentyll marranerᵉ I þe pray

Whatsoewer pt I pay
Help me owp pe se
In all pe hast pt ȝe may

NAVTA

1870 In good soth we byn atenddavnt
Gladly ȝe xall have yowp grawnt
Cōme in in Godds name
Wtowtyn ony cōnownt
Grobbe boy pe wynd is nor west
Fast abowth pe sayle cast
Rere vp pe seyll in all pe hast
As well as pu can

Et tunc navis venit ad circū placeā Rex đ

[REX]

Mastp of pe shyp cast forth yowp yee
Me thynkt pe rokke I gyn to aspye
1880 Gentyll Mastp pether vs gye
I xall quyt yowp mede

NAVTA

I feyth it is pe same stoñ
Þt yowp wyff lyeth vpon
Ye xall be pr even anō
Werely indede

REX

O pu myty Lord of hevan region

Yondyr is my babe of myn own nature
P°s°vyd ꝫ keptt from all corrupcyō
Blyssyd be pt Lord pt þe doth socur°
1890 And my wyff lyeth her° fayer ꝫ puer
Fayer° ꝫ cler° is hur color to se
A good Lord yow° gace wt vs indure
My wyvys lyfe for to illumyñ
A blyssyd be pt puer vlgyn
From grevos slepe she gynnt t revyve
A þe sonne of grace on vs doth shynne
Now blyssyd be God I se my wyff alyve

REGINA

O vlgo salutata for owr savacyon
O pulcra et casta cū of nobyll alyavns
1900 O almyty maydyn owr sowlys cōfortacyon
O demvr° Mavdlyn my bodyys sustynavns
Þu has wr[a]ppyd vs in wele from all waryawns
And led me wt my Lord īto þe holy lond
I am baptysyd as ye ar° be Maryꝗ gyddavns
Of Sent Petys holy hand
I sye þe blyssyd crosse pt Cryst shed on hꝗ þcy9 blod
Hꝗ blyssyd sepulcur also se I
Wherfor good hosbond be mery in mode
For I have goñ þe stacyouns by ꝫ by

REX

1910 I thanke at Iħu wt hart on hye
Now have I my wyf ꝫ my chyld both

I thankytt Mavdleyn ꝯ owr lady
And ev° shall do wᵗowtyn othe

Et tunc remigant a monte et Navta đ

[NAVTA]

Now ar ȝe past all þelle
Her° is þe lond of M°cylle
Now goo a lond Sᵗ whan ye wyll
I prᵃyt yow for my sake

REX

Godamcy gentyll marraner°
Her° is x lī of nobylls cler°
And euer þi frynd both ferre ꝯ ner°
Cryst save þe frō wo ꝯ wrake

Here goth þe shep owt of þe place ꝯ Mavd seyth

[MAGDALENE]

O dere frynds be in hart stabyll
And how dere Cryst hathe yow bowth
Aȝens God be nothyng vereabyll
Thynk how he mad all thyngꝯ of nowth
Thow yow in povte sūtyme be browth
Itte be in charyte both nyth ꝯ day
For þey byn blyssyd pᵗ so byn sowth
For pauptas est donū Dei
God blyssyᵗ alle þo pᵗ byn mek ꝯ good
And he blyssᵗ all þo pᵗ wepe for synne
Þey be blyssyd pᵗ þe hūgoʳ ꝯ þe thorsty gyff fode

Þey be blyssyd pt byn m̊cyfull aȝen wrecched mē
Þey byn blyssyd pt byn dysstroccyon of synne
Thes byn callyd þe chyldʾyn of lyfe
Onto þe wyche blysse bryng both yow ⁊ me
That for vs dyyd on þe rode tre amē

Here xall þe Kyng ⁊ þe Qwene knele doū Rex đ

[REX]

Heyll be pu Mary owr Lord is wt the
The helth of owr sowlls ⁊ repast cōtēplatyff
1940 Heyll tabyrnakyll of þe blyssyd trenite
Heyll covnfortabyll sokor for mā ⁊ wyff

REGINA

Heyll pu chosyn ⁊ chast of womē aloñ
It passyt my wett to tell þi nobyllnesse
Þu relevyst me ⁊ my chyld on þe rokke of stoñ
And also savyd vs be þi hye holynesse

MARY

Welcū hom̃ prynse ⁊ prynsses bothe
Welcū hom̃ yong prynsse of dew ⁊ ryth
Welcū hom̃ yor own erytage wtowt othe
And to alle your pepyll p̊sent in syth
1950 Now ar ȝe becū Godds own knygth
For sowle helth salve ded ȝe fethe
In hom̃ þe holy Gost hath take resedens
And drevyn asyde all þe desepcyon of wreth
And now have ȝe a knowle[ge] of þe sentens

How ȝe xall com̃ onto grace
But now in your go[o]ds aȝen I do you sese
I trost I have gov̊nyd þem to your herts ese
Now woll I labor forth God to plese
More gostly strenkth me to purchase

REX

1960 O blyssyd Mary to cōp̊hend
Owr swete sokor on vs have pete

REGINA

To depte from vs why shovld ȝe p̊tende
O blyssyd lady putt vs nat to þt prov̊te

MARY

Of yow ⁊ yowers I wyll have remēberavns
And dayly [y]owr bede womā for to be
Þt allꝑ wyckydnesse from you may have deleverās
In quiet ⁊ rest þt leve may ȝe

REX

Now thāne your puer blyssyng gravnt vs tylle

MARI

The blyssyn of God mott yow fulfyll
1970 Ille vos benedicat qui sine fine vivit et regnat Latin

Here goth Mary into þe wyldyrnesse ⁊ þ9 seyyng Rex

[REX]

A we may syyn ⁊ wepyn also

Þ^{t} we have forgon þis lady fre
It brynggy^{t} my hart in care ꝫ woo
Þe which owr gydde ꝫ gov̊nor shovld a be

REGINA

Þ^{t} doth þswade all my ble
Þe swete sypresse þ^{t} she wold so
In me resty^{t} neyther game nor gle
That she wold from ow^{r}e p̊sens goo

REX

Now of hyr goyng I am nothyng glad
1980 But my londds to gyddyn I most aplye
Lyke as Sc̃te Peter me badde
Chyrchys in cetyys I woll edyfye
And whoso aȝens owr feyth woll replye
I woll ponysch [s]wych þsonnꝗ w^{t} þplyxcyon
Mahond ꝫ hꝗ lawys I defye
A hys pryde owt of my love xall have polucyō
And holle onto Iħu I me betake

MARI IN HERIMO

In þis deȝte abydyn wyll wee
My sowle from synne for to save → wrote vital ?
1990 I wyll ev^{r} abyte me w^{t} humelyte
And put me in pacyens my Lord for to love
In charyte my w^{r}kꝗ I woll g^{a}ve
And in abstynens all dayys of my lyfe
Thus my cōcyens of me doth crave

Than why shold I w^{t} my cōsyens stryffe
And ferdar more I wyll leven in charyte
At þe reverens of owr blyssyd lady
In goodnesse to be lyberall my soule to edyfye
Of wordly fod^{e} I wyll leve all refeccyon
2000 Be þe fode p^{t} cōmy^{t} from heven on hye
Thatt God wyll me send be cōtemplatyff

IH̃S

O þe swettnesse of prayors sent onto me
Fro my well belovyd frynd w^{t}owt waryovns
W^{t} gostly fode relevyd xall she be
Angells into þe clowds ye do hyr hav^{a}ns
Þ^{r} fede w^{t} māna to hyr systynovns
W^{t} joy of angylls pis lett hur receyve
Byd hur injoye w^{t} all hur afyauns
For fyndds frawd xall hur nō deseyve

I^{9} ANGEL^{9}

2010 O p^{u} redulent rose p^{t} of a v^{i}gyn sprong
O p^{u} ꝑcy^{9} palme of wytory
O p^{u} osanna angells song
O ꝑcy^{9} gēme born of our lady
Lord þi cōmavnddemēt we obbey lowly
To þi ꝑvant p^{t} p^{u} hast gravntyd blysse
We angells all obeyyn devowtly
We woll desend to þon wyld^{o}nesse

Here xall to Angylls desend into wyldyrnesse ⁊ other to xall bryng an oble opynly aperyng aloft in þe clowdds þe to benethyn xall bryng Mari ⁊ she xall receyve þe bred ⁊ þan go agen into wyldyrnesse

II⁹ ANGEL⁹

Mari God gretyth þe wᵗ hevenly influens
He hath sent þe grace wᵗ hevenly synys
2020 Þᵘ xall byn onoryd wᵗ joye ⁊ reverens
Inhansyd in heven above vᵗgynns
Þᵘ hast byggyd þe here among spynys
God woll send þe fode be revelacyon
Þᵘ xall be receyvyd into þe clowdds
Gostly fode to reseyve to þi savacyon

MARI

Fiat volūtas tua in heven ⁊ erth
Now am I full of joye ⁊ blysse
Lavd ⁊ preyse to pᵗ blyssyd byrth
I am redy as hꝯ blyssyd wyll isse

Herᵉ xall she be halsyd wᵗ Angylls wᵗ reverēt song
Asumpta est Maria in nub³ celi gavdēt
Angeli lavdantes filiū Dei

2030 O pᵘ Lord of Lordds of hye domenacyon
In hewen ⁊ erth worsheppyd be þi name
How pᵘ devydyst me from hovngur ⁊ wexacyō
O glori⁹ Lord in þe is no fravdds nor no defame
But I xuld ꝯve my Lord I werᵉ to blame
Wyche fullfyllyᵗ me wᵗ so gret felicite
Wᵗ melody of angylls shewit me glee ⁊ game
And have fed me wᵗ fode of most delycyte

Herᵉ xall speke an holy Prest in þe same wyldyrnesse þ⁹ seyyng þe Prest

[PREST]

O Lord of Lordds what may þis be

So gret mesteryys shewyd from heven
2040 Wt grett myrth ⁊ melody
Wt angylls brygth as pe lewyn
Lord Iħu for pi namys sewynne
As gravnt me grace pt pson to se

Herᵒ he xall go in þe wyldyrnesse ⁊ spye Mari in hyr devocyon þ9 seyyng þe Prest

Heyl creature Crysts delecceon
Heyl swetter pan suguʳ or cypresse
Mary is pi name be angylls relacyon
Grett art pu wt God for pi pfythnesse
Þe joye of Iħulīm shewyd pe expresse
Þe wych I nevᵒ save pis xxx wyntᵒ ⁊ more
2050 Wherfor I know well pu art of grett pfy[t]nesse
I woll pray yow hartely to she[w] me of your Lord

MARI

Be pe grace of my Lord Iħs
Þis xxx wyntᵒ pis hath byn my selle
And thryys on pe day enhansyd p9
Wt more joy pan my tong can telle
Nevᵒ creature com̃ qʳ I dwelle
Tyme nor tyde day nor nyth
Þt I can wt spece telle
But alonly wt Godds angylls brygth
2060 But pu art welcū onto my syth
Yf pu be of good cōvsacyon
As I thynk in my delyth
Thow sholddyst be a mā of deuocyon

PREST

In Crystys lav I am sacryed a pryst
Mynystryyd be angelꝛ at my masse
I sakor þe body of our Lord Iħu Cryst
And be þt holy māna I leve in sowthfastnesse

MARI

Now I rejoyse of yowr goodnesse
But tyme is come þt I xall asende

PRYST

2070 I recūmend me wt all vmbylnesse
Onto my sell I woll ꝑtend

Herꝰ xall þe Prest go to hꝛ selle þꝯ seyyng Iħs

[IH̃S]

Now xall Mary have possesson
Be ryth errytaūs a crown to bere
She xall be fett to eꝯlastyng savacyō
In joye to dwell wtowtyn fere
Now angelꝛ lythly þt ȝe werꝰ ther
Onto þe prysts sell apere þis tyde
My body in forme of bred þt he bere
Hur for to hossell byd hym ꝑvyde

Iꝯ ANGELꝛ

2080 O blyssyd Lord we be redy
Your massage to do wtowtyn treson

II9 ANGEL9

To hyr I wyll goo ꝫ make reportur
How she xall com̃ to your habytacyō

Here xall ij angells go to Mary ꝫ to þe Prest þ9 seyyng þe Angylls to þe Prest

[ANGELLS]

Sꝫ Pryst God cūmaūdyꝫ from heven region
Ye xall go hosyll hꝯ ꝯvont expresse
And we wꝫ yow xall take mynystracyon
To bere lyth before hꝯ body of worthynesse

PRYST

Angylls wꝫ all vmbyllnesse
In a westmēt I wyll me aray
To mynystyr my Lord of gret hynesse
Straytt pꝛto I take þe way

II9 ANGEL9 IN HERIMO

Mary be glad ꝫ in hart strong
To reseyve þe palme of grett wytory
Þis day ȝe xall be reseyvyd wꝫ angells song
Yowr sowle xall depte from yowr body

MARI

A good Lord I thank þe wꝫowt weryawns
Þis day I am grovndyd all in goodnesse
Wꝫ hart ꝫ body cōclvdyd in substawns
I thanke þe Lord wꝫ speryt of pfythnesse

Hic aparent Angel9 et presbit9 cū corpe dominico

[ANGELUS ET PRESBITER]

2100 Þu blyssyd womā invre in mekenesse
I have browth þe pt bred of lyf to þi syth
To make þe suer from all dystresse
Þi sowle to bryng to evlastyng lyth

MARI

O pu mygthty Lord of hye mageste
Þis celestyall bred for to determyn
Thys tyme to reseyve it in me
Here she reseyvyt it
My sowle prwt to allumyn
I thank þe Lord of ardent love
Now I know well I xall nat opprese
2110 Lord lett me se þi joyys above
I recūmend my sowle onto þi blysse
Lord opyn þi blyssyd gate
Thys erth at thys tyme fervently I kysse
In man9 tuas Domine
Lord wt þi grace me wysse
Cōmendo sp̃m meū redemisti me
Domine Deus veritat(

I9 ANGEL9

Now reseyve we þis sowle as reson is
In heven to dwelle vs among

II9 ANGEL9

2120 Wtowtyn end to be in blysse

Now lett vs syng a mery song

Gavdent in celis

PRYST

O good God grett is þi grace
O Iħu Iħu blessyd be þi name
A Mary Mary mych is þi solas
In heven blysse wt gle ⁊ game
Þi body wyl I cure from alle man9 blame
And I wyll passe to þe bosshop of þe sete
Thys body of Mary to berye be name
Wt alle reverens and solemnyte
2130 Sufferens of þis processe thus enddyt þe sentens
That we have playyd in yowr syth
Allemythty God most of magnyfycens
Mote bryng yow to hſ blysse so brygth
In ꝑsens of pt kyng
Now frends thus endyt thys mater
To blysse bryng po pt byn here
Now clerkys wt woycys cler
Te Deū lavdam9 lett vs syng

Explycit originale de Sca Maria Magdalena

Yff ony thyng amysse be
2140 Blame cōnyng and nat me
I desyer þe redars to be my frynd
Yff pr be ony amysse pt to amend

A MORALITY.

Fyrst entreth Wysdam in a ryche ꝑpyll cloth of gold wt a mantyll of the same ermyned wtin havyng abought his nek a ryall hood furred wt ermyn vpon his hed a cheveler wt browes a berd of gold sypres curled a ryche impiall crowne thervpon set wt riche stonys and perlys in his left hand a ball of gold wt a crosse ꝑrvpon and ī his right hond a ryall sceptrꝰ ꝑs seyng

[WYSDAM]

If ye wyll wete the ꝑpyrte
And the reson of my name impiall
I am clepyd of hem that in erthe be
Eu̅lastyng Wysdam to my nobley egall
Wiche name accordith best in especiall
And most to me is conuenyent
Allthough eche ꝑson of the trinite be wysdam et̅nall
And all thre on eu̅lastyng wysdam togedyr ꝑsent
Neu̅theles forasmoche as wysdam is ꝑperly
10 Applied to the son be reson
And also it fallith to hym specially
Because of his highest gen̅acon

Therfor the belovyd son hath this signyficacõn
Customably Wysdam now God now man
Spowse of the chirche and verray patron
Wyfe of eche chose sowle thus Wysdam began

Here entreth Aĩa as a mayde in a whight cloth of gold gytely purfyled w^t^ menyver a mantyll of blak thervpon a cheueler lyke to Wysdam w^t^ a riche chapetelet lasyd behynd hangyng down w^t^ ij knotts of gold ꝫ syde tasselys knelyng down to Wysdam þ9 seyng

[AĨA]

Hanc amaui ꝫ exquisiui
Fro my yougthe this have I sought
To haue to my spouse most specially
For a lou^o^ of yor shapp^r^ am I wrought
Above all hele and bewte that eu^o^ was sought
I haue louyd Wysdam as for my light
For all goodnesse w^t^ hym he brought
In Wysdam I was made all bewte bright
Of yor name the high felicite
No creature knowith full exposicion

WYSDAM

Sapiencia specialior est sole
I am founden light w^t^out copison
Of sterrys above all the disposicõn
Forsothe of light the very brightnesse
Merour of the devyne domynacõn
And the image of his goodnesse
Wysdam is bett^o^ than all wordly ꝑcionesse
And all that may desyred be

Is not in copison to my lykenesse
The lengthe of the yerſ in my right syde be
And in my lefte syde richesse ioye and pspite
Lo this is the worthynesse of thy name

AĨA

A soueyn Wysdam if yor benygnyte
40 Wold speke of love that were a game

WYSDAM

Of my love to speke it is myrable
Beholde now soule wt ioyfull mynde
How louely I am how amyable
To be halsyd ꝯ kyssed of mankynde
To all clene soules I am full hende
And euꝰ psent wher that thei be
I love the louerſ wtowtyn ende
That ther loue have stedfast in me
The progatyve of my love is so grett
50 That who tast therof the lest droppe sur
All lusts ꝯ lykengſ wordely shall lete
Thei shall seme tyll hym filthe and ordur
Thei that of the hevy burthen of synne hath cure
My love dischargeth and purifieth clene
It strengtheth the mende the soule makith pure
And ȝevyth wysdam to hem that pfight bene
Who takith me to spowse may veryly wene
If above all thyng ye love me specially
That rest and tranquyllite he shall sene

60 And dey sekyrnesse of ioye ꝑpetuall
The hey loue of my worthynesse of my love
Angell nor man can tell playnly
It may be felt expience from above
But not spoke ne told as it is veryly
The godly love no creature can specyfie
What wrech is that lovyth not this love
That louyth his louers eu⁹ so tenderlye
That his sight from them neu⁹ kan remove

AĨA

O worthy spouse and soueyne fayr
70 O swete amyte our joye our blisse
To yor love who doth repeyer
All felicite in that creatur is
What may I ȝeve you agayn for this
O creato^r louer of yor creatur
Though be our freelte we do amys
Yo^r gret mcy eu⁹ sparith reddur
A soueyn Wysdam sc̃us sc̃oꝗ
What I may I ȝeve to yor most plesaunce

WYSDAM

Fili ꝑbe michi cor tuum
80 I aske not ellys of all this substaunce
Thi clere hert thi meke obeisaunce
Ȝeve me that and I am content

AĨA

A soueyn joy myn hert affiaunce

The fervour of my love to you I rep^{s}sente
That mekith my herte yor loue so fervent
Teche me the scolys of yor devenyte

WYSDAM

Desire not to sauo^{r} in cūnyng^{e} to excellent
But drede ꝫ cōforme yor will to me
For it is the helefull discyplyne that in wysdam may be
90 The drede of God that is begynnyng
The wedys of synne it makith to flee
And swete vertuose herbis in the soule spryng

AĨA

O endeles Wysdam how may I haue knowyng
Of thi godhed incomp^{s}hensible

WYSDAM

By knowyng of yo^{r}selff ye may haue felyng
What God is in yor soule sensyble
The more knowyng of yo^{r}selff possible
The more verily ye shall God knowe

AĨA

O soueyn auctour most credible
100 Yo^{r} lesson I attende as I owe
I that rep^{s}sent here the soule of man
What is his soule wyll ye declare

WYSDAM

It is the ymage of God that all bygan

And not only ymage but his lykenesse ye are
Of all creaturꝭ the fayrest ye ware
Into the tyme of Adamys offence

AĨA

Lord syth we this soules that nought were thare
Why of the first man bey we the violence

WYSDAM

For euy creatur that hath ben or shall
110 Was in nature of the first man Adam
Of hym takyng the fylthe of synne orygynall
For of hym all creatures cam
Than be hym of reason ye haue blame
And be made the brondes of helle
When ye be bore first of your dame
Ye may in no wyse in hevyn dwelle
For ye be disfygured be hys synne
And dampnyd to derkenesse from Goddꝭ sight

AĨA

How doth gᵃce thañ ageyn begynne
120 What reformyth the sovle to his first light

WYSDAM

Wysdam that was God and man right
Made a full seth to the fader of hevyn
Be the dredfull deth to hym was dight
Of wiche deth spronge the sacramentꝭ sevyn
Wiche sacramentꝭ all synne wasshe awey

Fyrst baptem clensyth synne orygynall
And reformeth the soule in feith verray
To the glorious lykenesse of God eꝑnall
And makith it as fayer and as celestiall
130 As it neꝑ diffowled had be
And in Crists owne speciall
His restyng place his plesaunt see

AĨA

In a soule what thyngꝯ be
By wiche he hath his very knowyng

WYSDAM

Tweyn ꝑties the oñ is the sensualite
Wiche is clepyd the flesshly felȳg
The v outward wittys to hym be ꝑuyng
Whan thei be not rulyd ordynatly
The sensualite than wtout lesyng
140 Is made the ymage of synne ther of his foly
That other ꝑte that is clepyd reson
And that is the ymage of God ꝑpyrly
For by that the soule of God hath cognycõn
And be that hym ꝑvyth and louyth duly
Be the nether ꝑte of reason he knoweth discretly
All erthely thyngꝯ how thei shal be vsyd
What suffysith to his myghtys bodyly
And what nedith not to be refusyd
These tweyne do signifie
150 Yor disgysyng and yor araye

Blak and whyt fowle and fayr verylye
Euy soule here this is no naye
Blak by steryng of synne that comyth al day
Wiche felyng comyth of sensualite
And white be knowyng of reson verray
Of the blissed infinite Deite
Thus a soule is both ffowle and fayr
Fowle as a best be felyng of synne
Fayr as aungell of hevyn the hayr
160 By knowyng of God by hys reson wtinne

AĨA

Than may I sey thus and begynne
Wt v prudent virgynes of my reme
Tho be the v wyttys of my soule wtinne
Nigra sum ꝫ formosa filia Jerusalem

Here entreth v vtgynes in white kertelys ꝫ mantelys wt chevelers ꝫ chapelyttꝗ and syng Nigra sū sʒ formosa filia Jerlem sicut tabernacla Cedar ꝫ sicut pelles Salomonis

The doughters of Jerlem me not lak
For this dyrke shadowe I bere of humanyte
That as the tabernacle of Cedar wtowt it is blak
And wtinne as the skynne of Salomon full of bewte
Quod fusta sum nolite considerare me
170 Qꝛ decolorauit me sol Jouis

WYSDAM

Thus all the soules that in this lyve be
Stondyng in grace be lyke to this

A quinq̃ prudentes yor witt̃ fyve
Kepe you clene and ye shall neu^o deface
Ye Godd̃ ymage [n]eu^o shall ryve
For the clene soule is Godd̃ restyng place
Thre myght̃ eu^o cristen soule hase
Whiche beth applyeth to the trynyte

MYNDE

All thre here la byfore yor face
180 Mynde

WYLLE

Wylle

VNDERSTONDYNG

And Vnderstondyng we thre

WYSDAM

Ye thre declare thanne this
Your signyficac̃on and yor ꝑpyrte

MENDE

I am Mende that in the soule is
The very figure of the Deite
Whan in myselve I haue mynde ꝯ se
The benefet̃ of God and his worthynesse
How hole I was made how fayr how fre
190 How glorious ꝯ how gentyll to his lyknesse
This insight bryngeth to my mynde
What grates I ough to God ageyn

That thus hath ordeyned w^t^outen ende
Me in his blisse eu for to reigne
Thanne myn insufficiens is to me peyn
That I haue not wherof to yelde my dette
Thynkyng myselff creatur^e^ most veyne
Than for sorowe my bren I knette
Whan in my mynde I bring togedyr
200 The yeers and dayes of my synfulnesse
The vnstabylnesse of my mynde hedyr ⁊ thedyr
Myn horrible falling^e^ and freilnesse
Myselff right nought than I cōfesse
For be myselff I may not ryse
W^t^out speciall grace of God^d^ goodnesse
Thus mynde makyth me myself to dispise
I seke and fynd no where comfort
But only in God my creature
Than vnto hym I do resort
210 And say haue mynde of me my sauyour
Thus mynde to mynde bryngeth that fauour
Thus be mynde of me God I can knowe
Good mynde of God it is the fygure
And this mynde to haue all cristen owe

WILLE

And I of the soule am the wyll
Of the godhed lyknesse and a fygur^e^
W^t^ good wyll no man may spyll
Nor w^t^outen good wyll of blis be sure
What soule wyll gret mede recur^e^
220 He must gret wyll haue in thought or dede

Vertuously sett w^{t} conscience pur^{e}
For in wyll onely standyth mannys dede
Wyll for dede oft is take
Therfor the will must wele be disposed
Thanne ther begynnyth all g$^{\alpha}$ce to wake
If it w^{t} synne be not anosed
Therfor the wyll must be wele apposed
Or that it to the menyng geve consent
The lybrary of reason must be vnclosed
230 And aft^{o} his domys to take entent
Oure wyll in God must be only sett
And for God to do wylfully
Whan good wyll resyth God is in vs knett
And he ꝑformeth the dede veryly
Of hym comyth all wyll sett ꝑfightly
For of ourself we haue right nought
But synne wrechednesse and foly
He is begynner and grounde of wyll and thought
Than this good wyll seid before
240 Is behouefull to eche creatur^{e}
If he cast hym to restore
The soule that hath take of cure
Wiche of God is the fygure
As longe as the figure is kept fayr
And ordeigned eu^{o} to endure
In blisse of wiche is the very hayr

VNDERSTONDYNG

The iij^{de} ꝑte of the soule is Vndyrstondyng

For by vnderstondyng I behold what God is
In hymselff begynnyng w^t^out begynnyng
250 And ende w^t^outen ende that shall neu^r^ mys
Incōꝑhensible in hymselff he is
His werk^e^ in me I cannot cōꝑhende
How should I holly hȳ than that wrought all this
Thus by knowyng of me to knowyng of God I ascende
I know in aungelys he is desiderable
For hym to behold thei desire souueynly
In his seynt^e^ most delectable
For in hym thei joy assiduly
In creatur^e^ his werks ben most wonderfully
260 For all this is made by his myght
Bi his wysdam gouunyd most souueynly
And be his benygnyte inspired all soules w^t^ light
Of all creatur^e^ he is louyd souueyne
For he is God of eche creature
And thei be his people that euu shall reigne
In whom he dwellyth as in his temple sure
When I of this knowyng make reporture
And se the loue he hath for me wrought
It bryngeth me to love that p^r^nce most pur^e^
270 For for loue that Lorde made man of nought
This is that loue wiche is clepyd charite
For God is charite as auctores telles
And who is in charite in God dwellith he
And God that is charite in hym dwelles
Thus vnderstondyng of God compelles
To come to charite than haue his lyknesse lo

Blessed is that soule that this speche spelles
Et qui creauit me requieuit in tabernac̃lo meo

WYSDAM

Lo these thre myghtꝯ in o soul be
280 Mynde Wyll ꝫ Vnderstondyng
Be Mynde of God the fadyr knowyng haue ye
Be vnderstondyng of God the sone ye haue knowyng
By Wyll wiche turnyth into loue brennyng
God the holy Gost that clepyd is love
Not thre goddꝯ but on God in beyng
Thus eche clene soule is simylitude of God above
Be Mynde feith in the fader haue we
Hope in our Lorde Iħu by Vnderstondyng
And be Wyll in the holy Gost charite
290 Lo these iij p'ncypall vertues of you iij sprynge
Thus the clene soule standith as a kynge
And above all this ye haue fre Wyll
Of that beware byfore all thynge
For if that ꝑuert all this doth spylle
Ye haue iij enemyes of hem beware
The Worlde the Flessh and the Fende
Yo^r v wyttꝯ from hem ye spare
That the sensualite thei bryng not to mynde
No thyng shuld offende God in no kynde
300 And if thei do se that the nether ꝑte of reson
In no wyse thereto lende
Than the ou^o ꝑte shall have fre domynac̃on.
Whan suggestion to the mynde doth appere

Vnderstondyng delyte not the therinne
Consent not Wyll yll lessons to lere
And than suche steryngſ be no synne
Thei do but purge the soule wher is such cōtraũsie
Thus in me Wysdam yor werkſ begynne
Fyght ꝗ ye shall haue the crowne of glorye
310 That is eũlastyng ioye to be ꝑteners therinne

AĨA

Souereigne Lord I am bound to the
Whan I was nought thu made me thus glorious
Whan I ꝑisshed thurgh synne thu sauyd me
Whan I was in grett parell thu kept me Xp̃us
Whan I erryd thu reducyd me Ihũs
Whan I was ignoraunt thu taught me truthe
Whan I synnyd thu correct me thus
Whan I was hevy thu conforted me be ruthe
Whan I stonde in g^ce thu holdest me that tyde
320 Whan I falle thu reisest me myghtily
Whan I go wele thu art my gyde
When I come thu receyvist me most louyngly
Thu hast anoynted me w^t the oyle of m̃cy
Thy benefetys Lord be innum̃able
Wherfor laude endles to the I crye
Recōmendyng me to thi endles powr^e durable

Her^e in ꝑe goyng out ꝑe v Wyttſ syng tota pulc^e es &c. thei goyng before Aĩa next ꝗ hir folwyng Wysdam ꝗ aft^e hȳ Mynde Wyll ꝗ Vnderstondyng all iij in whit cloth of gold chevelered ꝗ crestyd in on sute And aft^e ꝑe song entreth Lucyfer in a deuely aray w^tout ꝗ w^tin as a prowde galaunt seyng thus on this wyse

[LUCYFER]

Out herrowe I rore
For envy I lore
My place to restore
330 God hath made man
All come thei not thore
Woode and thei wore
I shall tempt hem so sore
For I am he that synne beganne
I was aungell of light
Lucifer I hight
P^o^sumyng in Godd^e^ sight
Wherfor I am lowest in helle
In reformyng of my place is dight
340 Man whom I haue in most dispight
Eu^o^ castyng me w^t^ hem for to fight
In that heuynly place that he shuld not dwelle
I am as wyly now as than
The knowyng that I had yet I can
I know all complecc̃ons of man
Wherto he is most disposed
And therin I tempte hȳ ay whan
I marre his myndes to thei wan
That wo is hym God hȳ bygan
350 Many an holy man w^t^ me is mosed
Of God man is the figure
His symylitude his pictur^e^
Gloryosest of ony creatur^e^
That eu^o^ was wrought

Wiche I wyll disfygure
Be my false coniecture
If he tende my reporture
I shall bryng hym to nought
In the soule be iij ꝑties I wys
360 Mynde Wyll Vnderstondyng of blis
Figur of the Godhed I know wele this
And ꝑt flesh of man that is so chaungeable
That will I tempte as I gesse
Though that I ꝑuert synne noon is
But if the soule cōsent vnto mys
For in the wyll of the soule ben the dedꝗ dampnabyll
To the mynde of the soule I shall make suggestion
And bryng his vnderstondyng to delectacon̄
So that his will make confirmacon̄
370 Than am I seker ꝯ noow
That dede shall sew of dampnacon̄
Than of the soule the devyll hath ꝺnacon̄
I will go make this examynacon̄
To all the develis of helle I make a vowe
But for to tempt man in my likenesse
It wold brynge hym to gret ferfulnesse
I will chaunge me into brightnesse
And so hym to begyle
Syn I shall shew hym ꝑfightnesse
380 And vertu ꝑve it wykednesse
Thus vnd᷑ colours all thynge ꝑuse
I shall neu᷑ rest tyll the soule I defyle

Here Lucyfer devoydeth ꝯ cōmyth in ageyn as a goodly galaunt

MYNDE

My mynde is eu^{p} on Iħu
That endued vs w^{t} ꝑtu
His doctryne to sue
Eu^{p} I purpose

VNDERSTONDYNG

Myn vnderstondyng is in trewe
That w^{t} feith vs did renewe
His lawis to pursewe
390 Is swett^{r} to me than the sauo^{r} of the rose

WYLL

And my wyll is his wyll verily
That made vs his creatur(so specialy
Yeldyng vnto hym laude ꝯ glory
For his goodnesse

LUCYFER

Ye fonnyd faders founders of foly
Vt quid hic stat(tota die ociosi
Ye wyll ꝑsshe or ye it aspy
The devyll hath accōbred you exꝑsse
Myrde mynde Syr haue mynde of this

MYNDE

400 He is not idyll that w^{t} God is

LUCYFER

No Sir I ꝑve wele ꝑis

Lo this is my suggestion
All thynge hath dew tymes
Prayer fastyng labor all these
Whan tyme is not kept that dede is mys
Be more plenerly to yor iformacon
Her is a man that levith wardly
Hath wyff children & suentf besy
And other chargf that I not specify
410 Is it leffull to this man
To leve his labor vsyd truly
His chargf parisch that God gave duly
And geve hym to prayer and ese of body
Whoso do thus wt God is not than
Martha plesid God gretly thore

MYNDE

Ye but Maria plesid hym moche more

LUCYFER

Yit the lest had blisse for eumore
Is not that inow

MYNDE

Contemplatyfe lyff is sett before

LUCYFER

420 I may not beleve that in my lore
For God hymselff whan he was man bore
What lyff led he answere thu nowe

Was he eu^{p} in contemplac$\tilde{o}$n

MYNDE

I suppose not be my relac$\tilde{o}$n

LUCYFER

And all his lyff was informac$\tilde{o}$n
And example to man
Sūtyme w^{t} synners he had conusac$\tilde{o}$n
Sūtyme w^{t} holy also cōmunyac$\tilde{o}$n
Sūtyme he labored p^{a}yd sūtyme tribulac$\tilde{o}$n
430 This was vita mixta that God her^{e} began
And that lyff shuld ye her^{e} sewe

MYNDE

I can beleve that ye say is trewe

LUCYFER

Contemplatyff lyff for to sewe
It is gret dred and se cause why
Thei must fast wake ⁊ pray eu^{p} newe
Vse hard levyng^{e} and goyng w^{t} disciplyne dewe
Kepe sylence wepe and surfett^{e} eschewe
And if thei faile of this thei offend God highly
Whan thei haue wastyd be fayntnesse
440 Than febyll ther witt^{e} and fallyn to fondenesse
Sūme into dispeyr and sūme into madnesse
Wete it wele God is not plesyd w^{t} this
Leve leve suche syngler besynesse

Be in the world vse thyngꝯ necesse
The cōmon is best expresse
Who clymyth high his ffalle gret is

MYNDE

Truly me seme ye haue reson

LUCYFER

Apply you than to this conclusion

MYNDE

I can make no repplycacon
450 Yor resons be grete
I cannot forȝete this informacon

LUCYFER

Thynke thervpon it is yor saluacon
Now and vnderstondyng wold haue delectacon
Alle syngler deuocons he wold lete
Yor v witts abrode let sprede
Se how comly to man is ꝑcious wede
What worship it to be manfull indede
Þt bryngeth in đnacon
Of the symple what ꝑfite it to take hede
460 Behold how richesse distroyeth nede
It makyth man fayr hym wele for to fede
And of lust ȝt lykyng comyth genacon
Vnderstondyng tendr ye this informacon

VNDERSTONDYNG

In this I fele a maner of delectacon

LUCYFER

A ha Sir than thar make a pawsacon
Se and behold the world abought
Lytell thyng suffysyth to saluacon
All man synnys distroyeth contricion
Thei that despeyer mcy have grett compūccon
470 God plesyd best wt good wyll no dowte
Therfor wyll I rede you inclyne
Leve yor stodyes tho be devyne
Yor pryers your penance of ipocrytf the signe
And lede a comown lyff
What synne is in mete in ale in wyne
What synne is in richesse in clothyng fyne
All thyng God ordeigned to man to inclyne
Leve yor nyse chastyte and take a wyff
Better is fayr frute than foule pollucon
480 What seyth Sensualite to this conclusion

WYLL

As the v wyttys ȝeve informacon
It semeth your resons be good

LUCIFER

The will of the soule hath fre dnacon
Dispute not to moche in this wt reason
Yitt the nether pte to this takith sūme instruccon

And so shuld the ou pte but he were woode

WYLL

Me seme as ye sey in body and soule
Man may be in the world and be right good

LUCYFER

Ya Sir be Seynt Powle
490 But trust not these schours for thei be not good
For thei flater and lye as thei were wood
Ther is a wolfe in a lombe skynne

WYLL

Ya I wyll no more row ageyn the fflode
I wyll sett my soule on a mery pynne

LUCYFER

Be my treuthe that do ye wysely
God louyth a clene soule and a mery
Accorde ye iij togeder by
And ye may not mys fare

MYNDE

To this suggestion agre me

VNDERSTONDYNG

500 Delight therein I haue truly

WYLL

And I consent therto frely

LUCIFER

A ha Sir all mery than and awey car[e]
Go in the world se that abought
Gete good ffrely caste no dought
To the riche ye se men louly lought
ȝeve to yo[r] body that is nede
And eu[e] be mery lett reuell rought

MYNDE

Ya ellys I beshrewe my snowte

VNDERSTOND

And if I care catche me the gowte

WYLL

510 And if I spare the Deuyll me spede

LUCIFER

Go yo[r] wey than and do wysely
Chaunge that syde aray

MYNDE

I it defye

VNDERSTOND

We will be fressh and it haþ la plu joly
Farewell pen[a]nce

MYNDE

To worshippys I wyll my mynde applie

VNDERSTONDD

Myn vnderstondyngf in worshepys t glorye

WYLL

And I in lustf of lechory
As was sumtyme gyse of Fraunce
With why whippe
Farewell qd I the Deuyll is vp

Exia

LUCIFER

Of my desyre now haue I sume
Wer onys brought into Cristume
Than farewele consciens he were clume
I shuld haue all my wyll
Reson I haue made both deff and dume
Grace is out and putt a rome
Whedyr I wyll haue he shall cume
So at the last I shall hym spille
I shall now stere his mynde
To that synne made me a fende
Pryde wiche is ageyn kynde
And of all synnes hed
So to couetyse he shall wende
For that enduryth to the last ende
And vnto lechery and I may hym rende
Than am I seker the soule is ded
That soule God made incopable
To his lykenesse most amyable

540 I shall make it most repuable
Evyn lyke to a ffende of helle
At his deth I shall appere informable
Shewyng hym all hys synnys abhomynable
Prevyng his soule dampnable
So wt dispeyr I shall hym quelle
Whyll clennesse is mankyn
Verely the soule God is wtin
And whan it is in dedly synne
It is veryly the Deuelys place
550 Thus by colours and false gynne
Many a soule fro hevyn I wynne
Wyde to go I may not blynne
With this false boy God geve hym ille gace

Here he takith a shrewed boy wt hȳ ꝑt goth his way cryeng

MYNDE

Lo me here in newe aray
Whyppe whyrre care awey
Farewele pfeccion
Me semeth myself most lykly ay
It is but honest no pride no nay
I wyll be ffresshest be my fay
560 For that accordith wt my cōplexion

VNDERSTONDYNG

And haue here one as ffressh as you
All mery mery and glad now
I haue gete good God wote howe

For joye I spryng I skyppe
Good makith oñ mery to God avowe
Farewell conscience I knowe not yowe
I am at ease had I inowe
Truthe on syde I lete hym slippe

WILL

Lo her oñ as jolye as ye
570 I am so lykyng me seme I fle
I haue atastid lust farewele chastite
Myn hert is eũmore light
I am full of felicite
My delyte is all in bevte
There is no joye but that in me
A woman me semeth an hevynly sight

MYNDE

And these ben my syngler solace
Kynde fortune and grace
Kynde nobley of kynred me ȝovyn hase
580 And that makyth me soleyne
Fortune in worldꝑ worshep me doth lace
Grace gevith coryous elequence ꝯ that mase
That all vnkũnynge I disdeyne

VNDERSTONDYNG

And my joye is especiall
To hurde vp rychesse for fere to falle
To se it to handele it to telle it alle

And streightly to spare
To behold ryche and ryall
I bost I avaunt wher I shall
590 Riches makyth a man equall
To hem sumtyme his souereigns were

WYLL

To me is joye most laudable
Fresshe disgysynge to seme amyable
Spekyng wordys delectable
Þteynyng vnto love
It is joy of joyes inestimable
To halse to kysse the affiable
A lover is sone þceyvable
Be the smylyng on me whan it doth remove

MYNDE

600 To avaunte thus me semeth no shame
For galaunt' now be in most fame
Courtly þsones men hem þclame
Moch we be sett bye

VNDERSTOND̃

The riche covetouse who dare blame
Of govele and symonye though he bere the name
To be false men reportith it game
It is clepyd wysdam "whar' that q̃d Wyly"

WYLL

And of lechory to make avaunt

Men forse it no more than drynke ataunt
610 These thyngſ be now so conuersaunt
We seme it no shame

MYNDE

Coryous aray I wyll euꝰ haunt

VNDERSTOND

And I ffalsnesse to be passaunt

WYLL

And I in lust my flessh to daunt
No man dispise these thei be but game

MYNDE

I reioyse of these now let vs synge

VNDERSTOND

And if I spare euyll joy me wrynge

WYLL

Have at q̃d I lo howe I sprynge
Lust makith me wondyr wylde

MYNDE

620 A tenor to you both I brynge

VNDERSTOND

And I a mene for ony kynge

WYLL

And but a trebyll I out wrynge
The Deuyll hym spede that myrth exyled

MYNDE

How be this trowe ye nowe

VNDERSTOND

At the best to God avowe

WYLL

As mery as the byrd on bowe
I take no thought

MYNDE

The welefare of this world is in vs I avowe

VNDERSTOND

Let eche man telle his condicõns how

WYLL

630 Begynne ye and haue at yowe
For I am ashamyd of ryght nought
This is cause of my worshippe
I ꝯue myghty lorshiꝑ
And am in grete tendreshippe
Therfor moche folke me dredys
Men sewe to my frendshiꝑ
For meyntenᵃnce of her shenshiꝑ

I support hem by lordshiꝑ
For to gete good this a grete spede is

VNDERSTOND

640 And I vse jorourry
Enbrace questꝯ of ꝑiury
Choppe and chaunge wt symonye
And take large gifts
Be the case neuꝰ so try
I preve it false I swere I lye
Wt a quest of myn affye
The redy wey this now to thrift is

WYLL

And what trowe ye be me
More than I take spende I thries thre
650 Sūtyme I geve sumtyme thei me
And am euꝰ ffresshe and gaye
Few placꝯ now ther be
But vnclennesse ye shall ther se
It is holde but a nysete
Lust is now comon as the i waye

MYNDE

Law ꝑcedith not for mayntenᵃnce

VNDERSTONDᵐ

Trouthe recuryth not for abundaunce

WYLL

And lust is in so grete vsaunce
We forse it nought

MYNDE

660 In vs the worlde hath most affiaunce

VNDERSTOND

Non ther be in so grett aqueyntaunce

WYLL

Fewe ther be out of our allyaunce
While the worlde is thus take we no thought

MYNDE

Thought nay then geyne stryve I

VNDERSTOND

We haue that nedith vs so thryve I

WYLL

And gyve that I care neu[9] wyve I
Let hem care that hath for to sewe

MYNDE

Who lordship shall sue must it by

VNDERSTOND

Who wyll haue lawe must haue mony

WYLL

670 Ther pouert is the male wry
Though right be he shall neu renewe

MYNDE

Wronge is born vp boldly
Though all the world know it opynly
Mayntenance is now so myghty
And all is for mede

VNDERSTOND

The law is so coloured falsly
By sleight & by piury
Bryber be so gredy
That to the pore trouthe is take right non hede

WYLL

680 Who gete or lese ye be ay wynnand
Mayntenance and piury now stand
Ther wer neu so moche reynand
Seth God was bore

MYNDE

And lechory was neu more vsande
Of lernyd and lewyd in this lande

VNDERST

So we thre be now in hande

WYLL

Ya ꝫ most vsyd euꝯy where

MYNDE

Now wyll we thre do make a daunce
Of tho that longe to our retenᵃnce
690 Comyng in be countenᵃnce
This wer a disporte

VNDERST̃

Therto I geve accordaunce
Of tho that ben of my affyaunce

WYLL

Let se be tyme ye meyntenᵃnce
Clepe in first yoʳ resort

Here entre vj disgysed in the sute of Mynde wᵗ red berds ꝫ lyons rampaunt on her crests ꝫ iche a warder in his hand hir menstrall trumpes eche answere for his name

MYNDE

Let se com in Indignacon̄ and Sturdynesse
Malyce also ꝫ Hastynesse
Wrethe and Discorde exꝯsse
And the vijᵗʰ am I Mayntenᵃnce
700 Vij is a nombyr of discorde ꝫ impfightnesse
Lo herᵉ is a yomanry wᵗ loveday to dresse
And the Deuyll had swore it thei wold bere vp falsnesse
And mayntyn it at the best this is the Develys daunce

And here menstrellys be conuenyent
For tromps shulld blowe to the jugement
Of batayle also it is one instrument
Gevyng comfort to fight
Therfor thei be expedient
To these meny of mayntement
710 Blow sett Se madame regent
And daunce ye laddſ yor hertſ ben light
Lo that other spare this meny will spende

VNDERST̃

Ye who is hym shall hem offende

WYLL

Who wyll not to hem condescende
He shall haue thretys

MYNDE

Thei spille that lawe wolde amende

VNDERST̃

Yit mayntenance no man dare rephende

WYLL

These meny thre synnys comphende
Pryde Invy ⁊ Wrathe in his hestys

VNDERSTOND

720 Now wyll I than begynne my traces

Jourour in one hood berith to ffaces
Fayre speche ꝫ falshed in oñ space is
Is it not ruthe
The queste of helborn come into this places
Ageyne the right eu^{p} thei rechases
Of whom thei hold not hard his g^{a}ce is
Many a tyme haue dampnyd truthe

Her^{s} entreth vj jorours in a sute gownyd w^{t} hoodꝭ abowte her necks hattꝭ of Maynten^{a}nce thervpon vysered diu^{p}sly her mynstrall a bagpype

Let se first Wronge and Sleight
Doblenesse and Falsehed shew yor myght
730 Now Ravyne and Disceyte
Now hold yow here togedyr
This menyes conscyens is so streyte
That report as mede gevith beyte
Her^{s} is the quest of helborn an euyll endyreete
Thei daunce all this londe hyder and thedyr
And I piury yor foundour
Now daunce on vs all the world doth wonder
Lo here is a meyne love welefare

MYNDE

Ye thei spende that true men spare

WYLL

740 Haue thei a brybe thei haue no care
Who hath wronge or right

MYNDE

Thei forse not to swere and stare

WYLL

Though all be false lesse and mare

VNDERST

Wiche wey to the wode wyll the hare
Thei knewe ꝫ thei at rest sett als tight
Some seme hem wyse
For the ffader of vs covetyse

WYLL

Now Maynten^{ce}nce ꝫ Piury
Hath shewed the trace of her company
750 Ye shall se a spryng of Lechery
Þ^{t} to me attende
Her forme is of the stewys clene rybaldry
The wene seyseth whan that thei lye
Of the comon thei synge eche weke by ꝫ by
Thei may say w^{t} tynker I trowe late amende

Her entre vj womañ in sute disgysed as galauntꝰ ꝫ thre as mat°nes w^{t} wonderfull vysers cōregent her mynstrallys an hornpype

Cetera desunt.

GLOSSARY.

GLOSSARY.

Abrayd, *to wake, to start.*
Accombred, *encumbered, perplexed.*
Aduertacyonne, *information.*
Agre, *eager.*
Alle only, *wholly, altogether.*
Ambra, *ambergris.*
Anosed, *known, acknowledged.*
Apposed, *objected to, questioned.*
Arere, *to rear, to raise up.*
Assiduly, *daily.*
Astert, *to escape.*
Attis, *at this.*
Aunterous, *adventurous.*
Auoyde away, *put away.*
A voydyth *read* avoydyth, *goeth out, p.* 74.
Awant, *to boast.*

Bale, *sorrow.*
Balys, *broom, rod.*
Benomme, *took away.*
Ber ytt, *bear it.*
Belyve, *immediately.*
Bey, *buy, purchase.*
Betake, *to commend.*
Bidde, *pray.*
Blasyd, *hurt.*
Ble, *countenance.*
Bleryd is our eye,—a proverb or saying still in use.
Blynne, *cease.*
Bobbyd, *taunted, scoffed.*
Bome, *p.* 99, *l.* 780.
Bonys ten,—a figurative expression for the hands.
Bote, *remedy.*
Breels, *p.* 107, *l.* 927.
Brysted, *bursted.*

Cardyakylls wrech, *the heart's revenge.*
Cheveler with browes, *a peruke or false hair.*
Clary, *wine mixed with honey and spices.*
Clepe, *call.*
Clume, *silent.*
Conctypotent, *omnipotent.*
Contraly, *contrary.*
Cressen, *to increase.*
Cure, *care.*

Daunt, *tame, subdue.*
Delacion, *delay, procrastination.*

Delectary, *delightful, pleasing.*
Dempte, *deemed, judged.*
Dere, *hurt.*
Dereworthy,—The compound dereworthy or dereworth seems to be of the same nature with darling or dearling.
Desiderable, *desired.*
Dever, *devoir.*
Devyde, *devoid, go out.*
Dey sekyrnesse, *daily assurance.*
Diagalanga, *a confection of galangal and certain hot spices.*
Domys, *judgment, opinion.*
Doth, *doubt.*
Dowt, *fear.*
Drye, *suffer.*
Drynchyn, *drenched.*
Duke, *leader.*
Dyrke, *dark.*
Dylfe, *devil.*
Dysscenddyng, *dissenting.*

Eme, *uncle.*

Faytors, *idle fellows.*
Fegyty, *fugitive.*
Felle a pese, *broach a cask.*
Ferdell, *bundle.*
Feruent, Fr. *fierce, burning;* but unless a word is wanting after "feruent" it is here used as a substantive and not adjectively, *p.* 39.
Fles of Judeon, *fleece of Gideon.*
Fondenesse, *foolishness.*
Fonnyd, *foolish.*
Forse not, *care not.*
Foysonnes, *abundance, plenty.*
Frest, *first, before, formerly.*
Fretth, *fright.*
Fyeryng, *company.*

Gan, *began.*
Garlement, *garnishment, provision.*
Gold ebryson, *the finest of gold.*
Govele, *p.* 191, *l.* 605.
Granorum paradyse, *grains of Paris.*
Grates, *thanks.*
Grenne, *p.* 118, *l.* 1171.
Grett morell, *a horse of a dark colour.*
Grogly gromys,—It is difficult to say what the epithet "grogly" means. The licentious use of words in this piece for the sake of alliteration frequently baffles all attempts at explanation, *p.* 88, *l.* 549.
Grooth, *grotto.*
Gun, *begun.*
Gye, *guide.*
Gynne, *contrivance.*
Gynyth, *beginneth.*
Gytely, *in the form or fashion of a gown.*
Halse, *embrace.*
Halsyd, *embraced.*
Harlot,—Harlot was a name formerly given to men as well as to women. Herlode in Welsh is simply a young man, and herloder a young woman.
Havns, *enhance.*
Heds, *hoods.*
Hele, *health.*
Hem, *him, them.*
Hende, *civil, courteous.*

Herimo, eremo, *in the desert.*
Hir, *their.*
Ho, *who, she.*
Hossell, hosyll, *the eucharist.*
Houkkyn, *p.* 118, *l.* 1160.

Javell, *p.* 20, *l.* 369.
Jourory, *false swearing.*
Juper rowpent, *quere* from jus perrumpens, *breaking through what is right.*
I waye, *high way.*
In wytt synez, *quere* the within seeing, *p.* 74, *l.* 285.
Into, *until.*

Kelle, *p.* 86, *l.* 520.
The knowyng that I had yet I can, *the knowledge that I had yet I know, p.* 179, *l.* 344.
Kyd, Sax. *known.*

Langbannis losells, *long-boned, worthless fellows.*
Lave, *law.*
Lefe and dere, *pleasant and dear.*
Lepe, Sax. leap, *a basket.*
Lete, Sax. *leave, omit.*
Lewyn, *lightning.*
Locucion,—very locucion, *true speech.*
Lever, *rather.*
Lone, *p.* 136, *l.* 1570.
Loveday, *a day of amity or reconciliation.*
Low, *lout, bow down.*
Lucens, *light.*
Lynne, Sax. *cease, stop.*
Lythys, *lights.*

Male wry, Fr. *hunger.*
Malynacyon, *fraud, deceit.*
Malyngny, *malign, evil, bad.*
Maments, mawments, *idols.*
Margaretton, *margarites, an herb.*
Marry, *marred.*
Mase, *p.* 190, *l.* 582.
Mell, Fr. *mingled, mixed.*
Mẽny, meyne, Fr. *attendants.*
Merrorys,—womanly merrorys, *womanly perfection.*
Moment, *monument.*
Moryd, *made more, increased.*
Mort, *dead.*
Mosed, *p.* 179, *l.* 350.
Mott, Sax. *may, might.*
Mown, *may, or can.*
Mut, *may, might.*
Myrable, *admirable.*
Mys, *amiss.*
Mysch, probably an abbreviation of Fr. *mischief, misfortune.*

Nevyn, *know.*
Newe, *news.*
Nemymous, nymyos, *p.* 103, *l.* 857—*p.* 115, *l.* 1112.
Nobley, *nobility, p.* 165, *l.* 4.

O, *one.*
Oble, *a cake sweetened with honey.*

Obusyons, *abuses.*
Olyr, *quere* holyer.
Ouident, *read* occident, *p.* 18.
On skorn, *in jest.*
Onclypsyd sonne, *uneclipsed sun.*
Oncuryd, *uncovered, removed.*
Onedys, *wounds? p.* 87, *l.* 524.
On quert—quert signifies *hilarity, good spirits,* and with the negative on prefixed, must mean the reverse.
Onyment, *ointment.*
Or, *before.*
Ought, *out.*
Ow, *read* yow, *p.* 31, *l.* 8.
On worthy, *read* onworthy, *p.* 106, *l.* 20.
Owe, *ought.*
Ower byn, *over been.*
Owther, *either.*

Pakke,—thu beryst Watts pakke. This is manifestly an old proverb, familiar enough at the time.
Pay, Fr. *liking, satisfaction.*
Pencaunt, *hanging.*
Peper long, *long pepper.*
Perde, Fr. *par Dieu.*
Perhennal, *perennial, unceasing.*
Pertely, Fr. *apertly, openly.*
Phy, *p.* 113, *l.* 168.
Plenerly, Fr. *fully, completely.*
Pleyn, Fr. *full, ample.*
Poste, Fr. *power.*
Potyt, Lat. *having power.*
Pretende, Lat. *to put forward,* figuratively, *to go.*
Prmmyssary,—This title is not very intelligible, but may be conjectured to be derived from the Lat. primus, or Fr. premier, *p.* 72, *l.* 237.
Promyt, Lat. *promised.*
Provostycacyon,—The term "in provostycation" here used is evidently intended to express Herod's having the government of Judea under Tiberius, and in charge or subserviency, *p.* 69, *l.* 163.
Purpete, *care, thought.*
Pycche, *p.* 97, *l.* 738.
Pynsynesse, *pensiveness.*

Q^d a *for* q^da, *quotha, p.* 52, *l.* 442.
Quest,—Chaucer has "questmongers," which Tyrwhitt explains "packers of inquests, or juries." Nares defines a questmonger as one who laid informations and made a trade of petty lawsuits.

Rebon, *p.* 131, *l.* 1464.
Rechases, Fr. *drive back, or chase away.*
Recure, Fr. *recover.*
Recuryth, *recovereth.*
Redarguation, Lat. *confutation, rebuke.*
Reducyd, Lat. *led back.*
Reddur,—Tyrwhitt explains this word "strength, violence," Fr. roideur, *force, power.*
Rede, *counsel, advice, help.*
Reflexite, Lat. *brightness.*
Relente,—The sense requires *revert,* or *turn, p.* 43, *l.* 259.
Reme, *realm.*

Renogal, *quere* renegat, *renegade.*
Repelle, Lat. *oppose, drive back.*
Respeccyon, Lat. *consideration, regard.*
Reve, *bereave, take away.*
Rever, *read* never, *p.* 100, *l.* 15.
Rewnesse, Sax. *compassion.*
Rofe, *reft.*
Rokke, *distaff.*
Rome, aroume, *at large.*
Rought, *p.* 187, *l.* 507.
Rownd, *whisper.*

Sauasyon, salvation.
Save, *saw.*
Sawen, saven, *save.*
See, *seat.*
Seker and noow, *sure and know.*
Sentells, *sentence, judgment, opinion.*
Seth, *atonement.*
Seyld, *seldom.*
Sharme, *p.* 10, *l.* 166.
Shenship, *ruin, punishment.* Baber explains "schenship," used by Wickliffe, "shame, reproach."
Shep of Noe, *ship of Noah, the ark.*
Shert of Reyn, *shirt of Rhenish cloth.*
Skowte, *p.* 79, *l.* 375.
Skryve, *sheriff.*
Sond, Sax. *a message, whatever may be sent.*
Socetts, *p.* 85, *l.* 500.
Sote, Sax. *sweet.*
Sowter code, *probably shoemakers' wax.*
Spece, *speech.*
Spyll, Sax. *destroy.*
Spynys, *thorns, bushes.*
Stevyn, Sax. *voice, sound.*
Stey, steyed, Sax. *to go up, climb, ascend.*
Stound, stowndd, Sax. *moment, short space of time.*
Subjugall, Lat. *subdue, conquer, restrain.*
Sudare cloth,—The cloth or kerchief wrapped round the head of Christ is here meant. Wickliffe uses "sudaris" in his translation of the New Testament, which his editor explains "handkerchers."
Sue, sewe, Fr. *follow, ensue.*
Suek, *deceit, fraud.*
Swert, *quere* swart, *dark coloured,* or swelt, *faint.*
Syde, Sax. *long, particularly applied to dress.*
Sye, *saw.*
Syn, *afterward, since, then.*
Syyn, *sigh.*
Sythens, *since.*

Tene, Sax. *grief, misfortune.*
Therebe, *read* there be, *p.* 26, *l.* 510.
Therkenesse, *darknesse.*
Th, *read* th^t, *p.* 93, *l.* 18.
To, *two.*
Tondyr, *tender.*
Trewe, *p.* 181, *l.* 387.
Triacle, Fr. a corruption of theriaque, *a remedy in general.*
Trott, used metaphorically for *shake,* or *quake.*

Unkunnynge, *unknowing, ignorant.*
Vernage, *the name of some country, p.* 84, *l.* 479.
Volunte, wolunte, *will.*
Vroken, *injured.*

Walter, *welter.*
Wan, *won.*
Wanhope, *delusive hope.*
Wanyng, *habitable.*
Wardly, *worldly, in the world.*
Wend, Sax. *go.*
Wete, Sax. *know.*
Wey and wold,—an alliterative expression, meaning high way and open country, *p.* 80, *l.* 401.
Wher, where, *were.*
Wodman, *madman.*
Wolunte, Lat. *will.*
Wonddyn, Sax. *dwelling, living.*
Wȯrd, *world.*
Wrake, wrech, wreche, Sax. *hurt, injury.*
Wroke, Sax. *revenged.*
Wyan, *the name of some country, p.* 84, *l.* 479.
Wygth, *quick, soon.*
Wygthly, wythly, *speedily, quickly, nimbly.*
Wyhylls, *wiles.*
Wyldyng, Sax. *ruling, having dominion,* or *power.* Wickliffe uses "welders" in the sense of "rulers."
Wyre, *p.* 111, *l.* 1027.
Wyth, *white.*
Wysse, Sax. *guide, direct.*
Wytory, *victory.*
Ycome, *came.*
Yeetyd, *quere* eye teeth, *p.* 121, *l.* 1238.
Yye, *eye.*

Zede, zode, Sax. *gone, went.*
Zete me nowth, *forget me nowth.*
Zowyn, *given.*

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