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THE BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT

THE

BANNATYNE

MANUSCRIPT

COMPILED BY

GEORGE BANNATYNE

1568

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

PAGE

The Wryttar to the Reidaris. [Bannatyne] - - 1
God. [Bannatyne] - - - - - - - - 2

ANE MOST GODLIE MIRRIE AND LUSTIE RAPSODIE MAIDE BE SUNDRIE LEARNED SCOTS POETS AND WRITTEN BE GEORGE BANNATYNE IN THE TYME OF HIS YOUTH.

I. The Benner of Pietie. Be Iohine Bellentyne - 3
II. The Proheme of the Cronicule. Be Iohine Bellenden 9
III. The Prollog of the Tent Buik of Virgill. Quod Gawyne Dowglas - - - - - - - 21
IV. Ane Ballat of the Creatioun of the Warld. Quod Sir Richart Maitland of Lethingtoun - - 27
V. The lxxxiii. Pfalme of Dauid. [Anon.] - - 33
VI. A Song of him lying in Poynt of Deth. [Anon.] - 35
VII. The Sawle of Man [etc.]. [Anon.] - - - 36
VIII. The Firft Salme. Quod Alexander Scott - - 39
IX. The Fyifty [firft] Pfhalme. Quod Scott - - 40
X. [The Tabill of Confeffioun]. Quod Dumbar - 43
XI. O moft heich and eternall King. Quod [Robert] Norvall - - - - - - - - 49
XII. Chriſte qui Lux es et Dies. [Anon.] - - - 52
XIII. O Hicht of Hicht, and Licht of Licht moſt cleir. [Anon.] - - - - - - - - 54
XIV. Spair me, gud Lord, and mak me clene. [Anon.] 55
XV. Cum Haly Spreit moiſt ſuperne. [Anon.] - - 57
XVI. Ye Sonis of Men, be mirry and glaid. [Anon.] - 58
XVII. Ye that contreit bene and confeſt. [Anon.] - - 60
XVIII. Ane Prayer for the Peſt. [Quod Henryſone] - 61
XIX. The Song of the Virgin Mary. [Anon.] - - 64

BALLATIS OF THE NATIVITIE OF CHRYSTE.

XX. Now glaidith euery Liffis Creature. [Dunbar] - 67

647714

PAGE

XXI. Rorate Celi defuper! Quod Dumbar - 69
XXII. Jerufalem reiofs for Joy. [Anon.] 71
XXIII. Haill, Goddis Sone, of Mychtis maift. [Anon.] 72
XXIV. We that ar bocht with Chryftis Blude. [Anon.] 76
XXV. Omnipotent Fader, Sone, and Haly Gaift. [Anon.] 79
XXVI. The Sterne is riffin of our Redemptioun. [Dunbar] 80

De Eius Passione quedam Cantilene.

XXVII. My wofull Hairt me ftoundis throw the Vanis. [Quod Clerk] - - - - - - - - 82
XXVIII. O wondit Spreit and Saule in till Exile. [Anon.] 85
XXIX. Compacience perffis, Rewth and Mercy ftoundis. [Anon.] - - - - - - - - 89

De Resurrectione.

XXX. Thow that hes bene obedient. [Anon.] - - 91
XXXI. Surrexit Dominus de Sepulchro. [Dunbar] - 93
XXXII. Done is a Battell on the Dragon blak. Quod Dunbar - - - - - - - - - 94

Exortationis of Chryst to all Synnaris.

XXXIII. O Man, remember, and prent in to thy Thocht. Quod Stewart - - - - - - - - 96
XXXIV. To the hie, potent, blisfull Trinitie. [Anon.] - 101
XXXV. O Man, vnthankfull to thy Creator. [Anon.] - 103
XXXVI. Chryift, crownit King and Conquerour. [Anon.] 105
XXXVII. Eternall King, that fittis in Hevin fo hie. [Anon.] 107
XXXVIII. Quhen be Devyne Deliberatioun. [Anon.] - 109
XXXIX. O Lord, my God, on quhome I do depend. [Anon.] 111
XL. O Creaturis creat of me your Creator. Quod Ledgait, monk of Bery - - - - - 112

The secound Pairt of this Buk conteneand verry singular Ballatis, full of Wisdome and Moralitie, etc.

XLI. Wit. [Anon.] - - - - - - - 117
XLII. Furth throw ane Forreft as I fure. [Anon.] - 118
XLIII. The Prollog of the Nynt Buk of Virgell. In Commendatioun of Vertew. Quod Gawyn Dowglafs - - - - - - - - 122

PAGE

XLIV. Quhylome in Grece, that nobill Regioun. Quod Chawfeir - - - - - - - - - 123
XLV. Allone af I went vp and doun. Quod Robert Henryfone - - - - - - - - 125
XLVI. Memento, Homo, quod Cinis es! Quod Dumbar - - - - - - - - - 127
XLVII. O mortall Man! remembir. Quod Lichtoun, *monicus* - - - - - - - - - 129
XLVIII. Off Lentren in the firſt Mornyng. Quod Dumbar 131
XLIX. Doun by ane Rever as I red. [Dunbar] - - 133
L. Conſidder, Man, all is bot Vanitie! [Anon.] - 136
LI. Lettres of Gold writtin I fand. Quod Wa[lter] Broun - - - - - - - - - 138
LII. At Matyne Houre in Midis of the Nicht. Quod Kennedy - - - - - - - 143
LIII. Walking allone amang thir Levis grene. [Anon.] 145
LIV. The Reſſoning betuix Aige and Yowth. Quod Robert Henderſone - - - - - - - 149
LV. The Reſſoning betuix Deth and Man. Quod Henderſone - - - - - - - - 153
LVI. Within ane Garth, vndir a reid Roſeir. Quod Henderſone - - - - - - - - 155
LVII. The thre deid Pollis. Quod Patrick Johniſtoun 157
LVIII. Sen throw Vertew increſſis Dignitie. [Wedderburn] - - - - - - - - 159

CERTANE BALLADIS AGANE THE VYCE IN SESSIOUN COURT AND ALL ESTAITIS.

LIX. Ane mvrlandis Man of vplandis Mak. Quod Dumbar - - - - - - - - - 160
LX. Devorit with Dreme, devyſing in my Slummer, Quod Dumbar - - - - - - - - 162
LXI. Off every Aſking followis nocht Rewaird [Diſcretioun of Aſking]. [Dunbar] - - 165
LXII. Diſcretioun of Geving. [Dunbar] - - - 167
LXIII. Diſcretioun in Taking. Quod Dumbar - - 170
LXIV. Muſing allone this hinder Nicht. Quod Dumbar 171
LXV. Sons hes bene ay exilit owt of Sicht. [Clerk] - 173
LXVI. Fredome, Honour, and Nobilnes. [Dunbar] - 175
LXVII. My Mynd quhen I compas and caſt. [Anon.] 176

PAGE

LXVIII. How fowld I rewill me, or quhat wyifs. Quod Dumbar - - - - - - - - - 178
LXIX. Foure Mener of Men ar evill to ken. [Dunbar] 180
LXX. Sumtyme this Warld fo fteidfaft was. [Dunbar] 181
LXXI. Fals Titlaris now growis vp full rank. Quod Robert Henderfone - - - - - - 182
LXXII. To dwell in Court, my Freind, gife that thow lift. Quod Dumbar - - - - - - 184
LXXIII. In to this Warld we fe fic Variance. [Anon.] - 186
LXXIV. Man of maift Fragilitie. [Anon.] - - - 188
LXXV. In Bittirnes of Sawill call vnto Mynd. [Anon.] 190
LXXVI. Moving in Mynd of mony diuerfs Thing. [Anon.] 191
LXXVII. Certane Preceptis of gud Counfale. [Anon.] 192

PRECEPTIS OF MEDECYNE.

LXXVIII. Quha wald thair Bodyis hald in Heill. [Anon.] 193
LXXIX. For Helth of Body couer weill thy Heid. [Lydgate] - - - - - - - - - 196
LXXX. Documenta [etc.]. [partly Dunbar] - - 199
LXXXI. O wrechit Man! full of Iniquite. [Anon.] - 209
LXXXII. Me mervellis of this grit Confufioun. [Henryfon] 213
LXXXIII. We Lordis hes chofin a Chiftane mervellus. [Dunbar] - - - - - - - - 215
LXXXIV. Thingis in kynd defyris Thingis lyke. [Anon.] 217
LXXXV. All rychtoufs Thing the quhilk dois now proceid. [Anon.] - - - - - - 219
LXXXVI. Oft tymes is bettir hald nor len. [Anon.] - 221
LXXXVII. This Warld is all bot fenyeit fair. [Anon.] - 222
LXXXVIII. I saw ane Rob riche of Hew. [Anon.] - - 225
LXXXIX. O God! that in Tyme all Thingis did begin. [Anon.] - - - - - - - - - 227
XC. Say weill is trewly ane wirthy gud Thing. [Anon.] - - - - - - - - - 230
XCI. To gyd thy Tung imprent thir thre. [Anon.] 232
XCII. Suftene, abftene, keip weill in your Mynd. [Anon.] - - - - - - - - - 232
XCIII. Quhome to fall I complene my Wo. Quod Dumbar - - - - - - - - - 234
XCIV. Certane wyifs Sentences drawin furth of the Buik callit "Morall Philofafie." [Anon.] - 237

PAGE

XCV. Certane Sayingis of wyiſs Philoſapheris. [Anon.] 238
XCVI. Be gratious Ground and Gate ot Sapience. [Anon.] - - - - - - - - - 240
XCVII. Be rychuus Regent, and wele exerce thy Cure. Contra ſeptem Peccata mortalia. [Anon] - 243
XCVIII. Be Gouernour baith guid and gratious. Quod Henrye Stewart - - - - - - - - 246
XCIX. This hindir Nycht neir by the Hour of Nyne. [Anon.] - - - - - - - - - 247
C. Precellend Prince! havand Prerogatyue. Quod W. Stewart - - - - - - - - - 250
CI. Suppoiſs I war in Court most he. [Anon.] - 252
CII. Quhen Doctouris prechit to win the Joy eternall. [Anon.] - - - - - - - - 254
CIII. Ane New Yeir Gift to the Quene Mary, quhen ſcho come firſt Hame, 1562. [Scott] - - 255
CIV. The richt Fontane of hailfull Sapience. Quod Alexander Kid - - - - - - - - 262
CV. Jesu Chryſt that deit on Tre! [Kennedy] - - 265
CVI. Now is our King in tendir Aige. [Anon.] - - 268
CVII. Rolling in my Remembrance. [Anon.] - - 269
CVIII. Schir, yit remembir as of befoir. Quod Dumbar 271
CIX. Firſt Lerges the King my Cheife. Quod Stewart 274
CX. Schir, sen of Men ar diuerſs Sortis. Quod Stewart 276

THE THRID PAIRT OF THIS BUIK, CONTENAND BALLETTIS MIRRY, AND VTHIR SOLATIUS CONSAITTIS, SET FURTH BE DIUERS ANCIENT POYETTIS. 1568.

CXI. Hermes the Philoſopher. Quod Dumbar - - 279
CXII. Full oft I mvſs and hes in Thocht. Quod Dunbar 281
CXIII. Was nevir in Scotland hard nor ſene. Quod King James the Firſt - - - - - - - - 282
CXIV. Quha douttis Dremis is bot Phantaſye? Quod Lichtoun, *monicus* - - - - - - - 289
CXV. The Dregy of Dunbar maid to King James the Fyift being in Striuilling. We that ar heir in Hevins Glory. [Dunbar] - - - 292

PAGE

CXVI. In fecreit Place this hindir Nycht. Quod Clerk, 296
(Attributed to Dunbar by Laing.)

CXVII. The Curfing of Sir Johine Rowlis vpoun the Steilaris of his Fowlis. Quod Rowll - 298

CXVIII. Quhy fowld nocht Allane honorit be? Quod Allane Matfonis fuddartis - - - - 306

CXIX. I, that in Heill wes and Glaidnes. Quod Dumbar - - - - - - - - - 308

CXX. The Dance. [Dunbar] - - - - - - 312

CXXI. The Turnament. Be William Dumbar - - 316

CXXII. The Amendis maid be him to the Telyouris and Sowtaris, for the Turnament maid on thame. Quod Dumbar - - - - - 319

CXXIII. I mak it kend, he that will fpend. Quod Johne Blyth - - - - - - - - - 321

CXXIV. Sanct Saluatour! fend filuer Sorrow. Quod Dumbar 322

CXXV. Liftis Lordis, I fall yow tell. [Anon.] - - 324

CXXVI. How Dumbar wes defyrd to be ane Freir. Quod Dumbar - - - - - - 327

CXXVII. Full oft I mufe, and hes in Thocht. [Dunbar] 329

CXXVIII. He that hes Gold and grit Richefs. Quod Dumbar - - - - - - - - - 329

CXXIX. The Wowing of the King quhen he wes in Dumfermeling. Quod Dumbar - - 330

CXXX. Ane Ballat of the fenyeit Freir of Tungland, how he fell in the Myre fleand to Turkiland. Quod Dumbar - - - - - - 333

CXXXI. Ane littil Interlud of the Droichis Part of the [Play]. [Anon.] - - - - - - 337

CXXXII. The Wyf of Auchtirmwchty. Quod Mofat - 342

CXXXIII. A Yungman Chiftane, witles. [Anon.] - - 346

CXXXIV. The flicht Remeid of Luve. Quod Alexander Scott - - - - - - - - - 346

CXXXV. The Ballat maid vpoun Margret Fleming, callit the Flemyng Bark in Edinburcht. Quod Sempill - - - - - - - - - 348

CXXXVI. The Defence of Criffell Sandelandis, for vfing hirfelf contrair the Ten Commandis. Quod Semple - - - - - - - - - 351

PAGE

CXXXVII. The Ballat maid be Robert Semple of Jonet Reid, [ane] Violet and [ane] Quhyt. Quod R. Semple - - - - - - - 355

CXXXVIII. Of a Wenche with Chyld. Quod ane Inglifman - - - - - - - - - 358

CXXXIX. Ane Ballat maid to the Derifioun and Scorne of wantoun Wemen. Quod Scott - - 361

The Wryttar to the Reidaris.

YE reverend redaris, thir workis revolving richt,
Gif ye get crymis, correct thame to your micht,
And curſe na clark that cunnyngly thame wrait,
Bot blame me baldly brocht this buik till licht
In tendereſt tyme, quhen knawlege was nocht bricht,
Bot lait begun to lerne and till tranſlait
My copeis awld, mankit, and mvtillait;
Quhais trewth, as ſtandis, yit haif I, ſympill wicht,
Tryd furth, thairfoir excuſe ſumpairt my eſtait.

Now ye haif heir this ilk buik ſa provydit,
That in fyve pairtis it is dewly devydit.
1 The firſt concernis Godis gloir and ouir ſaluatioun;
2 The nixt ar morale, grave, and als beſyd it,
3 Grund on gud counſale. The thrid, I will nocht hyd it,
Ar blyith and glaid, maid for ouir conſollatioun;
4 The ferd of luve, and thair richt reformatioun;
5 The fyift ar tailis and ſtoreis weill diſcydit:
Reid as ye pleiſs, I neid no moir narratioun.

God.

GOD is a ſubſtance for evir durable,
Eterne, omnipotent, mercifull and juſt,
Quha gydis all thingis in order convenable;
A God in quhome ilk man awcht for to truſt,
Quha for prayar givis grace to mortifie our luſt,
In quhais feir and luve all that ſall endeur
Sall eftir this lyif off bettir lyif be ſeur.

ANE MOST GODLIE MIRRIE AND LUSTIE RAPSODIE MAIDE BE SUNDRIE LEARNED SCOTS POETS AND WRITTEN BE GEORGE BANNATYNE IN THE TYME OF HIS YOUTH.

Fol. 1. a.

I.

Heir begynnis the richt excellent, godly and lernit Werk callit the Benner of Pietie, *compylit be the famous and renowmit Poet,* Mr Johne Bellenden, *Archeden of Mvrray, concer*[*ning*] *the Incarnatioun of our Saluiour Chryſt.*

QUHEN goldin Phebus movit fra the Ram,
In to the Bull to mak his manſioun,
And hornit Dean in the Virgin cam,
With viſage paill in hir aſſentioun,
Approcheand to hir oppoſitioun;
Quhen donc Awrora with hir miſtie ſchowris,
Fleand of ſkyis the bricht reflexioun,
Hir ſiluer teiris ſkalit on the flouris;[1]

The ſeſoun quhen the greit Octauian
Baith erd and ſeis had had in[2] gouirnance,
With diademe as roy Ceſarian,
In maiſt excellent honor and pleſance,
With every gloir that micht his fame advance;
Quhen he the croun of hic triumphe had worne,
Be quhais peax and royell ordinance
The furious Mars wes blawin to the horne;

[1] From Dupl. Text—MS. has *ſchowris.* [2] Ib.—*had in his.*

The famyne tyme quhen God omnipotent
Beheld of man the greit callamitie,
And thocht the tyme wes than expedient
Man to redeme fra thrald captiuitie,
And to reduce him to felicitie,
With body and fawle to be glorificat,
Quha wes condempnit in the lymb to bie,
Fra he wes firſt in fyn prevaricat;

rcie. Beſoir the Fader Mercy than appeiris,
With fludc of teris rainnand fra hir ene;
Said, "Man hes bene in hell fyve thowſand yeiris,
Sen he wes maid in feild of Damaſcene,
And crewall tormentis daly dois ſuſtene
But ony confort, cryand for mercie.
How may thy grace nocht with thy pietie mene
Of thy awin werk the grit infirmitie?"

Veretie. "And be the contrare," than ſaid Veretie,
"Thy word eterne but end is permanent,
Vnalterat but mvtabilitie,
Withowttin ſlicht[1] of ony argument;
Quhen Adame wes fund[2] inobedient
In Paradice thruche his ambitioun,
Perpetualy, be richtous jugement,
Off thy bliſt viſage tynt fruiſioun."

Pece. Than Pece ſaid, "Lord haif in thy memorie
That man, thy wark, was creat to that fyne,
That he micht haif perfyte felicitie
With the aboif the hevynis criſtellyne,
Quhilk Lucifer did thrwch his foly tyne,
Sumtyme maid to thy image worthieſt:
It wes ſaid than be prophecie devyne
That thow ſowld ſleip and in my boſum reſt."

[1] Dupl. Text—*ſicht.* [2] Ib.—*maid.*

Juſtice. And Juſtice ſaid, "His odius offence
Contrare thy hie excellent dignitie,
His oppin ſyn and wilfull negligence
Befoir thy ſicht ſowld mair aggregit bie,
Sen thow art Alpha, O and Veritie:
Be richtous dome, Adame and all his ſeid,
For treſſone done agane thy maieſtie,
Condempnit is to thoill the bitter deid."

Thir ladeis foure contending beſelie,
With argumentis and mony ſtrong repplyis,
Beffoir the bliſſit Fader equalie,
Fol. 2. a.
Sum for juſtice, and ſum for mercie cryis:
Sentence. The Fader wret ane ſentence in this wyiſs,
"For treſſone done aganis oure maieſtie,
The bittir deid ſalbe ane ſacrifyiſs
The grit offence of man to ſatisfie."

The hevin, the eird baith ſerchit vp and doun,
Nane wes thair fund ſufficient cheretie
Man to redeme with this conditioun.
Than God, eterne in his diuinitie,
Seand it wes ſa grit difficultie
To purge the ſpot of ſyn originall,
Wes penitent that he maid man to bie
In to this warld, with ſawle perpetuall.

Thir ladeis foure than callit hes agane,
And ſaid, "Your myndis ſall fulfillit be;
Ye ſall ay ſtill in to my court remane,
And in this maner haiſ fraternitie:
My Mercy ſalbe knit to Veritie,
Than Peax and Juſtice ſall togidder brace;
My Sone ſalbeir the burding of this plie,
And man ſalbe reconcyld to my grace."

The Fader than on Gabriall did call,
And ſaid, "My ſerwand pas with diligence
To Mary myld, my ſpous emperiall,
In wark nor word that nevir maid offence;
And ſay to hir with humill reverence,
My tender Sone ſall in hir boſum breid,
And in hir chalmer mak his reſidence;
Hir honor ſavit, and hir madinheid."

Man micht nocht mak ane ſacrifice conding,
For Adams ſyn and his poſteritie,
To God; alſwa it wes nocht according
Allanerlie to thoill oure miſerie. Fol. 2. b.
Thairfoir it wes convenient to be
Chryiſt God and man, with dowble natur cled,
That he, as man, for oure offence micht de,
And ſyne, as God, to ryiſs agane frome dede.

Off God and man the bliſſit[1] Mediateur,
Be ſentence of the bliſſit Trinitie,
Is cum in boſum of the Virgin peure,
Subdewand him to our mortalitie,
Thocht he wes equall in diuinitie[2]
To God eterne, Fader[3] omnipotent;
Yit man to ſaif fra thrald captiuitie,
Vnto the deid wes maid obedient.

As craft of[4] hand vpoun the ſtringis playis,
Proportionat in hevinly melodie,
Quhair thre at anis[5] preſentlie aſſayis
The vniſone and concord armonie,
The craft, the ſtring, the hand indifferentlie,
Ane ſound is hard over the eir jocund;
Suppois thir thre concurris equalie,
Yit nane of thame, bot ſtringis, makis the ſound.

[1] Dupl. Text—*reuthfull.* [2] From Dupl. Text—MS. has *diuitie.*
[3] Dupl. Text—*Vnto his fader, God.*
[4] Ib.—*and.* [5] From Dupl. Text—MS. has *attanis.*

Richt ſo the Fader and the Halie Spreit
Off man tewk nevir incarnatioun;
And yit thay war in to thair mynd compleit,
Participant in operatioun,
Conſenting to that hie legatioun
Maid to the bliſſit Virgin tendirlie,
Quhen Gabriell maid annuntiatioun:
The Sone incarnat wes allanerlie.

Then jonit wes, in perfyt vnitie,
Devyne perſone and miſerie of man,
The Moder peur, full of virginitie,[1]
The fervent hairt and faith maiſt ſouerane, Fol. 3. a.
God, ſaule and fleſche at anes to remane,
Paſſing the ſtrenth of mannis argument,
Ane ſtanding thre, and thre ay ſtanding ane,
Be michtie werk of God omnipotent.

Thre mervelus thingis.

And of thir thre the formeſt vnioun
Wes mervellus in maiſt excellent gre,
Quhen of the hevin the michtie Campioun
His Godheid knit to oure humanite,
Oppynit the port, and coſt our libertie,
Quhairthrow the fruct of all our grace began,
Quhilk micht nocht haif ſa grit difficultie
As to tak natur of ane mortal man.

The ſecund wes ane richt excellent thing,
Quhen moderfull wes the Virgin, vndefloir;
Quhair natur ſtwneiſt and had grit wondering,
And all that hevinlie labur did abhoir.
Than Reſſone ſaid, "It wes nocht ſene afoir
Into this warld be ony levand leid,
Ane chyld to be of ony woman boir,
Hir boſum clene, withowttin manis ſeid."

[1] Dupl. Text—*The moder full of pure virginité.*

The thrid excellent wes and marvellus,
Quhen fervent hairt and faith togidder ran,
Ane thing to natur richt contrarius,
Quhen ſcho this ſubteill argument began;
How may thir tway haif creddence ſoveran
With ſicker faith into our hairt obſcure,
That God eterne micht ſtand ane mortall man,
Ane mother how[1] to be, the Virgin pure.

Thow Godheid trine, rignand in vnitie,
Mover of all with ſicht maiſt provident,
Gevar of lyfe with all tranquillitie, Fol. 3. b.
Into thy ſelf ay ſtandand permanent!
All vthir thing, bot thow, art indigent.
Thy mercie grit, thy gudnes ineffable,
Baith hevin and erd ar inſufficient
To ſchaw thy wit and gloir ineſtimable.

O Sone of God! that for the weill of ws
Tuik in thy mynd ſo grit ſollicitude,
Fra hivin to cum in natur glorius,
Off the bliſt Virgin takand fleſche and blude.
Howbeit thy Godheid and oure nature rude
Diſcordand war be diſtance infinite,
Thow ſchawin hes thy michtie celcitude,
Quhen thay wer knit in ane perſone perfite.

For thy grit gudnes, and that mekle pane
Thow had in corps and ſawle intellectyve,
Quhen blude and watter birſt fra every vane,
And grundin ſpeir owtthrow thy hairt did ryve,
Quhen fra thy body chaſit wes thy lyve,
Bring ws amang tha happie ſenatouris,
Quhome thow hes coſtin with thy woundis ſyve,
Quhen ſaule depairtis in oure lattir houris.

Heir endis the Benner of Pietie *compylit be* Maiſter Iohine Bellentyne, *Archdene of Murray.*

[1] Dupl. Text—*full.*

And followis the Proheme of the Cosmographie of Scotland[1] *compylit be the said* Mr Iohine Bellentyne.

II.

The Proheme of the Cronicule compylit be the famous and renownit Clerk, Maister Johine Bellentyne, *Archedene of Murray, direct to* King James the Fyift, *verry lernit and morale.* Fol. 4. a.

QUHEN siluer Diane, full of bemis bricht,
Fra dirk eclips wes past this vther nicht,
And in the Crab, hir propir mansioun, gane,
Artophilax contending at his micht,
In the grit eist, to set his visage richt,
(I mene the ledar of the Charle wane)
Aboif oure heid wes the Vrsis twane;
Quhen sterris small obscuris in oure sicht,
And Lucifer left twinkland him allane,

The frosty nicht, with hir prolixit houris,
Hir mantill quhyt spred on the tendir flouris;
Quhen ardent labour hes addressit me
Translait the story of oure progenitouris,
Thair greit manheid, wisdome and honouris;
Quhair we may cleir, as in ane mirrour, se
The furius end sumtyme of tirannye,
Sumtyme the gloir of prudent gouernouris,
Ilk stait appryst in thair facultie:

My wery spreit, desyring to repres
My emptiue pen of frutles besines,
Awalkit furth to tak the recent are;
Quhen Priapus, with stormy weid oppres,

[1] MS. has *Costland.*

Requeiſtit me, in his maiſt tendirneſs,
To reſt ane quhyle amyd his gardingis bare;
Bot I no maner cowth my mynd prepare
To ſett aſſyde vnpleſant havineſs,
On this and that contempling ſolitare.

And firſt occurrit to my remmembring
How that I wes in ſervice with the king,
Put to his grace in yeiris tendireſt,
Clerk of his comptis, thocht I wes inding Fol. 4. b.
With hairt and hand, and every vthir thing
That micht him pleiſs in ony maner beſt;
Quhill hie invy me frome his ſervice keſt
Be thame that had the court in gouerning,
As bird but plumes heryit of hir neſt.

Oure lyfe, oure gyding, and our aventuris
Dependis frome thir hevinlie creaturis,
Apperandly be ſum neceſſitie;
For thocht ane man wald ſett his beſy curis,
So far as labor and his wiſdome furis,
To fle hard chance of infortunitie,
Thocht he eſchew it with difficultie,
The curſid weird yit ithandly enduris,
Gevin to him firſt in his natiuitie.

Off erdlie ſtait bewaling thus the chance,
Of fortoun gud I had no eſperance;
So lang I ſwomit in hir ſeis deip,
That ſad Avyſing with hir thochtfull lance,
Cowth fynd na port to anker hir firmance;
Quhill Morpheus, the drery god of ſleip,
For very rewth did on my curis weip,
And ſet his ſlewth and deidly countenance
With ſnorand vanis to throw my body creip.

Me thocht I wes in to ane pleſand meid,
Quhair Flora maid the tendir blewmis ſpreid
Throw kyndlie dew and humouris nutratiue;
Quhen goldin Titan, with his flammis reid,
Aboif the ſeis raſit vp his[1] heid,
Diffounding doun his heit reſtoretive
To every frute that natur maid on lyve,
Quhilk wes afoir in to the winter deid
For ſtormis cawld and froiſtis penetryve.

Ane ſiluer fontane ſprang, with wattir cleir,
Into that place quhair I approchit neir,
Quhair I did ſone eſpy ane felloun reird
Off courtly gallandis, in thair beſt maneir Fol. 5. a.
Reioſing thame in ſeaſone of the yeir,
As it had bene of Mayis day the feird.
Thair gudly havingis maid me nocht effeird.
With thame I ſaw ane crownit king appeir,
With tender downis ryſand on his beird.

Thir courtly gallandis ſettand thair intentis
To ſing, and play on diuerſe inſtrumentis,
According to this princis appetit,
Two pleſand ladeis come pranſand owir the bentis,
Thair coiſtly clething ſchew thair michtie rentis;
Quhat hairt micht wiſs thay wantit nocht a myt;
The rubeis ſchone vpoun thair fingaris quhyt;
Verteu and Delyt. And, finaly, I knew be thair conſentis,
This ane, Vertew, that vther hecht Delyt.

Thir goddeſſis, arrayit in this wyſe,
As reverence and honor liſt devyſe,
Afoir this prince fell doun upoun thair kneis;
Syne dreſſit thame in to thair beſt awyſe
(So far as wiſdome in thair power lyis)

[1] MS. has *hir*.

To do the thing that micht him beſt appleiſs,
Quhair he reioſit in his hevinly gleiſs;
And him deſyrit, for his hie empryiſs,
Ane of thame two vnto his lady cheiſs.

Delyt begynis.

And firſt Delyt vnto this prince ſaid thus,
"Maiſt valyeant knycht in deidis amorus,
And luſtieſt that evir natur wrocht,
Quhilk in the floure of yewth mellyfluus,
With notis ſweit and ſang mellodius,
Awalkis heir amangis the flowris ſoft,
Thow hes no game bot in thy mirry thocht.
My hevinly bliſs is ſo delitius,
All welth in erd but it avalis nocht.

"Thocht thow had France, and Italie alſo,
Spane, Ingland, Pole, with vthir realmis mo;
Thocht thow micht rigne in ſtait moſt glorius;
Thy piſſant kingdome is nocht worth ane ſtro, Fol. 5. b.
Gif it vnto thy pleſour be ane ſo,
Or trubill thy mynd with curis dolorus.
Thair is no thing may be ſo odius
To man, as leif in miſerie and wo,
Defrawdand God of natur genius.

"Dreſs the thairfoir with all thy beſy cure,
That thow in joy and pleſour may endeur,
Foure Elementis.
Be ſicht of thir foure bodyis elementar;
Two hevy and groſs, and two ar licht and peure.
Thir elementis, be wirking of nateure,
Doith change in vthir; and thocht thay be richt far
Fra vthir ſeverit, with qualeteis contrare,
Of thame ar maid all levand creature,
And finaly in thame reſoluit ar.

"The fyre in air, the air in watter cleir,
In erd the watter turnis withowt weir,
The erd in watter turnis oure agane.
So furth, in ordour: nathing conſowmis heir.
Ane man new borne begynnis to appeir
In vthir figeur than afoir wes tane;
Quhen he is deid, the mater dois remane,
Thocht it reſolve in to ſum new maneir:
No thing is new; nocht bot the forme is gane.

"Thus is no thing in erd bot fugitive,
Paſſand and cumand be ſpreiding ſucceſſive.
And as ane beiſt, ſo is ane man conſave
Off ſeid infuſe in memberis genitive;
And furth his tyme in pleſour dois ourdrive,
As chance him leidis, quhill he be laid in graue.
Thairfoir thy hevin and pleſour now reſſave,
Quhill thow art heir in to this preſent live;
For eftir deth thow ſall no pleſour have.

"The roſe, the lilleis, and the violet,
Vnpullit, ſone ar with the windis ouirſet,
And fallis doun but ony fruct, I wiſs;
Thairfoir I ſay, ſen that no thing may let,
Bot thy bricht hew mon be with yeiris fret,
(For every thing bot for ane ſeſſone is)
Thow may nocht haif ane moir excellent bliſs, Fol. 6. a.
Than ly all nicht in to myne armes plet,
To hals and braiſs with mony luſty kiſs;

"And haif my tendir body by thy ſyd,
So proper, fet, quhilk natur hes provyd
With every pleſour that thow may devyne,
Ay quhill my tendir yeiris be ouirflyd.
Than, gif it pleiſs that I thy brydill gyd,

Thow mon alway fro aigit men declyne;
Syne dreſs thy hairt, thy curage and ingyne,
To ſuffer nane into thy houſs abyd,
But gif thaey will vnto thy luſt inclyne.

"Gif thow deſyris into the feyis till fleit
Of hevinly bliſs, than me thy lady treit;
For it is ſaid be clerkis of renoun,
Thair is na pleſour in this erd ſo greit
As quhen ane lovar dois his lady meit,
To quickin his lyfe of mony deidly ſoun.
As hieſt pleſour but compariſoun,
I ſall the geif, in to thy yeiris ſweit,
Ane luſty halk with mony plwmis broun;

"Quhilk ſalbe found ſa joyus and pleſant,
Gif thow in to hir mirry flichtis hant,
Of every bliſs that may in erd appeir,
As hairt will think, thow ſall no plenty want;
Quhill yeiris ſwiſt, with quheilis properant,
Conſowme thy ſtrenth, and all thy bewty cleir."
And quhen Delyt had ſaid on this maneir,
As rege of yowtheid thocht maiſt relevant,
Verteu begynnis. Than Vertew ſaid, as ye ſall eftir heir;

"My landis braid, with mony plentouus ſchyre,
Sall gif thy hienes, gif thou liſt deſyre,
Trivmphant gloir, hie honour, fame devyne;
With ſic piſſans, that thame na furius yre,
Nor weirand aige, nor flame of birnand fyre,
Nor bitter deth, may bring vnto rewyne. Fol. 6. b.
Bot thow moſt firſt enſuffer mekle pyne,
Aboif thy ſelf that thow may haif empyre:
Than ſall thy fame and honour haif na fyne.

"My realmes is ſet among my fois all,
Quhilkis hes with me ane weir continwall,
And evir ſtill dois on my bordour ly;
And thocht thay may no wayis me ovirthrall,
Thay ly in wait, gif ony chance may fall,
Of me ſumtyme to get the victory.
Thus is my lyf ane ythand chevalry:
Labor me haldis ſtrong as ony wall,
And nothing brekis me bot ſluggardy.

"Na fortoun may aganis me nocht availl,
Thocht ſcho with cluddy ſtormis me aſſail:
I brek the ſtreme of ſcherp adverſitie:
In wedder loun and maiſt tempeſtouus haill,
But ony dreid, I beir ane equall ſaill;
My ſchip ſo ſtrang, that I may nevir die.
Wit, reaſone, manheid, governis me ſo hie,
No influence, no ſterris may prevaill
To rigne on me with infortunitie.

"The rege of yewth may nocht danttit be,
Comparisoun. But grit diſtreſs and ſcherp aduerſite;
As be this reaſone is experience.
The fyneſt gold or ſilver that we ſe
May nocht be wrocht to oure vtilite,
But flammis kene and bittir violence:
The moir diſtreſs, the moir intelligence.
Quhay ſalis lang in hie proſperitie,
Ar ſone ouerſet be ſtormy violence.

"This fragill lyf, as moment[1] induring,
But dowt ſall the and every pepill bring
To ſicker bliſs, or than eternall wo.
Gif thow be honeſt labour dois ane thing,
Thy panefull labour ſall vaneis but tareing,

[1] MS. has *mouent*, or *monent*.

Howbeit thy honeſt werkis do nocht ſo.
Gif thow be luſt dois ony thing alſo,
The ſchamefull deid, without diſſeuering, 215 Fol. 7. a.
Remanis ay, quhen pleſour is ago.

Ane vthir compariſon.

"As carvell ticht faſt tending throw the ſee
Levis no prent amangis the wallis hee;
As birdis ſwift, with mony biſſie plwme,
Perſſis the air, and wait nocht quhair thay flee; 220
Siclyk our lyfe, withowt actiuitie,
Giffs na fruct, howbeit ane ſchaddow blwme.
Quhay dois thair lyf in to this erd coinſwme
Without vertew, thair fame and memorie
Sall vaneis ſonar than the reky ſwme. 225

Thrid compariſon.

"As watter purgis and makis bodeis fair;
As fyre be natur aſcendis in the air,
And purefeis with heitis vehement;
As floure dois ſmell; as fruct is nvreſare;
As pretious balmes revertis thingis ſair, 230
And makis thame of rot impatient;
As ſpyce maiſt ſweit, and ros maiſt redolent;
As ſterne of day, be moving circulare,
Chaiſis the nicht with bemis reſplendent:

"Siclyk my werk perfytis every wicht 235
In fervent lufe of maiſt excellent licht,
And makis man in to this erd but peir;
And dois the ſaule fra all corruptioun dicht
With odour dulce, and makis it moir bricht
Than Diane full, or yit Appollo cleir; 240
Syne raiſis it vnto the hieſt ſpeir,
Immortaly to ſchyne in Goddis ſicht,
As choſin ſpous, and creatour moſt deir.

"This vthir wenche, that clippit is Delit,
Involwis man, be ſenſuall appetit,
In every kynd of vice and miſerie;
Becauſs na wit nor reſſone is perfyte
Quhair ſcho is gyd, bot ſkathis infinit,
With dolour, ſchame, and vrgent povertie.
For ſcho wes get off frothis of the ſie;
Quhilk ſignefeis, hir pleſeir vennemit
Is midlit ay with ſcherp adwerſitie.

"Duke Hanniball, as mony awthouris wrait,
Throw Spanyie come, be mony paſſage ſtrait,
To Italy in furour bellicall;
Brak doun the wallis, and the montanis ſlait,
And to his army maid ane oppin gait,
And victoreis had on the Romanis all:
At Capua, be pleſeir ſenſuall,
This Duck wes maid ſo ſoft and dilligait,
That with his fois he wes ſone overthrall.

"Off fers Achill the weirly deidis ſprang
In Troy and Grece, quhill he in vertew rang;
How luſt him ſlew it is bot rewth to heir.
Siclyk the Troianis, with thair knychtis ſtrang,
The velyeant Greikis fra thair rowmis dang,
Victoriouſly exercit mony yeir:
That nicht thay went to thair luſt and pleſeir,
The fatall horſs did throw thair wallis fang,
Quhais prignant ſydis wer full of men of weir.

"Sardanapall, the prince effeminat,
Fra knichtlie dedis wes degenerat;
Twynand the threidis of the purpour lynt
With fingeris ſoft, amangis the ladeis ſat;
And with his luſt cowth nocht be ſatiat,

"Quhill of his fois come the bittir dynt.
Quhat nobill men and ladeis hes bene tynt,
Quhen thay with luftis wer intoxicat,
To fchaw at lenth, my toung fowld nevir ftynt.

"Thairfoir Camill, the valyeant chevaleir,
Quhen he the Gallis had dantit be his weir,
Off heretable landis wald haif na recompence;
For, gif his bairnis and his freindis deir
Wer vertewis, thay cowld nocht faill ilk yeir
To haif ynewch be Romane providence;
Gif thay wer gevin to vyce and infolence,
It wes nocht neidfull for to conqueifs geir,
To be occafioun of thair incontinence.

Revard of verteu.

"Sum nobill men, as poetis lift declair, Fol. 8.
Wer deifeit; sum goddis of the aire;
Sum, of the hevin: as Eolus, Vulcan,
Saturne, Mercurie, Apollo, Jupitair,
Mars, Hercules, and vthir men preclair,
That glory immortall in thair lyvis wan.
Quhy war thir pepill callit goddis than?
Becaus thay had ane vertew fingulair,
Excellent, hie aboif ingyne of man.

Revard of vyce.

"And vthiris ar in reik fulphurius;
As Ixion, and wery Sifiphus,
Eumenides, the Feureis richt odibill,
The prowd Gyandis, and thrifty Tantalus;
With hugly drink, and fude moft vennemus;
Quhair flammis bald and mirknes ar fenfibill.
Quhy ar thir folk in panis fo terribill?
Becaufs thay wer bot fchrewis vicius,
Into thair lyf, with deidis moft horribill.

"And thocht na fruct wer eftir conſequent
Of mortall lyf, bot for this warld preſent
Ilk man to haif allanerly reſpect;
Yit vertew ſowld fra vice be different,
As quick fra deid, as riche fra indigent.
That ane, to gloir and honor ay[1] direct;
This vthir, ſaule and body to neclect:
That ane, of reſſone moiſt intelligent;
This vthir, off beiſtis following the effect.

"For he that nold aganis his luſtis ſtrive,
Bot leivis as beiſt of knawlege ſenſitive,
Eildis richt faſt, and deth him ſone ouirhaillis.
Thairfoir the mvle is of ane langer lyve
Than ſtonit hors; alſo the barrane wyve
Appeiris yung, quhen that the brudy falis.
We ſee alſo, quhen natur nocht prevailis,
The pane and dolor ar ſa pungitive,
No medecyne the patient availis.

Concluſioun. "Sen thow hes hard baith our intentis thuſs,
Cheiſs of ws two the maiſt delitius:
Firſt to ſuſtene ane ſcherp adwerſitie,
Danting the rege of yowtheid furius;
And ſyne poſſeid tryvmphe innvmerus,
With lang impyre and he felicitie:
Or haif, ane moment, ſenſualitie
Of ſuliche yowth in lyf voluptouus,
And all thy dayis full of miſerie."

Be than Phebus his fyrie cairt did wry
Fra ſowth to weſt, declynand beſely
To dip his ſteidis into the occiane;
Quhen he began ovirſyle his viſage dry,
With vapouris thik, and cluddis full of ſky;

[1] *hie* written below.

And Notus brym, the wind meridiane,
With wingis donk, and pennis full of rane,
Awalknit me, that I micht nocht eſpy
Quhilk of thame two wes to his lady tane.

But ſone I knew thay wer the goddeſſes
That come in ſleip to vailyeant Hercules,
Quhen he wes yung, and fre of every lore
To luſt or honor, povertie or richeſs;
Quhair he contempnit luſt and ydilnes,
That he in vertew micht his lyf decore;
And werkis did of maiſt excellent glore.
The moir increſſit his panefull biſſines,
His hee tryvmphe and loving wes the more.

Than thrwch this morall eruditioun
Quhilk come, as ſaid is, in my viſioun,
I tuke purpoiſs, or I forder went,
To wryt the ſtory of this regioun,
With deidis of mony illuſter campioun.
And, thocht the pane appeiris vehement,
To mak the ſtory to the redaris moir patent,
I will begin at the deſcriptioun
Off Albion, in maner ſubſequent.

Finis. *Compyld be* Maiſter Iohine Bellenden.

III.

The Prollog of the tent buik of Virgill, compyld be the noble poet, Mr. Gawyn Dowglaſs, *Biſchop of Dunkeld:— Of Godis Workis to be inconprehenſible be man, wit, or reſſone, as for example of the Trinitie.* Fol. 9.

HE plaſmatour of thingis vniuerſall,
Thow renewar of kynd, that creat all,
Inconprehenſible thy werkis ar to conſaif,
Quhilk grantit hes to every wicht to haif
Quhat thing maiſt ganis vnto his governall.

How marvellus bene diuiſionis of thy gracis,
Diſtribut ſo to ilk thing, in all placis!
The ſon to ſchyne over all, and ſchaw his licht,
The day to labour, ffor reſt thow ordanit nicht;
For diuerſs cauſſis, ſchupe ſeir ſeſſonis and ſpacis.

Freſche ver to burgeoun herbis and ſueit flowris;
The hait ſommer to nvreiſs corne all houris,
And breid alkynd of fowlis, fiſche, and beiſt;
Herviſt to randir his fructis maiſt and leiſt;
Winter to ſnyb the erth with froſtie ſchowris.

Nocht that thow neidit ocht, all thing thow wrocht,
Bot to that fyne thow maid all thingis of nocht,
Of thy gudneſs to be participant;
Thy Godheid na richer, nor yit mair ſkant,
Nowthir now nor than, ſet ws wrocht of nocht.

Thy maiſt ſupreme indiuiſible ſubſtance,
In ane natur, thre perſonis, but diſcrepance,
Rignand eterne, reſſavis nane accidence;
For quhy? thow art richt at this tyme preſent
It that thow wes, and evir ſall, but variance.

Sen our natur God hes to him vnyt,
His Godheid vncorrupt remanis perſyt,
The ſone of God havand verry naturis twane
In ane perſone, and thre perſonis all ane
In deitie, natur, maieſtie, and delyt.

The Sone the ſelf thing with the Fader is;
The ſelf ſubſtance the Holie Gaiſt, I wiſs,
Is with thame baith; thre diſtinct perſonage,
As wes,[1] and ſalbe, evir of ane age,
Omnipotent, ane Lord, equall in bliſs.

Quhilk ſoverane ſubſtance, in gre ſuperlative,
Na cunning comprehend ma nor diſcrive;
Nowther generis, generat is, nor dois proceid,
Allane begynner of every thing, but dreid,
And in the ſelf remanis eterne on lyve.

The Fader, of none generat, creat, nor bore,
His onlie Sone ingenneris evirmoir;
Not makis, creatis, bot ingeneris alway
Of his ſubſtance; and all tyme of baith tuay
Proceidis the Haly Gaiſt, equall in glore.

Off baith, frome ane begynning, proceidis he;
Sa bene the werkis of the Trinitie
Maiſt excellent, and wonderfull to conſaif:
Yit thame to treſt the mair mereit we haif,
That be na manis reſſone previt may bie

[1] ? ar, war.

The Fader knawis him ſelf, quhilk knalege ſpreidis
Be generatioun eterne, that evir breidis
His Sone, his word and wiſdome eternale:
Betuix thir twa is luve perpetuale,
Quhilk is the Haly Gaiſt, fra baith proceidis.

Nocht that the Faderis natur myneiſt is,
Of his ſubſtance he generis his Sone in bliſs;
Nor ſo the Sone, of kynd is eiboir
That he ane pairt hes and no moir; Fol. 10.
Bot all he gevis his Sone, and all is hiſs.

The ilk thing he him gevis, that he remanis:
This ſingle ſubſtance indifferentle thus ganis
To thre in ane, and ilkane of tha thre
The ſamyne thing is in ane maieſtie,
Thocht thir thre personis be ſeuerall in thre granis.

Similitude. Lyk as the ſawll of man is ane, we waite,
Havand thre poweris diſtinct and ſeperait,
Vndirſtanding, reſſone, and memoir:
Intelligence conſidderis the thing beſoir,
Reſſoun decernis, memor keipis the conſait.

As thay bene in ane ſubſtance knit all thre,
Thre perſonis regnis in ane deitie.
We may tak als ane vthir ſimilitude,
Groiſly the ſamyn purpois to conclude;
Flamb, heit, and licht, bene in ane fyre we ſe.

Quhair evir the low is, hete and licht bene thare;
And had the fyre bene birnand evirmair,
Evir ſowld the flamb ingennerit haif his licht,
And of the birnand low the flambis bricht
Perpetwaly ſowld hait haif ſprung alquhare.

So generis the Fader the Sone with him eterne,
Frome baith proceidis the Haly Gaiſt coeterne.
Thus rud exampillis and figuris may we geif;
Thocht [God] be his awin createur to preif,
War mair vnlikneſs than liknes to deſcerne.

Freind, ferly not, na cauſs is to complene,
Albeit thy wit grit God may nocht attene;
For, micht thow comprehend be thyne engyne
The maiſt excellent maieſtie devyne,
He micht be reput ane pretty God and mene.

Conſidder thy reſſone is ſo feble and lite,
And his knawlege profound and infinite;
Conſidder how he is vnmenſurable:
Him, as he is, to knaw thow art nocht able;
It ſufeiſs the beleif the creid perfyte.

God is, I grant, in all thing, not excludit;[1]
Gevis all gudnes, and is of nocht denudit;
Of him hes all thing pairt, and he not mynneiſt;
Haill he is alquhair, not devydit, nor fynneiſt;
Withowt all thing he is, and not excludit.

O Lord, thy wayis bene inveſtigable!
Sweit Lord, thy ſelf is ſa ineſtimable,
I can wryt nocht bot wounderis of thy micht,
That lawleit ſa far thy maieſtie and hicht
To be borne man in till ane oxis ſtabill.

Thow tuke mankynd of ane vnwemmit maid,
Incloſit within ane virgynis boſum glaid,
Quhome all the hevynnis micht nevir comprehend;
Angellis, scheipherdis, and kingis thy godheid kend,
Thocht thow in crib betuix twa beiſtis wes laid.

[1] ? includit.

Quhat infinit excellent hie bonte
Aboif thy werkis all, in wonderfull gre!
Lord, quhen thow man maid to thyne awin image,
That tynt him ſelf throw his fuliſche dottage,
Thow man become, and deit to mak him fre.

Maid thow nocht man firſt preſedent vndir the,
To dant the beiſtis, fowlis, and fiſche in ſe,
Subdewit till him the erth and all thairin; Fol. 11.
Syne paradice grantit him and all his kin,
Gaif him fre will, and power nevir to de?

Enarmid him with reſſone and prudence;
Only bad him keip thyne obedience,
And to him fowld all creaturis obey?
Bittir was that fruct for his ofspring, and fey,
Maid deth vnknawin be fund, and lyf ga hence.

O thyne ineſtimable lufe and cheretie!
Become ane thrall to mak ws bundin fre,
To quickin thy ſklavis thold ſchamefull deid maiſt fell;
Bliſt be thow virginall fruct, that herreit hell,
And payit the price of the forbiddin tre!

Thocht thow lerge ſtremis ſched vpoun the rude,
Ane drop had bene ſufficient of thy blude
Ane thowſand warldis to haif redemit, I grant;
But thow the well of mercy wald not ſkant,
Ws to provok to lufe the, and be gude.

Commounioun. Over all thys ſyne, thy infinit godheid,
Thy fleſche and blude, lufly with wyne and breid,
To be our fude of grace, in plege of glorie,
Thow laſt ws gaif, in perpetuall memorie
Of thy paſſioun and dolorus panefull deid.

Quhat thankis dew or gainyeild, Lord benyng,
May I, maiſt ſinfull, wrechit cative indyng,
Rander for this foverane hie bontie?
Sen body, fawle, and all I haif of the,
Thow art my price, mak me thy pray conding.

My makar, my redemar, and ſupport!
Fra quhome all grace and gudnes cumis at ſchort,
Grant me thy grace my miſdeiddis till amend,
Of this and all my warkis to mak gud end:
This I beſeik the, Lord, I the exhort.

Frome the begynning and end be thow my muſe:
All vthir Joue and Phebus I refuſe.
Lat Virgill hald his maumentis till him ſelf;
I wirſchep nowdir ydoll, ſtok, nor elf,
Thocht furth I wryt, ſo as myne auctor duſe.

Is nane bot thow, the Fader of goddis and men,
Omnipotent eternall Joue I ken;
Only thy help, Fader, thair is nane vthir:
I compt nocht of thir pagane godis ane futhir,
Quhas power may nocht help ane haltane hen.

The ſcriptur clips the God, of goddis Lord;
For quhay thy mandimentis keipis in accord
Bene ane with the, not in ſubſtance, bot grace,
And we our Father callis the in every place:
Mak ws thy ſonis in cheretie, but diſcord.

Thow haldis court over criſtall hevynis cleir,
With angellis, ſanctis, and hevinly ſpreitis feir,
Thay, but ſeiſſing, thy gloir and loving ſingis:
Manifeſt to the, and patent, bene all thingis;
Thy ſpous, and quene maid, and thy moder deir.

Concord forevir, mirth, reſt, and endles bliſs
Na feir of hell, nor dreid of deth, thair is
In thy hie realme, nor na kynd of ennoye,
Bot all weilfair, eiſs, and evirleſtand joye;
Quhais he pleſance, Lord, lat ws nevir miſs!

Finis. quod Mr. Gawyne Dowglas.

IV.

Ane Ballat of the Creatioun of the Warld, Man, his Fall and Redemptioun, maid to the tone of The Bankis of Helecon. Fol. 12.

GOD, be his word, his work began,
To forme the erth and hevin for man,
The ſie and watter deip;
The ſone, the mone, the ſtarris bricht,
The day divydit frome the nicht,
Thair courſis for to keip;
The beiſtis that on the grund do mvfe,
And fiſche in to the ſee;
Fowlis in the air to fle abvfe,
Off ilk kynd creat hee;
Sum creiping, ſum fleiting,
Sum fleing in the air,
So heichtly, ſo lichtly,
In moving heir and thair.

Thir workis of grit magnificence,
Perfytit be his providence,
According to his will:

Nixt, maid he man, to gif him gloir,
Did with his ymage him decoir,
Gaif paradice him till.
Into that garding, hevinly wrocht
With plefowris mony one,
The beiſtis of every kynd war brocht,
Thair names he fowld expone;
Thame nemmyng, and kennyng,
As he liſt for to call,
For pleiſing and eiſing
Off man, ſubdewit thame all.

In hevinly ioy man ſo poſſeſt,
To be allone God thocht not beſt,
Maid Eve to be his maik;
Bad thame increſs and mvltiplie,
And eit of every fruct and trie
Thair plefour thay fowld taik,
Except the trie of gud and ill
That in the middis dois ſtand,
Forbad that thay fowld cum it till,
Or twiche it with thair hand;
Leiſt plucking, or lucking,
Baith thay and als thair ſeid,
Seveirly, awſteirly,
Sowld dye withowt remeid.

Now Adame and his luſty wyfe
In parradyce leidand their lyfe,
With plefowris infineit,
Wanting na thing fowld do thame eiſs,
Ilk beiſt obeying thame to pleiſs,
As thay cowld wiſs in ſpreit:
Behald, the ſerpent, ſubtilly
Invyand manis eſtait,

With wickit craft and ſubtilty,
Eve temptit with diſſait;
Nocht feiring, bott ſpeiring,
Quhy ſcho tuke not hir till,
In vſing and chuſing
The fruct of gud and ill?

"Commandit ws," ſcho ſaid, "the Lord,
Nowayis thairto we ſowld accord,
Vnder eternall pane;
Bot grantit ws full libertie
To eit of every fruct and trie,
Except that tre in plane."
"No, no, not ſo," the ſerpent ſaid,
"Thow art diſſauit thairin;
Eit ye thairof, ye ſall be maid
In knawlege lyk to him,
In ſemying, and demyng
Off every thing arricht,
Als dewly, als trewly,
As ye war goddis of micht."

Eve, with thir fals wordis thus allurit,
Eit of the fruct, and ſyne procurit
Adame the ſame to play.
"Behald," ſaid ſcho, "how pretious,
So dilicat and delitious,
Beſyd knawlege for ay."
Adame, puft vp in warldly gloir,
Ambitioun and of pryd,
Eit of the fruct; allace thairſoir,
And ſwa thay baith did ſlyd;
Neglecting, fforgetting
The eternall Goddis command,

Quha ſcurgit and purgit
Thame quyt owt of that land.

Quhen thay had eitin of that frute, 85 Fol. 13.
Off joy than war thay deſtitute,
And ſaw thair bodyis bair.
Annone, thay paſt with all thair ſpeid,
Off leivis to mak thame ſelvis a weid,
To cleith thame was thair cair. 90
During the tyme of innocence,
No ſyn nor ſchame thay knew;
Fra tyme thay gat experience,
Vnto ane buſs thay drew;
Abyding, and hyding, 95
As God ſowld nocht thame ſee;
Quha ſpyit, and cryit,
"Adame, quhy hyddis thow thee?"

"I being naikit, Lord, throw feir,
For ſchame I durſt nocht to compeir, 100
And ſo I did refuſe."
"Had thow nocht eitin of that tre,
That knawlege had nocht bene in the,
Nor yit no ſic excuſe."
"This helper, Lord, thow gaif to me, 105
Hes cawſit me tranſgreſs."
Sayd ſcho, "The ſerpent ſubtilly
Perſwadit me no leſs;
Intreitting, be eitting,
That we ſowld be perfyte, 110
Me ſylit, begylit;
In him lyis all the wyte."

The Lord, that evir jugeit richt,
Bringand his iuſtice to the licht,

The ſerpent firſt did iuge.
"Becauſs the woman thow begylit,
For evir thow ſall be exylit,"
Said he, "withowt reffuge.
Betuix hir ſeid and thy ofspring,
Na peax nor reſt ſalbe,
And her ſeid ſall thy heid doun thring,
For all thy ſubtilty;
Abhorit, deformit,
Thow on thy breiſt ſall gang,
In feiding, and leiding
Thy lyfe the beiſtis amang."

The woman nixt, for hir offence,
Did of the Lord reſſaif ſentence:
Hir ſowrrow ſowld increſs,
With wo and pane hir childrene beir,
Subdewit to man, vndir his feir,
No liberty poſſeſs.
For Adamis falt he curſt the erth,
That barane it ſowld be,
Withowt labour ſowld yeild na birth
Off coirnis, erb, nor tre;
Bot wirking and irking
For evir ſowld remane,
And being, in deing,
In erth returne agane.

O crewall ſerpent! vennemus,
Diſpytfull and ſeditious,
The grund of all our cair:
Thow fals bound ſlave vnto the divill,
Thow firſt inventar of the evill
Off bliſs quhilk maid ws bair;

O diuillis ſlaive! did thow beleif,
Or how had thow ſic grace,
Thairby for evir thow micht leif,
Aboif in to that place?
Thy grudgeing gat ſcrudgeing;
And ſwa God lute the ſie,
A diſſavar, no cravar,
Off his reward ſowld be.

O dilicat dame, with eiris bent,
That harknit to that fals ſerpent,
Thy banis we may ſair ban;
Without excuſe thow art to blame,
Thow juſtly hes obtenit that name,
The verry Wo of Man.
With teiris we may bewaill and greit
That wickit tyme and tyd,
Quhen Adame was cauſſit to ſleip,
And thow tane of his ſyd.
No ſleiping, bot weiping,
Thy ſeid hes ſund ſenſyne:
Thy eitting, and ſweitting,
Is turnd to wo and pyne.

Adame, thy pairt quha can excuſe,
With knawlege thow that did abuſe
Thy awin felicitie?
The ſerpentis fals inventing, Fol. 14.
The womanis ſone conſenting,
Was nocht ſa wickitlie.
God did prefer the to this day,
And thame ſubdewid to the;
So all that thay cowld mene or ſay,
Sowld not haif movit the

To brecking, abiecking
That heich command of lyfe,
Quhilk gydit, provydit
The ay to leif but ſtryfe.

Behald the ſtait that man was in,
And als how it he tynt throw ſyn,
And loiſt the fame for ay;
Yit God his promeiſs dois performe,
Send his Sone, of the virgyn borne,
Oure ranſone for to pay.
To that gret God lat ws gif gloir,
To ws hes bene ſo gude,
Quha, be his deith, did ws reſtoir,
Quhairof we war denude;
Nocht karing, nor ſparing
His body to be rent;
Redemyng, releiving
Ws quhen we war all ſchent.

Finis q. Sr Richart Maitland *of Lethingtoun, Knycht.*

V.

The lxxxiii Pſalme of Dauid.

GOD, for thy grace, thow keip no moir ſilence:
Ceiſs not, O God, nor hald thy peax no moir.
For, lo! thy fois with crewall violence
Confiderat ar, and with ane hiddeous roir,
In this thair rage, thaye riballis brag and ſchoir;
And thay that hait the moiſt malicioufly,
Aganis thy micht thair heidis hes raiſd on hie.

For to oppreſs thy pepill thay pretend
With ſubteill flicht, and move conſpiracie
For ſic as on thy ſecreit help depend.
"Go to," ſay thay, "and latt ws vtterlie
This natioun rute owt frome memorie,
And of the name of Iſraleitis lat nevir
Forther be maid mentioun for evir."

Conſpyrit ar, with crewall hairtis and fell,
Thus aganis the togidder in ane band,
The Edomeitis, that in thair tentis to dwell,
And Iſmaleitis jonit with thame to ſtand;
The Moabeitis, vpoun the vder hand,
With the prowid race of Agareines, togidder
Aſſemblit ar, and wicketly confidder;

Geball, Ammon, and Amalek, all thre
Marche furth ilkane with his gariſoun;
The Philiſtenis, formeſt thay think to be,
The indwellaris of Tyre with thame ar boun;
Aſchur alſo is thair companyeoun;
With the childrene of Lott to arrayed,
In thair ſuppoirt his benner is diſplayed.

Do thow to thame as thow did to the hoiſt
Off Madian; Jabin,[1] and Siſera,
At Kyſon flude; in Endor lyvis thay loiſt,
To dung the land quhair as thair bodyis lay.
Lyk Oreb, Zeb, Zeba, and Salmunna,
So mak thow thame; evin thair moiſt michty princis,
And all the cheif rewlaris of thair provincis.

Quhilk ſaid, "Lat ws inhereit, as our awin,
Godis manſionis." My God, mak thame to be
Lyk rolling quheilis, or as the ſtibill blawin

Fol. 14. b.

[1] From Dupl. Text—MS. has *Jaſin*.

Befoir the wind. As fyre the wid we ſe
Dois burne, and flame devoir, on montanis he,
The hether crop, ſo lat thy tempeſt chace thame,
And thy quhirle wind with terror ſo deface thame.

Thair faces, Lord, with ſchamefulnes fulfill;
That thay may ſeik thy name in mynd to prent.
Confoundid let thame be, and evir ſtill
Vexid with wo; ye, mak thame ſchemd and ſchent:
And lat thame knaw that thow art permanent,
That Jehova, thy name, allone parteineth
To the, over all the erth quhois glory regneth.

Finis.

VI.

Followis a Song of him lying in poynt of deth.

O Lord my God, ſen I am brocht
And thrwche my body thair is nocht
Mak haiſt in tyme to ſuccour me,
Sen I haif nane in erth bot the
My only howp and confidence
Aſſuring me that my offence
And all my tormentis ſall tak end
Quhen thow ſic confort ſall me ſend
Lord, ſtrenth me with thy patience
Quhat pleiſſis beſt thyne excellence
And lat me nocht declyne at all
Bot evirmair on the to[2] call
Help me to beir my burding, Lord,
To[1] grit diſtreſs,
Bot havineſs,
O richteouſs Juge.
For my refuge,
In the is ſett,
Salbe forgett,
With ſuddane ſpeid, Fol. 15. a.
As I haif neid.
To ſuffer ay
On me to lay;
In tyme of greif,
For my releif.
For I am waik;

[1] Dupl. Text—*In.* [2] Ib.—*I.*

And latt my ſtrenth and chairge accord,
Aſſiſt me with thyne haly ſpreit,
With ſteidfaſt hairt and howp repleit,
At leiſt ſum pairt, I the beſeik,
As thow art luving, kynd and meik,
Into thy juſtice and jugement
Bot ſen I am ſo penitent,
Quhen that my ſenſſis ar all gone,
My hairt and mynd on the allone
Thy ſweit promeiſs and tendir luve,
Owt of my mynd ſall nocht rem[u]ve,
And gif thow will that ſuddanly
I recommend my ſawle to the
Quhair it ſall haif ane dwelling place
To rigne in hevinly luve and peace
Or ellis, gif that thy pleſour be
Releif me of my meſerie
Remeid me, that am lyik to mang,
And I ſall ſing thy praeyſe als lang
For thy names ſaik.
That I may ſtill,
Abyid thy will.
To ſwaige my pane;
Thy wreth refrane.
Deill nocht with me;
Grant me mercie.
And wordis dois faill,
Salbe all haill.
Na tyme nor tyde,
Nor yit lat flyd.
I ſall depairt,
With cheirfull hairt,
With angellis hie,
Eternallye.[1]
My lyfe to ſpair,
And preſent cair.
And ſoir oppreſt,
As I may leſt.

Finis.

VII.

The Sawle of man.

OFF all the gude createuris of Goddis creating
Maiſt peur and pretious is the ſawle of man;
A perfect ſubſtance, at na tyme abating;
Quhilk, with the body, the paſſionis ſuffer can;
In vertew, joyus; in vyce, baith wyiſs[2] and wan;
Quhilk, eftir daith, ſall reſſaif the rewarde
Of werkis in lyftyme it did maiſt regarde.

[1] Dupl. Text—*Perpetually.* [2] Ib.—*wa.*

The Lyfe in man.

Lyfe, that cuppillis the ſawle and body in ane,
Is fraill and vane, mair ſlippry than the ſlyme;
A heipfull of cairis, bot quyet hes it nane;
Ordanit of God a priſſone for a tyme,
To plege and purge the body and ſawle frome cryme; Fol. 15. b.
Quhilk quha ſa ſpendis verteously and wele,
Sall eftir it ay in glory and joyis dwele.

Conſcience.

In quhat ordor ſa evir a manis lyfe is heir led,
The conſcience excuſis or accuſis plane,
Vthirwayis to perſwaid ſtandis in na ſted;
It prevailis in witneſs to joy or to pane.
Feir God, truſt in him, and wickitneſs refraine;
Keip ſaif the conſcience frome feir and trymbling,
That trew faith and peax may be at thy ending.

Prayar and Repentance.

Prayar is the maiſt haly, devyne ſerwice
That man heir on erth vnto God may preſent.
Faith, with repentance, is the dew and perfett devyce
That withſtandis the diuill and his curſit entent.
Pray to God, truſt in him, bot firſt be penitent;
For, as a ſeuir ſchip ſavis thame that be thairin,
Sa prayar, be repentance, ſavis ws frome drownyng in ſyn.

Faith.

Faith is a ſteidfaſtnes and trewth of thingis
Spokin and convenantit off God, or of man.

A richt faith in God with it all wayis bringis
Invinſibill powar, that michtelly can
Withſtand the aſſaltis of the crewall Satan:
For he that is faithfull and trew in all thingis
Hes michtyar ſervandis than lordis or kingis.

Feir of God.

Withowt the feir of God na man can be juſt,
Nor yit richtly rewill his corrupt nature.
Feir ſtrangly mortifyis all filthy luſt;
Feir ſyndis entrance in to a lyfe moiſt peure,
Quhilk feir vpoun luve dependis maiſt ſeure;
Or ellis feir withowt luve increſſis hatred;
And quhame men do feir, thay wiſs war periſched.

Ariſtotle.

Bettir it is to dye, the ſawlis lyfe to ſave,
Than to loiſs the ſawle, the bodyis lyfe to have.

Seneca.

It is better to haif the ſawle garniſſid with vertew,
Than the body deckid with purple, gold, or blew.

Finis.

VIII.

The firſt Salme.

Fol. 16. a.

Beatus vir.

HAppie is hie hes hald him fre
Frome folkis of deſame;
Alwayis to fle iniquite
And ſait of ſyn and ſchame.

Bot hes his will conforme vntill
The Lordis command and law,
Thame to fulfill, with purpoiſs ſtill
Boith day and nicht to knaw.

He ſall haif brute, as tre on rute
Endlang the rever plantit;
To burge and ſchute, and ſall gif frutt
In tyme, as God hes grantit.

Quhois leif and blaid ſall nevir faid,
Bot fragrant ay be[1] flureiſt;
Quhois workis on braid sall evir[2] ſpraid,
And richtouſly be nvreiſt.

Sall non be ſo off nochtis no,
Quhilk bene of curſit kind:[3]
Bot thay ſall go lyk duſt and ſtro
Bene vaneiſt with the wind.

Evill men lykwyiſs ſall nocht arryiſs[4]
To jugement as thay[5] truſt;
Nor thame that lyiſs in ſyne of[t] ſyiſs
To counſale with the juſt.

[1] Dupl. Text—*be and.* [2] Ib.—*proſprus.*
[3] From Dupl. Text—MS. has *bind.* [4] Dupl. Text—*thay ſall nocht ryiſs.*
[5] From Dupl. Text—MS. has *the.*

For air and lait the Lord weill wait
The wayiſs of vertewus men,
And every gait off wicket ſtait
Sall perreiſs owt of ken.

Gloria Patri.

To Fader gloir be evirmoir,
To Sone and Haly Spreit;
As wes afoir, now is in ſtoir,
And ay ſalbe, So beit.

Finis quod Alex[r] Scott.

IX.

The fyifty[firſt] Pſhalme.

LORD God deliuer me, allace! Fol. 16. b.
For thy grit mercy, rewth, and grace,
Soir mornyng, grufling on my face,
Rew on my miſerie:
Als for the mvltitud and ſpace
Off thy heich clemenſs, heir my cace,
And my treſpaſs expell and chace;
Lord God deliuer me.

Weſche me, and mak my ſawle ſerene
Frome all iniquite that bene;
Clenge me of cryme and mak me clene,
All vycis for to fle.
For my tranſgreſſioun haif I ſene,
Quhilk tormentis me with tray and tene,

And ay my ſyn forgane myne ene;
Lord God deliuer me.

Only to the I did offend,
May non my miſs bot thow amend,
As by thy ſermondis thow art kend
Ourcum all contrarie.
In filth, lo! I begyn and end,
By ſyn maternall I am ſend,
With vyce I vaneiſs and mon wend;
Lord God deliuer me.

Thow had to veritie ſic zeill,
That of thy wiſdome did reweill
Incertane hid thingis for my weill,
And laid befoir myne e.
For, quhen thy fowth of grace I feill,
I ſalbe clengit clene as ſteill,
And quhyttar than the ſnaw gret deill;
Lord God deliuer me.

Thow ſall gif glaidnes vnto heir,
Me into joy and mirthfull cheir,
Quhen all my febill bonis efeir
Sall gif the lovingis hie.
Heirfoir avart thy viſage cleir, Fol. 17. a.
So that my ſynnis cum not the neir;
Off my miſdeidis, quhilk dois me deir,
Lor[d] God deliuer me.

Creat within me and infound
Ane hart immaculat and mound,
Ane ſteidfaſt hairt renew and ground
Within my breiſt to be.
Fleme me nocht fra thy face fecound,

Bot lat thy Haly Spreit abound;
Lord God deliuer me.[1]

Reſtoir me to the exultatioun
I had in the of my ſaluatioun,
And with thy Spreit of cheif probatioun
[Vpſtirre my hairt to thee][2]
I ſall to ſynnaris mak narratioun,
And wicket men in deviatioun
I ſall thame ken to conſolatioun;
Lord God deliuer me.

Lord God deliuer me, and gyd
Frome ſchedding blude and homicyd;
My tung ſall preiſs the, juſt, but pryd,
And petefull, all thre:
Lowſe thow my lippis, that tyme and tyd
I may gif to the lovingis wyd,
Till all that fermely liſt confyd;
Lord God deliuer me.

Knew I thow covet ſacrifyiſs,
Or offerand holocaſt wald pryiſs
I ſowld thame gif, bot thow dennyiſs
Sic to reſſaif in gre;
For thy oblatioun, Lord, it lyiſs
In humill hairt, contreit alwyiſs;
Pennens of ſpreit thow nolt diſpyiſs;
Lord God deliuer me.

Sweit Lord, to Syon be ſuave,
And ſtrenth the wallis of thy conclave, Fol. 17. b.
Jeruſalem, thy haly grave,
Quhilk makis ws ranſone fre:

[1] A line of this stanza omitted in MS.
[2] From old verſion—MS. has *Ainx Sovirlie.*

This facrifice than thow falt have
Off thy juft pepill, and reffave
Thair laill trew hairtis with all the lave;
Lord God deliuer me.

Gloir to the Fader he aboif,
Gloir to the Sone for our behoif,
Gloir to the Haly Spreit of loif,
In trenefald vnitie;
As wes, is, falbe ay, but roif,
Ane thre, and thre in ane, to proif
Thy Godheid nevir may remoif:
Lord God deliuer me.

Finis quod Scott.

X.

[*The Tabill of Confeffioun.*]

TO The, O mercifull Salviour, Jefus,
My King, my Lord, and my Redemar fweit,
Befoir thy bludy figor dolorus
I repent my fynnys, with humill hairt contreit,
That evir I did vnto this hour compleit,
Baith in werk, in word, and eik[1] intent;
Falling on face, full law befoir thy feit,
I cry The mercy, and lafar to repent.

To The, my fweit Saluiour, I me fchirryve,
Committing me in thy mercy [maift] excelling,[2]

[1] Dupl. Text—*in.*
[2] MS. has *excellenting* altered to *excelling*, and the word *excelling* written afresh after it. Dupl. Text has—*And dois me in thy mercy moft excellenting.*

Off the wrang ſpending of my wittis fyve,—
In hering, ſeing, guſting, twiching, and ſmelling,
Ganeſtanding, greving, moving, and rebelling
Aganis The my God and Lord omnipotent;
With teiris of ſorrow frome my ene diſtilling,
I cry The mercy, and laſar to repent.

I wretchit ſynner, vyle, and full of vyce,
Off the Sevin Deidly Synnys dois[1] me ſchirryve,—
Off pryd, off yre, invy, and covetyce, Fol. 18. a.
Off lichery, gluttony, with flewth ay to ourdryve,
Exercing vycis evir in all my lyve,
For quhilk, allace! I ſervit to be ſchent:
Rew on me, Jeſu, for thy woundis fyve!
I cry The mercy, and laſar to repent.

I confeſs[2] me, Lord! that I abuſit haif
The Sevin Deidis of Mercy Corporall,—
To hungre meit, nor drynk to thriſty[3] gaif,
Nor veſeit the ſeik, nor did redeme the thrall,
Harbreit the wolſome, nor naikit cled att all,
Nor yit the deid to bury, tuke I tent:
Thow, that put mercy aboif thy workis all,
I cry The mercy, and laſar to repent.

In the Sevin Deidis of Marcy Spirituall,—
To ignorantis nocht gaif I my teiching,
Synnaris correctioun, nor deſtitut counſall,
Na vnto wofull wretchis conforting,
Nor to my nychtbouris ſupport of my praying,
Nor was to aſk forgifnes penitent,
Nor to forgif my nychtbouris offending;
I cry The mercy, and laſar to repent.

[1] Dupl. Text—*do.* [2] Ib.—*ſchryif.* [3] Ib.—*thriſtie drink I.*

Lord! I haif done full littill reverence
To thy Sacramentis excellent of[1] renoun,—
Thy Haly Supper ffor my ſyn recompence,
And of my gilt the holy[2] ſatisfactioun,
And Bapteme, als quhilk all my ſyn weſche doun;
Heirof, als far as I was negligent,
With hairt contreit, and teiris falling doun,
I cry The mercy, and laſar to repent.

Commandis. The Ten Commandis,—ane God for till honour,
Nocht tane in vane his name, no[3] ſleyar to be,
Fader and moder to wirſchep at all hour,
To be no theif, the haly day to vphie,
Nychtbouris to lufe, fals witneſs for to fle,
To leif adultre, to covet no manis rent;
Aganis thir preceptis[4] culpable knaw I me;
I cry The mercy, and laſar to repent.

Articulis creid. The[5] Articulis of Trewth,—in God to trow,
The Fader that all thingis wrocht and comprehendit,
And in his haly bliſſit Sone, Jeſu,
Of Mary borne, on croce deit, to hell diſcendit,
The thrid day ryſing, to the Fader aſcendit,
Off quick and deid to cum, and hald jugement;
In to thir poynttis, O Lord! quhair I offendit
I cry The mercy, and laſar to repent.

I trow in to the bliſſit Haly Spreit,
And in the Kirk, to do as it commandis,
And to thy dome that we ſall ryſs compleit
And tak our fleſche agane, baith feit and handis,
All to be ſaiff in ſtait of grace that ſtandis;
Plane I rewoik in thir quhair I miſwent,

[1] Dupl. Text—*of excellent.* [2] Ib.—*Gif I for my ſin bewaill and mak.*
[3] Ib.—*no man.* [4] Ib.—*In all this warld, Lord.* [5] Ib.—*In.*

Befoir The, Juge and Lord of fee and landis,
I cry The mercy, and lafar to repent.

I fynnyt, Lord! that nocht being ftrong as wall,
In howp, in faith, in fervent cheretie;
Nocht with the Foure Vertewis Cardenall,
Aganis vycis feure enarming me,
With fortitude, prowdence, and temperance, thir thre
With juftice evir [in] work, word, or intent;
To The, Chryft Jefu, caſting vp myne e,
I cry The mercy, and lafar to repent.

Off fyn als aganis the Haly Spreit,
Of vertew poſtponyng, and fyn aganis nateur,
Off [in]contritioun, confeſſour[1] indiſcreit,
Of reſſait ſinffull of The my Saluiour,
Of non repentance,[2] and ſatisfaction feur,
Of the Sevin Giftis the Haly Gaiſt me ſent,
Of Sex Petitionis in Pater Noſter peur;
I cry The mercy, and lafar to repent.

Nocht thanking The of gratitud nor grace,
That thow me wrocht, and bocht [me] with thy blude; 90 Fol. 19. a.
Of this ſchort lyfe remembring nocht the ſpace,
The hevenis bliſs, the hellis hiddouſs feid,[3]
But moir treſpaſs, my ſynnis to remeid,
Concluding nevir all thrwch in myne entent;
[O] Thow, quhois blude on rude ran for my deid,[4]
I cry The mercy, and lafar to repent.

I knaw me vicious, Lord, and richt culpable
In aithis ſweiring, leiſing, and blaſpheming,
Off fruſtrat ſpeiking in court, in kirk, and table,

[1] ? confeſſioun. [2] Dupl. Text—*vndone pennence.* [3] Ib.—*ſede.*
[4] Ib.—*for men ran redd.*

In wordis vyle, in vaneteis expreming,
Preyſing my ſelf, and evill my nichtbouris deming,
And ſo in ydilnes my dayis haif ſpent;
Thow that was rent on rude for my redeming,
I cry The mercy, and laſar to repent.

I ſynnit in conſaving[1] thochtis jolie,
Vp to the hevin extolling myne ententioun,
In he exaltit arrogance and folye,
Prowdnes, deriſioun, ſcorne and vilipentioun,
Preſumptioun, inobedience and contemptioun,
In fals vane gloir and deidis negligent;
O Thow, that deit on rud, for my redemptioun,
I cry The mercy, and laſar to repent.

I ſynnit als in reif and in oppreſſioun,
In wranguſs gudis taking and poſſeding,
Contrar gud[2] reſſoun, conſcience and diſcretioun,
Of[3] prodigall ſpending, but rewth of peure folkis neiding,
In fowll diſceptionis, in fals inventionis breiding,
To conqueiſs[4] honor, treſor, land and rent,
In fleſchly luſt aboif meſur exceding;
I cry The mercy, and laſar to repent.

Off mynd diſſymvlat, Lord! I me confeſs,
Of feid vndir [ane] freindly countenance,
Of parciall jugeing, and perveſs wilfulneſs,
In flattering wordis for ſynning of ſubſtance,
Of fals ſolifting ffor wrang deliuerance
At Counſale, Seſſioun, and at Parliament;
Of every gilt, and wicket govirnance,
I cry The mercy, and laſar to repent.

I ſchryve me of all curſit cumpany, Fol. 19. b.
All tymes both witting and vnwitting me,

[1] Dupl. Text—*diſſaving*. [2] Ib.—*my*. [3] Ib.—*In*. [4] Ib.—*conquere*.

Off criminall cauſs, off deid of fellony,
Of tyranny, and vengeable crewaltie,
In hurt[1] or ſlawchter, culpable gif I be,
Be ony maner,[2] deid, counſale, or conſent;
O deir Jeſu! that for me deit on tre,
I cry The mercy, and laſar to repent.

Thocht I haif nocht thy pretious feit to kiſs,
As had the Magdalene, quhen ſcho did mercy craif,
I ſall, as ſcho, weip teiris for my miſs,
And every morrow ſeik The at thy graif;
Thairfoir, forgif me, as Thow hir forgaif,
That ſeis my hart as hiris penitent!
Thy pretious body in breiſt or I reſſaif,
I cry The mercy, and laſar to repent.

To mak me, Jeſu, on The to[3] remember!
I aſk thy Paſſioun me ſo to habound,
Quhill nocht vnmenyeit be in me ane member,
Bot ſall in wo, with The, of every wound;
And every ſtraik mak throw my hart a ſtound,
That evir did ſtenyie thy fair fleſche innocent,
So that no pairt of my body be ſound,
Bot crying The mercy, and laſar to repent.

Off all thir ſynnis that I did heir expreme,
And als foryet, to The, Lord! I me ſchryif,
Appeling fra thy juſtice court extreme
Vnto thy court of mercy exvlyif;
Thow mak my ſchip in bliſſit port to arryif,
That failis heir in ſtormis violent,
And ſaif me, Jeſu! for thy woundis fyve,
That cryis The mercy, and laſar to repent.

Finis quod Dumbar.

[1] Dupl. Text—*deid.* [2] Ib.—*wyis.* [3] Ib.—*for to.*

XI.

[*O moſt heich and eternall King.*]

O MOST heich and eternall King, Fol. 20. a.
Thow helppis the lame and blind to ſicht;
Frome the dois every vertew ſpring,
Geving the ſone and mone thair licht.
Help now to gyd my mynd arricht
This lattir ſentence till apply,
Quhilk come to me this vthir nicht:
He that wold[1] leif moſt lerne to dy.

[O Lord, quho can giſe and be lame,
Or iuge cullouris, wanting his ſicht;
Or how ſuld I ane mater ſrame
That hes no knawlege to indyt?
How can ane blind man ſchut arrycht,
Being all blind without ony e?
Sic can nocht lichtly hit the quhyt:
He that will leive moſt lerne to de.[2]]

My cluddy ſicht, O Lord, mak cleir,
Tak of the miſt that hurtis ſoir,
And latt the licht of grace appeir.
Thow cumis to ſaif that wes forloir,
The blind to ſicht thow dois reſtoir;
Sic is thy gentill courtaſie.
To the be lawid and prayiſs thairfoir:
He that wold[3] leif moſt lerne to dy.

Oppin my eis, my merciſull Lord,
The licht of faith cleirly to ſie,

[1] Dupl. Text—*will.* [2] From Dupl. Text—not in MS.
[3] Dupl. Text—*will.*

And to beleif thy fecreit word,
The quhilk dois fay, "Cum vnto me,
All ye that labor, refrefcit to be."
This proclamatioun Chryift did cry
To tak from ws iniquitie:
[He that will leif moft lerne to dy.[1]]

Chryft come nocht the richtoufs to call,
Bot fynnaris to repentance.
Off him we haif the confort all,
Quhairfoir, his holy name avance.
He makis for ws purveance,
Gif we in tyme frome vyce dois flee;
With him we fall haif heretance:
He that wold leif moft lern to dy.

Agane God fayis, "Gif ye me luve,
Than ye moft keip my commandment."
This text all godly men dois move,
To be to him obedient.
It is for ws expedient
His godly will to magnifie,
And of our finfull lyvis repent:
He that wold leife moft lerne to dy. Fol. 20. b.

Dy frome all fyn and wicketnes,
Frome pryd and[2] abhominatioun.
Dy frome fleuth and covetoufnes,
Preifs[3] to gud occupatioun.
Now is tyme, mak preparatioun
Our fynfull lyvis to mortify.
For help to God mak meditatioun:
He that wold leif moft lerne to dy.

[1] From Dupl. Text—not in MS. [2] Dupl. Text—*with hir.*
[3] Ib.—*And preifs.*

"Gif thow deſyre for to leif long,
In reſt and peice, and ſee[1] gud dayis,
Frome ſpeiking lyis refrane thy tong."
The four and thretty Salme thus ſayis,
To call ws vnto godly wayiſs,
And wickit toungis to pacifie.
Remember this, mak no delayis:
He that wold leif moſt lerne to dy.

Tak Chryiſtis croce vpon your back,
And follow him in leving peur.
Wirk weill in tyme, and be nocht ſlak,
For heir we can not long endeur.
Tyme gois away, ye may be ſeur;
Our flowris fedis away trewly,
Thairfoir to God for grace procure:
He that wold leif moſt lerne to dy.

The pſalme doith ſay, "Call vpoun me
In tyme of tribulatioun,
And than I will deliuer the."
The Lord hes ſic compaſſioun,
To him mak ſupplicatioun,
And call vpoun him fathfully,
Quhen ye haif viſitatioun:
He that wold leif moſt lerne to dy.

O Lord of lordis celeſtiall!
Thy michty arme doith ws defend.
Be the we ryiſs, quhen we do fall;
Thy mercy non can comprehend.
Lord, pardone ws quhair we offend,
Heir in this vaill of miſerie.

[1] Dupl. Text—*To leif in reſt and ſee.*

Thus I conclud, and makis ane end:
He that will leif moſt lerne to dy.

Finis quod [Ro.[1]] Norvall.

XII.

[*Chriſte qui lux es et dies.*]

CHRISTE qui lux es et dies,
O Jeſu Chryſt, the verry licht
And daye that vndois all dirknes,
Vncovering mirknes of the nicht,
The[2] licht of licht, beleve it richt,[3]
Thow grant ws all, but[4] diſperance,
Of thy viſage to haif a ſicht,
Lumen beatum predicans.

Precamur, ſancte Domine,
Our haly Lord, to the we pray,
Defend ws in this nicht, that we
In the mot reſt withowt effray;
And grant ws grace, that we may ſay
This ympne ſo pleſandly to the,
To bed quhen that we boun ws ay,
Noctem quietam tribue.

Ne grauis ſompnus irruat,
Thow tak ws, Lord, in thy keiping.
Fra our ennemy, and all his wreth,
Defend ws, Lord, attour all thing.
Fra dully dremis in our ſleping,[5]

[1] From Dupl. Text—not in MS. [2] Dupl. Text—*Thow.*
[3] Ib.—*belevit richt.* [4] Ib.—*all ay but.* [5] Ib.—*dule dremyngis in ſleping.*

Fra Baliall, and his belfull bache,[1]
Lat nevir our flefche in conſenting,
Nos tibi reos ſtatuat.

Oculi ſompnum capiant,
Our ene tak fleping on[2] this wyfe,
That our hart walk and be conſtant
In hevinly thocht and thy ſerwyiſs,
Fra we tak reſt, quhill that we ryiſs;
Sen we may nowdir mvt nor munt
Thy haly hand, keip ws that lyiſs, Fol. 21. b.
Famulos qui te diligunt.

Defenſor noſter, aſpice,
Our only God and Defendour,
Behald our ennemy, and ſe
Ay[3] wating ws fra hour till hour.
God ſend ws grace fra hevynis tour
To brek thair power and thair preſs,
And ſave ws fra thair ſawis [ſa] ſour,
Quos ſanguine mercatus es.

Memento noſtri,[4] Domine,
Haif ws in mynd, and grant ws meid,
Till in this frivoll fleſche ar we.
Haif mercy, Lord, of our miſdeid;
Thow art the defenſor[5] at neid
Of our ſawlis in neceſſitie.
On domiſday, quhen all ſall dreid,
Adeſto nobis, Domine.

Deo Patri ſit gloria,
To glorius God, the Fader fre,
And to his onlie Sone alſwa,

[1] Struck out in MS. and altered by another hand to *bake*. Dupl. Text—*bach* or *bath*.
[2] Dupl. Text—*in*. [3] Ib.—*Euir*. [4] Ib.—*mei*. [5] Ib.—*defenſor evir*.

And to the Holy Gaiſt, all thre,
Evirleſting gloir,[1] but ending, be.
Thow grant ws grace, quhen we hyne ga,
That we thyne endles joy may ſe,
In ſempiterna ſecula. [*Amen.*[2]]

Finis.

XIII.

[*O hicht of hicht, and licht of licht moſt cleir.*]

O HICHT of hicht, and licht of licht moſt cleir,
Prince withowt peir, Crhyſt Jeſu, King of micht,
Sone ſchynyng bricht aboif Saturnus ſpheir,
Quhois veſage heir ffor ws wox dym of ſicht,
The way to beir ws to eternall licht.

Thy bittir paſſioun, thy pane and thy torment
In ws now prent with pane and ſic pvnitioun,
That exerſitioun off deidis penitent
In ws be lent with teiris of contritioun,[3]
Quhill thow conſent, thow gif ws thy remiſſioun. Fol. 22. a.

For weill war me the mirreit of thy woundis,
That paſſis the boundis of our iniquitie
With mercy, this warld in ſyn that dround is,
Fro hellis houndis conſerve our ſawlis fre,
Quhen that thow ſoundis thy awfull horne on hie.

Redemptor gud, reſſaif in paradice
Thy merchandyce that thow bocht on the rude;

[1] Dupl. Text—*joy*. [2] From Dupl. Text—not in MS.
[3] Dupl. Text—*effuſioun*.

Latt not the wude, infernall cokatrice
Fra the ws tyfe, fweit Jefu, myld of mude,
For the grit pryce and vertew of thy blude.

Obedient Sone thow wes to the deid,
And all in reid for ws wes revin and rent,
Schamit and fchent with thorny croun on heid,
Rute of remeid, gife ws, fra hyne we went,
Thy bliffit[1] fteid aboif the firmament.

Finis.

XIV.

[*Spair me, gud Lord, and mak me clene.*]

SPAIR me, gud Lord, and mak me clene;
For my lyfe dayis thay be richt nocht.
Quhat is a man, thocht he be kene,
Bot waiftis away as dois a thocht?
Think, Lord,[2] of erd thow hes ws wrocht,
And in to clay that turne mon we,
Quhen ony baill is for ws brocht:
Than parce michi,[3] Domine.

A man is of a woman born,
His lyf is bot a littill thraw,
His wretchitnes is him beforne,
Quhill he is weill, he ftandis no aw;
In his maift welth, he can not knaw
Nowdir him felf nor yet God hie.

[1] Dupl. Text—*blisfull.* [2] Ib.—*Lord think.* [3] Ib.—*nobis.*

Quhen we ar deid, and lyis full law,
Than parce michi, Domine.

My ſawll is irkit[1] of my lyfe, Fol. 22. b.
Thruch[2] wretſchitnes quhilkis[3] me within,
For labor, ſorrow, ſturt, and ſtryif,
Dreid of deid, and dalie ſyn.
The feind, he wetis his pray to win,
Ws till abandoun evir wald hie;
Quhen deid, his devoir ſalbegyn,
Than parce mihi, Domine.

Sall paipis, biſchopis, and clerkis ſterf?
Sall thay haif hell for ſynnis ſaik?
Ye, thay ſall haif as thay deſerf;
For thay a full hard compt ſall mak,
Becauſe the kirkis gudis thay tak,
Syne dois thairfoir nocht thair dewtie,
Except ſic ſynnis thay fair[4] forſaik:
Than parce michi, Domine.

Sall lordis and ladeis die and rot,
Or ſall thay ſtynk, that ſmellis now ſweit?
Sall wormis thame breſe abowt the throt,
Quhair goldin colleris hingis ſo meit?
Quhen thay ar prickit in a ſcheit,
Than loſt is all thair ryaltie.
Bot micht thay leif, thay wold ſo yeit:
Nunc parce mihi, Domine.

I mene richt weill quhat evir I ſay,
Wald God to that we cowld tak heid,
And graith our ſawlis the reddy way
Aganis the feirfull day of deid.

[1] Dupl. Text—*irkis.* [2] Ib.—*For.* [3] Ib.—*is.*
[4] Ib.—*Bot thay ſic ſynnis fair.*

Lord, for thy woundis that ſoir cowth bleid,
Quhen thow for ws deit on tre,
Tak no vengeance for our miſdeid,
Bot parce michi, Domine.

Finis.

XV.

[*Cum Haly Spreit moiſt ſuperne.*]

CUM Haly Spreit moiſt ſuperne,
Veſy thy pepill, and inſpyre. Fol. 23. a.
Illumene ws with licht eterne,
Inflame ws with the fervent fyre
Of luve of the with ſic deſyre,
That nothing erdly ſover[1] ws
Nor pairt ws fra thy hie empyre:
Veni, Creator Spiritus.

Quhen ony werkis we begin,
Thow be with ws, O Haly Gaiſt.
Latt no evill ſpreit ws within
Mak ſoiorne, quhair thow ſowld be plaiſt.
Cum Sone, and tak the houſs in haiſt;
Cum Capitane, gude and gratius,
At morrow, or our claythis be laiſt:
Veni, Creator Spiritus.

And thocht the ennemy wald intend
To ſett a ſege the[2] houſs abowt,
Be thow within for to deffend
We force[3] nocht quha aſſaill thairowt.

[1] Dupl. Text—*ſeuir.* [2] Ib.—*thy.* [3] ? fear.

Cum, Lord, and in our lugeing lowt,
Cum, our Protector glorius,
Quhome we ſall thank and lawd but dowt:
Veni, Creator Spiritus.

Finis.

XVI.

[*Ye Sonis of Men, be mirry and glaid.*]

YE ſonis of men, be mirry and glaid,
And leif in conſolatioun;
Tak in your hairtis no clothis ſaid,
Dule, dreid, nor diſperatioun.
Haif howp of your ſalvatioun.
Think of the joy that is to cum,
Be meik in tribulatioun:
Lawdate servi Dominum.

Be glaid, ye princis, moiſt potent,
Quhome God hes gevin, of his fre grace,
Grit ryell renoun, riches, and rent,
And luſty lordſchyppis to imbrace. Fol. 23. b.
Benyngly fall vpoun your face,
And love the Lord of all and ſum,
That of this lyf he lent yow heſs:
Lawdate ſervi Dominum.

And ye, quhome God na poſſeſſouris
In to this warld hes maid heirdoun,
Of benificis, boundis, nor treſſouris,
Ye thank als richelie his renoun,

As ye all cuntreis, tour, and toun
Joyfit, of Jordane to ye flume;
Thy compt is lefs[1] at concluſioun:
Lawdate ſerui Dominum.

Quhairfoir I reid boith riche and peur,
That of your pairt ye be content;
For warldly ſubſtance is not ſeur,
Nor is poſſeſſioun permanent.
Think that this lyfe is nocht the lent
For ſkafing heir of ſcruf and ſkum,
Bot to ſerve God with clene entent:
Lawdate ſervi Dominum.

Sen that fra God your grace cummis all,
Fra your regrait ye gif him girth;
Thocht he your gud tak, grit and ſmall,
Fader and moder, barne and birth,
Blaſpheme him not be feild nor firth,
Nor drowp ye not as ye war dum,
Bot boith in mowth and mynd, with mirth,
Lawdate ſervi Dominum.

Gif God liſt tak vnto his gloir
Your freind, thairfoir ſay not allace,
Bot humly gif him thankis thairfoir,
That tuik him to ſa joyfull place,
Quhair ye, with bliſs, ſall vthiris brace
Super occurſois ſyderum,
Your Saluiour ſeing in the face:
Lawdate ſervi Dominum.

Finis.

[1] Dupl. Text—*Leſs thy compt is.*

XVII.

[*Ye that contreit bene and confeſt.*]

YE that contreit bene and confeſt, Fol. 24. a.
A ſpirituall glaidnes to you tak;
For ye reſſaif a glorious gaiſt,
The Lord, that all the hevynnis did mak.
Awalk in ſpreit, and be not waik;
Think evir thair watis yow ane ſo;
With humill hairt him not foirſaik:
Letamini Juſti in Domino.

Ye ſowld be glaid for reſſonis ſeir;
For now it is the tyme of grace,
The tyme of penitence, and prayeir,
The tyme of[1] conqueiſs, and of purchace,
Of the triumphand hevinly place
That evill angellis wer baneiſt[2] fro;
For ye ſall ſee his bliſſit face:[3]
Letamini Juſti in Domino.

Now is the tyme of battell ſtowt,
That every ane of ws[4] ſowld be
Inarmit, baith within and owt,[5]
With howp, faith, and cheritie,
Aganis thir crewall fayis thre,
The divill, the warld, the fleſche alſo,[6]
With the Croce in your ſtandart hie:
Letamini Juſti in Domino

Ye that ar richtous of intent,
And groundit vpon ſuthfaſtnes,

[1] Dupl. Text—*of he.* [2] Ib.—*exylit.* [3] Ib.—*occupy thair place.* [4] Ib.—*is or.*
[5] Ib.—*and withowt.* [6] Ib.—*The warld, the fleſche, the feind alſo.*

And liſt not to no wrang conſent,
To lye, deſſaif, nor to oppreſs,
Lat joy in to your hairtis increſs;
For he that brocht ws owt of wo
Sall weill reward yow moir and less:
Letamini Juſti in Domino.

Finis.

XVIII.

Ane Prayer for the Peſt.

O ETERNE God! of power infinyt,
To quhois hie knawlege na thing is obſcure
That is, or was, or evir ſalbe, perfyt[1] Fol. 24. b.
In to thy ſicht, quhill that this warld indure;
Haif mercy of ws indigent and peure.
Thow[2] dois na wrang to pvneiſs our offens:
O Lord, that is to mankynd haill ſuccure,
Preſerve ws fra this perrelus peſtilens.

We the beſeik, O Lord of lordis all!
Thy eiris inclyne, and heir our grit regrait;[3]
We aſk remeid of the in generall,
That is of help and confort deſolait;
Bot thow, with rewth, our hairtis recreat,
We ar bot deid but only thy clemens;
We the exhort, on kneis law proſtrait,
Preſerf ws fra this perrellus peſtilens.

We ar richt glaid thow pvneiſs our treſpaſs
Be ony kynd of vthir tribulatioun;

[1] Dupl. Text—*or ſalbe is perfyt.* [2] Ib.—*That.* [3] Ib.—*degrait.*

Wer it thy will, O Lord of hevin! allaiſs,
That we ſowld thus be haiſtely put doun,
And dye as beiſtis, without confeſſioun,
That nane dar mak with vthir reſidence.
O bliſſit Jeſu! that woir the thorny croun,
Preſerve ws frome this perrellus peſtilens.

Vſe derth, O Lord, or ſeiknes, and hungir ſoir,
And ſlaik thy plaig that is ſo penetryve.
Thy[1] pepill ar perreiſt, quha ma remeid thairfoir,
Bot thow, O Lord, that for thame loſt thy lyve,
Suppoiſs our ſyn be to the pungityve,
Oure deid ma nathing our ſynnys recompens.
Haif mercy, Lord! we ma not with the ſtryve,
Preſerve ws frome this perrellus peſtilens.

Haif mercy, Lord! haif mercy, hevynis King!
Haif mercy of thy pepill penetent;
Haif mercy of our petouſs puniſſing!
Retreit the ſentence of[2] thy juſt jugement
Aganis ws ſynnaris, that ſervis to be ſchent
Withowt mercy; we ma mak no defens. Fol. 25. a.
Thow that, but rewth, vpoun the rude was rent,
Preſerve ws frome this perrellus peſtilens.

Remmember, Lord! how deir thow hes ws bocht,
That for ws ſynnaris ſched thy pretius blude.
Now to redeme that thow hes maid of nocht,
That is of vertew barrane and denude,
Haif rewth, Lord! of thyne awin ſym[i]litude;
Puneiſs with pety, and nocht with violens:
We knaw it is for our ingratitude
That we ar pvneiſt with this peſtilens.

[1] Dupl. Text—*The.* [2] Ib.—*and.*

Thow grant ws grace for till amend our miſs,
And till evaid this crewall ſuddane deid:
We knaw our ſyn is all the cauſe of thiſs.
For oppin ſyn thair is ſet no remeid,
The Juſtice of God mon pvneiſs than bot dreid;[1]
For by the law he will with non diſpens,
Quhair Juſtice laikis, thair is eternall feid
Of God, that ſowld preſerf fra peſtilens.

Bot wald the heiddiſman, that ſowld keip the law,
Pveneiſs the peple for thair tranſgreſſioun,
Thair wald na deid the peple than owrthraw;
Bot thay ar gevin ſo planely till oppreſſioun,
That God will nocht heir thair interceſſioun;
Bot all ar pvneiſt for thair innobediens,
Be ſword or deid, withowttin remiſſioun,
And hes juſt cauſe to ſend ws peſtilens.

Superne Lucerne, guberne this peſtilens,
Preſerve and ſerve that we not ſterve thairin,
Declyne that pyne, be thy devyne prudens.
O Trewth, haif rewth, lat not our ſlewth ws twin;
Our ſyt, full tyt, wer we contryt, wald blin,
Diſſiver, did never, quha evir the beſocht.
Send[2] grace, with ſpace, and ws imbrace[3] fra ſyn; Fol. 25. b.
Latt nocht be tynt that thow ſo deir hes bocht.

O Prince preclair! this cair cotidiane,
We the exhort, diſtort it in exyle;
Bot thow remeid, this deid is bot ane trane
For to diſſaif the laif, and[4] thame begyle.
Bot thow, ſa vyiſs, devyiſs to mend this[5] byle
Of this miſcheif, quha ma releif ws ocht.

[1] Dupl. Text—*be deid.* [2] Ib.—*Bot.* [3] Ib.—*for to arrace.*
[4] Ib.—*falſly and.* [5] Ib.—*to win us fra that.*

For wrangus win, bot thow our ſyn ourſyll:
Latt nocht be tynt that thow ſo deir hes bocht.

Sen for our vyce, that Juſtyce mon correct,
O King moſt hie! now pacifie thy feid;
Our ſyn is huge, refuge we not ſuſpect,
As thow art Juge, deluge ws of this dreid,[1]
In tyme aſſent, or we be ſchent with deid;
We ws repent, and[2] tyme miſpent forthocht,
Thairfoir, evirmoir be gloir to thy Godheid:
Lat nocht be tynt that thow ſa deir hes bocht.

Finis. [*quod* Henryſone.[3]]

XIX.

The Song of the Virgin Mary.

[*Callit Magnificat anima mea Dominum.*[4]]

Magnificat anima mea Dominum.

WITH lawd and prayiſs my ſaule hes magnifeid
The eternall God,[5] both ane, two, and thre,
That all hes maid, and every thing dois gyid;
Quhilk, of his micht and bonteuſs petie,
Off his gudnes and eik benignitie,
Only of his mercy, lift to haif pleſance
For to conſidder and gratiouſlie to ſie
To my meiknes, and humill attendance.

Et exultauit Spiritus meus.

My ſpreit alſo, with thocht and hairt efeir,
Reioſit hes with fully of aboundance

[1] Dupl. Text—*And thow be juge diſluge us of this ſleid.*
[2] Ib.—*For we repent all.* [3] In a different hand. [4] From Dupl. Text.
[5] Dupl. Text—*Lord.*

In God, that is my ſouerane haill enteir,
And all my joy, and all my ſufficance,
My haill deſyre, and my full ſuſtenance.
Within my thocht he is ſo deip ingrave
That, bot in him withowt variance,
In all this warld I can no glaidnes haive.

Quia reſpexit humilitatem ancille ſue.

For he frome hevin gudly hes behold Fol. 26. a.
Of his hand maid the humilitie.
Quhairfoir, in ſic only, for he wold
All kinrikkis ſaue, Bliſſit call thay me;
Of quhilk, O Lord, the thank be vnto the,
With prayiſs and honor of hevery hairt and toung,
For this allone be to thy name ay ſoung.

Quia fecit mihi magna.

For he to me hes done thingis grit,
Of he renoun and paſſing excellence.
His grace ſo fully to me dois fleit;
For he is michty, off maiſt magnificence;
His name is holy and maiſt of reverence,
Than, for to leif it, ſall I nevir aſtart
To truſt in him with my hoill mynd and hairt.

Et miſeri-cordia eius etc.

And his marcy, moiſt paſſing famouſs,
Frome kin to kin, and ſo doun to kinreid,
Sall throw his grace be ſo plenteouſs
Perpetualy, that it ſall ay proceid,
And ſpecialy to thame that luve and dreid
My gratius Lord, with hairt, will, and mynd.
To ſuche his pitie ſall ſpring and ſpreid,
Of dew richt, and nevir be behind.

Fecit potentia in brachio ſuo.

And als his arme he forcit and maid ſtrang,
His dreidfull micht that men may ſie and knaw;
And prowd men, that thay ringin not to lang,

He ſeverit hes, and maid thame ſo full law;
With all his hairt doun fra the quheill thame thraw,
For to abait thair furquedry and pryd
Full ſoddanly, and laid thair boiſt on ſyd.

Depoſuit potentes de ſede.

The michty potent frome thair ryell ſie,
Evin as he wold, he hes thame brocht law doun;
And humill and meik, for thair humilitie, Fol. 26. b.
He hes avancit to full hie renoun;
For he can mak ane tranſſmutatioun
Fro law to hie, as it is ſene full oft,
And, quhen he[1] liſt, the dominatioun
Of warldlie pomp to fallin full vnſoft.

Eſurientes impleuit.

He hes fulfillit and foſterit in thair neid,
With gudis and[2] plenteus lerges,
Thame that [wer[3]] hungyrie, indigent, and in dreid,
And thame relevit of all thair wretchitnes;
And he the riche hes rawcht frome thair riches,
Full wyld and waiſt, to walk vpoun the plane;
And ſuddanlie thame plungit in diſtreſs,
And ſolitar to lat thame leiſ in pane.[4]

Suſcepit Iſraell puerum ſuum.

And[5] he his choſin chyld of Yſraell
Benynglie hes taik in to his grace,
And of his mercy hes remembrit weill
To woyid all vengeance frome his face;
And humill pepill ſall occupy his place,
And peax ſalbe ſeiſit in his ſtall,
And rewth ſall his richt ſo imbrace
To ſett his mercy aboif his warkis all.

Sicut locutus eſt.

As he hes ſpokin and ſuthfaſtly behecht
To our faderis that we haif had befoir,

[1] Dupl. Text—*him*. [2] Ib.—*With the gudis of*. [3] From Dupl. Text.
[4] Dupl. Text—*vane*. [5] Ib.—*For*.

To Abrahame, and to his ſyid arricht,
That his mercy ſall leſt for evirmoir;
For withowt it this warld had bene forloir;
To the quhilk to mak men to attene,
He hes maid mercy, mankynd to reſtoir,
Off all his werkis to be ſoverene.

Finis.

Followis Ballatis of the Nativitie of Chryſte.

XX.

[*Now glaidith euery liffis creature.*]

NOW glaidith euery liffis creature, Fol. 27. a.
With bliſs and confortable glaidneſs.
The hevynnis King is cled in our nature,
Ws fro the deth with ranſoun for to redreſs.
The lamp of joy, that chaſis all dirkneſs,
Aſcendit to be the warldis licht,
Fro euery baill our boundis for to bleſs,
Borne of the glorius Virgyn Mary bricht.

Abone the radius hevin etheriall,
The court of ſterris, the courſs of ſone and mone,
The potent Prince of joy imperiall,
The he ſurmonting Empriour abone
Is cummyn fra his mychtie Faderis trone
In erd, with ane ineſtimable licht,
And is, of angellis with a ſweit intone,
Borne of the moſt cheſt Virgin Mary bricht.

Quhoeuir in erd hard ſo blyth a ſtory,
Or tithing of ſa grit felicite,
As how the garthe of all grace and glory
For luve and mercy hes tane humanite;
Makar of angellis, man, erd, hevin, and ſe,
And to ourcum our ſo, and to put to flicht,
Is cumin a bab, full of benignite,
Borne of the moſt cheſt Virgin Mary bricht.

The ſouerane Senyour of all celſitude,
That ſittis abone the ordour cherubin,
Quhilk all thing creat and all thing dois includ,
That neuir ſall end, na neuir moir did begin,
But quhome is nocht, fra quhome no tyme dois rin,
With quhome all gud is, with quhome is euery wicht,
Is with his woundis cum for to weſche our ſyn;
Borne of the moſt cheſt Virgin Mary bricht.

Quhairfoir ſing all with confort and glaidnes,
And caſt away all cair and cuvatice;
Devoyd all wo and leif in merines;
Exerce vertew and banyſs euery vice;
Diſpyſs fortoun, richt rynis on ſynk and ſiſe;
And, in the honour of his blisfull mycht,
All welcum we the Prince of Paradice,
Borne of the moſt cheſt Virgyn Mary bricht.

Finis.

XXI.

[*Rorate celi deſuper.*]

RORATE celi deſuper!
Hevins diſtill your balmy ſchouris,
For now is riſſin the bricht day ſter,
Fro the roſs Mary, flour of flouris:
The cleir Sone, quhome no clud devouris,
Surmunting Phebus in the eſt,
Is cumin of his hevinly touris;
Et nobis Puer[1] natus eſt.

Archangellis, angellis, and dompnationis, Fol. 27. b.
Tronis, poteſtatis, and marteiris ſeir,
And all ye hevinly operationis,
Ster, planeit, firmament, and ſpeir,
Fyre, erd, air, and watter cleir,
To him gife loving, moſt and leſt,
That come in to ſo meik maneir;
Et nobis Puer natus eſt.

Synnaris be glaid, and pennance do,
And thank your Maker hairtfully;
For he that ye mycht nocht cum to,
To yow is cumin full humly,
Your ſaulis with his blud to by,
And louſs yow of the feindis arreſt,
And only of his awin mercy;
Pro nobis Puer natus eſt.

All clergy do to him inclyne,
And bow vnto that barne benyng,
And do your obſeruance devyne

[1] MS. has *Power.*

To him that is of kingis King;
Enſence his altar, reid, and ſing
In haly kirk, with mynd degeſt,
Him honouring attour all thing,
Qui nobis Puer natus eſt.

Celeſtiall fowlis in the are
Sing with your nottis vpoun hicht;
In firthis and in forreſtis fair
Be myrthfull now, at all your mycht,
For paſſit is your dully nycht;
Aurora hes the cluddis perſt,
The ſon is riſſin with glaidſum lycht,
Et nobis Puer natus eſt.

Now ſpring vp flouris fra the rute,
Reuert yow vpwart naturaly,
In honour of the bliſſit frute
That raiſs vp fro the roſe Mary;
Lay out your levis luſtely,
Fro deid tak lyfe now at the leſt
In wirſchip of that Prince wirthy,
Qui nobis Puer natus eſt.

Syng hevin imperiall, moſt of hicht,
Regions of air mak armony;
All fiſhe in flud and foull of flicht,
Be myrthfull and mak melody:
All GLORIA IN EXCELSIS cry,
Hevin, erd, ſe, man, bird, and beſt,
He that is crownit abone the ſky
Pro nobis Puer natus eſt.

Finis. quod Dumbar.

XXII.

[*Jeruſalem reioſs for joy.*]

JERUSALEM reioſs for joy;
Jeſus the ſterne of moſt bewte
In the is riſſin, as rychtous roy, Fol. 28. a.
Fro dirknes to illumyne the;
With glorius ſound of angell gle
The Prince is borne in Baithlem,
Quhilk ſall the mak of thraldome fre;
Illuminare Jeruſalem!

With angellis licht, in legionis,
Thow art illumynit all about;
Thre Kingis of ſtrenge regionis
To the ar cumin with luſty rout,
All dreſt with dyamantis but dout,
Reverſt with gold in every hem,
Sounding attonis with a ſchout,
Illuminare Jeruſalem!

The regeand tirrant that in the rang,
Herod, is exilit and his ofspring
The land of Juda, that joſit wrang;
And riſſin is now thi richtouſs King.
So he, ſo mychtie is and ding,
Quhen men his gloriuſs name dois nem,
Hevin, erd, and hell makis inclynyng;
Illumynare Jeruſalem!

His cummyng knew all element;
The air be ſterne did him perſaife;
The watter, quhen dry, he on it went;

The erd, that trymlit all and raiſe;
The ſone, quhen he no lichtis gaif;
The croce, quhen it wes done contem;
The ſtanis, quhen thay in pecis claif;
Illumynare Jeruſalem!

The deid him knew that raiſs vpricht,
Quhilk lang tyme had the erd lyne vndir;
Crukit and blynd declarit his micht,
That helit of thame ſo mony hundir;
Nature him knew, and had grit wundir,
Quhen he of wirgyn wes borne but wem;
Hell, quhen thair yettis wer broken a ſundir:
Illumynare Jeruſalem!

Finis.

XXIII.

[*Haill, Goddis Sone, of mychtis maiſt.*]

HAILL, Goddis Sone, of mychtis maiſt!
That with the glorius Fader began,
Euir rynging with the Haly Gaiſt,
All ſeing, preſent now and than,
Quhome comprehend no hevynis can,
Nec genus temporum menſurabit,
For ws thow tuk the forme of man:
Beatus venter qui te portauit.

Firſt be the prophetis it wes ſchawin
To ws, Lord, of thy cuming heir;
Be angellis ſyne in erd maid knawin,

And be appoſtillis preſchit cleir,
Writtin be euangeliſtis but weir, Fol. 28. b.
Quos quatuor teſtes permiſiſti,
That with thi deid thow bocht ws deir:
Beata vbera que ſuxiſti.

Hale, Jeſu, Virgyn immaculat!
Hale, Virgynis fruct, fareſt and beſt!
Out of the lilly illuminat
Thow ſprang but ſpot, roſs ryelleſt,
Quhen fro the nobilleſt neſt
Thow raiſs a ſemine regis Dauid
To ranſone ws and bring to reſt:
Beatus venter qui te portauit.

Thow King moſt gloriuſs and grete!
Quhat meiknes wes thy mynd within,
Out of thi he ſupernall ſete
Law to diſcend and weſche our ſin,
Making a maid of our pure kin
For to be callit mater Chriſti,
Our ſaulis fra the feind to win:
Beata vbera que ſuxiſti.

Haill, crownit King of angellis cleir!
Haill, Lord of all the angellis he!
Haill, Prince of parradice but peir!
Haill, Empriour of erd and ſe!
That fro the Faderis maieſtie,
Qui omnia ſecula creauit,
Come down for ws a man to be:
Beatus venter qui te portauit.

Quhen we wer banyſt fro thi bliſs,
And in the lymb fra lichtnes lent,
Mercy bad the forgif our miſs,

And mekle mekit thyn entent;
Bot Richt ſaid euer in jugement,
Quod ſumma veritas fuiſti,
And mycht nocht to that wrang conſent:
Beata vbera que ſuxiſti.

Thus euer quhen Mercy ſpak for man,
Rycht ſaid, "He ſeruit for to de."
Sa vpoun this a ſtryfe began
In hevynnis conſiſtory he.
Thow Sone of God, thame to agre,
Lis quorum celis non ceſſauit.
To de for man thow tuk on the:
Beatus venter qui te portauit.

Than with ſueit ſound and melody
Sang all the angell ordouris cleir,
And all the hevinly cumpany
Reioſit with a blisfull cheir. Fol. 29. a.
Peace kiſt Juſtice, hir ſiſtir deir,
Quia nos redimere[1] voluiſti;
Than Rycht and Mercy imbracit neir:
Beata vbera que ſuxiſti.

Be Mercy firſt thow wald on rude
De for ws ſynnaris, that thow wrocht;
And ſyn be Richt ye hell denude
Off ws quhome with thi blud thow bocht.
Quhen this wes to concluſioun brocht
Virginem Gabriell ſalutauit
With ane gratia mekle of thocht:
Beatus venter qui te portauit.

This Virgyn ſueit, that neuir offendit,
Wes ſone obedient to thi will;

[1] MS. has *redemere.*

And thow as dow in hir diſcendit
The haly Scriptur to fulfill.
Ws to deliuer frome exill
Tunc in hunc mundum peruenisti,
Quhairfoir euir loving be the till:
Beata vbera que ſuxiſti.

The nycht of thi natiuite
The erd wes full of pleſand licht,
The hevin wes full of angell gle,
The hellis power wes put to flicht,
A ſterne raiſs with bemis bricht
Et omnem terram illuminauit,
In ſigne that thow wes borne that nycht:
Beatus venter qui te portauit.

Thre kingis with grit reuerence
Gold, ſence and myr did to the bryng,
In ſigne of thy magnificence;
And that thow wes the greteſt King
But end eternaly to ring,
Tu regnum[1] munera recipiſti.
The angellis did about the ſing,
Beata vbera que ſuxiſti.

Into this erd, with pane and greif,
Our ſaulis fra the feind thow wan;
Grit hungir, thriſt, cauld and miſcheif
Thow ſufferit for the ſaik of man.
Sevin tymes for ws thy blud outran,
Qui nos ab omni crimine lauit,
Syn deit for ws with viſage wan:
Beatus venter qui te portauit.

Finis.

[1] ? *regia.*

XXIV.

[*We that are bocht with Chryſtis blude.*]

WE that ar bocht with Chryſtis blude,
Lat ws with loving till him lout,
That ranſonit ws vpoun the rude Fol. 29. b.
Fra ruffy ragmen and his route.
Quhairfoir ſuld we thir deuillis doute
Habentes talem Redemptorem?
Write we in till our ſtandert ſtoute
Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

Cheſt Virgyn Mary, in hevin now hicht,
Thow moder of the King of gloir,
The blyth birth of thi boſum bricht
Hes done ws to the joy reſtoir.
We ſall ſing euir in erd thairfoir
Ad tui nominis honorem,
How that but macull, leſs or moir,
Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

The he Lord fro the hevin abone
As dew diſcendit in the dovne,
And ws, his ſeruandis, ſuccurit ſone
Out of the herbry of Mahoun.
Our ranſoner of grete renoun
Curauit ſeculi langorem
With his moſt glorius paſſioun:
Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

Thy boſum bliſt be that bare
Our Saluatour, fareſt of face.

War nocht thi fruct, that flurift fair,
Our lynnage all had faid, allace!
Thow glorius grane and plant of grace
Que germinauit celeftem florem,
Infernall dragonis for to chace:
Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

Thow lufty ledy, lamp of lycht,
Loud louit with celeftiall fang,
Of the is borne our dawing brycht
That doun our drery dirknes dang.
Our brycht Appollo fra the fprang,
Dans mundi tenebris fplendorem,
That fra the dragon reft the ftang:
Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

The hevynnys Lord culd law difcend
In the all finfull man to faue.
Him, that nocht hevin culd comprehend,
Thy wamb wes wirthy to reffaue.
Thow clofit in thy cleir conclaue
Celi et terre conditorem,
Quhilk derfly doun the dragon draif:
Virgo peperit Saluatorem,

We haif put ws and God betuene
Our Saluatur, Jefu, on the rude, Fol. 30. a.
His croun of thorne, his wundis kene,
His paffioun, and his pretious blude,
His muder Mary, myld of mude,
Lacrimas eius et dolorem,
That our hir face ran doun as flud:
Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

Betuix ws and thy fellone fede
Ane wall ar Chryftis woundis fyve;

His body bathit in blud all rede,
The ſcurgis that his fleſch did ryfe,
The ſpeir that Longens did indryfe
In latus eius per vigorem,
Schaip the no moir with ws to ſtryve:
Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

Betuix ws, varlo, and thy weris
All Chryſtis paſſioun we put compleit;
Nocht Sanct Johnis heid and the Madalanis teiris,
The pappis of the Virgyn ſueit,
The blud and wattir that ſcho did grete
Propter filialem[1] amorem,
Quhen that ſcho fell doun at his feit:
Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

He mycht be callit a mercifull King,
Him ſelf that offerit to be ſlane,
To keip his peple fro perriſſing.
That Prince he tuk on him the pane,
He loſt his blud in every vane
Et mortuus eſt propter amorem;
Rycht wald we ſuld luſe him agane:
Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

The ſaikles lamb that neuir offendit,
Full mekle to the deid him gave;
Syne with his croce to hell diſcendit,
And rudly doun the yettis rave.
Dragonis with dule on vthir drave
Vultus Jeſu propter terrorem.
He gart thame vndirſtanding haue:
Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

The terrible pit quhen he had temyt
Of ſaulis vnnumerable to nevin,

[1] MS. has *filiolem.*

He went with thame that he redemyt,
And enterit in the blifs of hevin
Ad Patrem omnium creatorem,
Quhair angellis fingis with joyfull ftevin:
Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

O Lord, fen we haif no refuge
Bot the, that hes fa deir ws bocht,
Latt mercy wey our fynnys huge, Fol. 30. b.
Or thi iuftice punyce ocht;
We creaturis, that thow hes wrocht,
Parce Domine, et fac fauorem;
Latt nevir thy blud be fched for nocht:
Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

Finis.

XXV.

[*Omnipotent Fader, Sone, and Haly Gaift.*]

OMNIPOTENT Fader, Sone, and Haly Gaift!
Egall in glory, puer, and maiefte;
Thre evin of mycht, and on of mychtis maift,
Ay rignand in eterne diuinite;
Off a will, fubftance, and equalite,
In quhome is nowthir firft, laft, moir, nor left;
To be laud in tryne and vnite:
Pro nobis Chriftus homo factus eft.

Sentence of grace is now diffinityfe
Concludit in the hevinly conciftory;
Our deth anon returnit is to lyfe.

In erd is borne the blisfull King of glory,
To manis heir quhilk is a myrthfull ſtory.
Sing, chriſtin peplle, with ſolace, joy, and feſt;
Be glaid and blyth, and be no langar ſory:
Pro nobis Chriſtus homo factus eſt.

Our dirk oriſoun and ſable emyſphery
Is lychnyt now with licht of euery licht;
Diſcendit is the Prince of he empery
With ſchynyng face to chace away our nycht,
And mak vpſpring our purpour dawing brycht;
Our blisfull day is clerit in the eſt,
The ſterne of joy'hes lent of him a ſicht:
Pro nobis Chriſtus homo factus eſt.

Go we and meit him with deuot oriſoun,
And welcum him, our Saluiour moſt ſueit,
That for ws ſufferit grit vexatioun
And hurt of body, bair of heid and feit,
In travell, torment, thriſt, hungir, cauld, and heit;
And ſyne for ws a martir heir did ſiſt,
Off quhois cummyng tak confort euery ſpreit:
Pro nobis Chriſtus homo factus eſt.

Finis.

XXVI.

[*The Sterne is riſſin of our Redemptioun.*]

THE Sterne is riſſin of our redemptioun
In Baithlem, with bemes blyth and bricht;
The Sone of God in erd he ſchewin him boun,
Amang his angellis with a glorius licht,
As hevynnyis Lord of maieſte and mycht!

Cum mortall kingis, and fall on kneis doun
Befoir the King of leſtand lyfe and lycht: Fol. 31. a.
The Sterne is riſſin of our redemptioun.

All empriouris, kingis, princis, and preleittis,
Heir nakit borne and nvreist vp with noy,
Leif all your wofull truble and debaittis,
Cum, luke on the eternall King of joy;
Ly all on grufe befoir that hich grand Roy,
That only King of euery regioun,
Off Perce, of Ynd, of Egipt, Grece, and Troy:
The Sterne is riſſin of our redemptioun.

Inclyne befoir the Criſtin Conquerour,
Of euery kith and kinryk vndir ſky
The he Makar, the[1] mychte Saluatour.
The meik Redimar moſt to magnify
With reuerend feir doun on your facis ly,
And on this day in his laudatioun,
Aue Redemptor Jeſu! all ye cry;
The Sterne is riſſin of our redemptioun.

We may nocht in this vale of bale abyd,
Ourdirkit with the fable clud nocturn;
The Sterne of glory is riſſyn ws to gyd
Abone the ſpeir of Mars and of Saturn,
Abone Phebus, the radius lamp divrn,
To the ſuperne eternall regioun,
Quhair noxiall ſkyis may mak no ſogeorn;
The Stern is riſſin of our redemptioun.

All follow we the Sterne of moſt brichtnes
With the thre blisfull orientall kingis,
The Sterne of day, Voyder of dirknes,
Abone all ſterris, planeitis, ſpeiris, and ſingis;

[1] MS. has *of the.*

Beſeiking him, fra quhome all mercy ſpringis,
Ws to reſſaue, with mirth of angell ſoun,
In to the hevin quhair the Imperiall ringis:
The Stern is riſſin of our redemptioun.

Finis Natiuitatis Dei.
[*Sequuntur de eius Paſſione quedam cantilene.*[1]]

XXVII.

[*My wofull Hairt me ſtoundis throw the vanis.*]

MY wofull hairt me ſtoundis throw the vanis
Quhen I behald my Makar on the tre,
Wondit, forbled, all plungit in till panis,
With rewthfull voce ſyn cryand vpoun me:
"O mortall man, behald with hert and e
How for thy ſaik me panis dois oppreſs,
Thocht for thy ſyn, my tender ſpous, I de,
Benedicta ſit Sancta Trinitas."

My Fader ſaid, "Go to thi deid, my deir."
With all blythnes I wes obedient,
With my diſciplis toward the yerd culd ſteir; Fol. 31. b.
Syne ſone allone till oratioun I went,
Suet my blud, prayit with mynd fervent,
Betraſit and tane with men of grit treſpaſs,
All the brethir fled of my convent:
Benedicta ſit Sancta Trinitas.

Behind my bak thay band my handis faſt,
Till Annas houſs me led incontinent.

[1] MS. has *ſequitur . . . quedem cantilence.*

Malcus me ſtruk, till Caiphas I paſt,
Fals witnes aganis me wer preſent
As blaſphemar of God Omnipotent.
But ony law thair I condampnit was,
Amang thair feit defowlit and forſchent:
Benedicta ſit Sancta Trinitas.

Befor fals jugeis I wes falſly accuſit,
Suſtenit ſtraikis and blaſphematioun;
Myne ene ſyld, my face gritly confuſit,
Malice but meſur ranit on my perſoun,
To Pylet preſentit with grit deriſioun;
Syn to Herod rycht ſone thay gart me paſs;
Thus I ſuſtenit ſcorne and grit eluſioun:
Benedicta ſit Sancta Trinitas.

I wes refuſit, and the theif wes fred;
Off all veſtment diſpoylit and maid bair,
Bund till a pillar, ſcurget quhill I bled,
Briſſit my body, ryvin bayth hyd and hair;
Till eik my pane, and gar my ſchame be mair,
With purpour cleth thay cled my mortall maſs;
Baith fell and fleſch it ſowit and maid ſair:
Benedicta ſit Sancta Trinitas.

Vpoun my heid thay thrang a croun of thorn,
Put in my hand a reid ffor deriſioun,
Vpoun thair kneis adorand[1] me in ſcorn;
The thorne pykis thay to my tay dang doun;
Bot fame and name thay think to confound.
Thair vyle ſpitting my panis gart all craſs
Fra heid to fute, that neuir a parte wes found:
Benedicta ſit Sancta Trinitas.

[1] MS. has *andornand.*

Vpoun my bak thay put ane hevy tre,
Led me to deid, with tormentis me flew;
Off all veſtmentis thay barit my bode,
On lenth and breid my plagit perſone drew,
Throw feite and handis rud nalis thay threw.
My ſpirit than preuit all pane and bittirnes;
Wes non this pane, bot only God, that knew:
Benedicta ſit Sancta Trinitas.

Fra xij to iiij vpoun the croce I hang,
Plungit in panis and perplexite; Fol. 32. a.
Longins a lance in to my body thrang;
I wes tane doun, and woundit richelie;
My muderis ſplene pairſit calamide;
My bliſſit body, quhilk paſſit all rihas,[1]
Within a crag wes cloſit quietle:
Benedicta ſit Sancta Trinitas.

To Lymbus Patrum I paſſit but mair pane,
Fred all my knychtis fra captiuite;
To my appoſtillis I apperit ſyne agane,
All my diſcipillis lete myne aſcenſioun ſe,
In glob of grund, full of felicite,
With ſcience ſeir exertand all ſolaſs:
Quha ſeruis me ſall ſing thair finale,
Benedicta ſit Sancta Trinitas.

Haill, God eternall, haill, grace in all glore!
In ſubſtance on, in perſonage hale thre.
Hale, Prince ſuperne, haill, hevinly Empriore!
Hale, in the trone of thy devinite!
Hale, of honor, puer, and dignite,
Science, piete, vertew, and gudlinaſs,

[1] ? *riches.*

Immenſurable be all tyme, ſtait, and gre!
Benedicta ſit Sancta Trinitas.

Finis. [*quod* Clerk.[1]]

XXVIII.

[*O Wondit Spreit and Saule in till exile.*]

O WONDIT ſpreit and ſaule in till exile,
Schaddow of deth, and myrrour of myrknes,
Spendand thy ſicht, thy gyd is full of gile,
Vndir the hevin thow findis bot ſikilnes.
Dignite is dowble, in euery ſtait diſtres,
Deid is certane. O blind luſt, I inquyre,
In vicius vanite wilt thow yit perſewyr?

O faith deformit, and gife it be faltles,
Quhy in thy deidis is ſic diuerſite,
As witles worme, vanerand in wrechitnes,
Pure of vertew, riche in iniquite,
Refuſand verite, cheſand vanite?
Sen Chryſt and ſanctis ſa deir the hevin hes bocht,
Treſt weill, O man, thow cumis nocht thair for nocht.

Off euery wa the verry deliuerance,
The grund of grace, off ſyn remiſſioun,
Victorius trivmphe of vertewis haboundance,
The grund and hicht of verry perfectioun;

[1] In a different hand.

All thir ar fundin in Chryſtis paſſioun.
O hevinly treſur, in falt of ferching hid,
Imprent thy grace off my mynd in the mid. Fol. 32. b.

With mynd deuot and hairtly compacience,
Behald the Sone of God in oriſoun.
In bludy fueit he prayit for our offence,
In pacience eik the kiſs tuk of treſſoun;
The Apoſtils fled with deſolatioun.
As preſoner commend the in his cure,
The to redeme ſic dolour cuth indure.

Freindles amang his fais, in febill plite,
As impotent and wirthy of dampnatioun,
Thay fylit his face with ſpitting and diſpite,
Sylit his ene, as fule in diriſioun:
His patience paſſit imaginatioun.
Peter than fell. Quhairfoir, O ſynnare!
Repent with Petir, and leif nocht in diſpare.

Quhen Mary ſaw hir bliſſit Sone Jheſu
Led throw the cite, with diuerſs panis ſmerte,
Hir dule exceidand his dolour cowth renew;
Vnthankfulnes of man thirlit his hairte.
The end of auirice of wrechis now aduert:
Judas throw cuvatice, the girn of Sathanas,
Hingit him ſelf, as man diſpair of grace.

Chriſt wes accuſit in preſens of Pilate,
The Jowis cryit him for to crucefie,
Barrabas wes fred. O chance infortunate!
The Sone of God wes ſcurgit crewalie.
O hevinly Flour of our humanitie!
Thy fairnes ſedit, thy virgin face vox pale:
Now man behald thi Makar immortale!

Vpoun his heid thay thrang a croun of thorn
For diadem, a croce to beir of tre;
Ane King of Jowis thay ſaluſt him in ſcorn,
Betuix twa thevis thai deput him to de.
Thus throw his lufe and our iniquite
He ſufferit. Thow ſynnit, O man, maiſt frevolus,
Thocht thow be wrechit, thy price is rycht pretius.

Thay drew him on the croce with violence,
His vanis brak, his banis wes innwmerable;
Cavillit his clething. The theif confeſſit offence,
With all his mycht to grace he maid him able.
Cryſt prayit thair for his fais but fable;
His meik mudir, abone all virgins bliſt,
Hairtly commendit to Johne the euangeliſt.

O bliſſit Virgin! ſege of our Saluiour, Fol. 33. a.
Quhat thocht thow of thy commendatioun?
Sic dule mycht neuir yit martiris indure;
Thair panis wes mixt with conſolatioun;
Bot in the laik of lamentatioun
Thow ſowpit wes, ſeand thy Son torment,
Complenand thus to God omnipotent:

"O God abufe, that regnis eternally,
Excerce thy ſervand, plungit in ſtrang diſtres,
Seand my Sone and Makar immortall
Thus hoverand in the hicht of hevines.
The ſowrd of ſorrow at my hairt cowth incres,
With pvniſt ſpereit in ſic perplexite,
Dippit in dolour dre furth thi prophece."

O man, behald the wofull diſſeuerance!
Behald Mary! behald hir Sone Jeſu!
Gife rewth hes rowme in thy remembrance,

With peteous hairt his paſſioun thow perſew,
Throw quhilk thow may thy innocence renew.
O hevinly ſaule, knaw thy felicite!
Slay nocht thy ſelf with fals iniquitie.

Att hour of none he cryit haly;
The ſone wes cloſit in till clud obſcure;
Myr mixt with gall he taiſtit thair trewly;
The ſtanis raif, deid raiſs abuſe nature;
The Magdalenis but diſtance culd indure.
Off all his panis quha mycht expreme the leſt,
Quhen that he cryit, "Conſumatum eſt"?

His ſpreit commendit in to his Faderis cure,
The vale trymblit throw diuiſioun;
Bayth hevin and erd, and lyfeles criature,
Vnto thi Makar ſchew compaſſioun.
Reſume thy ſpereit, man, full of confuſioun;
For luſe of Jeſus, devoyd the of thi vice,
Quhilk for the offerit him ſelf in ſacrifice.

Doun fra the croce Joſeph than Jeſu bur,
And ſpycit his body with pretius vnyement;
Syn grathit him in to his ſepulture.
Mary, his muder, with him wes ay preſent.
Immortal God, Makar Omnipotent!
Gife me thi grace, forgiff me my offence,
Conforme my will to thy benevolence.

Punyſs nocht thy peple, Lord God, in thy grevance;
Think quhy thy Sone Cryſt ſufferit ſic paſſioun;
The croun of thorne, the croce, eik Longins lance,
For manis ſyn makis interceſſioun. Fol. 33. b.
Haif rewth of manis lamentatioun,

To quhome, as Redemar, thow culd with all commend.
For lufe of him, ws fra our fa defend.

Finis.

XXIX.

[*Compacience perſſis, Rewth and Mercy ſtoundis.*]

COMPACIENCE perſſis, rewth and mercy ſtoundis
In myddis my hairt, and thirlis throw the vanis;
Thy deid Jeſu, thy precius crewell woundis,
Thy grym paſſioun, grit torment, and crewell panis,
Ingranit ſadly into my ſpreit remanis;
Sen me of nocht thow bocht with thy blude,
My ene for dolour wofull teiris ranis,
Quhen that I ſe the nalit on the rude.

In liper Symonis houſs, of Bathany,
Thy feit annoyntit Mary Magdalene
With precius balme and verdus ſpicardy;
Scho paſſit, fra thyn hir ſynnys wes forgeuen.
Thy fleſch and blud in breid and wyne, but wene,
Gif thy diſciplis, and lawlie wiſche thair feit.
Thy manheid dred thy paſſioun to ſuſtene,
Quhen that thow prayit in the Mont Oliveit.

To gyd the Jows come Judas Skareoth,
And luſt the kiſt; all thi diſcipillis fled.
As ane wrechit man, to Caiphas and Pilate,
Bundin as a theif, ſo thow harlid and led

Till Arrot; Arrot had the in purpour habeit cled.
For hethin the halſit, blaſphemyng with mony blaw,
Bundin at a pillar, blaiknit and foirbled,
In Lithoſates, quhair that thay held thair law.

Cuttis for thi coit thay keſt, wes neuir ſewit,
Out throw thi harnis pykis of thornis applyit,
Defowling thy ene in to thi viſage ſpewit,
And, for deriſioun, King of Jowis thai cryit.
That wycht, Sanct Petir, thy name thriſs denyit;
Drowpand in dule, myrk wes thi mynd Mare;
Thy voce than all throw Jeruſalem hyit,
To ſe thi Sone, that thow foſterit, dee.

Ruſchit on the croce thir wirdis did thow reipeit,
"Scitio." Rycht ſuyth thay ſeruit the with gall.
Scherp wes the ſpeir, ſtrang nalis lang and greit
Thy ribbis routit, thi face ourſpittit all.
To Golgatha, God Sone ſeleſtiall,
Thy corſs throw forſs thow bur with cur and heit,
Thy tendir hyd, thy fleſch virginall,
Wery for wrocht in watter, blud, and ſueit.

Throw Mareis ſaule the ſuerd of ſorrow thriſt,
Quhen that thow ſaid, "Lo thair thi Sone, woman;"
Commandit hir to Johine the evangeliſt,
Scherp bludy teiris hir criſtall ene ouran. Fol. 34. a.
Sowand wer thy ſydis, fair ſcurgis bla and wan,
Nakit and paill, deid on the croce thow hang,
Thy vanis burſin, thy ſennonis ſchorn than,
Crownit with thorne for ſcorn, twa thevis amang.

My wofull hairt is bayth roioſit and ſad,
Thy corſs, Lord Jeſus Chryſt, quhen I behald.
Off my redemptioun I am merry and glaid,

Seand thy panis fair wep I wald.
Cryand haly, the gaiſtly ſpereit thow yald;
To Longens hand the blud ran in a reſt;
Thy pretius blud for our redemptioun thow ſald,
Quhen thow inclinit with "Conſummatum eſt."

Dirk wes the ſone fra the ſext hour to nyne,
Montanis trymblit, hillis, erd ſchuk and claif;
Senturio ſaid, "Thow art Godis Sone devyne."
Joſephe decurio ſpiſit the in the graif
With mir mioſt, moſt pretius and ſwaif.
The thay gart de and forgaif Barrabas.
My ſaule with ſanctis, ſueit Saluatur, reſſaif,
Sen that thi paſſioun purgis my treſpas.

Finis de Paſſione.
Et ſequitur de Reſurrectione.

XXX.

[*Thow that hes bene obedient.*]

THOW that hes bene obedient
To God, be prayeris and abſtinence,
For thy treſpas als penitent,
But ſpot and clene of all offence,
Ryſs with the Lamb of Innocence,
To den that did the dragoun draiſe.
This day, with he magnificence,
The Lord hes riſſin fro dede to lyffe.

The ſing triumphale of the croce
Schew to confound the feindis feid,

And quhair he fechtis with maiſt force
With confeſſioun hald doun his heid.
Ryſe with thi ranſoner fro deid,
And the of all thy ſynnys ſchryfe,
Thow rew vpoun his woundis reid,
That for the deid, and raiſs on lyfe.

And thow that art in hairt ſo dour,
That nocht for his grit paſſioun growis,
Behald thi meik ſueit Saluiour!
The to inbrace how that he bowis;
Se how he marterit wes with Jowis,
And how he ſtud for the in ſtryff.
Haif he thi lufe, all he allowis,
That for the deid, and raiſs on lyfe.

And thow that ar with errour dirkit,
Follow the Lord, the way is plane;
And of his fute ſtappis be nocht irkit, Fol. 34. b.
That tuk thy gydſchip with ſic pane.
Quhen thow gois wrang, return agane,
And with thi ranſoner revyfe,
Lang to ſin to ly nocht ſlane,
Bot riſs with him fro deid to lyif.

O man! that wes in ſyn diſparit,
Tak now gud howp and haif fruitioun;
For thow, that rebell wes declarit,
Hes of thi realme reſtitutioun.
Now blindit is thi imbitioun
With blud of Chriſtis woundis fyif,
And ſelit agane is thi remiſſioun
To ryſe with him fro deid to lyfe.

Finis.

XXXI.

[*Surrexit Dominus de Sepulchro.*]

SURREXIT Dominus de ſepulchro,
The Lord is riſſin fra deid to lyfe agane,
Qui pro nobis pependit in ligno,
Quhilk for our ſynnys on the croce wes ſlane;
Quhame to annoynt went Mary Magdalene,
Ibat Maria Salame cum ea;
Quhen Godis angell thus did anſuer plane,
"Surrexit ſicut dixit, allalua!"

This angellis weid wes ſnawith in cullour,
His face as ſyrflacht flawmit, ferly brycht;
The knychtis keparis of Chriſtis ſepultour
Fell doun as deid, afferit of his licht,
Quhome to behald thay had no grace nor mycht;
Et terre motus eſt factus in Judea;
The wird of Jeſew is fulfillit rycht,
Surrexit ſicut dixit, allalua!

Behaldin the brichtnes of this angell,
The Magdalene and Mare Salamee
Abaſit wer in ſprit, as ſayis the Ewangell,
And ſtud abak. "Be nocht afferd!" ſaid he,
"The Lord is riſſin quhome ye come to ſe,
Ipſe precedit vos in Gallelea;[1]
To his Appoſtillis ga tell the verite,
Surrexit ſicut dixit, allalua!"

[1] MS. has *Gallelela.*

All honour we this Lord with joy and glory,
Thanking that mychty Campioun invincible,
That wan on tre trevmphe of he victory;
Syne brak the hellis dungeoun moſt terrible,
And cheſt the dragonis hidous and horrible
Per crucis validiſſima trophea,
And brocht the ſawlis to joy euir permanſible:
Surrexit ſicut dixit, allalua!

Pleiſs we this Lord that did in battell byd Fol. 35. a.
For ws, quhilk had non vthir bute nor beild,
Quhill bludy wes his bak, body, and ſyd;
He wes our mychte paviſs, and our ſcheild.
Or Phebus dirknes him Goddis Sone reveild
Sanguinea erant eius cannepea;
He deit triumphand, he raiſs and wan the feild:
Surrexit ſicut dixit, allelua!

Finis.

XXXII.

[*Done is a Battell on the Dragon blak.*]

DONE is a battell on the dragon blak,
Our campioun Chryſt confoundit hes his force;
The yettis of hell ar brokin with a crak,
The ſigne trivmphall raſit is of the croce,
Pro youlis. The diuillis trymmillis with hiddouſs voce,
The faulis ar borrowit and to the bliſs can go,

Chryſt with his blud our ranſonis dois indoce:
Surrexit Dominus de ſepulchro.

Dungin is the deidly dragon Lucifer,
The crewall ſerpent with the mortall ſtang;
The auld kene tegir, with his teith on char,
Quhilk in a wait hes lyne for ws ſo lang,
Thinking to grip ws in his clowſs ſtrang;
The mercifull Lord wald nocht that it wer ſo,
He maid him for to felye of that ſang:
Surrexit Dominus de ſepulchro.

He for our ſaik that ſufferit to be ſlane,
And lyk a lamb in ſacrifice wes dicht,
Is lyk a lyone riſſin vp agane,
And as gyane raxit him on hicht;
Sprungin is Aurora radius and bricht,
On loft is gone the glorius Appollo,
The blisfull day departit fro the nycht:
Surrexit Dominus de ſepulchro.

The grit Victour agane is riſſin on hicht,
That for our querrell to the deth wes woundit;
The Sone that vox all paill now ſchynis bricht,
And dirknes clerit, our fayth is now refoundit;
The knell of mercy fra the hevin is foundit,
The Criſtin[s] ar deliuerit of thair wo,
The Jowis and thair errour ar confoundit:
Surrexit Dominus de ſepulchro.

The ſo is chaſit, the battell is done ceiſs,
The preſone brokin, the jevellouris fleit and flemit;
The weir is gon, confermit is the peiſs,
The fetteris lowſit and the dungeoun temit,
The ranſoun maid, the preſoneris redemit;

The feild is win, ourcumin is the fo,
Diſpulit of the treſur that he yemit:
Surrexit Dominus de ſepulchro.

Finis quod Dunbar.

Followis Exortationis of Chryſt to all Synnaris to repent thame of the ſame.

XXXIII.

[*O Man, remember, and prent in to thy thocht.*]

O MAN, remember, and prent in to thy thocht Fol. 35. b.
Quhat I haif done to bring thy ſaule to reſt.
The gloir of hevin I left and ſett at nocht,
And tuk mankynd, thy dolour to degeſt,
In all my lyfe rycht panefully oppreſt;
Syne for invy the Jowis culd me ſla,
Rycht crewaly with malice manifeſt:
Amend thy myſs, this plaig ſall paſs the fra.

Wald thow behald perfytly my paſſioun
With hairt contreit, and rew on my torment,
Haif thow no dout it ſuld be thy ſaluatioun.
Wald thow remembir with ſchame as I wes ſchent
Fra I wes borne, quhill that my ſpereit wes ſprent,
That neuir had reſt bot pyne nycht and day,
Quhill I but rewth vpoun the rud wes rent:
Amend thy myſs, this plaig ſall paſs the fra.

Remembir, man, vpoun Mont Oleueit
Quhen I fatt thair at my deuotioun,
That for the bayth blud and wattir ſuet
Our all my body in grit effuſioun;
For feir of deid wes lyk to ſuelt in ſwoun.
Na tung can tell the torment, tene, and tra
That I haif tholit for thy redemptioun:
Amend thy myſs, this plaig ſall paſs the fra.

Quhen Judas me kiſt, the Jowis but baid me band
With raipis rud, quhill that the blud breſt out;
Hurlit as ane theif, that durſt thame nocht ganeſtand,
To Annas houſs, with that fowll rounſy rout
Calland me fule with mony ane cry and ſchout;
Blerand thair ene, cryand O bubo ba,
As blind feld beſt thay beſt me all about:
Amend thy myſs, this plaig ſall paſs the fra.

To Pylet than thay preſentit me in haiſt,
Be his decreit, that I ſuld ſone be deid.
Than he furthwith to Herod ſone me chaiſt,
Becaus he had the Galianis to leid.
In habeit quhyt, for hething, he me cled,
In foull deriſioun to him that I come fra;
Be my preſens endit wes thair feid:
Amend thy myſs, this plaig ſall paſs the fra.

Than he anone diſpolyeit me all bair,
And I wes bund and bett, both bak and ſyd;
Thay ſonyeit nocht to mak my ſydis ſair.
With all thair wit thay wrocht me woundis wyd,
Fra nek to heill vnhurt thay left no hyd.
Forbled and blaknit quhill I wes blak and bla,
Be my manheid in wit I mycht nocht byd:
Amend thy myſs, this plaig ſall paſs the fra.

In purpour habit thay cled me as ane king, Fol. 36. a.
With reid in hand, with grit diſpyt and ſcorn.
"Haill, King of Jowis!" wes than thair ſaluſing.
Blerand thair ene, thay knelit me beforne;
Syn thriſtit on ane crewall croun of thorne
Vpoun my heid, and pairſit my harnis ſwa
That windir wes nor my lyffe wes forlorne:
Amend thy myſs, this plaig ſall paſs the fra.

Ane heuy croce, that wes bayth grit and ſquair,
Thay gart me beir to Caluary on my bak,
With littill help; thay ſonyeit nocht my ſair.
To furdir my deid my fais wes rycht frak;
Diſpytfull wirdis betuene to me thay ſpak.
Wes nane to help, my freindis wes fled away,
My face ourſpittit, bludy, wan, and blak:
Amend thy myſs, this plaig ſall paſs the fra.

Syne ſett me doun quhill I wes cald agane,
And ay thai dred that I ſuld gett reſkew.
With all thair wit thai ſett to get me ſlane;
Quhill I wes deid thair mycht no mirth thame glew,
Thairfoir my deid thai ſcharply did perſew.
Quhen all wes dry, bayth bak and ſyd couth ſla,
And raif of all, my panis to renew:
Amend thy myſs, this plaig ſall paſs the fra.

Be this wes done, with nalis lang and grit,
Baith feit and handis thay nalit to the croce;
On lenth and breid, as thay wer out of wit,
Thay drew me lang, and maid me meit of force.
Quhen that wes don thay leit me fall deorſs,
Renewand agane my pane fra top to ta,
That all my vanis and ſennonis wer devorſs:
Amend thy myſs, this plaig ſall paſs the fra.

For grit diſpyt, vpone Mont Caluary,
To wondir on as I had bene ane theif,
I hang on croce, that all the warld mycht ſe,
Betuene twa theifis, as I had done miſcheif.
Thow did the deid, thow mycht mak no releif;
Grit ſchame I ſufferit the mendis for to ma,
Blaſphemit I wes with ſorrow and repreif:
Amend thy myſs, this plaig ſall paſs the fra.

For grit diſpyt, vpoun Mont Caluary,
Als lang als lyfe wes left my corſs within,
Thay tyrit nocht to do me tene and tray.
With ane ſcherp ſpeir thay thocht it wes no ſin
To perſs my harte quhill all ran on the grene;
Syne gaif me to drink bittir gall betuene;
Syne gafe the gaiſt, my baner can diſpla,
Ourſett the diuill, and all his werkis but vene:
Amend thy myſs, this plaig ſall paſs the fra.

O man vnmercifull! quhat is within thi mynd, Fol. 36. b.
Seand quhat pane I ſufferit for his ſaik,
That is to me vnthankfull and vnkynd,
Quhilk is thi Makar, and maid the as thy[1] maik?
To ſe the ſchent my ſorrow may nocht ſlaik;
Thow ſuffers nocht my torment and my wa;
Agane my will thy weill gois all to wraik:
Amend thy myſs, this plaig ſall paſs the fra.

Thow hes grit caus to murne and nocht to ſing
For thy miſdeid, that cairis for no ſyn.
Thow lykis in luſt and ryalte to ring,
Having no dreid how lang to ly thairin;
Yit thow preſomes eternall bliſs to win.
Thow art begyld and thow trow it be ſa;

[1] ? my or his.

Confeſs in tyme, and of thi malice blin:
Amend thy myſs, this plaig ſall paſs the fra.

Do thow nocht this, preſome nocht to haif lyif,
Juſtice man punyſs the ſyn, quhair euir it be.
Into this warld wes neuir ſyn moir ryif,
And nane to pvnyſs the grit iniquite
That now aboundis in he and law degre.
Juſtice will nocht that ſin vnpuniſt ga,
Suppois that I of ſynnaris haif pete:
Amend thy myſs, this plaig ſall paſs the fra.

Thow irkis nocht to ſerue thy innemy,
That ill reuardis his ſeruand at the end.
My law with the is lychleit and laid by;
Thow takis nocht keip thi Makar to offend,
Off all thi malice that may the weill amend.
Both thocht and deid thow pleiſis weill thy ſa,
And in my ſeruice liſtis nocht thy tyme expend:
Amend thy lyfe, this plaig ſall paſs the fra.

Wolupteouſs lyif, quhy thinkis thow ſo weill,
The quhilk ſall end with ſorrow and with pane,
That the begylis, and may nocht help a deill?
To thy tinſall it ſchawis bot a trane;
Throw ſenſuall luſt thy ſaule may ſone be ſlane;
Reſiſt in tyme, to ſyn be euir thra,
Schort is the joy, the pane will ay remane:
Amend thy myſs, this plaig ſall paſs the fra.

Quhy haitis thow me, that luvis the our all thing?
That I the luſe the deid now may be ſchawin;
Off all my workis thow hes the gouerning,
And be thy deid thy lufrent may be knawin.
I lyk it nocht that thow ſuld be ourthrawin,

And ſched my blud thy ranſone for to pa,
And maid the fre off det, that thow wes awin: Fol. 37. a.
Amend thy miſs, this plaig ſall paſs the fra.

Quhat ſall I ſay? Thow vnkynd but weir,
Vntrew, vnthankfull vnto thy Creatore,
That the hes bocht with my hairt bluid ſo deir.
Quhair haif I feilit, or done to the iniure?
To win thy luve I haif done all my cure.
Leive thy evill lyfe, and leif vpoun my lay,
And thow ſall neid non vthir procureur:
Amend thy miſs, this plaig ſall paſs the fray.

Haif mercy, Lord, our error we deploir,
We grant our gilt, ſubmittand ws to grace;
Latt nocht this deid but pietie ws devoir.
Quhair we haif failit to the, O Lord! allace,
We ſall ammend, and thow will grant ws pece.
Haif mercy, Lord, haif mercy, we the pray,
Thow fruct vnfyld, thow fareſt floure of face:
Beſeik oure God this plaig to put ws fray.

Finis quod Stewart.

XXXIV.

[*To the Hie, Potent, Blisfull Trinitie.*]

TO the hie, potent, blisfull Trinitie,
That in ane Godheid egall regnis abone,
Be gloir and lawid in coeternitie!
Fra hevin to erd, with ſong and ſweit entone,
The Sone is cum fra the hie Fader in trone,

And tane oure kynd at this trivmphall feſt,
Vpone the dragone a battell for to done:
A ſummo celo egreſſio eius eſt.

The Virgynis wamb be glorifeit and bliſt,
That bure our michty Saluiour Miſſias,
Oure campioun Chryſt, that to the feild him dreſt,
Moir ſtrong than Hector, Sampſone, or Golias;
That Lucifer cheiſt and all his allias,
And all the feyndis affreyit moſt and leſt;
Surrexit gigas ad currendum vias:
A ſummo celo egreſſio eius eſt.

In ſole poſuit tabernaculum ſuum, Fol. 37. b.
And as a ſpous of chalmer did proceid,
This campioun kene in oure reſkorſs did cum
Swiftar nor Dyane throw all the hevynis on breid,
Moir velyeant nor Mars vpoun his ſteid,
Moir freſche nor Phebus ryſand in the eſt,
Mor terrible eik nor Saturne for to dreid:
A ſummo celo egreſſio eius eſt.

This wicht invinſible, and victorius king,
Quhois bricht plaitis attoure all Juda ſchone,
But vanegard, reirgard, ſcaill, or ony wing,
His velyeand body to battell gaif allone,
Aganis all mortall and immortall fone,
Having no dreid of dethis ſcherp arreiſt;
For cauſs of ws he gart the dragone grone:
A ſummo celo eggreſſio eius eſt.

Glaidith ye ſterris and hevinly ſpheiris,
Signis and plenneitis, that wer in his paſſage;
For he, the michtie Lord that yow all ſteiris,
Throw your bricht regionis maid his bliſt veyage.

Glaid ye, O Man! maid eftir his image,
For quhois faik he willingly, but requeſt,
Stervit on rude with deidly pale viſage:
A ſummo celo egreſſio eius eſt.

Finis.

XXXV.

[*O Man, vnthankfull to thy Creator.*]

O MAN, vnthankfull to thy Creator,
Behald the gift of nature and of grace!
Sa weill for the as God hes done his cure,
To win thy luve in mony ſindry cace.
That bliſſit Prince is blyith the to imbrace
With all his hairt, wald thow with him accord,
That leivis the nocht quhill ſyn he fra the chace:
Quhy art thow, man, vnthankfull to thy Lord?

Behald, of awld, quhat kyndnes he hes wrocht!
That the deliuerit of Egiptis ſervitude,
Quhair thow was neir to thy confuſioun brocht. Fol. 38. a.
Thair, but his help, thow had bene deſtitute;
Of all thy bliſs he is baith crope and rute.
Miſknaw thow him, thow ſall pay trewly ford;
Keip thow command, thow ſalbe bliſt but bute:
Quhy art thow, man, vnthankfull to thy Lord?

Behald, how riche arrayit is the erd,
To thy vphald, in habeit plenteus!
Yeildand the fruct as anſueris to the querd,
Cawſit be God, be wirking marvellus.

Suppois thow be to him contrarius,
He ſchawis gud will thy conſcience to remord,
Sa potent to puneiſs, ſa littill rigorus:
Quhy art thow, man, vnthankfull to thy Lord?

All that he maid wes ſubiect, man, to the;
Baith hevin and erd he formit for thy cauſs,
And ordanit all at thy command to be,
And thow to be obeyſand to his lawis.
Bot now, allace, ſa far fra faith thow fawis
Be deidly ſyn, to caſtin grit diſcord,
The maiſt, the leiſt, throw wicketnes ourthrawis:
Quhy art thow, man, vnthankfull to thy Lord?

Yit nevir the leſs mankynd he hes him tane,
Sufferring grit ſchame and panefully oppreſt;
With Jowis being ſcrugit, bayth bak and bane;
Crownit with thornis for ſkorne withowttin reſt;
Hurlit lyk a theif to Calvary in heſt.
Vpoun ane croce he the to grace reſtoird,
Nalit thairon, blaſphemit as ane beiſt:
Quhy art thow, man, vnthankfull to thy Lord?

Repent thy ſinfull lyfe, and the ammend,
Fra thynefurth ſe thow cuvat no manis geir;
And now in tyme I mak it to the kend
Thair is no cryme, bot thow mone it forbeir,
And thow be ſaif fra furius feindis feir;
Or vthir wayis in ſmoke thow ſalbe ſmord,
In hellis pane, in wofull wa, and weir,
Be thow aganis thy gratius, thankfull Lord.

Finis.

XXXVI.

[*Chryiſt crownit King and Conquerour.*]

CHRYIST, crownit king and conquerour, Fol. 38. b.
Makar of all, martir and remeid,
Salwe of all fair, and ſweit ſuccour,
Howp of all haill, and help at all neid,
Saif ws ſynnaris[1] of Adames ſeid;
Defend and fre ws frome oure fo
Thow Lord to all that leivis on leid:
Jeſu, noſtra redemptio!

Thow wit, thow well of all mercy,
Grantar and gevar of all grace,
In the our treſt is moſt trewly;
That we may ſpeid, ſpend on ws ſpace
To get of our gilt forgifneſs,
And our miſdeidis boith all and ſum,
Thow Virgins fruct faireſt of face,
Amor et deſiderium!

Jeſu, our luve and our delyt,
Our luſt, our[2] lyking till[3] allow,
This warld may not thy wirſchep wryt;
To quhois bidding all thing mon bow
That wes, or ſalbe, or is now;
The firmament, the feild, and flum,[4]
Quhy ſowld thay nocht gif blifs to yow,
Deus, creator omnium?

Thow michtie Makar of all thing,
But vder, as confermis the creid,
Incomperable, baith knycht and king,

[1] Dupl. Text—*ſinfull.* [2] Ib.—*and.* [3] Ib.—*to.* [4] Ib.—*and the flume.*

Moſt royall Roy that we of reid,
To do ws fra the dulfull deid[1]
Thow borne was of ane birdis boſum;
Quhen we fowld[2] ſpill thow gart ws ſpeid,
Homo in fine temporum.

Neir warldis end thow was mane maid,
Conſauit but mans ſeid or ſyn;
Thocht thow be lichtit in ſo law a bed,
Thy maieſty was nocht to myn,
Thow wald be comptit of our kin
To win ws all to weill fra wa;
To tell thair can no tung begin,
Que te vicit clementia.

Quhat petie was that the compellit
To tak mankynd and mak ws fre,
Ane theolog me trewly tellit,
Sayand the cheif was cheretie
Gart the diſcend for ws to die;
And for our ſaik thy will was ſa
To tak the ſic humilitie
Vt ferres noſtra crimina.

To beir our ſyn thow thocht it ſweit,
And ſufferit for our ſalvatioun;
War it vndone, thow wald doid yeit,
Sic was thy awin affectioun;
Quhat mycht be moir delectioun[3]
Than thoill[4] ſic angir for our offens,
Thow, in thy peirles paſſioun,
Crudelem mortem patiens?

Thow dampnit was to[5] crewall deid
To lowiſs fra Lucifer that was lorne;

Fol. 39. a.

[1] Dupl. Text—*diuillis dreid.* [2] Ib.—*wald.*
[3] From Dupl. Text—MS. has *affectioun.* [4] Ib.—*ſuffir.* [5] Ib.—*to ane.*

Our all thy body ran ſtrems reid,[1]
On thy heid thriſtit ane croun of thorne.
Thow was ſkurgit with ſkrech and ſcorne,
Sic panis thow previt to procur ws peſs;
With ane ſcharp ſpeir thy ſyd was ſchorne
Vt nos a morte tolleres.

Evir endles deid ſra ws to do,
Thow was beſt bludy, bair as beiſt.
Lord, len ws laſar, lyf, and ſpace,
Owt of this warld or that we wend;[2]
And grant ws gratiouſly thy grace
That we our miſdeidis may amend;
And frome the diuill our ſawlis diffend,
Quha wachis evir the ſame to ſla;
Conducting ws to joy[3] but end,
In ſempiterna ſecula.

Finis.

XXXVII.

[*Eternall King, that ſittis in Hevin ſo hie.*]

ETERNALL King, that ſittis in hevin ſo hie, Fol. 39. b.
And clymmith vp the cluddis ſchynyng licht,
As Zepherus with bemis in the ſkie,
Quhilk illumynis the ruddy ſterris bricht;
O vnigeneit Sone to God of micht!
All thing creat having in libertie,
Ws grant that we my ſing with hairt vprycht
This impne, Eterne Rex altiſſime!

[1] Dupl. Text—*ſtremis doun reid.* [2] Ib.—*or we hyne wend.*
[3] Ib.—*to thi joyis.*

Excelland, michtie, and immenſurable,
O gratious God, moſt ſouerane Lord and King!
Quhilk in thy luſty palyce moſt delectable
Abone Saturnus thow ſittis eternaling,
Diſtill the balme of thy mercy ding,
As thow art one with two[1] in vnitie,
Sa that we ma amang thy joyis ring
With the,[2] Eterne Rex altiſſime!

O Increat! O Godis Sone of micht!
And eik carnat all of a virgin ſchene,
As throw the glaſs dois Phebus ſchyne[3] ſo bricht,
Scho bure hir birth remaningvirgyn clene;
And eik the criſtale hevinis all bedene,
Aſcending vp the trone ſtanding ſo hie,
With mercy on ws wretchit ſynnaris mene,
O thow, Eterne Rex altiſſime!

[Moſt ſouerane God, that ſittis in trinitie,
Of quhilk thy Sone we haif of a virgin ybore,
And regnent on two and in thre,
And with his croce he did agane reſtoir
The faderis auld, in lymbo that wes forloir,
From the obſcure and dirk aduerſite;
Lat ws vnto the offend no moir,
O thow, Eterne Rex altiſſime!][4]

O thow, Eterne Rex altiſſime!
On quhome this warld alhaill now dois depend[5]
Doun frome thy ſelf, vt primum mobile,
Cowth prevelie[6] within the comprehend
That in thy ſouerane joy withowttin end
Thow grant thy gratious viſage we may ſie,
And all treſpaſs perfytly to amend
To the, Eterne Rex altiſſime!

Finis.

[1] Dupl. Text—*two regnand.* [2] Ib.—*the O.* [3] Ib.—*moſt.*
[4] This ſtanza from Dupl. Text—not in MS.
[5] Dupl. Text—*That all this warld dois in thy hand depend.* [6] Ib.—*primely.*

XXXVIII.

[*Quhen be Devyne Deliberatioun.*]

QUHEN be devyne deliberatioun
Off perſonis thre in a Godheid yſeir,
The grit meſſage and hie legatioun Fol. 40. a.
Wes ſend vnto the bliſſit Lady deir
Be Gabriell, ſcho being in hir prayeir
Aſking of God, as profeitis dois expreme,
To send the Sone that ſowld the warld redeme,

The angell to the Virgin is removit,
And to Marie he ſaid on this maneir;
"Haill, full of grace, derreſt and beſt belovit,
God is with the. To him thou art moſt deir,
Moſt pretious and principall, but peir,
Thow ſweit fruct[1] tre, and well of ſanetie,
God will of the tak his humanitie."

The Virgin wynderit of that hie meſſage,
And was abaiſit in hir humill ſpreit,
On to the angell having this langage,
With ſobir mynd and wordis verry ſweit,
As ſcho that was of grace full[2] repleit;
"How may this be, I ſowld conſave a chyld,
I knaw no man, my madinheid is vnfyild?"

"Be nocht perturbat in your aduertance,
Your benyng eir vnto my voice inclyne;
The Faderis power, the Sonis ſapience,
The vertew of the Holie Gaiſt devyne
Within thy wame ſall obvmbir and ſchyne;

[1] Dupl. Text—*well.* [2] Ib.—*full of grace.*

Thow fall conſaif, baith clene in deid and thocht,
Him that the maid and all this warld of nocht."

All creatouris on kneis fall ye doun;
Conſent, Virgin, vnto this hie meſſage,
Quhairby followis the redemptioun
Of Abrahame and all his haill lynnage.
Thow[1] Word, may now infernall folk diſchairge,
The faderis eik, that dirknes dois inhanſs, Fol. 40. b.
With wofull Adame weiping in pennanſs.

This glorius Lady and Virgin celeſtiall,
As God ſa wald his prophecie fulfill,
Remmembring eik the weilfair of ws all,
"Lo heir," ſcho ſaid, "Godis humill ancill,
Be it to me eftir thy word and will."
And be ſcho had hir wordis thus expremit,
Conſauit was hie that all the world redemit.

Thow, Moyſes buſk remanyng vncombuſt,
Quhilk was fair ſigne of thy virginitie,
Refrene ws fra all warldlie[2] fleſchlie luſt,
No thing to joy bot in thy Sone and the;
And gif ws grace, that hour quhen we fowld[3] dee,
Be thy fair fruct, that place in hevin to win
That ordanit was for Adame[4] and all his kin.

Finis.

[1] Dupl. Text—*Thy.* [2] Ib.—*frawart.* [3] Ib.—*fall.* [4] Ib.—*Abrahame.*

XXXIX.

[*O Lord, my God, on quhome I do depend.*]

O LORD, my God, on quhome I do depend! Fol. 41. a.
Thow, that hes evir bene my help and gyd,
And daylie dois frome denger me defend,
Grant me in the fermlie for to confyd.
Suffer me nocht thrwch flewthfulnes to flyd,
Bot grant me grace, boith now and evirmoir,
To randir the moſt humill thankis thairfoir.

A parfyt luve, gud Lord, grant vnto me,
With humill hairt to gif the prayſis ſtill,
Feiring for till offend thy maieſtie,
Bot daylie to obey thyne holy will.
Be my defens frome that thing that is ill
And, for thy onlie trewth and promeiſs ſaik,
Gif eir and heir the prayar that I maik.

Grant me thy grace to gyd me vprichtlie;
Mak me thyne holy preceptis for to knaw;
Latt thy commandimentis ſo governe me
To do to every ane the thing I aw.
Inſtruct me, Lord, in thy moſt bliſſit law;
Maik me nocht our deſyrus for to haif,
Bot ay to rander as I wold reſſafe.

For of ane maſs thow hes ws formit all,
And of the clay thow creat every wicht;
And to the erth ſchortly returne we ſall,
Nocht knawing quhen nor quhair, be day or nicht.
Sen all that leivis ar ſynnaris in thy ſicht,

Oure confort, joy, and our felicitie
Conſiſtis only in thy grit marcye.

Body and ſawill I humly recommend
Into the handis of the, my God, allone.
As thow hes evir done in tymes bygone,
Harkin vnto my petouſs plaint and mone,
And gif me patiens to abyd thy will,
With perfyt hairt to gif the prayiſſis ſtill.

Finis.

Fol. 41. b.

XL.

[*O Creaturis creat of me your Creator.*]

O CREATURIS creat of me your Creator!
To[1] my liknes wrocht be my providence,
Quhy felyie faith?[2] Quhy fall[3] ye in error
Evir quhair ye ſyn throw follyth[4] negligence?
Sen I proffer ay to be your deffence,
Ye mankynd, quhy tak ye not now na heid?[5]
My will war, thocht thow did offence,
Thow ſowld me not[6] miſtreſt for thy miſdeid.

Thow ſleipis in ſyn fra[7] yeir to yeir;
Fro day to day thow will not ryiſs;
Bot quhen thow feilis the deth is neir,
Than begynnis thow for[8] till aggryiſs;
Than ſayis thow, "Mercy will not ſuffyiſs;
Thocht I it aſk, it will nocht ſpeid."
Thow wreche, quhy will the[9] me diſpryiſs?
Miſtreſt me nevir for thy miſdeid.

[1] Dupl. Text—*Vnto.* [2] Ib.—*ye your faith.* [3] Ib.—*fele.* [4] Ib.—*folie.*
[5] Ib.—*nocht na heid.* [6] Ib.—*ſuld nocht.* [7] Ib.—*fro.*
[8] Dupl. Text omits *for.* [9] Dupl. Text—*thow.*

Gif thow fallis throw thy brukilnes,
Caſt vp thy heid, behald the hevin,
Think on the pane[1] and grit diſtreſs
I ſufferit for the; in myld ſtevin
Call vpoun me, baith morne and evin,
And thow ſall find me reddy at neid.
Haif cheretie, and luve thy nychtbouris evin,
And nocht miſtreſt[2] for thy miſdeid.

Do this, and treſt thy ſynnis be forgeif;
For treſt ſall cauſs redemptioun.
Diſpair thow not, how[3] evir thow leif,
Marcy[4] is in my Faderis poſſeſſioun.
Cleme it for heretage, that is reſſoun,
And thow ſall haif it to thy neid
Aganis the devillis ſtrang temptatioun:
Miſtreſt me nevir for thy miſdeid.

I bid the aſk, for grant I wald; Fol. 42. a.
I bid the ſerche among the laif;[5]
I bid the treſt, to mak the bald:
Aſk of thy bruthir, and thow ſall haif.
Vnkynd thow art, me to diſſaif:[6]
Denny I will not the, albeid
That thow a fute war neir[7] the graif;
Yit nocht miſtreſt[8] for thy miſdeid.

I am thy bruthir, and ſittis in trone;
Thow leidis thy lyfe vndir my feit,
Wappit in miſdeidis mony one.
I mycht ſmot oft, quhair[9] I the treit,
Bot I thold ſic panis[10] greit

[1] Dupl. Text—*panis.* [2] Ib.—*And miſtreſt me nocht.* [3] Ib.—*fow.*
[4] Ib.—*Sic marcy.* [5] Ib.—*for I wald ſaif.* [6] Ib.—*diſprais.*
[7] Ib.—*in.* [8] Ib.—*miſtreſt nocht.* [9] Ib.—*quhen.*
[10] Ib.—*Bot I thal with ſic pennance.*

To ſaif thy ſawll[1] wald thow tvik heid.
Behold my woundis, of rewth repleit,
And nevir miſtreſt[2] for thy miſdeid.

I wald nocht force to die agane,
And ane drop mercy war fundin dry.
It is full ſweit to ſuffer pane
To ſaive ane ſawill eternaly.[3]
And I haif micht, will, and maiſtry;
Ane kingis word ſall ſtand in ſteid.
Quhy fleis thow than for thy folly?
Miſtreſt me nocht for thy miſdeid.

It grevit me moir that Caen miſtreſt
The keling of Abell, that was ſo gude,
And moir diſpleiſd[4] me that Judas leſt
No mercy craif, me ſelling to the rude.
To Pylat and Herod, that war ſo wude,
My mercy wald I nevir forbeid.
Than withſtand not[5] as thay withſtude:
Man miſtreſt nevir for thy miſdeid.

Cum to my croce, and ſie ane[6] theif,
For onis his[7] aſking, gat him grace.
Se Pawle, that did me mekle[8] greif, Fol. 42. b.
How wirthy appoſtill[9] he eftir waſs.
Se Mary Magdalene, for hir treſpaſs;
And Petir forſuk me thryiſs for dreid;
Now be thay worthy in hevins[10] place:
Than miſtreſt[11] nocht for thy miſdeid.

My moder knelit vnto me,
And mvrnit[12] for me that was in cair;

[1] Dupl. Text—*For petie to ſpair the.* [2] Ib.—*miſtreſt neuir.*
[3] Ib.—*To ſaif . . . . evirleſtandly.* [4] Ib.—*diſpleſit.* [5] Ib.—*it nocht.*
[6] Ib.—*a.* [7] Ib. omits *his.* [8] Ib.—*grete.* [9] Ib.—*a appoſtill.*
[10] Ib.—*full wirthy in my.* [11] Ib.—*me nocht.* [12] Ib.—*cryit.*

And to my Fader I knelit[1] for the,
And ſchew my body and woundis bair.
Than quho may ſtop my mercy[2] thair?
Gif deth war neidfull, yit[3] ſowld thow ſpeid.
In[4] weill or wo, quhair evir thow fair,
Miſtreſt me not[5] for thy miſdeid.

Quhat neid the now for to diſpair,
And hes ſic freindis for the to ſpeik?
My Fader is thyne; thow art his air;
I am thy broder; quho can it breik?
My modir is thyne, that is ſo meik.[6]
I will the help, quhen thow hes neid.
Thy luve fra me quhy wald thow ſteik?[7]
Miſtreſt thow nevir for thi miſdeid.

Quhat lyikis the now? Quhat will thow moir?
Gif thow hes neid, heir is ſuccour;
Gife thow be neidles, tell me befoir;
I ſee thy governance in every hour.
Thow dwellis in preſone, heir is thy boure:
Cum hame agane, tak thair thy meid,
Celeſtiall bliſs of hie honour;
And miſtreſt not for thy miſdeid.

Finis quod Ledgait, monk of Bery.[8]

[1] Dupl. Text—*And I to my Fader knelit.*
[2] Ib.—*may warn mercy.* [3] Ib.—*byit.* [4] Ib.—*For in.* [5] Ib.—*Miſtreſt neuir.*
[6] Ib.—*ſcho can now reik.* [7] Ib.—*Thy will fra me will thow vp ſteik.*
[8] Ib.—*Berry.*

HEIR ENDIS THE FIRST PAIRT OF THIS BUKE, CONTENAND BALLATTIS OF THEOLIGIE. Fol. 43. a.

FOLLOWIS THE SECOUND PAIRT OF THIS BUK, CONTENEAND VERRY SINGULAR BALLATIS, FULL OF WISDOME AND MORALITIE, ETC.

Fol. 43. b.

XLI.

Tu viuendo bonos, ſcribendo ſequare peritos.

Wit.

THE gritteſt treſour, withowt compariſon,
For mans felicitie heir in this lyfe,
Aboif gold and ſiluer, is wit and diſcretion,
To tempir the joyfull and confort the penſyfe,
Or vthir wayis to inſtruct man in peice or ſtryif.
Wit alſa is increſſit be wyiſs workis reiding,
And lyk the fructles tre is wit but gud doing.
etc.

XLII.

[*Furth throw ane Forreſt as I fure.*]

FURTH throw ane forreſt as I fure,[1] Fol. 44. a.
Attour ane rever cowth I ryd,
All kynd of birdis that body bure[2]
Vpoun tha brenchis could abyd.
Than ſpak ane bird, hard me beſyd,
"For ony thing that evir may be,
Thir wirdis in hairt ſe that thow hyd:
In alkyn mater meſure the."

"Firſt, luve thy God attour all thing,
That maid the lyk to[3] his image,
And ſyne the ordand in hevin to ring,
But end to[3] haif that heretage.
Till Adame, throw his grit outtrage,
Maid ws to licht, (this is no le,)
Law in to hell in grit thirlelege:
In alkyn mater[4] meſur the."

"Sen God hes ranſonit all at richt
Out of the feindis handis of hell,
Chryſt wes born of the virgyn bricht;
So ſaid Sanct Johine in his wangell;
Syne deid,[5] and raiſs, and herreit hell,
And fred mankynd, and maid him fre.
Sen it is trew that I the tell,
In alkyn mater[4] meſur the."

"Yit ſall he cum on domiſday,
And deme our deidis, dout ye nocht,

[1] Dupl. Text—*feuir.* [2] Ib.—*beuir.* [3] Ib.—*till.* [4] Ib.—*materis.* [5] Ib.—*deit.*

Sum to pane, and ſum to pley,
Eftir the werkis that we haif wrocht.
Fra baill to bliſs ſen he hes[1] bocht,
And denyeit him ſelf for ws to de,
We lufe him baith in deid and thocht:
In alkyn mater meſur the."

"Meſure is ane inſtrument
Decernis thingis that is in weir.
Quha that to meſure takkis tent,
To tell his tretiſs wer full teir.
Leit at my lair, gif thow will[2] leir
The gait quhair glaidnes is and gle;
Sen he may help baith thair and heir,
In alkyn mater meſur the."

"Be nocht ourſkerſs, nor yit our lerge,[3]
Gif thow will leir[4] ſone at my lair;
For thow hes a[5] full havy chairge;
Bot gif thow wyſly ſpend and ſpair,
Tak meſur with the evir mair.
Se thow na wreche nor waiſtour be,
Sen heir is nocht bot fenyeit fair:
In alkyn materis meſur the."

"Be nocht our mad attour meſure,
Nor yit our meik in thy moving;
Be nocht our rad, for no dreddure,
Nor yit our derf[6] in thy doing.
As Cato ſayis in his teiching,
In al thingis knaw the quantetie,
As all tyme aſkis of every thing:
In alkyn materis meſur the."

[1] Dupl. Text—*we are.* [2] Ib.—*wilt.* [3] Ib.—*lairge.* [4] Ib.—*lerne.* [5] Ib.—*ane.* [6] Ib.—*darf.*

"Do for thy freind as it effeiris;
Chaiſtyn thy ſerwand with meſure;
Reward thow as the cauſs requyris;
Thy maiſter wirſchep, and honour.
To pure and ſeik gif thow ſuccour;
Thy nychtbour lufe in cheretie;
Thy weddit wyf lufe[1] peramour:
In alkyn materis meſur the."

"With meſure ſuld we walk and ſleip;
With meſure ſuld we ſpend and ſpair;
With meſur ſuld we gaddir and keip;
With meſur ſuld thow leif evirmair;
With meſur ſuld we luſe and fair;[2]
With meſur ſuld we ſerch[3] and ſle.
Sen meſur is moſt ſingulair,
In alkyn materis meſur the."

"Thocht a man be keip in preſone,
Be nocht our perte[4] him to ſuppryſs;
Oft tymis thow may ſe be reſſone,
A man may fall and rycht vpryſs.
Thow art nocht ſicker on na kin waiſs,[5]
The ſiclyk caiſs thy awin may be;
That ſample may be ſene oft ſyiſs:
In alkyn materis meſur the."

"Meſure ſtanchis ſturtis and ſtryvis;
It is a rewll of grit wyſneſs;
It garris reſſoun ring and ryſs,
And exylis wrang[6] and wicket diſtreſs.
Quhair men dreidis, it is doutleſs
The ſuthfaſtneſs it garris thame ſe,

[1] Dupl. Text—*lufe but.* [2] Ib.—*lufe alquhair.* [3] Ib.—*fecht.*
[4] Ib.—*ouirperte.* [5] Ib.—*in no kin wyiſs.* [6] Ib.—*wrangis.*

Sen it is grund till all glaidneſs:
In alkyn materis meſur the."

"Meſure is a ticht caſtell,
Ane haiſty cauſs of repentance;
Be war for war, ffor wit ye weill,
Off evill tungis cumis ignorance.
Be nocht our dum for no diſtance,
Nor our mirthfull for[1] maieſtie;
Caſt baill and bliſs in a ballance:
In alkyn materis meſur the."

"Fra pryd and cuvatice the[2] keip,
Fra wicket yre, and fra invy;
In deidly ſyn ſe thow nocht ſleip,
In lichery, nor glottony,
Nor[3] in ſweirnes; for wat[4] thow quhy?
Thir ar the ſevin grathis the to die,
And ſlayis thy ſawll eternaly:[5]
In alkin mater meſur the."

"Aganis pryd tak thow[6] lawlines,
And cheretie aganis invy;
Aganis yre alſo[7] tak meikneſs,
And cheſtetie for[8] lichory.
For ſweirnes and for gluttony
Tak abſtinens, and vertewis be;
For covetyce gife liberally:[9]
In alkin materis meſur the."

I prayit that bird of patience
Quhat that[10] ſcho was, or of quhat kynd.

Fol. 45. a.

[1] Dupl. Text—*of.* [2] Ib.—*ſon the.* [3] Dupl. Text omits *Nor.*
[4] Dupl. Text—*wait.* [5] Ib.—*fra God deidly.* [6] Dupl. Text omits *thow.*
[7] Dupl. Text omits *alſo.* [8] Dupl. Text—*aganis.* [9] Ib.—*lairgely.*
[10] Dupl. Text omits *that.*

Scho ſaid to me, "Dame Conſcience,
That oft remmemberis manis mynd.
Sen Chryſt the coſt, be to him kynd,
That maid this warld verralie.
Thow clenge the clene, or thow hyne wend:
In alkin materis meſur the."

Finis.

XLIII.

The Prollog of the Nynt Buk of Virgell. In Commendatioun of Vertew.

THIR luſty verſis of he nobilite
Agilite did wryt of luſty clerkis,
And thairon markis wiſdome, vtilite,
Na vilite, no ſic vnworthy werkis:
Scurrilite is bot for doggis that barkis;
Quhay thairto harkis fallis in fragilite.

Honeſtie is the way to wirthineſs, Fol. 45. b.
Vertew, dowtles, the perfyt gait to bliſs;
Thow do no miſs, and eſchew ydilnes;
Perſew proves, hold no thing that is his;
Be not rakles to ſay ſone, I wiſs,
And of this the contrair wirk expreſs.

Do to ilk wicht as done to thow wold be;
Be nevir ſle and dowble, nor yit ouir licht;
Vſe not thy micht aboif thyne awin degre;
Clym not ouir hie, nor yit ouir law to licht;

Wirk no mawgre, thocht thow be nevir ſo licht;[1]
Hold with the richt, and preiſs the nevir to lie.

Finis quod Gawyn Dowglaſs.

XLIV.

[*Quhylome in Grece, that nobill regioun.*]

Sapientium octavus quis?

QUHYLOME in Grece, that nobill regioun,
Thair dwelt awcht clerkis of grit ſcience,
Philoſophouris of nobill diſcretioun.
At thame was aſkit, to preif thair prowdence,
Aucht queſtionis of mirk intelligence;
The quhilk[2] they anſwerit, eftir thair intent,
In ſiclyk wayis as heir is ſubſequent.

The firſt queſtioun was, "Quhat erdly thing
Is beſt to God and maiſt commendable?"
The firſt clerk anſwerit withowttin tareing,
"A manis fawill evir firme and ſtabill
In richt, fra trewith nathing vareable.
Bot now, allace, fair may we weip,
For cuvatice hes brocht trewth on ſleip."

The ſecound was, "Quhat is maiſt odious?"
"A dowble man," ſaid the philoſophour,
"With virgin face and taill[3] vennemous,
With ane fair wow and ane fals perſour,
Ane ſtinkand carioun in ane goldin coffour."

Fol. 46. a.

[1] ? wicht. [2] Dupl. Text—*quhilkis.* [3] Ib.—*a taill.*

It is ane monſtour in natoris lenage,
A man to haif ane dowbill viſage."

The thrid thing was, "Quhilk is the beſt doar
That may be till a wyfe appropriat?"
"A clene lyfe," was the clerkis anſwer,
"Vnreprovit, cheſt, and immaculat,
Withowt ſigne, takin, or ſpeiche inordinat,
Or evill countenance, quhilk is to diſpyſe:
No fyre mak, and no ſmuke will ryſe."

The ferd queſtioun is, "Quhat maidin may
Be callit clene and full of cheſtitie?"
The clerk anſwerit and ſaid, "Off hir alway
All creaturis reportis grit honeſtie,
Quhairof all folk eſchamit is to lie;
And thairfoir madynis keip your gud name furth,
And remmember your gud name is gold wurth."

The fyiſt queſtioun, "Quha is riche but frawd?"[1]
"The man quho can of[2] his gud him[3] ſuffyiſs;
Quhat evir he haif[4] he gevis God the lawd;
He covettis nothing[5] in vngodlie wyiſs;
His hairt devoyid is of all covetyiſs;
His body heir, his ſpreit is all abuve:
This man is riche, for God dois him lwe."

The ſext is,[6] "Quha is ane peur man evir in wo?"
"A covettouſs man withowt diſcretioun,
That in his hairt nevir can haif ho;
The moir gude, the leſs diſtributioun;
The richer, ay the warſs of conditioun:
Men commonly callis him ane nigart,
Sir Gy Brybour is his cheif ſtewart."

[1] Dupl. Text—*Quhilk is a riche man withoutfraude.* [2] Ib.—*that can to.*
[3] Dupl. Text omits *him.* [4] Dupl. Text—*Quhat ſo he hes.* [5] Ib.—*nocht.*
[6] Dupl. Text omits *is.*

"Quhilk is ane wyiſman?" is the ſevint queſtioun.
"He that will nocht, and may do mekle noyance; Fol. 46. b.
Quha that may pvneiſs, and levis punitioun,
A menſurable man, and withowt vengeance;
Ane[1] wyiſman put this in remmembrance,
Sayand, 'Had I vengit all my harme,
My cloik had nocht me furrit half ſo warme.'"

"Quhilk is ane fule?" that is the laſt demand.
"He that wald hurt, and hes no power;
Had he grit micht, he wold mekle command;
In malice grit, his micht not worth a peir;
He thriſtis faſt, bot littill may he deir;
He thinkis not how wyſmen ſaid beforne,
'God ſendis a thrawart cow a ſchort horne.'"

Finis quod Chawſeir.

XLV.

[*Allone as I went vp and doun.*]

ALLONE as I went vp and doun
In ane abbay was fair to ſe,
Thinkand quhat conſolatioun
Was beſt in to adwerſitie;
On caiſs I keſt on ſyd myne e,
And ſaw this writtin vpoun a wall;
"Of quhat eſtait,[2] man, that thow[3] be,
Obey and thank thy God of all."

[1] Dupl. Text—*A.* [2] Ib.—*ſtait.* [3] Ib.—*that evir thow.*

Thy kindome and thy grit empyre,
Thy[1] ryaltie nor[2] riche array
Sall nocht endeur at thy deſyre,
Bot as the wind will wend away.
Thy gold and all thy gudis gay,
Quhen fortoun liſt, will fra the fall;
Sen thow ſic ſampillis[3] ſeis ilk day,
Obey and thank thy God of all.

Job wes maiſt riche, in writ we find, Fol. 47. a.
Thobe maiſt full of cheritie;
Job woux pure, and Thobe blynd,
Bath tempit with aduerſitie.
Sen blindnes wes infirmitie,
And pouerty wes naturall;
Thairfoir rycht patiently[4] bath he and he
Obeyid and thankit God of all.

Thocht thow be blind, or haif ane halt,
Or in thy face deformit ill,
Sa it cum nocht throw thy defalt,
Na man ſuld the repreif by ſkill.
Blame nocht thy Lord, ſa is his will;
Spurn[5] nocht thy fute aganis the wall;
Bot, with meik hairt and prayer ſtill,
Obey and thank thy God of all.

God of his iuſtice mon correct,
And of his mercy petie haif;
He is ane juge to nane ſuſpect,
To puneiſs ſynfull man and faif.
Thocht thow be lord attour the laif,
And eſtirwart maid bound and thrall,

[1] Dupl. Text—*In.* [2] Ib.—*nor in.* [3] Ib.—*examplis.*
[4] Ib.—*Thairfoir in patience.* [5] Ib.—*Spur.*

Ane pure begger with ſkrip and ſtaif,
Obey and thank thy God of all.

This changeing and grit variance
Off erdly ſtaitis vp and doun
Is nocht bot cauſualitie and chance,
As ſum men ſayis without reſſoun;
Bot be the grit prouiſioun
Of God aboif that rewll the ſall;
Thairfoir evir thow mak the boun
To obey and thank thy God of all.

In welth be meik, heich nocht thy ſelf,
Be glaid in wilfull pouertie;
Thy power and thy warldis pelf
Is nocht bot verry vanitie.
Remember him that deit on tre,
For thy ſaik taiſtit the bittir gall;
Quha heis law hairtis and lawis he[1]
Obey and thank thy God of all.

Finis quod Mr Ro[t] Henryſone.

XLVI.

[*Memento, Homo, quod Cinis es!*]

MEMENTO, homo, quod cinis es!
Think, man, thow art bot erd and aſs!
Lang heir to dwell na thing thow preſs,
For as thow come ſa ſall thow paſs,

[1] Dupl. Text—*Quha hyis law and lawis he.*

Lyk as ane ſchaddow in ane glaſs;
Hyne glydis all thy tyme that heir is. Fol. 47. b.
Think, thocht thy bodye ware of braſs,
Quod tu in cinerem reuerteris.

Worthye Hector and Hercules,
Forcye Achill and ſtrong Sampſone,
Alexander of grit nobilnes,
Meik Dauid and fair Abſolone
Hes playit thair pairtis, and all are gone
At will of God that all thing ſteiris:
Think, man, exceptioun thair is none,
Sed tu in cinerem reuerteris.

Thocht now thow be maiſt glaid of cheir,
Faireſt and plefandeſt of port;
Yit may thow be, within ane yeir,
Ane vgſum, vglye tramort;
And ſen thow knawis thy tyme is ſchort,
And in all houre thy lyfe in weir is,
Think, man, amang all vthir ſport,
Quod tu in cinerem reuerteris.

Thy luſtye bewte and thy youth
Sall feid as dois the ſomer flouris;
Syne ſall the ſwallow with his mouth
The dragone Death [that all devouris.][1]
No caſtell ſall the keip, nor touris,
Bot he ſall ſeik the with thy ſeiris;
Thairfore, remembir at all houris
Quod tu in cinerem reuerteris.

Thocht all this warld thow did poſſeid,
Nocht eſtir death thow ſall poſſeſs,
Nor with the tak, bot thy guid deid,

[1] In a different hand.

Quhen thow dois fro this warld the dres.
So ſpeid the, man, and the confes,
With humill hart and ſobir teiris,
And ſadlye in thy hart inpres
Quod tu in cinerem reuerteris.

Thocht thow be taklit nevir ſo ſure
Thow fall in deathis port arryve,
Quhair nocht for tempeſt may indure,
Bot ferſlye all to ſpeiris [dryve[1]].
Thy Ranſonner, with woundis ſyve,
Mak thy plycht anker and thy ſteiris,
To hald thy ſaule with him on lyve,
Cum tu in cinerem reuerteris.

Finis quod Dumbar.

XLVII.

[*O mortall Man! remembir.*]

O MORTALL man! remembir nycht and day Fol. 48. a.
How ſchort the tyme is that thow hes heir to ſpend;
Remember eik thy pompeouſs he array,
How ſuddanly it ſall tak ane ſynall end.
Caſt the thairfoir miſpendit tyme to mend,
Quhill thow hes ſpace thow of thy foly ceſs;
Leif thy treſpaſs, thy God dreid till offend:
Memento, homo, quod cinis es!

Remembir, man, how noble thow art wrocht
Vnto the ſimilitud of Godis image;

[1] Not in the MS.

Remembir als how deir he hes the bocht
With his hairt blude, and with non vder wage.
Remembir als the ſtrang and he vaſſage
He did for the to bring thy ſaule to peiſs.
For ſchame thairfoir ſtynt of thy foly rege:
Memento, homo, quod cinis es!

Giſe thow with ſyn hes done thy ſaule forfair,
Behald thy conſciens with thy ſpirituall e;
And gif thow ſyndis it hurt and woundit ſair,
Caſt for remeid, or dowtleſs it will de.
Thairfoir in tyme ceiſs ſenſualite;
Call on thy Lord, moſt peirleſs of proveſs,
Off micht and power, mercy and pece:
Memento, homo, quod cinis es!

Thy licherows lyf both and thy wantouneſs,
Bot gif tho mend quhill thow hes tyme and ſpace,
Sall turne in eternall bittirneſs,
Fra Deid cum to and lay on the his mace;
Eftir that reſt thair is no reſt, allace!
Tak heid in tyme, this reſſoun is no leſs;
Thairfoir, but latt I pray the purcheſs grace:
Memento, homo, quod cinis es!

Giſe thow miſpendit hes thy tyme bipaſt
Throw yewthis rege, with fruſter vane pleſans,
Return agane, haif houp, be nocht agaſt
Quhen every man of Chryſtis allegance
Forthinkis thair ſyn, and takis thame to pennans;
To be of mair perfectioun suld thay preſs;
Repent thairſoir with haill deliuerans:
Memento, homo, quod cinis es!

Confeſs thy fynnis with hairt and mynd contreit,
Compleit thy pennans gevin by the prechour;
Than dowt thow nocht the diuillis dynt a myte;
Thow art the ſone than of our Saluiour,
Quhilk ſched his precius blud for the in ſtour.
Thus may thow nocht bot gif thow wilt perreiſs,
He is ſa gracius evir aboif meſour:
Memento, homo, quod cinis es!

Quod Lichtoun, *monicus.*

XLVIII.

[*Off Lentren in the firſt mornyng.*]

OFF Lentren in the firſt mornyng, Fol. 48. b.
Airly as did the day vpſpring,
Thus ſang ane bird with voce vpplane,
"All erdly joy returnis in pane."

"O man! haif mynd that thow mon paſs;
Remembir that thow art bot aſs,
And fall in aſs return agane:
All erdly joy returnis in pane."

"Haif mynd that eild ay followis yowth;
Deth followis lyfe with gaipand mowth,
Devoring fruct and flowring[1] grane:
All erdly joy returnis in pane."

"Welth, wardly gloir, and riche array
Ar all bot thornis laid in thy way,
Ourcowerd with flouris laid in ane trane:
All erdly joy returnis in pane."

[1] This reading is doubtful; the word may perhaps alſo be read *ſkowring.*

"Come nevir yit May ſo freſche and grene,
Bot Januar come als wod and kene;
Wes nevir ſic drowth bot anis come rane:
All erdly joy returnis in pane."

"Evirmair vnto this warldis joy
As nerreſt air ſucceidis noy;
Thairfoir, quhen joy ma nocht remane,
His verry air ſucceidis pane."

"Heir helth returnis in ſeikneſs
And mirth returnis in havineſs,
Toun in deſert, forreſt in plane:
All erdly joy returnis in pane."

"Fredome returnis in wrechitneſs,
And trewth returnis in dowbilneſs,
With fenyeit wirdis to mak men fane:
All erdly joy returnis in pane."

"Vertew returnis in to vyce,
And honour in to avaryce;
With cuvatyce is conſciens ſlane:
All erdly joy returnis in pane."

"Sen erdly joy abydis nevir,
Wirk for the joy that leſtis evir;
For vder joy is all bot vane:
All erdly joy returnis in pane."

Quod Dumbar.

XLIX.

[*Doun by ane Rever as I red.*]

DOUN by ane rever as I red
Outthrow a forreſt that wes fair,
Thynkand ho:- that this warld wes maid;
Sa ſuddanly away we fair,
That kingis and lordis ſall haif no mair
Fra tyme that thay[1] be bund on beir,
Thus ſpak a fowll, I yow declair:
"Do for thy ſelf quhill thow art heir."

I marvellit quhat that bird fowld be, Fol. 49. a.
That wes ſo fair with fedderis gent;
Scho bowind[2] hir nocht to fle fra me,
Bot ſatt and tald me hir intent.
"Off thy miſdeidis thow the repent,
And of thy ſynnys confeſs the cleir;
For Deid he[3] hes his bow ay bent:
Do for thy ſelf quhill thow art heir."

"Fra he begyn to ſchute his ſchot
Thow wat nocht quhen that it will licht;
He ſpairis the nocht, in ſchip, nor bot,
In coive,[4] nor craig, na[5] caſtell wicht.
Bot as the ſone that ſchynis bricht
Owtthrwch the glaſs, that is ſo cleir,
To lenth thy lyfe thow hes no micht:
Do for thy ſelf quhill thow art heir."

[1] From Dupl. Text—MS. has *he.* [2] Dupl. Text—*bownit.* [3] Ib.—*that.*
[4] Ib.—*cofe.* Ib.—*nor.*

"Gif[1] ony man his lyfe micht lenth,
I wat it had bene Salamone:
Of all wiſdome he had the ſtrenth,
He knew the vertew of erb and ſtone;
He cowld nocht for him ſelf diſpone
Attoure his dait to leif a[2] year;
Ane wyſar wicht was never none:
Do for thy ſelf quhill thow art heir."

"Quhairto ſowld I thir ſampillis ſay;
Thow hes ſene mo than I can tell
Off lordis in to this land perfay,
Sum wyſe, ſum wicht, ſum forſs, ſum fell.
Thay dowttit nowthir hevin nor hell,
Thay wer ſo wicht withowttin weir;
Now with thair ſawle we will nocht mell:
Do for thy ſelf quhill thow art heir."

"And gif thow beis ane[3] marchand man,
And wynnis thy living be the ſee,
Spend pairt of the gude thow[4] wan,
And keip the ay with honeſtie.
Fra thow be gane, I tak on me,
Thy wyfe will haif ane vthir feir;
Thy dalie ſample thow may ſe:
Do for thy ſelf quhill thow art heir."

"Or gif thow hes a benefice,
Preiſs nevir to hurde the kirkis gude;
Do almouſs deidis to peure alwayſs
In to this warld; to win the rude
Thow mon be bwreit[5] in thy hude;
Thy windene ſcheit is nocht in weir,

Fol. 49. b.

[1] From Dupl. Text—MS. has *Give.*
[2] Dupl. Text—*ane.* [3] Ib—*a.* [4] Ib.—*that thow.* [5] Ib.—*bureid.*

Thy airis ar of eild to dwid:[1]
Do for thy ſelf quhill thow art heir."

"I ſay this be a preiſt of pryd,
That wes full wanton of his will;
Gold and ſiluer lay him beſyd,
The fremmit thairof thair baggis can fill.
All that thay prayit for him wes ill,
For now thay drink and makis gud cheir;
Wyiſmen ſaid he did nane[2] ſkill:
Do for thy ſelf quhill thow art heir."

"And of this preiſt I will ſpeik mair,
That had ſa mekle of warldis wrack;
Off all his freindis leſs and mair
He wald nocht mend thame worth ane[3] plack:
Quhill Deid he hint him be the back,
That he micht nowdir ſtand nor ſteir,
And lute him nocht his teſtment mack:
Do for thy ſelf quhill thow art heir."

"Sen for no wiſdome, nor no ſtrenth,
Nor for no richeſs in this erd,
That ony man his lyf may lenth,
Naythir for freyndſchip[4] agane wanewerd,
I tak on hand fra thow be berd
Thy ſectouris ſpendis thy gudis cleir;
Thow may ſay that a fowle the lerd:
Do for thy ſelf quhill thow art heir."

Finis.

Fol. 50. a.

[1] Dupl. Text—*doud.* [2] Ib.—*na.* [3] Ib.—*a.*
[4] Ib.—*Nor for no ſtrenth.*

L.

[*Conſidder, Man, all is bot Vanitie!*]

CONSIDDER, man, all is bot vanitie!
That we heir haif in to this warld within;
For, fra the tyme of our natiuitie,
Faſt vnto deid a reſtles rink we rin:
Thairfoir is beſt that we ammend our ſyn
And God beſeik of mercy or we dee.
To leir this leſſone latt ws now begyn:
Conſidder, man, all is bot vanitie!

Will we nocht prent in to oure mynd and penſs
That it is bot richt ſchort tyme we haif heir,
As we may weill ſe be experience;
The quhilk ſowld put ws all quyt owt of weir:
For thay, that war baith wardly wyifs and deir,
Ar went away and vaneiſt as we ſee;
And ſa mon we quhat tyme that Deid will ſpeir:
Conſidder, man, all is bot vanitie!

The ſynfull fleſche, that heir was cumly cled,
Sall ſoddanly be cloſit in to clay,
And with the ſamyne the wormis ſalbe fed,
The quhilk beſoir in ſyn was nureiſt ay.
The ſilly ſawill ſall paſs a wilſome way,
Trymland for dreid,[1] as dois the leif on trie;
Quhat ſall oure wantoness awaill that day:
Conſidder, man, all is bot vanitie!

All cunnyng, craft, knawlege, or yit kin,
May nocht ane houre prolong the terme of deid,

[1] Dupl. Text—*for dreidour.*

Nor gold, nor[1] gud, that in the warld we win;[2]
Aganis this ſentence thair is no remeid.
Land, nor yit[3] rent, ſall ſtand ws in no ſteid;
Bot, ill we will we, dowtles we mone die;
Aganis this ſentence thair is na remeid:
Conſidder, man, all is bot vanitie!

Thus deid is ſicker but exceptioun, Fol. 50. b.
Fra quhilk[4] we can ws nocht defend
Be no maner of protectioun;
Bot of this warld we[5] mon wend,
The tyme and place to ws[6] vnkend;
We knaw nocht[7] quhen nor quhair to die:
Thus, ſen vncertane is oure end,[8]
Conſidder, man, all is bot vanitie!

Yit, neuirtheleſs, the tyme that we haif tynt
May be redemit be help of Godis grace,
Sa we repent befoir the ſuddane dynt
Off the vncertane deid, quhill we haif ſpace;
Eftir the quhilk thair is na help, allace!
Bot gif that we get mercy or we die,
We ar bot tynt; this is ane havy cace:
Conſidder, man, all is bot vanitie!

Lo! we may ſie the lyf that we ar in
Is grantit to[9] ws to win the eternall bliſs;
And gif perchance we fall in deidly ſyn,
Yit we may ryiſs agane and mend our miſs.
Thairfoir, in ſchort, my counſall it is this,
That we ſett ws all vycis for to fle,
And thocht we faill our mendis acceptit is:[10]
Conſidder, man, all is bot vanitie!

[1] Dupl. Text—*na.* [2] Ib.—*we may win.* [3] Dupl. Text omits *yit.*
[4] Dupl. Text—*the quhilk.* [5] Ib.—*weirleſs we.* [6] Ib.—*bayth ar to ws.*
[7] Ib.—*For we wat nowthir.* [8] Ib.—*is our lyvis end.* [9] Dupl. Text omits *to.*
[10] Dupl. Text—*And gif we felye to mend is bettir I wiſs.*

Bot it is grit perell for to delay
Our demereittis and miſdeidis to mend,
Differrand thame vnto the latter day,
The quhilk vnſicker is and als vnkend.
Thairfoir is beſt provyd afoir[1] the end,
Cheiſand the ſicker, lattand the vnſeur[2] be,
And grace at God aſk ay as we offend;
For in this warld is nocht bot vanitie.

Finis.

LI.

[*Lettres of Gold writtin I fand.*]

LETTRES of gold writtin I fand
Intill a buike was fair to reid,
The ſentence plane till vndirſtand;
Thairfoir till it I tuik gude heid.
With havy hairt and mekle dreid
I red the ſcriptour verement,
The quhilk ſaid thus trew as the creid,
"Ryiſs, deid folk, and cum to jugement."

"Ryiſs, deid folk, ryiſs," forſuth it ſaid,
Cum on, belyve ye mon compeir,
That law doun on the erth ar laid;
Get vp gud ſpeid and be nocht ſweir.
Mak compt how ye haif levit heir
In to this wretchit warld preſent;

[1] Dupl. Text—*befoir.* [2] Ib.—*vnſicker.*

Your conſcience tellis your deidis cleir
Befoir the Juge in jugement.

Fra hevin to hell, throw erd and air,
That hiddouſs trump ſa lowid ſall ſound,
That throw the blaſt, I yow declair,
The ſtanis ſall cleive, erd ſall[1] redound;
Sall no man reſpect get that ſtound
For gold, for riches, or for rent;
For all mon cum ouir ſee and ſound
And preſent thame to jugement.

In fleſche and bane as ye war heir,
Thocht ye wer brint in powder[2] all,
Befoir the Juge ye mon compeir
To mak your compt, baith grit and ſmall.
Nane adwocat for ocht ſall fall;
Bot your awin conſcience innocent
Sall ſpeik for yow, quhen ye ar call[3]
Befoir the Juge in jugement.

May nocht be hid, I yow declair,
That evir ye did in deid or thocht;
Sall nocht be cullerit, all beis bair
How prevelly that evir ye wrocht.
The twynkling of your ene beis[4] ſocht,
Quhen ſynnaris ſchamefully ar ſchent;
Thairfoir be war or ye be brocht
Our ſoddanly to jugement.

Paip or prelattis preciſſit[5] of wit, Fol. 51. b.
In to this warld that clymmis ſo[6] hie

[1] Dupl. Text omits *ſall.* [2] Dupl. Text—*pulder.*
[3] Ib.—*quhen tha yow call.* [4] Ib.—*be.* [5] Ib.—*prices.*
[6] Dupl. Text omits *ſo.*

To win the fowll vane gloir of it,
Be war ye fall accufit be;
The folk ye tuke to keip lat fe
The faith to teiche as ye wer fent
Hirdis to be and tuke your fee;
Cum anfwer now in jugement.

Ye kingis he of ftait and micht,
That warldly conqueifs and vane gloir
Defyrit ay[1] baith day and nicht,
And all your lawbor fet thairfoir:
Quhat helpis than your micht, your ftoir,
Quhen warldis welth away is went?
May nane yow hyd in hoill, nor boir;
For all mon ryfs to jugement.

Gif ye haif kepit juft[2] and richt
The law ellyk to riche and peure,
With blyth hairt in the Jugeis ficht
Ye may appeir, I yow affure.
Haif ye mifgorvernit ocht your cure,
Sair may ye dreid the hard torment
Off hellis fyre, that fall indure
Perpetuall eftir jugement.

O crewall knychtis and[3] men of pryd!
That evir, in armes and chevelrye,
Hes focht oure all this warld fo wyd
Yow till avance with victory,
Ay blud to fched fa crewaly;
Gud tyme wer heir for to repent,
Or ye be fchot doun foddanly,
And brocht on forfs to jugement.

[1] Dupl. Text—*hes ay.* [2] Ib.—*iuftice.* [3] Dupl. Text omits *and.*

For that day is no grace to gett,
Nor that day ſall na mercy be,
Fra that the Juge in ſait be ſett.
Haif thow done weill; full weill is the,
That awfull Juge quhen thow ſall ſe, Fol. 52. a.
Sa full of yre in face fervent
To ſynneris for iniquitie,
That mon vpryiſs to jugement.

Ye men of kirk, that cure hes tane
Of ſawlis for to wetſche[1] and keip,
Ye will[2] be tynt, and ye tyne ane,
In your defalt, of Goddis ſcheip.
Be walkand ay that ye nocht ſleip;
Luke that your bow be reddy bent;
The wolf abowt your flok will creip;
Ye mon mak compt at jugement.

Be gude of lyfe, and biſſie ay
Gud examplis for to ſchaw;
Stark in the faith, and luke allwey
That na man cryme vnto[3] you knaw.
Lat ay your deid ſollow your ſaw,
And to this taill ye tak gud tent,
Sayweill but doweill is nocht worth a ſtraw[4]
For yow to ſchaw in jugement.

And warldly wemen be[5] ye war;
Your wit is waik, leir to be wyſs:
Grit cawſs of ſyn forſuth ye ar,
Throw your fowll pryd and claithis of pryiſs.
Ay prowd in buſking and[6] garmond nyiſs,
Inflammand lychman,[7] of intent

[1] Dupl. Text—*yeme.* [2] Ib.—*mon.* [3] Ib.—*in to.* [4] Ib.—*ane haw.*
[5] Ib.—*now be.* [6] Ib.—*and in.* [7] Ib.—*lycht men.*

To lichery thame for to tyiſs;
Ye mon mak compt in jugement.

Ye merchantis, that the gold ſa reid
Vpbrace in to your boxis[1] bad,
Quhat may it help, quhen ye ar deid,
The gadderit riches that ye had?
Be all weill win,[2] ye may be glad
Befoir the Prince maiſt prepotent;
Be it nocht ſo, ye may be ſad,
Quhen that ye cum to jugement.

Leill labowraris, that nicht and day
Dois that thay may for to vphald
This wretſchit lyfe, full blyth may thay
Cum to thair compt quhen thay ar cald.
Weill may thay byd with hairtis bald;
To no man did thay detriment,
Bot pure lyfe led heir as God wald;
Yit thay ſall cum to jugement.

Thairfoir me think, for to conclude,
Grit rent nor riches proffeitis nocht;
For grit aboundance heir of gude
Dois men grit truble in thair thocht.
Weill ſall thay worth,[3] that ſa hes wrocht
Off ſufficence can be content;
Thair can no ſickerer way be wrocht[4]
To help thame[5] at jugement.

All is bot vane and vanitie,
Into this warld that we haif heir;
Grit riches and proſperitie

Fol. 52. b.

[1] Dupl. Text—*baggis.* [2] Ib.—*wynnyn.* [3] Ib.—*We ſall thame worth.*
[4] Ib.—*ſocht.* [5] Ib.—*To help a man.*

Vpfoſteris vyce, that is na weir;
Makis men to fall in ſynnis ſeir,
Miſknaw[1] thair God, ſyne conſequent
To Godis ſeruice makis thame maiſt[2] ſweir;
Ryiſs, deid folk, cum to jugement.

Finis quod Wa[lter][3] Broun.

LII.

[*At Matyne Houre in Midis of the Nicht.*]

AT matyne houre in midis of the nicht,
Walknit of ſleip, I ſaw beſyd me ſone
Ane aigit man, ſemit ſextie yeiris of ſicht,
This ſentence ſett, and ſong[4] it in gud tune!
"Omnipotent and eterne God in trone!
To be content and lufe the[5] I haif cauſs
That my licht yowtheid is oppreſt and done;
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis."

"Grene yowth! to aige thow mon obey and bow;
Thy foly luſtis leſtis ſkant ane[6] May;
That than wes witt is naturall foly now,
As warldly witt,[7] honor, richeſs, or freſche array.
Deffy the devill, dreid God and domiſday;
For all ſalbe accuſit as thow knawis.
Bliſſit be God my yutheid is away:
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis."

"O bittir yowith, that ſemis delitious!
O haly aige, that ſumtyme ſemit foure!

[1] Dupl. Text—*Miſken.* [2] Dupl. Text omits *maiſt.*
[3] Dupl. Text—*Schir Wa*[*lter*]. [4] Ib.—*ſang.* [5] Ib.—*that.* [6] Ib.—*a.*
[7] Dupl. Text omits *as* and *witt.*

O reſtles yowth, hie, hait, and vicious!
O honeſt aige, fulfillit with honoure!
O frawart yowth, frutles and fedand flour!
Contrair to conſcience baith to God and lawis,
Off all vanegloir the lamp and the mirroure;
Honor with aige till every vertew drawis."

"This warld is ſett for to diſſaive ws evin;
Pryd is the nett, and covece[1] is the trane:
For na reward, except the joy of hevin,
Wald I be yung in to this warld agane.
The ſchip of faith tempeſtous wind and rane
Dryvis[2] in the ſee of Lollerdry that[3] blawis.
My yowth is gane, and I am glaid and fane:
Honor with aige till every vertew drawis."

"Law, luve, and lawtie, gravin[4] law thay ly;
Diſſimvlance hes borrowit conſcience clayis;[5]
Aithis, writ, walx,[6] nor ſeilis ar not ſet by;
Flattery is foſterit baith with freindis and fayis.
The ſone, to bruike it that his fader hais,
Wald ſe him deid; Sathanas ſic ſeid ſawis.
Yowtheid, adew! ane of my mortall fais:
Honor with aige with every vertew drawis."

Finis quod Kennedy.

[1] Dupl. Text—*cuvatice.* [2] Ib.—*Driffis.* [3] Ib.—*and.*
[4] Ib.—*graffin.* [5] Ib.—*claithis.* [6] Ib.—*wax.*

LIII.

[*Walking allone amang thir Levis grene.*]

WALKING allone amang thir levis grene,
Into ane ſemely forreſt fair and fre,
Quhair I was cled with bewis bricht and ſchene,
I did me lene vntill ane athorne tre,
Quhair birdis ſang with curage wounder hie, 5 Fol. 53. b.
Reherſand ay this verſs in to my eir,
"Man! mend thy lyfe and reſtoir wrangus[1] geir."

I marvellit gritly quhat this ſong ſowld mene,
And it imprentit ſadly in my thocht.
Than ſang ane bird with curage fra the ſplene, 10
"O man! revolue and think how thow art bocht,
Quhairwith, quhomefra, quhairto, and quha the coft
Fra the fowill feyind and all his felloun feir:[2]
Man! mend thy lyfe and reſtoir wrangus[1] geir."

I ſtudeit than of this birdis indyte, 15
And did revolve rycht oft in myne entent
Gif I ſic ſentence had hard in to wryte.
This bird than ſang agane incontinent,
"O fuliche man! dreid thow thy jugement,
Or throw thy hert the Deth do dryve his ſpeir: 20
Man! mend thy lyfe and reſtoir wrangus geir."

Proceiding furth ſo in hir ſermond ſeir,
With cowrious not and wordis ſcherp and kene,
Hir girſly text did perſs myne hert weill neir,
As throw the quhilk away I wald haif bene. 25

[1] Dupl. Text—*lyfe reſtoir all wrangus.*
[2] Ib.—*Fra ruffe ragment and is felloun feir.*

For quhy? I micht not hairtly do ſuſtene
So ſcherp ane ſermone blawing[1] in myne eir:
"Man! mend thy lyfe and reſtoir wrangus geir."

My ſtormy face ſchew weill than myne entent
Vnto this bird, and ſcho ſang ſuddanly,
"Quhat, man, availis[2] all this warldis rent,
Thy ſelf in hell, thair to dwell[3] ſynaly?
Thairfoir, in tyme, I reid the aſk mercy,
And for thy ſyn daly mvrne mony a teir:
Man! mend thy lyfe and reſtoir wrangus geir."

"Thocht thow in dignitie be conſtitute,
Or yit of landis thow haif grit heretage;
On[4] thy ſubiect gif thow makis wrang perſute,
Dowtles thy ſawill fall ſtand for that in plege
On dumiſday, quhen thow fowld tak curage
The to defend befoir the Juge auſteir:
Man! mend thy lyfe and reſtoir wrangus geir."

"Thocht thow be yung in to thy yeiris grene,
Beleving[5] that thy lyfe ſall long endeure,
My counſale is thy[6] foly thow refrene;
Or dowt the theif cum brek thy ſawlis dure,
Quhen thow wait not, in to the mirk obſcure.
Thair is no tyme I tell the now but weir:
Man! mend thy lyfe and reſtoir wrangus geir."

I anſwerit than this bird in crabitnes,
"I wait I am in to my flowris grene,
And als my corps is haill withowt ſeiknes;
Thairfoir, I wait, I may richt weill ſuſtene
Thir mony yeiris, my curage is ſo clene.

[1] Dupl. Text—*blawand.* [2] Ib.—*Quhat awailis the man.*
[3] Ib.—*to dwell thair.* [4] Ib.—*Off.* [5] Ib.—*Entreſtand.* [6] Ib.—*thyn.*

Quhairfoir fowld I fa fone this leſſone leir,
To mend my lyfe and reſtoir wrangus geir?"

"God ſayis his ſelfe in ſacreit wangell,
Till him quha cumis in the thrid vigill
Sall nevir haif pairte of no kin pane of hell,
So he will than amend his vycis ill.[1]
For thy quhairfoir fowld I my yowtheid ſpill,
Pynnand my ſelf, doand away pleſeir,
To mend my lyfe and reſtoir wrangus geir?"

"Thairfoir in to my yeiris grene and ying
I will to[2] craif and tak that I may gett;
For wyſemen ſayis, Quha dois in yowith inbring,
In aige he ſall grit ſtormes do oureſett.
Quhairfoir grene yowth I will not do foryett,
For no ſic ſong that bird may ſing on breir,
To mend my lyfe and reſtoir wrangus geir."

"Weill," qoud the bird, "thy curage is richt hie,
Havand hie knawlege of thy mortall ſtait,
Thinkand perchance ay in this lyfe to be.
Na! na! in faith, with Deth thow mon debait; Fol. 54. b.
Quhair,[3] as I trow, thou than[4] fall haif chekmait,
Quhen thow wald beg ane houre owt of a[5] yeir
To mend thy lyfe and reſtoir wrangus geir."

Hir crewall dyte than maid me moir[6] agaſt,
And als hir ſong richt ſoir effrayit me;
Luking[7] quhen Deth his ſpeir fowld at me caſt,
My curage fell befoir was wounder hie;
Not yit for that[8] my ſenſuality

[1] Dupl. Text—*vycis evill.* [2] Ib.—*do.* [3] Ib.—*And.*
[4] Ib.—*than thow.* [5] Ib.—*ane.* [6] Ib.—*fore.* [7] Ib.—*Thinkand.*
[8] Ib.—*thy.*

Vnto my reſſone wold aggreit neir
To mend my lyfe and reſtoir wrangus geir.

Incontinent this bird perſavit weill
How at hir fermond bait my conſcience.
Scho ſayd, "Twa contrar wayis[1] I feill:
The ane[2] is gud, the vthir is offence.
Thairfoir the rewill with reſſone and prudence,
That fra contraryis thow art purgeit cleir:
Man! mend thy lyfe and reſtoir wrangus geir."

I ſaid annone, "Quhat kind of bird art thow,
That tareis me all day with tyrſum[3] taill?"
Scho anſwerit ſone and ſaid, "I tell the now,
Synderiſis my name is but ony[4] faill,
Quhilk the ſall dryve to the fyre infernaill,
Bot gif thow wirk, as I do the[5] requeir,
To mend thy lyfe and reſtoir wrangus geir."

"Now to conclude and end this breif fermond;
Quhairevir thow fair, entreſt thow ſickerly,
Myne endyting in to thin eiris ſall ſound,
And perce thy conſcience continwaly.
Quhairfoir, gif thow willis leif[6] eternaly,
Perſew vertew, and vycis do forbeir:
Man! mend thy lyfe and reſtoir wrangus geir."

Scho braidit furth with that and twik the flicht,
And I vprais and hamewart ſchup to fair:
Be than fair Phebus, with his bemis bricht,
Had purgit clene and pvrefeit the air.
My reſſone ſone[7] vnto me did repair,

[1] Dupl. Text—*wayis in the.* [2] Ib.—*tane.* [3] Ib.—*with ſic ane.*
[4] Ib.—*it is but.* [5] Ib.—*the do.* [6] Ib.—*lyfe.*
[7] Ib.—*ſo.*

Fol. 55. a.

And counſallit me this leſſone for to leir,
Man! mende thy lyfe and reſtoir wrangus geir.

Richt weill I knew[1] than in this ſchort leſſone
The verry wey vnto[2] ſaluatioun:
Be grace devyne than opnit my reſſone
Till vndirſtand this[3] proclamatioun,
The quhilk, with grit mvltiplicatioun,
This bird ſo ſweitly ſvng on[4] breir;
"Man! mend thy lyfe and reſtoir wrangus geir."

Thus I come hame within my covertour,
Reioſit gritly of this viſioun,
Quhilk I had ſene in this grit[5] vardour;
And on my kneis I ſaid this oriſioun,[6]
"O eternall[7] God! trenefald in vnioun,
Grant ws mercy and grace, quhill we ar heir,
To mend our lyfe and reſtoir wrangus geir."

Finis.

LIV.

The Reſſoning betuix Aige and Yowth.

Yowth.

QUHEN fair Flora, the godes of the flowris,
Baith firth and feildis freſchely had ourfret,
And perly droppis of the balmy ſchowris
Thir widdis grene had with thair water wet,

[1] Dupl. Text—*knaw.* [2] Ib.—*wey wes to.* [3] Ib.—*the.*
[4] Ib.—*on the.* [5] Ib.—*in to this grene.* [6] Ib.—*oratioun.*
[7] Ib.—*eterne.*

Movand allone, in mornyng myld, I met
A mirry man, that all of mirth cowth mene,
Singand the fang that richt[1] fweitly was fett:
"O yowth, be glaid in to thy flowris grene!"

Aige.

I lukit furth a litill me[2] befoir,
And faw a cative on ane club cumand,
With cheikis clene,[3] and lyart lokis hoir:
His ene was how, his voce was hefs hoftand, Fol. 55. b.
Wallowit richt[4] wan, and waik as ony wand:
Ane bill he beure vpoun his breift abone,
In letteris leill but lyis,[5] with this legand,
"O yowth, thy flowris fedis fellone fone!"

Yowth.

This yungman lap vpoun the land full licht,
And mervellit mekle of his makdome maid.
"Waddin[6] I am," quo he, "and woundir wicht,
With bran as bair, and breift burly and braid:
Na growme on ground my gairdone may degraid,
Nor of my pith may pair of[7] wirth a prene.
My face is fair, my fegour will not faid:
O yowith, be glaid in to thy flowris grene!"

Aige.

This fenyeour fang, bot with a fobir ftevin.
Schakand his berd, he faid, "My bairne, lat be:

[1] Dupl. Text omits *richt.* [2] Dupl. Text—*ws.* [3] Ib.—*lene.*
[4] Ib.—*and.* [5] Ib.—*les.* [6] Ib.—*waldin.* [7] Ib.—*half.*

I was, within thir fextie yeiris and fevin,
Ane freik on fold, als forfs and als[1] fre,
Als glaid, als gay, als ying, als yaip as yie;
Bot now tha dayis ourdrevin ar[2] and done.
Luke thow my laikly luking[3] gif I lie:
O yowth, thy flowris fadis fellone fone!"

Yowth.

Ane vthir verfs yit this yungman cowth fing;
"At luvis law a quhyle I think to leit,
In court to cramp clenely in my clething,
And luke amangis thir lufty ladeis fweit;
Of mariage to mell with mowthis meit
In fecreit place, quhair we ma not[4] be fene;
And fo with birdis blythly my bailis beit:
O yowth, be glaid in to thy flowris grene!"

Aige.

This awftrene greif anfwerit angirly,
"For thy cramping thow falt baith cruke and cowre;
Thy[5] flefchely luft thow falt alfo[6] defy,
And pane the fall put fra paramour.
Than will no bird be blyth of the in bouir;
Quhen thy manheid fall wendin[7] as the mone,
Thow fall affay gif that my fong be four:
O yowth, thy flowris fedis fellone fone!"

Fol. 56. a.

Yowith.

This mirry man of mirth yit movit moir;
"My corps is clene withowt corrvptioun;

[1] Dupl. Text omits *als.* [2] Dupl. Text—*is.* [3] Ib.—*lykyne.*
[4] Ib.—*In fecreitnes quhair may nocht.* [5] Ib.—*And thy.*
[6] Dupl. Text omits *alfo.* [7] Dupl. Text—*move.*

My ſelf is found, but ſeiknes or but ſoir;
My wittis fyve in dew proportioun;
My curage is of clene complexioun;
My hairt is haill, my levar and my ſplene;
Thairfoir to reid this roll[1] I haif no reſſoun:
O yowth, be glaid in to thy flowris grene!"

Aige.

The bevar hoir ſaid to this berly berne,
"This breif thow ſall obey ſone, be thow bald.
Thy ſtait, thy ſtrenth, thocht it be ſtark and ſterne,
The feveris fell, and eild ſall gar the fald;
Thy corps ſall clyng, thy curage ſall wax cald;
Thy helth[2] ſall hynk, and tak a hurt but hone;[3]
Thy wittis fyve ſall vaneis, thocht thow not wald:
O yowth, thy flowris faidis ſellone ſone!"

This gowand grathit with ſic grit greif,[4]
He on his wayis wrechly went[5] but wene;
This lene awld[6] man luche not, bot[7] tuk his leif,
And I[8] abaid vnder the levis grene.
Of the ſedullis the ſuthe quhen[9] I had ſene,
Of[10] trewth, methocht, thay trivmphit[11] in thair tone.
O yowth, be glaid in to thy flowris grene!
O yowth thy flowris faidis fellone ſone!

Finis quod Mr Robert Henderſone.[12]

[1] Dupl. Text—*rowll.* [2] Ib.—*heill.* [3] Ib.—*hwn.*
[4] Ib.—*grathit began to greif.* [5] Ib.—*And on his wayis wrechitly he went.*
[6] Dupl. Text omits *awld.* [7] Dupl. Text—*na thing bot.*
[8] Dupl. Text omits *I.* [9] Dupl. Text omits *quhen.* [10] Dupl. Text—*on.*
[11] Ib.—*tremeſit* or *tremefit.* [12] Ib.—*Henryſone.*

LV.

The Reſſoning betuix Deth and Man.

Deth.[1]

O MORTALL man, behold, tak tent to me!
Quhilk fowld[2] thy mirrour be baith day and nicht. Fol. 56. b.
All erdly thing that evir tuik lyfe mon die;
Paip, empriour, king, barroun and knycht,
Thocht thay be in thair roall ſtait[3] and hicht,
May not ganeſtand quhen I pleiſs ſchute the[4] derte;
Waltownis, caſtellis, and[5] towris nevir ſo wicht,
May nocht riſiſt quhill it be at his herte.

The Man.[6]

Now quhat art thow that biddis me thus tak tent,
And mak ane mirrour day and nicht of the,
Or with thy dert I fowld richt ſoir repent?
I treſt trewly off that thow[7] fall ſone lie.
Quhat freik on fold ſa bald dar maniſs me,
Or with me fecht, owthir on fute or horſs?
Is non ſo wicht or[8] ſtark in this cuntre
Bot[9] I fall gar him bow to me on forſs.

Deth.[1]

My name, forſwth,[10] ſen that thow ſpeiris,
Thay call me Deid, ſuthly I the declair,

[1] Dupl. Text—*Mors.* [2] Ib.—*fall.* [3] Ib.—*ryell eſtait.*
[4] Ib.—*this.* [5] Dupl. Text omits *and.* [6] Dupl. Text—*Homo.*
[7] Ib.—*of that that thow.* [8] Ib.—*ſo.* [9] Ib.—*Nor.* [10] Ib.—*at me forſwth.*

Calland all man and woman to thair beiris
Quhen evir I pleiſs, quhat tyme, quhat place, or quhair.
Is nane ſa ſtowt, ſa freſche, nor yit ſa fair,
Sa yung, ſa ald, ſa riche, nor yit ſa peur,
Quhair evir I paſs, owthir lait[1] or air,
Mon put thame haill on forſs vndir my cure.

Man.[2]

Sen it is ſo that nature can ſo wirk
That yung and awld, with[3] riche and peure, mon die;
In my yowtheid, allace! I wes full irk,
Cowld not tak tent to gyd and governe me
Ay gude to do, fra evill deidis to fle;
Treſtand ay yowtheid wold with me abyde;[4]
Fulfilland evir my ſenſualitie,
In deidly ſyn and ſpecialy in pryd.

Deth.[5]

Thairfoir repent and remord thy conſcience;
Think on thir wordis I now vpoun the cry: Fol. 57. a.
O wrechit man! O full of[6] ignorance!
All thy pleſance thow ſall richt[7] deir aby.
Diſpone thy ſelf, and cum with me in hy,[8]
Edderis, aſkis, and[9] wormis meit for[10] to be:
Cum quhen I call, thow ma me not denny,
Thocht thow war paip, empriour, and king, all thre.

[1] Dupl. Text—*be it lait.* [2] Ib.—*Homo.* [3] Dupl. Text omits *with.*
[4] Dupl. Text—*Treſtand yowtheid wold with me ay abyde.*
[5] Ib.—*Mors.* [6] Ib.—*O wofull.* [7] Dupl. Text omits *richt.*
[8] Dupl. Text—*Diſpone for the, and cum with me and try.*
[9] Dupl. Text omits *and.* [10] Dupl. Text omits *for.*

Man.[1]

Sen it is fwa fra the I may not chaip,
This wrechit warld for me heir I defy;
And to the Deid, to lurk[2] vnder thy caip,
I offer me, with hairt richt humly
Beſeiking God, the diuill myne ennemy
No power haif my fawill till affay.
Jeſus, on the, with peteous voce, I cry
Mercy on me to haif on domiſday.

Finis quod Henderſone.

LVI.

[*Within ane Garth, vndir a reid Roſeir.*]

WITHIN ane garth, vndir a reid roſeir,
Ane awld man, and decripit, hard I ſing;
Gay was the not, ſweit was the voce and cleir:
It was grit joy to heir of ſic a thing.
And as me thocht,[3] he ſaid in his dyting,
"For to be yung I wald not for my wifs
Of all this warld to mak me lord and king:
The moir of aige the nerrer hevynis blifs."

Fals is this warld and full of variance,
Befocht with fyn and vthir flichtis mo;
Trewth is all tynt, gyle hes the[4] govirnance,
Wrechitnes hes wrocht all weill to wo;

[1] Dupl. Text—*Homo.* [2] Ib.—*And to Deid to luke.*
[3] Ib.—*And to my dome.* [4] Ib.—*hes wrocht the.*

Fredome is tynt, and flemit[1] the lordis fro,
And covettyce is all the cauſs of this;
I am content that yowtheid is ago:
The moir of aige the nerrer hevynis bliſs.

The ſtait of yowth I repute for no gude,
For in that ſtait ſic parrell now I ſee; Fol. 57. b.
But ſpeciall grace, the regeing of his blude
Can none ganeſtand, quhill that he aigit be.
Syne of the thing befoir that[2] joyit he,
Nothing remanis now to be callit his;
For quhy it was bot verry vanitie:
The moir of aige the nerer hevinis bliſs.

Sowld no man truſt this wretchit world; for quhy
Of erdly joy ay ſorrow is the end:
The ſtait of it can no man certify;
This day a king, to morne haif not[3] to ſpend.
Quhat haif we heir bot grace ws to defend?
The quhilk God grant ws till[4] amend our miſs,
That to his gloir he ma our ſawlis ſend:
The moir of aige the nerrer hevins bliſs.

Finis quod Henderſone.[5]

[1] Dupl. Text—*fremmit.* [2] Dupl. Text omits *that.*
[3] Dupl. Text—*no gud.* [4] Ib.—*ws for to.* [5] Ib.—*quod Mr R. Henriſone.*

LVII.

Followis the thre deid Pollis.

O SINFULL man! in to this mortall ſe,
Quhilk is the vaill of mvrnyng and of cair,
With gaiſtly ſicht behold oure heidis thre,
Oure holkit ene, oure peilit pollis bair.
As ye ar now, in to this warld we wair,
Als freſche, als fair, als luſty to behald:
Quhan thow lukis on this ſwth examplair,
Off thy ſelf, man, thow may be richt vnbald.

For ſuth it is that every man mortall
Mon ſuffer deid and de, that lyfe hes tane:
Na erdly ſtait aganis deid ma prevaill;
The hour of deth and place is vncertane,
Quhilk is referrit to the hie God allane.
Heirfoir haif mynd of deth that thow mon dy: Fol. 58. a.
This fair exampill to ſe quotidiane
Sowld cauſs all men fra wicket vycis fle.

O wantone yowth! als freſche as luſty may,
Fareſt of flowris, renewit quhyt and reid,
Behald our heidis. O luſty gallandis gay!
Full laichly thus ſall ly thy luſty heid,
Holkit, and how, and wallowit as the weid.
Thy crampand hair, and eik thy criſtall ene,
Full cairfully conclud ſall dulefull deid:
Thy example heir be ws it may be ſene.

O ladeis quhyt! in claithis corruſcant,
Poleiſt with perle and mony pretius ſtane,

With palpis quhyt, and hals elegant,
Sirculit with gold and ſapheris mony ane;
Your finyearis ſmall, quhyt as quhailis bane,
Arrayit with ringis and mony rubeis reid:
As we ly thus, ſo ſall ye ly ilk ane
With peilit pollis, and holkit thus your heid.

O wofull pryd! the rute of all diſtres,
With humill hairt vpoun our pollis penſs:
Man, for thy miſs, aſk mercy with meiknefs;
Aganis deid na man may mak defenſs.
The empriour for all his excellenſs,
King and quene, and eik all erdly ſtait,
Peure and riche, ſalbe but differenſs
Turnit in aſs, and thus in erd tranſlait.

This queſtioun quha can obſolue, lat ſee,
Quhat phiſnamour, or perfyt palmeſter:
Quha was fareſt, or fowleſt, of ws thre,
Or quhilk of ws of kin was gentillar,
Or maiſt excellent in ſcience, or in lare,
In art, mvſik, or in aſtronomye?
Heir fowld be your ſtudy and repair;
And think as thus all your heidis mon be. Fol. 58. b.

O febill aige! drawand neir the dait
Of dully deid, and hes thy dayis compleit,
Behald our heidis with mvrning and regrait:
Fall on thy kneis, aſk grace at God greit,
With oriſionis and haly ſalmes ſweit,
Beſeikand him on the to haif mercy;
Now of our ſawlis bydand the decreit
Of his Godheid, quhen he ſall call and cry.

Als we exhort that every man mortall,
For his ſaik that maid of nocht all thing,

For our ſawlis to pray in generall
To Jeſus Chryſt, of hevin and erd the King,
That, throwch his blude, we may ay leif and ring
With the hie Fader be eternitie,
The Sone, alſwa the Haly Gaiſt conding,
Thre knit in ane be perfyt vnitie.

Finis quod Patrick Johniſtoun.

LVIII.

[*Sen throw Vertew increſſis Dignitie.*]

SEN throw vertew increſſis dignitie,
And vertew is floure and rute of nobill ray,
Off ony vertewis eſtait[1] that evir thow be,
His ſteppis perſew and dreid the non effray.
Exyle all vyce and follow trewith alway;
Luve moſt thy God that firſt thy luve began,
And for ilk inche he will the quyt a ſpan.

Be not our prowde of thy proſperitie,
For as it cumis, ſo will it paſs away;
Thy tyme to compt is ſchort thow ma weill ſe,
For of grene greſs ſone cumis wallowit hay.
Labor in trewth, quhill licht is of the day;
Truſt moſt in God, for he beſt help the can,
And for ilk inche he will the quyt a ſpan.

Sen wordis ar thrall, and thocht is only fre, Fol. 59. a.
Thow dant thy tung that power hes and may;

[1] Dupl. Text—*ſtait.*

Thow ſteik thyne ene fra warldis vanitie;
Refrene thy luſt; harkin quhat I ſay;
Graip or thow flyd, and creip furth on the way,
And keip thy faith thow aw to God and man,
And for ilk inche he will the quyt a ſpan.

Finis.

Followis certane Ballattis agane the Vyce in Seſſioun Court and all Eſtaitis.

LIX.

[*Ane mvrlandis Man of vplandis Mak.*]

ANE mvrlandis man of vplandis mak
At hame thus to his nychtbour ſpak,
"Quhat tydingis goſſep, peax or weir?"
The tother rownit in heir,
"I tell yow this vndir confeſſioun,
Bot laitly lichtit of my meir,
I come of Edinburch fra the Seſſioun."

"Quhat tythingis hard ye thair, I pray yow?"
The tother anſwerit, "I ſall ſay yow,
Keip this all ſecreit, gentill brother;
Is na man thair that treſtis ane vther:
Ane commoun doar of tranſgreſſioun
Of innocent folkis prevenis a futher:
Sic tydingis hard I at the Seſſioun."

Sum with his fallow rownis him to pleiſs
That wald for invy byt of his neiſs;
His fa ſum by the oxſtar leidis;
Sum patteris with his mowth on beidis,
That hes his mynd all on oppreſſioun;
Sum beckis full law and ſchawis bair heidis,
Wald luke full heich war not the Seſſioun.

Sum bydand the law layis land in wed;
Sum ſuper expendit gois to his bed;
Sum ſpeidis, for he in court hes menis; Fol. 59. b.
Sum of parcialitie complenis,
How feid and favour flemis diſcretioun;
Sum ſpeiks full fair, and faſly fenis:
Sic tythings hard I at the Seſſioun.

Sum caſtis ſummondis, and ſum exceptis;
Sum ſtandis beſyd and ſkaild law keppis;
Sum is continwit, ſum wynnis, ſum tynis;
Sum makis him mirry at the wynis;
Sum is put owt of his poſſeſſioun;
Sum herreit, and on creddens dynis:
Sic tydingis hard I at the Seſſioun.

Sum ſweiris, and forſaikis God;
Sum in ane lambſkin is ane tod;
Sum in his toung his kyndnes turſis;
Sum cuttis throttis, and ſum pykis purſis;
Sum gois to gallouſs with proceſſioun;
Sum ſanis the Sait, and ſum thame curſis:
Sic tydings hard I at the Seſſioun.

Religious men of diuerſs placis
Cumis thair to wow and ſe fair facis;
Baith Carmeleitis and Cordilleris

Cumis thair to genner and get ma freiris,
And ar vnmyndfull of thair profeſſioun;
The yungar at the eldar leiris:
Sic tydingis hard I at the Seſſioun.

Thair cumis yung monkis of he complexioun,
Of devoit mynd, luve, and affectioun;
And in the courte thair hait fleſche dantis,
Full faderlyk, with pechis and pantis;
Thay ar ſo humill of interceſſioun
All mercyfull wemen thair eirandis grantis:
Sic tydings hard I at the Seſſioun.

Finis quod Dumbar.

LX.

[*Devorit with Dreme, devyſing in my Slummer.*]

DEVORIT with dreme, devyſing in my ſlummer, Fol. 60. a.
How that this realme, with nobillis owt of nummer,
Gydit, provydit ſa mony yeiris hes bene;
And now ſic hunger, ſic cowartis, and ſic cummer
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

Sic pryd with prellattis, ſo few till[1] preiche and pray;
Sic hant of harlettis with thame bayth nicht and day,
That ſowld haif ay thair God afoir[2] thair ene;
So nyce array, ſo ſtrange to thair abbay,
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

[1] Dupl. Text—*to.* [2] Ib.—*befoir.*

So mony preiſtis cled vp in ſecular weid,
With blaſing breiſtis caſting thair clathis[1] on breid,
(It is no neid to tell of quhome I mene);
So quhene the Pſalme[2] and Teſtament to[3] reid
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

So mony maiſteris, ſo mony guckit clerkis,
So mony weſtaris to God and all his warkis,
So fyry ſparkis of diſpyt fro the ſplene,
Sic loſin ſarkis, ſo mony glengoir markis
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

Sa mony lordis, ſo mony naturall fulis,
That better accordis to play thame at the trulis,
Nor ſeiſs the dulis that commonis dois ſuſtene;
New tane fra ſculis, ſa mony anis and mvlis
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

Sa mekle treſſone, ſa mony partiall ſawis,
Sa littill reſſone to help the commoun cawis,
That all the lawis ar not ſett by ane bene;[4]
Sic fenyeit flawis, ſa mony waiſtit wawis
Within this warld[5] was nevir hard nor ſene.

Sa mony theivis and mvrdereris[6] weill kend,
Sa grit relevis of lordis thame to defend,
Becawis the[7] ſpend the pelf thame betwene;
So few till wend this miſchief till[8] amend
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

This to correct thay ſchoir with mony crakkis,
Bot littill effect of ſpeir or battar[9] ax,

[1] Dupl. Text—*clais.* [2] Ib.—*Pſalmes.* [3] Ib.—*for to.*
[4] Ib.—*prene.* [5] Ib.—*land.* [6] From Dupl. Text—MS. has *mvrderis.*
[7] Dupl. Text—*thai.* [8] Ib.—*to.* [9] Ib.—*battell.*

Fol. 60. b.

Quhen curage lakkis the corſs that ſowld mak kene;
Sa mony jakkis and brattis on beggaris bakkis
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

Sic vant of woſtouris[1] with hairtis in ſinfull ſtaturis,
Sic brallaris and boſteris degenerat fra[2] thair naturis,
And ſic regratouris the peure men to prevene;
Sa mony tratouris, ſa mony rubeatouris
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

Sa mony jugeis and lordis now maid[3] of lait,
Sa ſmall refugeis[4] the peur man to debait,
Sa mony eſtait for commoun weill ſa quhene;
Ouir all the gait ſa mony thevis ſa tait
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

Sa mony ane ſentence retreitit for to win
Geir and[5] acquentance, or kyndnes of thair kin,
They think no ſin, quhair proffeit cumis betwene;
Sa mony ane gin to haiſt thame to the pin
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

Sic knavis and crakkaris to play at cartis and dyce,
Sic halland[6] ſchekkaris, quhilk at Cowkelbyis gryce
Ar haldin of pryce, quhen lymmaris dois convene;
Sic ſtoir of vyce, ſa mony wittis vnwyce
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

Sa mony merchandis, ſa mony ar menſworne,
Sa peur tennandis, ſic curſing evin and morne,
Quhilk ſlayis the corne and fruct that growis grene;
Sic ſkaith and ſcorne, ſo mony paitlattis worne
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

[1] Dupl. Text—*veſtouris.* [2] From Dupl. Text—MS. has *degerat frat.*
[3] Dupl. Text—*maid now.* [4] Ib.—*refuge.* [5] Ib.—*or.*
[6] From Dupl. Text—MS. has *heland.*

Sa mony rakkettis, ſa mony ketche pillaris,
Sic ballis, ſic nackettis, and ſic tutivillaris,
And ſic evill willaris to ſpeik of king and quene;
Sic pudding fillaris, diſcending down fromc millaris, Fol. 61. a.
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

Sic fartingaillis on[1] flaggis als fatt as quhailis,
Facit lyk fulis with hattis that littill availlis,
And ſic fowill tailis, to ſweip the calfay clene,
The duſt vpſkaillis; ſo[2] mony fillok with fuck failis
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

Sa mony ane kittie dreſt vp with goldin chenye,
So few witty that weill can fabillis fenye,
With apill renye ay ſchawand hir goldin[3] chene;
Off[4] Sathanis ſenyie ſyne ſic ane vnſall[5] menyie
Within this land was nevir hard nor ſene.

Finis quod Dumbar.

LXI.

[*Off every Aſking followis nocht Rewaird.*]

OFF every aſking followis nocht
Rewaird, bot gif ſum caus war wrocht;
And quhair cauſs is men weill[6] ma ſie,
And quhair nane is it wilbe thocht:
In aſking fowld diſcretioun be.

[1] Dupl. Text—*with.* [2] From Dupl. Text—MS. omits *ſo.*
[3] Dupl. Text—*ſemble.* [4] Ib.—*As.* [5] Ib.—*wnſall.*
[6] Dupl. Text omits *weill.*

Ane fule, thocht he haif cauſs or nane,
Cryis ay, Gif me in to a drene;[1]
And he that dronis ay as ane bee
Sowld haif ane heirar dull as[2] ſtane:
In aſking ſowld diſcretioun be.

Sum aſkis mair than he deſervis;[3]
Sum aſkis far les[4] than he ſervis;
Sum ſchames to aſk as[5] braidis of me,
And all withowt reward he[6] ſtervis:
In aſking ſowld diſcretioun be.

To aſk but ſeruice hurtis gud fame;
To aſk for ſeruice is not to blame;
To ſerve and leif in beggartie
To man and maiſtir is baith ſchame: Fol. 61. b.
In aſking ſowld diſcretion be.

He that dois all his beſt ſervyiſs
May ſpill it all with crakkis and cryis
Be ſowll inoportunitie;
Few wordis may ſerve[7] the wyis:
In aſking ſowld diſcretioun be.

Nocht neidfull is men ſowld be dum;
Na thing is gottin[8] but wordis ſum;
Nocht ſped but diligence we ſe;
For nathing it allane will cum:
In aſking ſowld diſcretioun be.

Aſking wald haif convenient place,
Convenient tyme, laſar, and ſpace,
But haiſt or[9] preiſs of grit menyie,

[1] Dupl. Text—*ane drane.* [2] Ib.—*as ane.* [3] Ib.—*deſyris.*
[4] Ib.—*aſkis leſs.* [5] Ib.—*and.* [6] Ib.—*without gwerdoun.*
[7] Ib.—*may ſuffice to.* [8] Ib.—*wone.* [9] Ib.—*but.*

But hairt abaſit, but toung rekleſs:
In aſking ſowld diſcretion be.

Sum micht haif ye, with littill cure,
That hes oft nay with grit labour;
All for that[1] tyme not byd can he,
He tynis baith eirand and honour:
In aſking ſowld diſcretion be.

Suppois the ſervand be lang vnquit,
The lord ſumtyme rewaird will it;[2]
Gife he dois not, quhat remedy?
To fecht with fortoun is no wit:
In aſking ſowld diſcretioun be.

Finis of Aſking.[3]

LXII.

Followis Diſcretioun of Geving.

TO ſpeik of gift or almouſs deidis;
Sum gevis for mereit and for meidis;
Sum warldly honour to vphie
Gevis to thame that nothing neidis:
In geving ſowld diſcretioun be. 5 Fol. 62.a.

Sum gevis for pryd and glory vane;
Sum gevis with grugeing[4] and with pane;
Sum gevis in[5] practik for ſupple;

[1] Dupl. Text—*his.* [2] Ib.—*rewardis it.*
[3] Ib.—*Endis Diſcretioun in Aſking.* [4] Ib.—*grunching.* [5] Ib.—*on.*

Sum gevis for twyifs als gud[1] agane:
In geving fowld difcretioun be.

Sum gevis for thank, fum chereit;[2]
Sum gevis money, and[3] fum gevis meit;
Sum gevis wordis fair and fle;
Giftis fra fum ma na man treit:
In giving fowld difcretioun be.

Sum is for gift fa lang requyrd,
Quhill that[4] the crevar be fo tyrd
That, or the gift deliuerit be,
The thank is fruftrat and expyrd:
In geving fowld difcretioun be.

Sum gevis to littill full[5] wretchitly,
That his giftis ar not fet by,
And for a huidpyk[6] haldin is hie,
That all the warld cryis on him fy:
In geving fowld difcretioun be.

Sum in his geving is fo large
That[7] all ourlaidin is his berge;
Than vyce and prodigalite
Thairof his honour dois[8] difchairge:
In geving fowld difcretioun be.

Sum to the riche gevis geir,[9]
That micht his giftis weill forbeir;
And thocht the peur for falt fowld de,
Is cry nocht enteris in his eir:
In geving fowld difcretioun be.

[1] Dupl. Text—*als mekle.* [2] Ib.—*and fum for cherite.*
[3] Dupl. Text omits *and.* [4] Dupl. Text omits *that.*
[5] Dupl. Text—*and full.* [6] Ib.—*for fic hudipyk.* [7] Ib.—*Quhill.*
[8] Dupl. Text omits *dois.* [9] Dupl. Text—*his geir.*

Sum givis to ſtrangeris with face new,
That yiſterday fra Flanderis flew; Fol. 62. b.
And to awld ſerwandis liſt not ſe,
War thay nevir of ſa grit vertew:
In geving ſowld diſcretioun be.

Sum gevis to thame can aſk and plenyie;
Sum gevis to thame can flattir and ſenyie;
Sum gevis to men of honeſtie,
And haldis all janglaris at diſdenyie:
In geving ſowld diſcretioun be.

Sum gettis giftis and riche arrayis,
To ſweir all that his maiſter ſayis,
Thocht all the contrair weill knawis hie;
Ar mony ſic now in thir dayis:
In geving ſowld diſcretioun be.

Sum gevis gudmen for thair gud kewis;
Sum gevis to trumpouris and to ſchrewis;
Sum gevis to knaw his awtoritie;
Bot in thair office gude fundin few is:
In geving ſowld diſcretioun be.

Sum givis parrochynnis full wyd,
Kirkis of Sanct Barnard and Sanct Bryd,
To teiche, to rewill and to ouirſie,
That he na wit hes thame to gyd:
In geving ſowld diſcretioun be.

Finis of Diſcretioun of Geving.

LXIII.

Followis Diſcretioun in Taking.

EFTIR geving I ſpeik of taking,
Bot littill of ony gud forſaiking:
Sum takkis our littill awtoritie,
And ſum our mekle, and that is glaiking:
In taking ſowld diſcretioun be.

The clerkis takis beneficis with brawlis,
Sum of Sanct Petir, and ſum of Sanct Pawlis;
Tak he the rentis, no cair hes he
Suppois the diuill tak all thair ſawlis: Fol. 63. a.
In taking ſowld diſcretioun be.

Barronis takis fra the tennentis peure
All fruct that growis on the feure,
In mailis and gerſomes raſit ouir hie,
And garris thame beg fra dur to dure:
In taking ſowld diſcretioun be.

Sum takis vthir menis takkis,
And on the peure oppreſſioun makkis,
And nevir remembris that he mon die,
Quhill[1] that the gallowis gar him rax:
In taking ſowld diſcretioun be.

Sum takis be ſie and be land,
And nevir fra taking can hald thair hand,
Quhill he be tit vp to ane tre;
And ſyne thay gar him vndirſtand
In taking ſowld diſcretioun be.

[1] MS. has *Quhilk.*

Sum wald tak all his nychbouris geir,
Had he of man als littill feir
As he hes dreid that God him ſee;
To tak than ſowld he nevir forbeir:
In taking ſowld diſcretioun be.

Sum wald tak all this warldis breid,
And yit not ſatisfeit of thair neid,
Throw hairt vnſatiable and gredie;
Sum wald tak littill and can not ſpeid:
In taking ſowld diſcretioun be.

Grit men for taking and oppreſſioun
Ar[1] ſett full famous at the Seſſioun
And peur takaris ar hangit hie,
Schamit for evir and thair ſucceſſioun:
In taking ſowld diſcretioun be.

Finis quod Dumbar.

LXIV.

[*Muſing allone this hinder Nicht.*]

MUSING allone this hinder nicht Fol. 63. b.
Of mirry day quhen gone was licht,
Within ane garth vndir a tre,
I hard ane voce that ſaid on hicht,
May na man now vndemit be.

For thocht I be ane crownit king,
Yit ſall I not eſchew deming;
Sum callis me guid, ſum ſayis I lie,

[1] MS. has *At.*

Sum cravis of God to end my ring;
So ſall I not vndemit be.

Be I ane lord, and not lord lyk,
Than every pelour and purſpyk
Sayis, Land war bettir warit on me;
Thocht he dow not to leid a tyk,
Yit can he not lat deming be.

Be I ane lady freſche and fair,
With gentill men makand repair,
Than will thay ſay, baith ſcho and hie,
That I am jaipit lait and air;
Thus ſall I not vndemit be.

Be [I] ane courtman or ane knycht,
Honeſtly cled that cumis me richt,
Ane prydfull man than call thay me;
Bot God ſend thame a widdy wicht,
That can not lat ſic demyng be.

Be I bot littill of ſtature,
Thay call me catyve createure;
And be I grit of quantetie,
Thay call me monſtrowis of nature;
Thus can I not vndemit be.

And be I ornat in my ſpeiche,
Than Towſy ſayis, I am ſa ſcreiche,
I ſpeik not lyk thair houſs menyie.
Suppois hir mouth miſteris a leiche,
Yit can I not vndemit be.

Bot wiſt thir folkis that vthir demiſs, Fol. 64. a.
How that thair ſawis to vthir ſemiſs,
Thair vicious wordis and vanitie,

Thair tratling tungis that all furth temiſs,
Sum wald lat thair demyng be.

Gude James the Ferd, our nobill king,
Quhen that he was of yeiris ying,
In ſentens ſaid full ſubtillie,
"Do weill, and ſett not by demying,
For no man ſall vndemit be."

And ſo I ſall, with Goddis grace,
Keip his command in to that cace;
Beſeiking ay the Trinitie,
In hevin that I may haif ane place,
For thair ſall no man demit be.

Finis quod Dumbar.

LXV.

[*Sons hes bene ay exilit owt of Sicht.*]

SONS hes bene ay exilit owt of ſicht,
Sen every knaif wes cled in ſilkin weid;
Weilfair and welth ar went withowt gud nicht,
And in thair rowmis remanis derth and neid;
Pryd is amangis ws enterit but God ſpeid,
And lerd our Lordis to go leſs and mair
With ſilkin gownis, and ſellaris tome and bair.

Now ane ſmall barronis riche abelyement,
In ſilk, in furreingis, chenyeis and vthir geir,
Micht furneis fourty in to jak and ſplent,
Weill bodin at his bak with bow and ſpeir.

It war full meit, gif it happinis be weir,
That all this pryd of ſilk war quyt laid doun,
And chengit in jak, knapſka and abirgoun.

Wald all the lordis lay vp thair riche arrayis,
And gar vnfulyeit keip thame clene and fair,
And weir thame bot on hie trivmphand dayis,
And quhen ſtrangeris dois in this realme repair, Fol. 64. b.
Thay neidit not for to by ſilkis mair
Thir twenty yeir, for thame and thair ſucceſſioun,
Gif ſinfull pryd nocht blindit thair diſcretioun.

Thair men alſo mon be but ſmyt or ſmoit,
Fra his caprouſy be with ribbanis leſt,
With welwet bordour abowt his threidbair coit,
On womanwayis weill toyit abowt his weſt;
His hat on ſyd ſet vp for ony heſt;
For hichtines the culroun dois miſken
His awin maiſter, als weill as vthir men.

Quha ſynnis in pryd dois firſt to God grevance,
Quhilk owt of hevin to hell gaif it ane fall;
Syne of him ſelf he weſtis his ſubſtance
Sa lerge, that it ourpaſſis his rentall;
His peur tennentis he dois oppreſs with all;
His coiſtly goun, with taill ſo wyd owtſpred,
His naikit fermouris garris hungry go to bed.

Finis.

LXVI.

[*Fredome, Honour and Nobilnes.*]

FREDOME, honour and nobilnes,
Meid, manheid, mirth and gentilnes
Ar now in cowrt reput as vyce;
And all for cauſs of cuvetice.

All weilfair, welth and wantones
Ar chengit in to wretchitnes,
And play is ſett at littill price;
And all for cauſs of covetyce.

Halking, hunting and ſwift horſs rynning
Ar chengit all in wrangus wynnyng;
Thair is no play bot cartis and dyce;
And all for cauſs of covetyce.

Honorable houſhaldis ar all laid doun;
Ane laird hes with him bot a loun,
That leidis him eftir his devyce;
And all for cauſs of covetyce.

In burghis, to landwart and to ſie, Fol. 65. a.
Quhair was pleſour and grit plentie,
Vennefoun, wyld fowill, wyne and ſpyce,
Ar now decayid thruch covetyce.

Huſbandis that grangis had full grete,
Cattell and corne to ſell and ete,
Hes now no beiſt bot cattis and myce;
And all thruch caus of covettyce.

Honeſt yemen in every toun
War wont to weir baith reid and broun,
Ar now arrayit in raggis with lyce;
And all thruch caus of covetyce.

And lairdis in ſilk harlis to the eill,
For quhilk thair tennentis ſald ſomer meill,
And leivis on rutis vndir the ryce;
And all thruch caus of covetyce.

Quha that dois deidis of petie,
And leivis in pece and cheretie,
Is haldin a fule, and that full nyce;
And all thruch caus of covetyce.

And quha can reive vthir menis rowmis,
And vpoun peur men gadderis ſowmis,
Is now ane active man and wyice;
And all thruch caus of covetyce.

Man, pleiſs thy Makar and be mirry,
And ſett not by this warld a chirry;
Wirk for the place of paradyce,
For thairin ringis na covettyce.

Finis.

LXVII.

[*My Mynd quhen I compas and caſt.*]

MY mynd quhen I compas and caſt,
Me think this warld chengis faſt;
Quhen God thinkis tyme he may it mend:

Lawty will leif ws at the laſt;
Ar few for falſett may now ſend.

Thift and treſſoun now is chereiſt;
Law and lawtie is diſherreiſt, Fol. 65. b.
And quyt owt of this regioun ſend;
Thift and treſſoun now is cherreiſt;
Ar few for falſett now may ſend.

War all this realme in two devyddit,
Lat lawty ſyne and falſet gyddit;
Quhome on will monieſt depend,
Quha wyſeſt is can not diſſydit;
Ar few for falſet now may ſend.

No man is countit worth a peir,
Bot he that hes gud horſs and geir,
And gold in to his purſs to ſpend.
The peur for this is ſpulyeit neir;
Ar few for falſet now may ſend.

Haif ane peur woman ane cow or twa,
Glaidly ſcho wald gif ane of tha
To haif the tother at the yeiris end;
Scho may thank God and ſcho chaip ſa;
Ar few for falſet now may ſend.

Peur huſband men leivis on thair plwch,
Thay think that thay ar riche annewch;
Away with it the theivis dois wend,
And leiſvis thame bair as ony bewch:[1]
Ar few for falſett now may ſend.

The rankeſt theif of this regioun
Dar pertly compeir in[2] Seſſioun,

[1] Dupl. Text—*thame als bair as the bewch.* [2] Ib.—*peir vnto the.*

And to the tolbuth ſone aſcend,
Syne with[1] the lordis to raik[2] and roun:
Ar few for falſet now may fend.

[The biſchopis, abbotis of clergy,
Off the purefolkis ye haif no pety;
Ye haif moir mynd of ane commend;
The riches of this realme haif ye:
Ar few for falſet now may fend.][3]

The regentis that this realme ſowld gyd,
For ſchame ye may your facis hyd;
To quhat effect ſowld ye pretend
So ſlewthfully to latt ouirflyd
Sic falſett now as ws offend.[4]

Finis.

LXVIII.

[*How ſowld I rewill me, or quhat wyiſs.*]

HOW ſowld I rewill me, or quhat wyiſs,
I wald ſum wyiſman wald dewyiſs; Fol. 66. a.
I can not leif in no degre,
Bot ſum will my maneris diſpyiſs.
Lord God, how ſall I governe me?

Gif I be galland, luſty and blyth,
Than will thay ſay on me full ſwyth,

[1] Dupl. Text—*to.* [2] Ib.—*rouk.* [3] This verſe is from the Dupl. Text.
[4] Dupl. Text—*Ar few for falſett may now fend.*

That owt of mynd yone man is hie,
Or ſum hes done him conſort kyth.
Lord God, how ſall I governe me?

Gife I be ſorrowfull and ſad,
Than will thay ſay that I am mad;
I do bot drowp as I wald die,
Thus will thay ſay, baith man and lad.
Lord God, how ſall I governe me?

Gife I be luſty in array,
Than luve I parramouris thay ſay,
Or in my hairt is prowd and hie,
Or ellis I haif it ſum wrang way.
Lord God, how ſall I governe me?

Gif I be nocht weill als beſene,
Than twa and twa ſayis thame betwene,
That evill he gydis yone man trewlie,
Lo! be his claithis it may be ſene.
Lord God, how ſall I governe me?

Gif I be ſene in court ouir lang,
Than will thay mvrmour thame amang,
My freyndis ar not worth a fle,
That I ſa lang but reward gang.
Lord God, how ſall I governe me?

In court rewaird than purcheſs I,
Than haif thay malyce and invy,
And ſecreitly thay on me lie,
And dois me hinder prevely.
Lord God, how ſall I governe me?

I wald my gyding war diwyſit;
Gif I ſpend littill I am deſpyſit; Fol. 66. b.

Gif I be nobill, gentill and fre,
A prodigall man I am ſo pryſit.
Lord God, how ſall I governe me?

Now juge thay me baith guid and ill,
And I may no mans tung hald ſtill;
To do the beſt my mynd ſalbe,
Latt every man ſay quhat he will.
The gratious God mot governe me.

Finis quod Dumbar.

LXIX.

[*Foure Mener of Men ar evill to ken.*]

FOURE mener of men ar evill to ken.
Ane is that riches hes and eiſs,
Gold, ſiluer, corne, cattell and ky.
And wald haif pairt fra vthiris by.

Ane vthir is of land and rent
So grit a lord and ſo potent,
That he may not it rewill nor gy,
And yit wald haif fra vthiris by.

The thrid dois eik[1] ſo dourly drink,
And aill and wyne within him ſink,
Quhill in his wame no rowm be dry,
And yit wald haif fra vthiris[2] by.

The laſt that hes, of nobill blude,
Ane luſty lady fair and gude,

[1] Dupl. Text omits *eik*. [2] Dupl. Text—*ane vthir*.

Boith vertewis, wyifs and womanly,
Bot yit wald haif ane vthir by.

In erd no wicht I can perfaif
Of gude fo grit aboundance haif,
Nor in this warld fo welthfull wy,
Bot yit he wald haif vthir by.

Bot yit of all this gold and gud,
Or vthir conyie, to conclude,
Quha evir it haif, it is not I;
It gois fra me to vthiris by.

Finis.

LXX.

[*Sumtyme this Warld fo ſteidfaſt was.*]

SUMTYME this warld fo ſteidfaſt was and ſtabill, Fol. 67. a.
That manis word was obligatioun;
And now it is fa fals and diffavable,
That word and deid diſcordis in concluſioun.
Ar no thing lyk bot turnit vp and doun;
Is all this warld for greid and wilfulnes,
That all is loiſt for laik of ſteidfaſtnes.

Trewith is put doun, reffoun is haldin fabill,
Vertew hes nane at hir devotioun,
Petie exylit, and na man meretabill,
Throw cuvettyce blind is diſcretioun.
The warld hes maid ane permvtatioun
Fra richt to wrang, fra reffone to wilfulnes,
That all is loiſt for lak of ſteidfaſtnes.

Quhat makis this warld to be ſo variable
Bot luſt, quhilk folk hes but diſcretioun?
Among ws now ane man is haldin vnhable,
Bot gif he can, be ſum colluſioun,
Doing his nychtbour wrang or oppreſſioun.
Quhat makis this bot wofull wretchitnes,
That all is loiſt for lak of ſteidfaſtneſs?

Falſheid that fowld bene abhominable,
Now is regeing but reformatioun:
Quha now giſis lergly ar maiſt diſſavable,
For vycis ar the grund of ſuſtentatioun:
All wit is turnit to cavillatioun,
Lawtie expellit and all gentilnes,
That all is loiſt for lak of ſteidfaſtneſs.

O prince! deſyre for to be honorable,
Chereiſs thy folk and hait extortioun;
Suffer nothing that bene reprovable;
Schaw furth thy ſwerd of caſtigatioun,
That vertew may rigne within thy regioun;
Dreid God, do law, luve trewith and richtouſnes,
And bring thy folk agane to ſteidfaſtnes.

Finis.

LXXI.

[*Fals Titlaris now growis vp full rank.*]

FALS titlaris now growis vp full rank, Fol. 67. b.
Nocht ympit in the ſtok of cheretie,

Howping at thair lord to gett grit thank,
Thay haif no dreid on thair nybouris to lie:
Than fowld ane lord awyſe him weill I ſe,
Quhen ony taill is brocht to his preſence,
Gif it be groundit in to veretie,
Or he thairto gif haiſtely creddence.

Ane worthy lord ſowld wey ane taill wyſlie,
The tailltellar, and quhome of it is tald,
Gif it be ſaid for luve or for invy,
And gif the tailiſman abyd at it he wald:
Than eftirwart the pairteis ſowld be cald
For thair excuſe to mak lawfull defence;
Than fowld ane lord the ballance evinly hald,
And gif not at the firſt haiſtie creddence.

It is no wirſchep for ane nobill lord
For the fals tailis to put ane trew man doun,
And gevand creddence to the firſt recoird,
He will not heir his excuſatioun:
The tittillaris ſo in his heir can roun,
The innocent may get no awdience;
Ryme as it may, thair is na reſſoun
To gif till taillis heſtely creddence.

Thir teltellaris oft tymes dois grit ſkaith,
And raiſſis mortall feid and diſcrepance,
And makis lordis with thair ſerwandis wreith,
And baneiſt be, withowt cryme perchance.
It is the grund of ſtryfe and all diſtance,
Moir perrellus than ony peſtillence,
Ane lord in flatterreris to haif pleſance,
Or to gif lyaris heſtely creddence.

O thow wyſe lord! quhen cumis a flatterrer
The for to pleiſs, and hurt the innocent, Fol. 68. a.

Will tell ane taill of thy familiar;
Thow fowld the pairteis call incontinent,
And ſitt doun ſadly in to jugement,
And ſerche the cauſs weill or thow gif ſentence;
Or ellis, heireftir, incais thow may repent,
That thow to tailis gaif ſo grit creddence.

O wicket tung! fawand diſſentioun,
Of fals taillis to tell that will not tyre,
Moir perrellus than ony fell puſoun,
The pane of hell thow fall haif to thi hyre.
Richt ſwa thay fall, that hes joy or deſyre
To gife his eir to heird with patience;
For of diſcord it kendillis mony ſyre,
Throwch geving talis heſtely creddence.

Bakbyttaris to heir it is no bowrd,
For thay ar excommvnicat in all place;
Thre perſonis ſeverall he ſlayis with ane wowrd,
Him ſelf, the heirar, and the man ſaiklace:
Within ane hude he hes ane dowbill face,
Ane bludy tung vndir a fair pretence.
I ſay no moir, bot God grant lordis grace
To gife to taillis nocht heſtely creddence.

Finis quod Mr. Robert Henderſone.

LXXII.

[*To dwell in Court, my Freind.*]

TO dwell in court, my freind, gife that thow liſt,
For gift of fortoun, invy thow no degre;

Behold and heir, and lat thy tung tak reſt,
In mekle ſpeice is pairt of vanitie;
And for no malyce preiſs the nevir to lie;
Als trubill nevir thy ſelf, ſone, be no tyd,
Vthiris to reiwll, that will not rewlit be:
He rewlis weill that weill him ſelf can gyd.

Bewar quhome to thy counſale thow diſcure, Fol. 68. b.
For trewth dwellis nocht ay for that trewth appeiris:
Put not thyne honour into aventeure;
Ane freind may be thy ſo as fortoun ſteiris:
In cumpany cheifs honorable feiris,
And fra vyle folkis draw the far on ſyd;
The Pſalme ſayis, Cum ſancto ſanctus eiris:
He rewlis weill that weill him ſelf can gyd.

Haif pacience thocht thow no lordſchip poſſeid,
For hie vertew may ſtand in law eſtait;
Be thow content, of mair thow hes no neid;
And be thow nocht, deſyre ſall mak debait
Evirmoir, till Deth ſay to the than chakmait:
Thocht all war thyne this warld within ſo wyd,
Quha can reſiſt the ſerpent of diſpyt:
He rewlis weill that weill him ſelf can gyd.

Fle frome the fallowſchip of ſic as ar deſamit,
And fra all fals tungis fulfild with flattry,
Als fra all ſchrewis, or ellis thow art eſchamit;
Sic art thow callit as is thy cumpany:
Fle perrellus taillis foundit of invy;
With wilfull men, ſon, argown thow no tyd,
Quhome no reſſone may ſeiſs nor pacify:
He rewlis weill that weill him ſelf can gyd.

And be thow not ane roundar in the nwke,
For, gif thow be, men will hald the ſuſpect:

Be nocht in countenance ane ſkornar, nor by luke;
Bot dowt ſiclyk ſall ſtryk the in the neck:
Be war alſo to counſall or coreck
Him that extold hes far him ſelf in pryd:
Quhair parrell is but proffeit or effect,
He rewlis weill that weill him ſelf can gyd.

And ſen thow ſeyis mony thingis variand, Fol. 69. a.
With all thy hart treit biſſines and cure;
Hald God thy freind, evir ſtabill be him ſtand,
He will the confort in all miſaventeur;
And be no wayis diſpytfull to the peure,
Nor to no man to wrang at ony tyd:
Quho ſo dois this, ſicker I yow aſſeure,
He rewlis weill that ſa weill him can gyd.

Finis quod Dumbar.

LXXIII.

[*In to this Warld we ſe ſic Variance.*]

IN to this warld we ſe ſic variance,
So ſuddanly dame Fortoun turnis hir quheill,
In it no man may haif perfyte pleſance,
Bot now in wo, in perrellis now, wounder weill:
Thairfoir, quhen Fortoun your freind ye feill,
Beir welth wyſly in grit proſperetie,
For dreid that ye fall in adwerſitie.

Bettir ye knaw na thing nor ye mon de,
Bot quhen or quhair it is richt incertane;

Thairfoir, quhen ye ar in felicitie,
Help miſterfull, haif petie on thair pane,
With your piſſance, your ſtrenth and all your mane:
Beir welth wyſly in grit proſperitie,
For feir ye fall ſone in adwerſitie.

Sweirnes and pryd ſe alwyis that ye fle;
On covettyce ſett ye nowayis your ceure;
Luk avarice fra yow far baneiſt be.
Quhat avalis plenty and grit treſſeure
Till him that will in poverty indeure?
Beir welth wyſly in grit proſperitie,
Foir feir ye fall ſone in adwerſitie.

Ire and invy I counſale yow reffuſe,
For with thame thair remanis no vertew; Fol. 69. b.
And gluttony, alwy for till abvſe,
With lichery preiſs nane to perſew;
The brainchis of all thir ſee ye eſchew:
Beir welth wyſly in grit proſperitie,
For dreid ye fall ſone in adwerſitie.

Be actyve, wyſe, trew, conſtant, glaid and fre;
Tak no ſuppryiſs that may your honour pair;
Keip yow fra thift, ſee that ye nevir lee;
Oure haiſtelly ſe ye ſpeik not ammang repair;
For to diffend your manheid ſee ye not ſpair:
Beir welth wyſly in grit proſperitie,
For dreid ye fall ſone in adwerſitie.

The deiddis of mercy preiſs ay to fulfill,
And daylie your treſpas for till amend;
Ay be content, quhat evir God ſendis yow till;
And ye do this, treſt weill God will you fend[1]
Riches ennwche, and hevin als to your end:

[1] MS. has *fend.*

Beir welth wyflie in grit profperitie,
For dreid ye fall fone in aduerfitie.

Finis.

LXXIV.

[*Man of maift Fragilitie.*]

MAN of maift fragilitie,
Full of wo and miferie,
Sen, but dowt, thow mon die,
For Deth the addrefs.
Suche exampill thow ma fie
Off every ftait and degre;
This warld diffaitfull and fle
Hes no fickernes.

To erdly ftait or thow haif ee,
To ferve thy Makar luke thow fee,
And, or thow wend to vanitie,
In thy mynd him inpref.
Gife thow will leif in cheretie, Fol. 70. a.
Ay frawart cumpany flee;
With fulis and thow fellow the,
Thy fame fall decref.

Be not pert in prevetie
To vyce or iniquitie;
For he that thy Juge falbe
Seis thy deidis expref.

Fra wrangus guid abſent the;
Be not lefull to lie,
For, at the laſt, verretie
Is knawin moir and leſs.

In heill or infirmitie,
Gife thow in deidly ſyn be,
And wat not how ſone thow ſall die,
Mend the in this caiſs.
Quhen thow hes niceſſitie,
Call of Chryſt mercie
For to deliuer the
Off every diſtreſs.

Be patient in povertie,
And, in thy maiſt proſperitie,
Haif ay God befoir thyne ee,
And no man oppreſs.
And thow haif awtoritie,
To nane do thow crewaltie;
The grit God that ſittis hie
Will it anis redreſs.

Remember[1] in thy memorie
That the deth thow mon de,
And waits not quhen verrelie,
Or how it ſall increſs,
Nor quhair, but fedder, for to fle
In ane ſtrange far cuntre,
But fude, cleth, or conyie,
Kin, or richeſs.

Finis.

[1] MS. has *rememeber.*

LXXV.

[*In Bittirnes of Sawill call vnto Mynd.*]

IN bittirnes of ſawill call vnto mynd Fol. 70. b.
Thy yeiris all, and how thow hes thame ſpend;
Thow knawis to Chryiſt thow hes bene richt vnkynd,
And wilfully thow hes his grace offend.
With all thy hart enforce the to amend;
Miſtruſt him not, bot with howp to him call,
For his mercy exceidis his workis all.

Thy ſinfull lyf with lang continwance,
He knawis it weill, thow neidis it not report;
Miſtruſt him nocht, put in him effiance;
Vnto his paſſioun latt evir thy mynd reſort:
His awin promeiſs ſalbe ouir cheif confort:
He biddis ws aſk, and haif of him we ſall,
For his mercy exceiddis his workis all.

Quhen Adame, be ſuggeſtioun of his wyfe,
Diſſauit be the diuillis ſubtilitie,
Had eit the apill of the tre of lyfe,
And ws ſecludit frome the proſperitie
Of paradyce, our fre felicitie;
Yit Godis awin Sone come to reſtoir the fall,
Quhairthrow mercy exceiddis his workis all.

Dauid did mans ſlawchter and adultre,
Nowmerit the pepill; Salamone his ſone,
Als for ane wenchis ſaik, did ydolatrie;
Pawle perſewid Chryiſt, and Magdalene was wantone:
Thay aſkit grace, and thay gat it annone,
And ar wit God in favour ſpeciall,
Sa thus his mercy exceidis his workis all.

Gif that thy ſynnis war ane thowſand tymis moir,
As gerſs on grund, or ſternis in the ſky,
So grit, ſo horribill, and long continwit befoir,
That nowthir toung nor pen cowld ſpecifie;
Haif ay gud howp, aſk and haif thow mercy,
For all gettis mercy that for mercy ſall call,
Sen his mercy exceiddis his workis all.

Finis.

Fol. 71. a.

LXXVI.

[*Moving in Mynd of mony diuerſs Thing.*]

MOVING in mynd of mony diuerſs thing,
Occurrit to my dull remembrance
The alteratioun and ferlefull changeing
Off manis eſtait, quhilk ſum folk callis chance,
Quhilk is not ellis bot Godis awin ordinance,
Meting all tyme to our lyfe leſs and mair:
Quhairfoir mak this our daly govirnance,
To fle all vyce and follow vertew fair.

Sevin vertewis ar aganis vycis ſevin:
Aganis he pryd profound humilitie;
Pryd did deiect fair Lucifar fra hevin,
Meiknes exaltit our bliſſit Ladie hie;
Aganis fleſchely luſt is cheſtetie;
Aganis avarice is to be liberall,
Quhilk cauſis ws with God and man to be
Louvit, the tother had in diſpyt with all.

Aganis invy is fervent cheretie;
Aganis gluttony is to keip abſtinance;

Aganis ſweirnes ay biſſy for to be;
Aganis yre to keip patience:
Thus ſall we do to grit God none offence,
Nor to our nychtbour, kepand thir vertewis ſevin;
Syne ſall reſſaif in our end recompence,
Eternall lyfe, the endles joy of hevin.

Finis.

LXXVII.

Certane Preceptis of gud Counſale. Fol. 71. b.

TAK heid and harkin to my taill,
Ye gentill men, ſo is my counſale.
Firſt, in the mornyng, get vp with gud intent;
To do your God ſeruice be ye diligent;
To go to preiching ye do your biſſy ceure,
Syne to your ſport ye paſs with aventeur;
Bot yit it ſemis ye weill provydit be,
Eftir the force of your facultie.
Haif in your mynd the vaill of your expenſs;
Treſt not in all, to leill men gif creddens;
Proceid in tyme, for tyme ſchort terme concludis;
In fynall rent conforme yow to your guidis.
Exclud ſurfatt and ſpend with diſcretioun,
And luve your ſervand of gud conditioun;
Lak not your kin, ſuppois thair wit be rude,
Bot help your freind in to his quarrell guid,
And to your freind in every neid be kynd;
Bot ſchaw not all the ſecreit of your mynd.
In luve and aw ye chirreiſs weill your wyfe;

Quhen ſcho is trew, luve ye hir as your lyfe:
Teiche weill your ſone, and gif him your counſale;
Bot hald your dochtir ay in ſtret benſale.
Pay the ſerwand his fee for his labour,
And mak ane leill man your executeur.
Haif gud confort in grit aduerſitie;
Keip patience, and byd till bettir be,
For God remeid may in a litill ſpace;
Thairfoir exampill tak of Schir Ewſtace.
Ye luſty lady that lykis to be leill,
Keip weill your band, and luke with quhome ye deill;
Extoll yow not in to your ſebill wit,
Nor be nocht tyſtit with ane licht promit;
Nor be not ydill, bot athir wirk or pra,
And haif in mynd ane leill Theofica.
Evir to ſerve your lord in luve and dreid,
Aboif all thing keip weill your womanheid; Fol. 72. a.
Grit honour it is to be weill nemmit,
Ye ar forfarne and anis ye be defamit,
And to your lord your luveis till allow,
Quhome to allone at buird and bed ye bow.

Finis.

Follow Preceptis of Medecyne.

LXXVIII.

[*Quha wald thair Bodyis hald in Heill.*]

QUHA wald thair bodyis hald in heill,
Sowld with thir thingis thre thame deill:

Aboif all thing firſt to be blyith,
And lat no dolour in yow kyith;
Vſe meſurable reſt with ſobir eiting;
Vſe biſſines but fair ſweiting;
Be nevir crabbit for nokin thing,
For that will fleſche and blwid boith myng;
For yre is harme to manis heill,
Baith ſawill and lyfe it ſettis in perreill.
All exceſs is ſa to manis ſale,
Woundis heill and ſchortis dayis withall;
Als eftir meit to ſtand thow leir,
And dowit drink alwey forbeir;
Hald not thy ſcaling ouir[1] appetyte,
Nor preiſs not to degeſt ouir tyte.
Syne to forbeir thow tak gud keip
On eftirnonis for to ſleip,
For heidwark, feveris, or frawartnes,
Of nownis ſleip cumis grit ſweirnes.
Be war, for ony thing ma be,
Vpoun thy bak for to lay the;
It gadderis ſeiknes in hairt and heid,
And haiſtis the till ane ſuddane deid.
Fowr thingis ar generit of the wind
In man body haldin withind:
The cramp, hydropica and the colica,
The magrame it is ane of tha.
Quha wald tak reſt vpoun the nicht,
The ſupper ſowld be ſchort and licht;
The ſtommok hes ane full grit pane,
Quhen at the ſupper mekle is tane.
Quhairfoir, gif thow wald hald thy heill,
With ſobirnes luk that thow deill;
Nor eit not till thow wit, but weir,
That thy ſtommok be claingit cleir;

Fol. 72. b.

[1] This word is not diſtinct in the MS.

Vnto the tyme that all beſoir
Be weill degeſt, thow tak no moir:
For ſurfett puttis ſer ma to deid
Nor ſwerd or knyf withowt remeid.
In yowtheid vſe the to temprance,
And ſo begin the with vſance;
For conſwetude hes full grit ſtrenth,
And haldis the lyf full on lenth;
And chaingeing of meittis but diſcretioun
Raiſis ſeiknes in to all ſeſſoun;
And ſuddane changis miſteris grit ceur,
As vſe is haldin ane vthir nateur.
Thair it mon be courſably
And drawin with liſt richt ſobirly,
Syne biſſines, with manis hele,
Is beſt with meſeur for to dele,
For that haldis all kyndly hete
And ſemdill miſteris till haif beit.
Diuerſs meitis togidder brocht
To ws att anis accordis nocht;
For ane man hes bot ane nature,
And ſindry meitis ar not ſeure:
Bulyeit meit ſoſteris weill,
And fryit meit every deill;
Roſtit meit dryis the blude;
Salt meit warſt of ony fude;
Fat meit is flewmous and flowand;
Soure meitis ar not nvriſſand.
It nvreiſſis beſt that guſtis beſt,
And naturall ſleip makis gud degeſt. Fol. 73. a.
Raw fruct thay ar verry noyus,
Bot herviſt fruct is moſt dengerus;
In ver and ſomer ye littill eit,
And wintir wald haif lerger meit.

In ver and fomer beſt is to lat blud;
On thy rycht arme dois moſt gud;
At morrowing vſe to came thy heid,
Bot at evin I the forbeid;
And oppin thy crop at morrowing,
Caſt out flowme, mak vomating;
Thy puncis wirking ſchawis, but weir,
In quhat kin ſtait thow art heir.
Preiſs oure all thing that thow may
Fra all exceſs to keip the ay;
Sua may thow weill thyn awin lech be,
And neuir gar vthir be ſocht to the;
Quhair thyn awin gouernance may hald thyn hele,
Preiſs neuir with medicinaris for to dele.

Finis.

LXXIX.

[*For Helth of Body couer weill thy Heid.*]

FOR helth of body couer weill thy heid;
Eit nocht raw meit, thow tak gud tent thairto;
Drink helſum wyne, feid the with licht breid;
With appetyt ryſe fra thi meit alſo;
With aigit wemen fleſchlie haif nocht ado;
Vpoun thy ſleip thow drink nocht of thy cowp;
Ga glaid to thy bed and morrow both two,
And vſe thow neuir our lait for to ſoup.

And ſo befall that lechis done the faill,
Thow tak gud tent till vſe thir thingis thre;

Moderall dyet and temperat travaill;
Be nocht malitius for non aduerſite;
Meik in truble, glaid in pouerte;
Riche with littill, content with ſufficance;
Be ay neir lyk to thyne awin degre;
Gif pheſick laikis, mak this thy gouernance.

To cuery taill gife thow nocht ſone creddence;
Be nocht to haiſte nor yit vengeble;
To poure folk ſe that thow do no violence;
Courtaſs of langage, in feding meſorable;
Off ſindre meitis nocht gredy at the table;
Gentill of langage in prudent dalayance;
To ſay the beſt ſett all way thy pleſance.

Haif into hait mouthis that bene double;
Thoill at thy table no detractioun; 25 Fol. 73. b.
Eſchew as thow may for to be in truble;
Haif fals rownaris at elatioun;
Suffer in to thy houſs no diuiſioun,
Quhilk in thy houſs may cauſs gret decres
Off all weilfair, proſperite and fuſioun,
With thy nychtbour to leif in reſt and peax.

Be clenely cled according for thyn eſtait;
Paſs nocht thy boundis, keip thy promeiſs belyfe;
With thre folkis be neuir in debait;
Firſt, with thy bettir bewar that thow nocht ſtryfe;
Aganis thy phallow no querrell to contryfe;
With thy ſubiect to ſtryve it wer grit ſchame:
Quhairfor I counſale the, in all thy lyfe,
To leif in peax, and win the ane gud name.

Haif fyre at morrow, and cowrd bed at eve,
Aganis miſtis blak and air of peſtilence;

Be tyme at prayeris thow ſall the bettir ſcheve;
At thy firſt ryſing do thy God reuerence;
Weſy the pure with inteir deligence;
Off all miſterfull haif grit compaſſioun,
And God ſall ſend the grace and influence
The till incres and thy poſſeſſioun.

Eftir meit mak nocht lang ane ſleip;
Heid, fute, ſtomok preſerue ay fra cald;
Be nocht penſywe, off thocht thow tak nocht keip;
Eftir thy rent mantene thy houſhald;
Suffer in wrang, and in thy rycht be bald;
Sueir no aithis no man for to begyle;
In youth be luſty, and ſad quhen thow art auld,
For warldly joy leſtis bot ane quhyle.

Dyne nocht at morrow befoir thyn appetyte,
Cleir air and walking makis gud degeſtioun;
Betuix meitis drink nocht for fervent delyte,
Bot thriſt or travell gif the occaſioun;
Our ſalt meit dois grit oppreſſioun
To feble ſtomokis that can nocht refrane;
For thingis contrair to thyne complexioun
Off gredy throttis the ſtomokis hes grit pane.

Suffir no ſurfattis in thy houſs be nycht;
Be war of rere ſupparis and gret exceſs,
Off nodding heidis and of candill licht,
To ſleip at morrow in ſlummering ydilneſs,
Quhilk of all vicis is the cheif portareſs;
Woyd all drinking with lymmaris and lechouris,
And this I ſay in terminablis, I geſs,
Off dyce playeris and commoun haſardouris.

Thus, in two thingis, ſtandis all the welth
Of ſaule and body, quho that it liſt to inſew;

Moderat fud, quhilk to thi ſaule is helth,
And all foirſaid dois for him renew,
And cherete in to thi ſaule is dew.
Thair is no raſeth cumis of pottingary,
Off maiſtir Antone nor of maiſter Hew,
Till all neidrent richeſt detray the.

Finis.

LXXX.

Documenta.

IN grit tribulatioun,
Haif ſobir inclinatioun,
Be pacient in perſone,
Thow think on the Paſſioun,

Be meik but deriſioun,
Thow rewll the with reſſoun,
Fra cankerit corruptioun,
Thy brukle affectioun

Thow mak thy confeſſioun
To be thi protectioun,
Syne mak ſatisfactioun,
To be thi remiſſioun,

Thow Chryſt, for thy Paſſioun,
Quhilk may be our ſaluatioun
Thow mak ſupplicatioun
And this my concluſioun

And mekle vexatioun,
And that ſall the mend.
With humill deuotioun
Quhat kyndnes wes kend.

With faythfull effectioun
With meſure thow ſpend.
And wicket temptatioun,
Thow dayly defend.

To Chryſt with deuotioun
And ſuccour the ſend:
With verrie diſcretioun,
Quhen thow ſall hyne wend.

Grant vs redemptioun,
At our laſt end.
To win the he pardoun,
I bring to ane end.

Finis.

Serue thy God meikly, And the warld befely;
Eit thy meit merrely, And ſo thow may leif.
Gif he ſendis the pouerty, Thank thow him richly,
For he may mend[1] the ſuddanly, And no man to greif.

Finis.

Grund the in patience, Blind nocht thy conſcience;
Do thy God reuerence, Thankand him ay.
Dreſs the with diligence To put away negligence;
Ceiſs the with ſufficence, This warld will away.

Finis.

Meiknes and meſure, Lawte and lawbur
Bringis the to honour, Hald the thairin.
Gif tho thinkis to indur Lufe beſt thi Creatur,
And as thy ſelf thi nychtbur, And ceiſs of thy ſyn.
The ſtait and the ordour Of haly kirk haif in cure;
Preiſs nocht till injure For ony vrang win;
Conſidderin thy ſelf ſur Bayth the riche and the pure
Ar all of ane natur Off Adamis kin.
Think Deid ay at thy dure, Thy dayis ar dreid and dolour, Fol. 74. b.
Thy pryd and thy portratour Proffittis nocht a pin,
Quhen faid fall thy fegur, And clay ſalbe thy cloſure,
Ane narow vyle ſepulture Full of armyn.

Finis.

[1] This word is not diſtinct in the MS.

In warld is nocht be natur wrocht that ay mon leſt,
Bot, as the mone, all chengis ſone this God hes dreſt.
Sen nobilnes nor grit riches may nocht tak reſt,
Small thing with eiſs, ay God to pleiſs, methink it beſt.

Finis.

Remembir, man! on endles hellis vexatioun;
Fle fra temptatioun thow brukle fleſche as glaſs;
Thow art bot aſs for all thy dominatioun.
Leif fornicatioun and mend thy vyle treſpaſs;
Think thow mon paſs to thy lang habitatioun;
Wirk for faluatioun, ſen borne thairto thow waſs.

Finis.

Remembir, man! that thow hes no thing heir,
Bot for a tyme, quhilk ſuddanly ourflydis;
Dreid God, be blyth, with meſur mak gud cheir;
Full mony chance in to this warld betydis:
This warld is fals and euir wilbe ſo;
Treſt nocht thairin, thow mon departe thairfro.

Finis.

Thy begynnyng is bair and bittirnes;
With wrechitnes wofull away thow wendis;
The deid certane, the hour vnſickirnes,
The tyme ſa ſchort, approcheing euir the endis:
Quho hieſt clymmis moſt ſuddanly diſcendis;
Quhat is heirof bot caſt on Chryſt thy cure,
And ſtand content of euery aventur.

Finis.

This warldis joy is only bot fantesy,
Off quhilk non erdly wicht can be content;
Quho most hes witt leist suld in it effy;
Quho moist it taistis most fall him repent.
Quhat vailis all this riches and this rent,
Sen no man watt quho fall his tresour haue:
Presome nocht gevin, that God hes done bot lent,
Within schort tyme the quhilk he thinkis to craue.

Finis.

Dissait dissauis and falbe dissauit;
Quha with dissait is dissauable,
Thocht his dissait be nocht all out persauit,
To the dissatour dissait is ay returnable.
Frawd quyt with frawd is guerdoun conveniable;
And quha with frawd is frawdfully ay fund,
To the defraudour defraud sall ay redound.

Finis.

Quho wald do weill, he mon begin at weill
For to do weill, and nocht at wantour will;
Withouttin weill thow may nocht cum to weill,
For, wit thow weill, all warldly weill gois will:
Dreid God, do weill; thow may weill and thow will;
Seik weill at weill, and vyis the voundir weil;
Conclud with weill, and thow sall fair full weill.

Finis.

Quho will be gud he may be gud, and gud is gud to hald;
Quha hes nocht gud he can no gud, ane gud man thus me tald.

It is nocht gud, for ony gud, off gud to be our bald;
Bot richtous gud, quhair grund is gud, that gud will neuir fald.
Throw gud cumis mekle gud, vngud and gud fall fair,
Bot richteous gud, quhair grund is gud, leſtis for euir mair.

Finis.

Befoir the tyme is wiſdome to prowyd,
And luk in tyme be nocht to ſeik nor borrow;
Quha takis nocht tyme, bot lattis ay ouirflyd
Tyme, ſall cum to turn his joy in ſorrow;
Tyme tint this day cumis nocht agane the morrow.
Spend weill thy tyme quhill thow arte levand heir;
All tyme is tint fra thow be brocht on bier.

Tyme is rycht ſchorte and leſtis bot a ſpace,
Moſt lyk the tyme that ſpreidis into May;
Wirk weill in tyme to get the tyme of grace,
To mak thy tyme fructfull vnto thy pay.
Tyne thow thy tyme, thow ſall haif tene and tray;
Tyme ſall the tyne, and kaſt the in to cair,
With tyme endles, in ſorrow lait and air.

Finis.

Remembir riches, remembir pouirte,
Remember deid, remembir proſperite;
Remember ſin, and eik the panis inferne,
Remembir patience in maiſt aduerſite.
Remembir thy Makar deuotly on thy kne,
Remembir his Sone, our gratius ſterne;
Remembir thingis dois maiſt our ſaull conſerne;
Remembir this warldis fals fragilite,
Remembir the joy that leſtis ay eterne.

Finis.

Leif luve, my luve, no langar it lyk;
Alter our amouris in to obſeruance:
Eſchew the ſuerd of vengence or it ſtryk;
Our luſt and pleſance turne we in pennance.
Off myſdeid mend, of kiſſing mak conſcience;
Repent ws clene and Sathanas ouerſett;
Pvnyſs weill the fleſch for the awin offence;
Haif e to God and brek the diuillis nett.

Finis.

Voluptouſs lyfe quhy thinkis thow ſo ſueit, Fol. 75. b.
Knawing the deid that no man may ewaid,
Syne perſeueris in fleſchly luſt and heit?
No ſawis may the fro thy ſynnys perſuaid;
Contempning God, of nocht that the hes maid,
Treſting in to this brukle lyfe and vane;
Repent in tyme, devoyd the of this laid,
And knaw in hell thair is eternall pane.

Finis.

Quhat is this lyfe? ane draucht way to the deid,
Quhilk hes tyme to pas and nane to dwell;
Ane flyding quheill ws lent to win remeid;
Ane fre choiſs gevin to parradice or hell;
Ane pray to deid quhome vane is to repell;
Ane ſchort torment for infinit glaidnes,
Als ſchort ane joy for leſtand hevines.

Finis.

Rycht as pouerte cauſſis ſobirnes,
And febilnes anſweris countenance,

Ewin ſo proſperite and riches
The muder is of vyce and negligence;
And power alſo cauſſis inſolence,
And honour oft ſyis chengeis hewis:
Thair is no moir perrellus peſtilence
Nor he eſtait gevin vnto ſchrewis.

Finis.

Now quhen ane wreche is ſett to he eſtait,
Or ane begger brocht to dignite,
Thair is non ſo prowd, pompouſs and elait,
Non ſo vengeble and full of crewelte,
Woyd of diſcretioun, mercy and pete;
For churliche blud ſeindill dois recure
To be gentill be way of nature.

Finis.

Bettir it is to ſuffer fortoun and abyd,
Than haiſtely to clym and ſuddanly to flyd.
Ay the hier that thow art,
The lawer beir thy hart;
In welth, or yit proſperite,
Think ay on deid, I conſall the;
And of the pure thow haif pete,
And leif in luve and cherite.
He that in welth will tak no heid,
He ſall haif falt in tyme of neid;
A ſouerane bewty our all the laif
A weill brydillit tung to haif.

Finis.

Dreid nocht that is nocht; compell nocht that wald nocht;
For, and thow vther do,
Sum thing wilbe of nocht: bettir nocht wer nocht,
Nor to mak the toun a do.

Finis.

Knychtis full of hardines, clerkis full of ſcience,
Relegius men full of patience, ſuld be of gud zeill.
Ane knycht to ſay, I dar nocht do it; ane clerk to ſay, I can nocht do it;
Ane kirman to ſay, I will nocht do it, ſoundis nocht half ſo weill.

Finis.

Call nocht the man fals and vnkynd, Fol. 76. a.
Nor hald him nocht for thy vnfrynd,
That will nocht gife the all thy will,
Bot gife it reſſoun be and ſkill:
Bot hald him ane of thy felloun fayis,
That flatteris and fueris all that thow ſayis;
He dois that bot for his awin zeill,
To gar the trow he luvis the weill;
Ane grittar ſa thair can non be,
Nor he that flatteris ay with the;
He is thy freind that ſayis the ſkill,
And is thy fay that ſeruis thy will.

Finis.

He that thy freind hes bene rycht lang,
Suppoiſs ſum tyme he do the wrang,
Condampt him nocht, bot alwayis mene,
For kyndnes that befoir hes bene.

Finis.

Be kynd to thame that luvand is to the;
Be bone and bouſum quhair that thow may gett bute;
Sett nocht thy hairt bot quhair thy ſelf ma be;
Bend nocht thy bow bot quhair that thow may ſchute;
Deill nocht with dice, with drinking, nor with diet;
Preiſs nocht to pryd, for that will periſch all;
Be knawin clene ay quhen the Lord will call.

Finis.

Me think thair ſuld no taill be trowit,
Except the tellar wald awowit;
For ane tratlar I vndirſtand,
Fra he of ane man gett a band,
That he ſall nocht diſcouerit be,
Than hes he lyking for to le;
Deme beſt thairfoir in euery dowt,
Quhill that the trewth be tryit out.

Finis.

Bruther! be wyſe in to your gouernance,
Gif ye till honour will haif the reddy way;
Faill nocht to honour be wilfull ignorance,
Bot luffe with dreid, and ſerue him nycht and day
Be perfyte fayth, houp and cherite,
Or ye ſall murn quhen no mendis mak may ye;
He is bot deid but fayth, I dar weill ſay;
Quha failis fayth withouttin end ſall de.

Finis.

Juſtice wald haif ane godly preſedent,
Ane auditor of the complaintis of the pure,

Quhilk daylie fuld miniſter jugement
To pure folk cryand at the dure,
Spendand moir than thair geir is of valour,
And put abak quhill grit cauſs be decydit,
Syne levand all, for pouerty may nocht bydit.

Finis.

Grit fule is he that puttis in denger
His lyfe, his honour, for ane thing of nocht;
Grit fule is he that will nocht glaidlie heir
Counſale in tyme, quhill it availis ocht;
Grit fule is he that no thing hes in thocht,
Bot tyme preſent, nor eftir quhat may fall,
Nor of the deid hes no memoriall.

Finis.

Sen that reuolt rynnis vpoun rege,
Latt rege be rewlit with gud rewll and rycht;
Latt rycht and reſſone rancour ſa aſſuage;
Aſſuege with ſcience all diſſait and flycht;
Lat flycht ourflip; fleme falſett to the flicht;
Latt fle firſt faltis; place nobilnes betuene,
That nobilnes may, with honour he on hicht,
Honour the roſs and royell thriſſill kene.

Finis.

Quha wilbe riche haif e to honour ay,
For riches followis honour evir mair:
To honour wiſdome is the nerreſt way,
And wiſdome to vertew is the verry air,
And vertew cumis of ſcience and of lair;

And fcience cumis only of God and grace;
Conqueſt throw gud lyfe, travell and buſinece.

Finis.

LXXXI.

[*O wrechit Man! full of Iniquite.*]

OWRECHIT man! full of iniquite,
Of prowdence voyd, and to vycis naturall,
To rycht, nor reſſoun, thow hes bot littill e;
Nor eftir thy lyfe, quhen wend thow fall,
Bot thow be war, ſuthly thow will fall,
As Lucifer, be errogance of pryd,
Quha owt of hevin to hell law cowth glyd.

Be war with pryd, be war with lichery,
Be war with ire, be war with cuvatyce,
Be war with ſueirnes, be war als with invy;
Be war with thir, O man! gife thow be wyſe:
Be war alſwa that thow no gluttony vſe;
Keip the fra ſynis that may thy ſaule offend;
Prent in thy hairt quhiddir thow fall wend.

O man! behald that na tyme thow fall leſt,
Thy dayis ar ſchort, thy lyfe rycht ſone is gone;
Thairfoir, as now, me think it to the beſt
To haif in mynd thy ending euir in one,
Quhen thow fall wend, and quhair that thow fall won, Fol. 77. a.
And quhat thow art, and quhairof thow art maid;
Sua onto hevin thow hald the hieſt tred.

Thy pelf, thy prow, thy gold, thy riche array,
Thy gud, thy geir, thy claithis, nor thy fee
Spreidis nocht of the in Appryll, nor in May;
Bot of[1] thi God, hieft in all degre,
Quhill thow art heir puttis thame in thy powfte,
Spend thow thame weill, thow fall haif hevin to meid,
Bot do thow nocht, thow fall haif pane but dreid.

Gud is bot lent ane quhyle quhill thow art heir,
It gois away as calf dois with the wind;
This day ane lord, the morne ane pure begeir,
Haittit and hairtles, and bair as leife on lind.
Job wes moft riche, in haly writ we find,
Yit, or he deit, of riches he had fmall,
Bot neuirtheles he thankit God of all.

O wrechit man! think on now how Deid
Strenyeis mankynd, and garris him law doun bow;
In warld is none bot he mon thoill his feid;
Aganis his dynt thow may nocht ftand ane pow;
Quhen euir he lift, futhle he will ye fchow
Vnto the grund, thow watt nocht quhen, nor quhair;
To mak debait thow fall haif no power.

Thocht thow this day be profperus, haill and feir,
Perchance the morne Deid fall the feche away;
Sen thow mon turne in erd on this maneir,
No mervell thocht thow grit murnyng may,
Quhen thow mon lig in gravell, erd and clay;
All joy in erd thow fall nocht compt ane peifs,
Quhen that the ruiftre lyis vpoun thy neifs.

O wrechit man! of deid quhen thow hes mynd,
That thow art blyth grit mervell haif I me,
And thow wait nocht quhat way away to wend,

[1] ? *if.*

Quhen, nor quhair, nor paſs to quhat cuntre;
Sen that thow knawis fro deid thow may nocht fle,
Thow Chryſt beſeik, that maid both ſone and mone,
That thow may cum and ſit in hevnis trone.

Thow joyis no thing of this warldis vane gloir,
Quhilk leſtis nocht; it is bot fenyeit thing;
Quha treſtis in it ſall rew rycht wondir ſoir
Ane vthir day, and fair his handis wring;
It is bruklar than glaſs, or yit meſling;
It weſchis away, as ſnaw dois with the rane;
The for to help it cumis neuir agane.

Trow thow moir in lettres drawin with the yſe,
That thay ſall leſt and euir moir be new, Fol. 77. b.
Than this fals warld, full of diſſaitis nyce,
Felyeand away, quhilk neuir wes fundin trew;
Fra thow be deid in erd, all myrthis adew;
Thocht thow wer wyiſs as euir wes Salomon,
Thair is no moir of the fra thow be gone.

Thocht thow be wicht, as was Sampſone the force,
Battell to failye, ather in pece or weir;
Or fair as Abſolon, in viſage, or in cors,
Quhilk in this warld had nowther maik nor peir;
Or wyis as Ariſtotill in ſindrye ſciences fere;
Or Alexander, ane nobill clerk of on;
Thair is no moir of the fra thow be gone.

Nowthir king, nor quene, it ſpairis nocht in deid,
Biſchop, nor empriour, nor man that lyfe hes tane:
The joy of erd beiris nowthir fruct, nor ſeid;
It weſchis away, all ſchaddow it allane;
It cumis and gangis, and makis fuilis fane,
Quilk treſtis weill that it ſall leif for euir,
Bot, or thay wit, deid garris thame diſſeuir.

Fra thow be gane, quhat arte thow thane latt ſe,
Bot wirmes meit to lig with thame amang;
Fra thow be doun and gane of this cuntre,
Quhat ſall awaill vane meſſis, and evin ſang,
To help thy ſaule out of thir panis ſtrang?
Be godly, and juſt thairfoir, quhill thow art heir;
Gif to the pure to win thair daylie prayeir.

For thow rycht nocht ſall haif away with the
Gold, nor ſiluer, nor thing that heir is wrocht,
Bot ane thin ſcheitt that day that thow falt de;
For thow no thing in to this warld hes brocht;
Thow cumis pure, with the away hes nocht,
Bot as thow heir dois nowther leſs nor mair,
And almouſs deid to keip thy ſaule fro cair.

Do thow gud deid, thow findis it the befoir
In almous, prayer, faſting, or ocht ellis;
Do thow nocht heir, thow gettis rycht nocht thair;
Gif it be trew Chryſt in the ewangell tellis,
Thy merreitis all thow mon win in thir fellis,
Both leſs and mair, afe this warld or yow gone;
Fro thow be deid, gudis deidis may thow do none.

Sen it is ſwa, ilk day quhill thow art heir,
God thow beſeik, that deit on the tre,
The to forgife of all thy ſynnys ſeir;
Off his grit grace to haif mercy on the,
With humill hairt thow bow to him on kne,
Procuring of him to be thy ſcheild and ſpeir,
Thy ſaule to keip that Sathan nocht it deir.

Finis.

LXXXII.

[*Me mervellis of this grit Confuſioun.*]

ME mervellis of this grit confuſioun;
I wald ſum cunnand clerk of clergy wald declar'd
Quhat garris this warld be turnit vpſyd doun.
Thair is nocht faithfulnes fundin in to this erd;
Now is nocht thre may treſtly trow in the ferd;
Welth is away, wit is now wrochtin to wrinkis;
No ſeill is fover now, this is a wofull werd;
The want of wyſemen garris fulis ſit on binkis.

As bukis beiris witnes, quhen levit king Saturnus,
For gudly gouernance the warld was galdin cald;
Non ellis we wat, forſuth, quhithir it turnis,
The quhilk Octauiane the man riche culd hald;
Our all wes peax als weill ſett as menis hairtis wald,
Thair ringnit gud rewll, and reaſone held thair rinkis;
Non lykis nobilite, prudens now is thrald,
And want of wyſmen garis fulis ſit on binkis.

Ariſtotill for all his grit moralite,
Auguſtyne or Ambroſs for all thair devyne ſcripture,
Quha can placebo and nocht to haif derige,
With pectik for to pyk, and peill full bair the pure,
He ſall cum in ſone, quhen that thay ſtand at the dure,
For wardly wonyng ſic walkis quhen wyſar winkis;
Wit takis na wirſchip, ſa is now the aventure,
That want of wyſemen garris fulis ſit on binkis.

Lord! quhiddir ar exylit all noble curagis,
Lawty, luve, with kyndnes and liberalitie,
No thing is fundin now ſtable in no ſtagis;
Na degeſt counſale availis with moralite;

Peax is away, flemit is all proplexite;
Prudens and wiſdome ar baneiſt our all brinkis;
The warldis war may weill ſeyme weill callit to be,
Sen want of wyſe men makis fulis ſit on binkis.

Weir but defenſs, rycht lyis all deſolat;
Rycht and reſſone vndir no rufe haſs ony reſt;
Yowth is but reddour, and ege is obſtinat;
Mycht, but mercy, the pure folkis ar all ourpreſt:
Lernit men ſuld teche the peple of the beſt;
Thocht lair be littill, yit ferles in thame ſinkis;
It may nocht be this warld ſall euir thus leſt,
That want of wyſemen makis fulis ſit on binkis.

Quhair is the balme of juſtice, evin equite?
No mirreit is preſent, nor pvneiſt is treſpaſs;
All leidis now levis lawles at liberte;
Non rewlis by reſſone no moir nor ane aſs;
Gud fayth is flemit, worthin frewoliar than glaſs;
Trew luve is loſt, and lawty haldis no linkis;
Our gouernante nocht keipis gud rewll nor compaſs,
For want of wyſmen makis fulis ſit on binkis.

Now wrang hes warrane, and law is bot wilfulneſs; Fol. 78. b.
Quha hes the war is worthin on him all the wyte,
For trewth is treſſoun, and faith is fals fekilneſs;
Gyll is now gyd, and vane luſt is alſo delyte;
Kirk is contempnit, thay compt nocht curſing a myte;
Grit God is grevit, that me rycht ſoir forthinkis;
The cauſs of this ony man may ſone wit,
That want of wyſmen garris fulis ſit on binkis.

Luve hes tane leif, and wirſchip hes no vdir wane;
With paſſing pouerty pryd is importable;
Vyce is bot vertew, wit is with will ſoir ourgane.
As lairdis, ſo laddis, daly chengeable,

But ryme or reſſone all is bot heble hable;
Sic ſturtfull ſtering in to Godis neiſs it ſtinkis;
Bot he haif rew all is vnremedable,
For want of wyſemen makis fulis ſit on binkis.

O Lord of lordis! grit gyd and als gouirnour,
Makar and movar bayth of mair and alſo leſs,
Quhais power, wiſdome, gudnes and he honour
Is infinit now, ſalbe, and evir weſs,
As thy evangell planely dois expreſs;
All thir ſaid faltis reforme, as thow beſt thinkis,
As it is deformit for pure pety to redreſs,
That without fulis may wyſemen ſit on binkis.

Finis.

LXXXIII.

[*We Lordis hes choſin a Chiftane mervellus.*]

WE lordis hes choſin a chiftane mervellus,
That left hes ws in grit perplexite,
And him abſentis, with wylis cautelus,
Yeiris and dayis mo than two or thre,
And nocht intendis the land nor peple ſe,
Faltis to correct, nor vicis for to chace.
Our lord gouernour, this ſedull ſend we the:
In lak of iuſtice this realme is ſchent allace!

Is nane of ws ane vddir ſettis by,
Bot laubouris ay for vthiris diſtruction;
Quhilk is grit pleſſour to our auld innamy,
And daly cauſſis grit diſſentioun

Amang ws now and als diuiſioun,
Quhilk to heir is ane drery cace
To the, our lord and gyd vnder the croun:
In lak of iuſtice this realme is ſchent allace!

Thy prudent wit we think thow hes abuſit,
Abſentand the for ony warldly geir;
We yarne thy preſens, bot oft thow hes refuſit
Till cum ws till, or yit till merk ws neir,
Quhilk is the cauſs of thift, ſlawchter and weir.
Approch in tyme our freindſchip to purchace;
Thy leiges leill thy byding byis full deir:
In lak of iuſtice this realme is ſchent allace!

Couatyce ringis into the ſpirituall ſtate,
Yarnand banifice the quhilk ar now vacand;
That, but thy preſens, will cauſs rycht grit debait, Fol. 79. a.
And contrauerſy to ryſs in to this land;
And thy bidding we treſt thay ſall ganeſtand,
Without thow cum and preſent thame thy face.
Addreſs the ſone, fulfill thy will and band:
In lak of iuſtice this realme is ſchent allace!

Grit wer and wandrecht hes bene ws amang,
Sen thy depairting, and yit approchis mair;
Thy tardatioun cauſſis ws to think lang,
For of thi cuming we haif rycht grit diſpair.
Off gyd and gouirnance we ar all ſolitair,
Dependand ay vpoun thy ſtait and grace;
Speid the thairfoir, in dreid we all forfair:
In lak of iuſtice this realme is ſchent allace!

Finis.

LXXXIV.

[*Thingis in kynd deſyris Thingis lyke.*]

THINGIS in kynd deſyris thingis lyke,
Bot diſcontrair haitis every thing;
Saif only mankynd can nevir weill lyke,
Bot gif he haif a licentious leving;
Fleſchly deſyre and geſtly nvriſſing
In till a perſone all femyne to be wrocht,
Watter and fyre togidder in kendling,
It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht.

A man at anis for to ſerue lordis tuane,
The quhilk be baith contrair in opinioun,
To pleiſs thame bath and purches nocht diſdane,
Talk with the ane and with the vthir roun,
Be trew to both without tuich of treſſoun,
Tell him of him the thing that neuir wes wrocht;
To bring all this to gud concluſioun,
It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht.

To haif a gall clippit a gentill dow,
To be my freind and gevis me fals counſale,
To brek my heid and ſyne put on myn how,
To be religiouſs and formeſt in to battell,
To ly in bed and ſege ane ſtrang caſtell,
To be ane merchand quhair na gud may be bocht,
To haif a trew wyfe with a wantoun taill,
It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht.

To be of na cunnyng and knaw the herbis,
To karp langage that nane may vndirſtand,
A fule to haif every wyſe proverbis,
A fair borne bairne of hir that is barrand,

Vnpoſſible thingis to tak vpoun hand,
To big a caſtell or the grund be wrocht,
To gife a dome be law that may nocht ſtand, Fol. 79. b.
It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht.

A wrech to weir a noble skarlet goun,
A bag lyne furring purfillit weill with ſable,
A gud huſſy wyfe trubland ay the toun,
A chyld to thryfe quhilk is vncheſtable,
To be content and lichtly chengeable,
To haif in drynk thing that neuir docht,
A Rome raker without leſing or fable,
It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht.

A michty king in to a pure regioun,
Ane haiſty wit and he thingis to devyfe,
Mekle almouſsdeid and fals detractioun,
Knychtlie manheid and ſchamefull cowardyſe,
Ane hevinly hell, ane panefull paradyſe,
Ane haly doctour with ane lecherouſs thocht,
To wirk on heid, ſyne eftir tak avyſe,
It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht.

A gilty toung cullorit with eloquens,
A fals intent within and diſſavable,
A blyth wiſage with freindly apperens,
A crewall hairt, invyouſs and vengeable,
A gentill horſs within a nakit ſtable,
A mirry ſang with ſorrow ſocht;
To jone thir all and mak thame agreable,
It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht.

Frely to ſpend and full of cuvatyſe,
To ſeik burgeonis out of ane auld dry ſtok,
Ane gay temple without devyne ſeruyſe,
A birdlies cage, ane key without a lok,

A tome ſchip ay rydand on a rok,
A mychty biſchop in ane realme of nocht,
A wantoun hird and a weill rewlit flok,
It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht.

Finis.

LXXXV.

[*All rychtouſs Thing the quhilk dois now proceid.*]

ALL rychtouſs thing the quhilk dois now proceid
Is crownit lyk vnto an empereſs;
Law hes defyit guerdoun, and his meid
Settis hir trewth on hicht as goddeſs;
Gud faith hes flyttin with fraud and dowbilneſs,
And prvdence feis all thingis that cumis beforne;
Following the trace of perfyte ſtabilneſs,
Als evin be lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

Princis of cuſtome mantenis rycht in deid,
And prelettis levis in clyne perfytneſs;
Knychtis luvis, God wat, bot littill falſheid, Fol. 80. a.
And preiſtis hes reffuſit all riches;
All religioun levis in holineſs,
Thay bene in vertew and full fair vpborne;
Invy in court can no man ſe increſs,
Als leill by lyne rycht as a ramis horne.

Marchandis of louker takis bot littill hede,
Thair vſury is fetterit with diſtreſs;[1]
And for to ſpeik alſo of womanhede,
Baneiſt frome thame is all new fangilnes,

[1] This word may alſo be read *diſcreſs*, as Lord Hailes has it.

Thay haif left pryd and takin meiknes,
Quhois pacience is bot newly watt and ſchorne;
Thair tongis hes no tuiching of ſcherpnes;
Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

Pure men complenis now, bot for no neid;
The riche gevis ay ſeik almouſs, as I geſs,
With plenty ay the hungry thay do feid,
Clethis the nakit in thair wrechitnes,
And cherite is now a cheif maiſtres;
Sklander fra hir toung hes pullit out the thorne;
Diſcretioun dois all hir lawis expreſs,
Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

Out of this land, or ellis God forbede,
Baneiſt is fraud, falſheid and ſekilneſs;
Flattery is fled, and that for verry drede;
Both riche and pure hes takin thame to ſadneſs;
Lauboraris wirkis with all thair beſſineſs;
Day nor nycht, nor hour, can be forborne,
Bot ſwynk and ſueit to voyd all ydilneſs,
Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

Princis rememberis, and proudently takis hede
How vertew is of vyce a he goddeſs;
Our faith nocht haltis, we leif evin as our crede
In wird and dede as wark beiris witneſs;
All ipocritis hes left thair frawardneſs;
Thus weidit is the poppill fra the corne,
And every ſtait is gouernit, as I geſs,
Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

Finis.

LXXXVI.

[*Oft tymes is bettir hald nor len.*]

OFT tymes is bettir hald nor len,
And this is my ſkill and reſſone quhy:
Full evill to knaw ar mony men,
And to be cravit ſettis littill by;
Thay hald the for his innemy
To craif the thing that thow hes lent;
Thairfoir, I rid the verrely,
Quhome to thow lennis tak rycht gud tent.

To mony men it dois grit hurt,
And oft of freindis it makis fais, 10 Fol. 80. b.
And baith the pairteis haldis in ſturt,
Quhen that the ane the vthir crauis.
So wrechitnes a man diſſauis,
With him ſelf he thinkis a pane
Off thing that he poſſeſſioun havis,
For to reſtore or gif agane.

Thairfoir is bettir hald nor draw;
Gar nocht thy awin geir ſtryve with the,
The perſone bot thow rycht weill knaw,
That he rycht treſt and ſicker be;
For thow may oft tymes heir and ſe
That mony menis awin thing lennis,
Quhairthrow he wynnis grit mawgre
Off thankles men that it miſkennis.

Thairfoir, me think, is bettir than
To hald in thy poſſeſſioun,
Nor crave it fra ane vthir man,
That is of evill conditioun,

Quha keipis na promiſſioun;
Quhat dois thow than bot flyttis and fechtis,
Or thow may gett reſtitutioun
Off him that keipis nocht his hechtis.

It war moir treſt in to thi purſs,
Na puttit in to rakles handis,
To gar the wary ban and curſs,
Seikand thy dettouris in ſindry landis.
Be war and keip the fra ſic bandis,
My counſale is, gud freind and bruder;
This fals warld now ſa it ſtandis,
That rycht few ar treſtis in a nvdder.

Gife ony man hes the at feid,
For thy awin gud I conſale the,
Ay with full hand ſe that thow pleid;
Sua, gife it may no bettir be,
Thy geir to want and win maugre,
To the it is bot dowble ſkath;
Man! for the mair ſecurite,
Off ane be ſicker and tyne nocht bath.

Finis.

LXXXVII.

[*This Warld is all bot fenyeit fair.*]

THIS warld is all bot fenyeit fair,
And als vnſtable as the wind;
Gud faith is ſlemit, I wat nocht quhair,
Treſt fallowſchip is evill to find;

Gud conſcience is all maid blind,
And cheritie is nane to gett;
Leill loif and lawte lyis behind,
And auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.

Quhill I had ony thing to ſpend,
And ſtuffit weill with warldis wrak, Fol. 81. a.
Amang my freindis I wes weill kend:
Quhen I wes prowd and had a pak,
Thay wald me be the oxſtar tak,
And at the he burd I wes ſet;
Bot now thay latt me ſtand abak,
Sen auld kyndnes is quyt foryet.

Now I find bot freindis few,
Sen I wes pryſit to be pure;
Thay hald me now bot for a ſchrew,
To me thay tak bot littill cure;
All that I do is bot iniure:
Thocht I am bair I am nocht bett;
Thay latt me ſtand bot on the flure,
Sen auld kyndnes is quyt foryet.

Suppoiſs I mene I am nocht mendit,
Sen I held pairt with pouerte;
Away ſen that my pak wes ſpendit,
Adew all liberalite.
The prowerb now is trew I ſe,
Quha may nocht gife will littill gett;
Thairfoir, to ſay the varite,
Now auld kyndnes is quyt foryet.

Thay wald me hals with hude and hatt,
Quhill I wes riche and had anewch;
About me freindis anew I gatt,
Rycht blythlie on me thay lewch:

Bot now thay mak it wondir tewch,
And lattis me ſtand befoir the yett;
Thairfoir this warld is verry frewch,
And auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.

Als lang as my cop ſtud evin,
I yeid bot ſeindill myn allane;
I ſquyrit was with ſex or ſeven,
Ay quhill I gaif thame twa for ane:
Bot ſuddanly ffra that wes gane,
Thay paſſit by with handis plett;
With purtye fra I wes ourtane,
Than auld kyndnes wes quyt foryett.

In to this warld ſuld na man trow,
Thow may weill ſe the reſſoun quhy;
For evir, bot gif thy hand be fow,
Thow arte bot littill ſettin by;
Thow art nocht tane in cumpany,
Bot thair be ſum fiſch in thy nett;
Thairſoir foir this fals warld I deſy,
Sen auld kyndnes is quyt foryet.

Sen that na kyndnes kepit is
In to this warld that is preſent,
Gife thow wald cum to hevynnis bliſs,
Thy ſelf appleiſs with ſobir rent;
Leife godly, and gife with gud intent
To every man his proper dett;
Quhat evir God ſend hald the content,
Sen auld kyndnes is quyt foryet.

Finis.

LXXXVIII.

[*I ſaw ane Rob riche of Hew.*]

I SAW ane rob riche of hew,
With pretius ſtanis peirles picht,
With rubeis reid and ſaphiris blew
And dyamantis rycht derly dicht.
The grund was birniſt goldin brycht,
With ſelidone ſett on every ſyd;
Thairin wes writtin this reſſone richt,
"Bad man! for the bettir abyd."

For the bettir, man, thow abyd,
And for the bettir thy ſpech thow ſpend;
To day gife thow wantis in tyd,
To morne Chryſt may the weill amend:
Quhat evir it be Chryſt to the ſend,
Welth or weilfair, pouirty or pryd,
Grunch nocht, and neuir thy God offend,
Bot ay, man, for the bettir abyd.

I hard a man ſing till ane harp,
Ane heſty man wantit nevir wo;
He that can nocht ſuffir ſchouris ſcharp,
Nor yit knaw his freind by his fo;
The wyſemen ſayis, ſene it is ſo,
He that can ſuffir in hairt and hyd
Sall haif his aſking but moir uo,
That for the bettir can abyd.

A man that can nocht dout no ſchame,
He is nocht wirthy to cum in a gud place;
Lat nevir thy tung diſhonour thy name;
Be trew and ſteidfaſt in every cace;

Beſeik thow Jeſu of his grace,
In all this warld that is ſo wyd,
That all wicket heſtines fra the paſs,
That thow may for the bettir abyd.

Gif ane evill turne be to the hecht,
Keip it in mynd and hald the ſtill;
Ane fulis bolt is ſone on flicht;
He that ſpeikis mekle ſum pairte mon ſpill:
Keip weill thy tung and ſay non ill,
And in gud cumpany luk thow the gyd;
Lat nevir our mony wit thy will,
Bot ay, man, for the bettir abyd.

A man that will his awin counſale diſcure,
How ſuld ane vthir man it keip?
Caſt the to trewth, in peax indure:
Fra all evill fallowſchip I bid the creip.
Thocht thow be fair ſe nocht tho weip;
Tak ſolace in hairt, lat ſorrow flyd;
Ane hefty man ſalbe drownit in deip,
Quhen he that ſuffaris ſall weill leif and abyd.

I wiſt a man in preſone kaſt, Fol. 82. a.
And ley thairin ſex yeiris or ſevin,
Yit he wone furth at the laſt,
Mony man meitis at vnſet ſtevin:
Freindis and ſais, Chryſt mak yow evin,
And he that ſufferit wondis wyd
To bring ws to the bliſs of he hevin,
Quhair we mot for now and evir abyd.

Finis.

LXXXIX.

[*O God! that in Tyme all Thingis did begin.*]

O GOD! that in tyme all thingis did begin,
In tyme thow maid hevin and erd of nocht;
In tyme thow bocht man and redemit fra ſin;
In tyme ſall thow vnmak that thow hes wrocht;
In tyme ar ſaif all that thy blud hes bocht:
In tyme, goud Lord, gife ws grace that we may
In tyme repent for every deid and thocht,
And tak tyme in tyme, for tyme will away.

Our tyme ſall away, and that in ſchort ſpace:
Tyme beiris witneſs my ſaying is trew;
Our foirfaderis had tyme heir in lyk cace,
And tyme paſſit with thame as dois with ws now;
No tyme tareid thame, for thair tyme away drew,
Bot thay tareit tyme, as we do every day;
And tyme ſall paſs fra ws, God Almichty knawith how:
Tak tyme quhill tyme is, for tyme will away.

How to tak tyme, and how tyme aucht to be ſpent:
Tyme is nocht to be comptit that wit dois exercyſs;
In tyme ſall God be his rychtouſſnes gif his jugement,
Thairfoir ſpend your tyme in vertew and lerne to be wyſs;
Tyme tareis no man; tyme goith as a gyſs;
Tyme ſteilith frome ws and will byd at no ſtey;
Bewar with tyme, prolong nocht, I tald yow twyſs:
Tak tyme in tyme, for tyme will away.

In tyme our grit grandſchiris our faderis gatt:
Ane tyme thay had and ſone thair tyme wes paſt;
Ane tyme had our foirfaderis, mark weill that!
Ane tyme ſall we haif and depairt at laſt:

Thus tyme pertith from tyme and tyme makith haiſt;
Tyme will nocht byd, we can nocht tyme delay;
Tyme is incertane quhan deth will ws agaſt:
Tak tyme quhill tyme is, for tyme will away.

In tyme aſk God grace, in tyme tak compaſſione;
In tyme of welth remembir the tyme of wrechit neid;
In tyme gife lawd to God; in tyme mak God oblaſione;
In tyme faſt and pray, in tyme gife almouſs deid;
In tyme offir thy harte, for tyme dois ſtill proceid;
Gif tyme treſt to tyme, tyme ſall the betray;
In tyme luk thow ſpeik, that in tyme thow may ſpeid; Fol. 82. b.
And tak tyme quhill tyme is, for tyme ſall away.

This tyme is ane tyme that nane can reſiſt;
Tyme is tranſetorious and alſo irrevocable;
Say quhat ye will, tyme paſſith as him liſt;
Tyme moſt be tane in tyme conveniable:
All thing had tyme, my ſaying is nocht reprovable,
For, quhen the tyme cummith, the tyme we moſt obey;
Byd tyme quho will, the tyme is verry vnſtable:
Tak tyme quhill tyme is, for tyme will away.

Tak the tyme of glaidnes, forſake the tyme of ſorrow;
Latt thyne tyme pas in gudnes, do nocht frome it diſſevir;
Vſe thy tyme the day, as thow ſuld end the morrow,
And tak tyme, gif thow may, as tyme ſuld left evir:
I mene, in tyme of vertew, thow ſuld thy ſelf endeveir,
As the tyme of deth wald cum thy body till effray,
So vſe thy ſelf in beſines, as thow ſuld de nevir;
And tak tyme quhill tyme is, for tyme will away.

Haif thow, in all warldly thingis, tyme in vſage,
For ane thing done out of tyme is nocht to be commendit;
Quhair tyme is nocht tane, thriſs perſonis dois vtrage;
Wordis out of tyme makis mony men offendit:

Without tyme may no thing be comprehendit;
Quhair tyme is myſvſit the peple dois decay;
Gife tyme be nocht tane, quhill tyme be extendit,
Tyme is vntruſty and dois ſkaill frome the away.

Tyme to be ſad, tyme to pleſour and ſport,
Tyme of ſtudy, tyme of gud recreatioun,
Tyme to be hevy, and tyme to vſe confort,
Tyme of diſpleſour, and tyme of conſolatioun:
Thus tyme hes his tyme of diuerſs maner faſſioun;
Tyme to eit and drink, and tyme of paſtyme and play,
Tyme to be leberall, and tyme of delectatioun:
Tak tyme quhill tyme is, for tyme will away.

Tyme to travell, and tyme to tak your reſt,
Tyme to ſpeik, and tyme to hald your peſe;
Tyme wald be vſit, quhen that tyme is beſt;
Thair is ane[1] tyme to bring, and ane tyme for to ceſe;
Tyme quhen it is meit put thy ſelf in preſe;
Tyme to go or tary, for tyme we can nocht ſtay;
The man that ſpendis tyme weill, God ſall him increſs:
Tak tyme quhen tyme is, for tyme is away.

The fructis takis thair ſchape alſo in the tyme of ver;
In tyme of ſymmer the flouris be freſch and grene;
In the tyme of herviſt, quhen thay thair corne dois ſchere;
In the tyme of wintir the north wind waxis kene,
Sa bittir bytting that tymeflouris be nocht ſene; ol. 83. a.
The callenderis of tyme do tary quhill froſtis thame flay;
That tyme forſaikis na tyme, quhen dame Flora is quene:
Tak ten quhill tyme is, for tyme will away.

Tyme cauſſis natur to increſs and multiply,
And tyme dois decres in the beſt tyme of all;
Tyme bringis ane man to grit joy and felicity,
And tyme turnis the warld ſuddanly as ane ball:

[1] MS. has *na*.

Tyme from yowth to aige dois ws alſo call;
Tyme dryvis our lyfe to deth; of ſuch I ſay
Tyme conſomis erth with erth full naturall:
Tak tyme quhen tyme is, for tyme will away.

Now tyme drawis in, and tyme gois apace;
Treſt nocht to tyme, leſt tyme the aſſaill;
Now is the tyme of mercy and of grace,
The tyme of repentance, this tyme thow ſall bewaill;
This tyme thow ſall obtene, that tyme thow ſall nocht prevaill;
This is the tyme of meſour, this is the tyme of joy,
This tyme ſall haif ane end, that tyme ſall nevir faill;
Bot loſs lyfe fra tyme that tyme cum lifting all away.

Finis.

XC.

[*Say weill is trewly ane wirthy gud Thing.*]

SAY weill is trewly ane wirthy gud thing;
Off ſay weill grit vertew dois out ſpring;
Say weill frome do weill defferis in lettir;
Say weill is gud, bot do weill is bettir;
Say weill is rutit be man ſum deill,
Bot do weill only to God dois appeill;
Say weill ſayis gudly and dois mony pleiſs,
Bot do weill dois godly and dois the warld eiſs;
Say weill mony vnto Godis word clevis,
Bot for lak of do weill thay it quyckly levis;
Bot gif ſay weill and do weill wer jonit in ane frame
All that wer vngottin[1] wer gottin with game;
Say weill in denger of deth is cawld,

[1] MS. may be read *begottin.*

Do weill is harnaſit and winderous bald;
Quhen ſay weill for feir dois trymmill and quaik,
Do weill ſalbe jocound and merry maik;
Say weill is ſlippir and makis mony wylis,
Do weill is ſemely without ony gylis;
Quhan ſay weill at ſumtyme ſalbe brocht baiſs,
Do weill dois trivmph in every plaiſs;
Say weill to ſylence ſumtyme is bound,
Do weill is fre in every ground;
Say weill hes freindis bot heir and thair,
Bot do weill is welcum every quhair;
Say weill in hand mony thing dois tak,
Bot do weill ane end of thame dois mak;
Quhen ſay weill with money quyt doun is kaſt, Fol. 83. b.
Do weill is treſty and dois ſtand faſt;
Say weill him ſelf will ſumtyme adwance,
Bot do weill dois nowdir jake nor prance,
And doweill dois profeit your warld moir,
Than ſayweill dois ane hundreth ſcoir;
Say weill in wordis is wonderus trick,
Bot doweill in deid is nymmill and quyck.
Lord! quyke and trik togiddir knet,
And ſo ſall thay pyp ane merry conſet.
Say weill mony wilbe thay be ſo kynd,
Bot do weill it[1] will weill vnto thair freind;
Mo ſayweill than doweill ſay yow in deid,
Bot doweill is moir honeſt in tyme of neid;
Say weill and doweill ar thingis twane,
Thryſs happy is he quhome in thay do remane.

Finis.

[1] MS. may be read *is*.

XCI.

[*To gyd thy Tung imprent thir thre.*]

TO gyd thy tung
Imprent thir thre in thy remmenbrance;
For lyk as the mone chaingis befoir the pryme,
Sa farith this warld repleit with wariance:
Off diſſolut langage cum mycht grit diſtance;
Quhairfoir, fais Catone to auld and to yung,
The firſt of all vertewis is to keip weill your tung.

Yit in aventur, gife it ſo requyre,
That ye ſall ſpeik as ye moſt neidis perkece,
Wyſlie obſerue ſex thingis followand heir:
Remembir quhat ye ſay, and in quhat place,
Of quhome, and to quhome, and in your mynd compace
How ye ſall ſpeik, and quhen, taking in gud heid;
For this the wyſeman counſalis yow in deid.

Finis.

XCII.

[*Suſtene, abſtene, keip weill in your Mynd.*]

SUSTENE, abſtene, keip weill in your mynd,
Beir and forbeir, haif evir in remenbrance,
For ye ſall thairby grit quyetnes fynd.
In all thy lyfe quhat ſoeuer dois chance,
It is the only thing that may the adwance,
And mak yow to be eſtemit verrely;
Amang all vdir ſalbe the moſt happy.

Beir truble and pane, beir ſklander and blame,
Beir wordis diſpleſand be thai nevir ſo four,
Forbeir in ony ways to vthir do the ſame;
Forbeir to revenge, thocht it be in your powir,
Lat neuir your angir remane with yow an hour;
Forbere your awin pleſour, beir your nychtbouris miſery;
And ye of all vdir ſalbe the moſt happy.

Gife ye be ganeſaid fforbeir for ane ſeſſone;
Forbeir to reſiſt quhen ye think to offend;
Beir vderis ignorance, forbeir your awin reſſone,
Till occaſioun be gevin thame yow to amend,
Than vttir your wiſdome as God ſall it ſend; Fol. 84. a.
Obſerue your tymes, and forbeir diſcreitly;
And ye ſall of all vthiris be the moſt happy.

Beir Chryſtis croce quhen it is laid on your bak,
That is to ſay, all maner of aduerſate,
Quhilk, quhen ye in your awin perſone dois laik,
Help vthir to beir that ourladin be;
Sa ſall this warld be warifid[1] accordinle;
And ye of all vthir ſall be moſt happy.

Forbeir raſch jugement quhill the trewth be tryid,
Forbeir all haiſtines, ſpeik wordis of cherite;
Forbeir extreme pvniſment thocht thow ſalbe ſpyid,
To much in all thingis comptit is iniquite;
Tempir your actis with ſuſtene and abſtene;
Beir and forbeir, and than ſall ye trewlie
Off all leving creaturis be moſt happie.
etc.

[1] This word may be read *wariſid*.

XCIII.

[*Quhome to ſall I complene my Wo.*]

QUHOME to ſall I complene my wo,
And kyth my kairis on or mo?
I knaw nocht, amang riche nor pure,
Quha is my freynd, quha is my fo;
For in this warld may non aſſure.

Lord how ſall I my dayis diſpone?
For lang ſeruice rewarde is none,
And ſchort my lyfe may heir indure,
And loſſit is my tyme bygone:
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

Oft falſett rydis with ane rowt,
Quhen trewth gois on his fute abowt,
And lak of ſpending dois him ſpur;
Thus quhat to do I am in dowt:
In to this warld ma none aſſure.

Nane heir bot riche men hes renoun,
And bot pure men ar pluckit doun,
And nane bot juſt men tholis iniure;
Sa wit is blindit and reſſoun:
In to this warld ma none aſſure.

Vertew the court hes done diſpyiſs;
Ane rebald to renoun dois ryiſs,
And cairlis of nobillis hes the cure,
And bumbardis brukis the benifyiſs:
Into this warld may none aſſure.

All gentrice and nobiltie
Ar paſſit out of he degre;

On fredome is laid foirfaltour;
In princis is thair no pety;
For in this warld may none aſſure.

Is non ſo armit in to plait
That can fra truble him debait; Fol. 84. b.
May no man lang in welth indure,
For wo that evir lyis at the wait:
Into this warld may none aſſure.

Flattry weiris ane furrit goun,
And falſett with the lord dois roun,
And trewth ſtandis barrit at the dure,
And exul is of the toun:
In to this warld may none aſſure.

Fra everilk mowth fair wirdis proceidis;
In every hairt diſceptioun breidis;
Fra everylk e gois luke demure,
Bot fra the handis gois few gud deidis:
Into this warld may none aſſure.

Toungis now are maid of quhyte quhaill bone,
And hairtis ar maid of hard flynt ſtone,
And ene of amiable blyth aſſure,
And handis of adamant laith to diſpone:
Into this warld may none aſſure.

Yit hairt with hand and body, all
Mon anſwer Deth, quhen he dois call
To compt befoir the iuge future:
Sen all ar deid, or than de fall,
Quha ſuld in to this warld aſſure?

No thing bot Deth this ſchortly cravis,
Quhair fortoun evir, as ſo, diſſavis

With freyndly ſmylingis of ane hure,
Quhais fals behechtis as wind hyne wavis:
Into this warld may none aſſure.

O! quha ſall weild the wrang poſſeſſioun,
Or the gold gatherit with oppreſſioun,
Quhen the angell blawis his bugill ſture,
Quhilk vnreſtorit helpis no confeſſioun?
Into this warld may nane aſſure.

Quhat help is thair in lordſchippis ſevin,
Quhen na houſs is bot hell and hevin,
Palice of licht, or pitt obſcure,
Quhair youlis ar hard with horreble ſtevin:
In to this warld may nane aſſure.

Vbi ardentes anime,
Semper dicentes Ve! Ve!
Sall cry Allace! that wemen thame bure,
O quante ſunt iſte tenebre!
In to this warld may nane aſſure.

Than quho ſall wirk for warldis wrak,
Quhen flude and fyre ſall our it frak,
And frely fruſter feild and fure,
With tempeſt kene and hiddouſs crak?
In to this warld may nane aſſure.

Lord! ſen in tyme ſa ſone to cum
De terra ſurrectourus ſum,
Reward me with non erdly cure,
Tu regni da imperium:
In to this warld may non aſſure.

Fol. 85. a.

Finis quod Dumbar.

XCIV.

Certane wyiſs Sentences drawin furth of the Buik callit "Morall Philoſafie."

Off Vertew.

VERTEW in all workis is gritly to be prayſed,
As the heid fontane and jowall moiſt precious;
By vertew ffreindſchip and luve is purchaſed;
Vertew is a garment moiſt cumly and curious;
To obtene vertew thairfoir be ſtudious;
For he that luvis vyce and dois vertew deteſt
May weill be compared to a brutell beſt.

Wiſdome.

Wiſdome is the moiſt hiche and devyne eſtait,
The rute of all nobill and lawdable thingis,
The grit gift of God moſt ſweit and dilicait,
The tre of all pleſour that in the hairt ſpringis,
Quhois deir and denty fruct the tung furth bringis,
And thay that to wiſdome thame ſelvis wald apply
Moiſt diligently hant wyiſs cumpany.

Pacienc.

Patience is a vertew baith nobill and neceſſarie,
Appertenyng to the inward and exterior govirnance;
Patience is a vincquiſar of approved iniurie,
A feure rolk of defence aganis all diſturbance;
This vertew, thairfoir, to obtene, gife diligent attendance:
Be twa thingis thow ſalt lerne it to thi comfort in diſtres,
Ane vpricht conſcience and conſtant eſtemyng of gudnes.

Liberalitie.

Liberalitie is a certane mefure
That ſpringeth of favour, freindſchip and amitie,
In geving or refeving landis or trefure, Fol. 85. b.
Eftir a manis ſubſtance or habilitie;
Bot cheifly in conforting the peur nydy;
For that is liberalitie in verry deid,
To help the peur miſerable in tyme of neid.

XCV.

Certane Sayingis of wyiſs Philoſapheris.

Muſonius.

GIFE that in vertew thow tak ony pane,
The pane departith bot the vertew remane;
Bot, gif thow haif plefur to do that is ill,
The plefour decayis, bot ill tareis ſtill.

Plato.

It is the parte of him that is wyiſs
Thingis to foirſie with diligent awyiſs;
Bot, quhen as thingis vnluckely dois frame,
It becumis the velyeunt to ſuffer the ſame.

Plato.

To fenye, to flatter, to gloſe and to lie
Requyre cullouris and wordis fair and flie;

Bot vtterance of trewth is ſo ſympill and plane,
That it needis na ſtudy to forge nor to fane.

Solon.

To ſtryk ane vthir gife that thow pretend,
Think gif he ſtryk the thow wald the defend.

Socrates.

The freindis quhome proffeit or lucre encreſs,
Quhen ſubſtance failis thair freindſchip ceſs;
Bot freindis that ar cuplid with hairt and with luve,
Nowthir feir nor fortoun nor force may rem[u]ve.

Socrates.

Almes deliuerit to the indigent
Is lyk a medecyne gevin to the impotent;
Bot to the vnnedy a man to mak his dele
Is lyk the miniſtering of plaiſters to the hele.

Plato.

That thing in a realme is wirdy renoun,
Quhilk ryſis vp richt and wrong dingis doun.

Pitagoras.

Bettir it is for a man to be mvte,
Than with the ignorant mvche to diſpute;
And bettir it is to leive ſolitary,
Than to enhant mekle cumpany.

Finis.

XCVI.

[*Be gratious Ground and Gate to Sapience.*]

BE gratious ground and gate to ſapience, Fol. 86. a.
As ſayis Sanct Dauid in his prophecye:
Off God is dredour and intelligence,
Ane verrye way to lyfe eternallie,
Quhilk all of nocht hes maid ws marvelouſlie
To his ymage and hevinlye portratour,
Geving ws reaſoun, fre will and libertie
To regne abone all carnall creatour.

All thing in erd to mannis nuriſing,
Fyre, the watter, the tre, the beſtiall,
The fiſche in flude, the foull in air fleing,
Is ordanit be the Lord celeſtiall;
Syne finallie, his gloir perpetuall,
Off quhilk the man ſall haif fruitioun,
Clerelye ſeand, be his eyne ſpirituall,
His God by fructuall contemplatioun.

Sen God maid man, and hes him gevin his grace,
Hes ordanit all to his felicitie,
Quhy ſuld that man, blunderit in wardlynes,
Miſken his God throw vaine proſperitie?
Blyndit be fortoun, fuliche felicitie,
Men trowis thair lyfe ſalbe perpetuall;
Throw wardlye gloir to God thay haif nane e,
Bound in boundage of bailfull Baliall.

Sen gratious God is ground of all guidnes,
Thow michtie, hie, excellent prince preclare!
And king of kingis, lord of all but les,
And hes the figurate to his ymage fare,

Peirles in pryce, in pulchritude preclare,
Crownit the king owir all this realme to ring,
The to obey hes ordanit les and mair;
Thow ſuld him loue abone all vthir thing.

In God thre thingis ſcripture dois declare,
Hie power, ſapience and hie bonyte,
Quhilk thing to everye king ar neceſſare;
Quho luiffis God, iuſtice and equite:
Swerd of honour power did ſignifie,
The ſceptour ſapience, crown hie on thi heid,
Abone all vthir takynnis, bonyte,
In thy realme quhair thow ſuld iuſtice leid.

The royall rob, ſo riche of purpure blew,
Schawis the ane king of iuſtice inſtrument,
Quhilk amang colouris is maiſt hevinlye hew,
In ſigne thow ſuld be godlye in entent;
The lynning quhyte preſentis the innocent,
And ſignefeis of conſcience clarite;
He that thir wantis is inſufficient,
And rycht vnworthie royall king to be.

The ſchyre of ſtait betakynnis in deid
The trune triumphall of the trinytie;
Thy riall lordis richelye cled in weid,
Off hevin miniſteris dois heir ſignifie,
Quhilkis ſuld do iuſtice reſpondent to the;
And thow to God ſall anſwer for thame all,
Becaus he is the king of hevin ſo hie, Fol. 86. b.
And in this realme thow king is terrenall.

Quhat is the caus ſic truble, ſic debait,
Sic rugrie reif ryngis in this regioun?
The lordis in youth to leir folye ar ſett,
Swa wantis vertew and eruditioun;

The pure than tholis grit oppreſſioun;
The lord for vertew takis volupte,
No difference puttis betuix reif and reaſoun;
How ſould ane blind man colouris eſtemie?

Quhat is the caus of the abhominable ſtate
Off kirkmen, and the bitter abuſioun?
The nobilles vertew hes intoxicate,
And vitious fulis puttis to promotioun;
Sum man ſervis ane blynd effectioun,
Benefices gevis quhair evir thay vacand be;
It war far beſt that ſculis war cryit doun,
And vertew rebell exilit the cuntre.

Sen vertew is the pretious propyne
And hevinlye gift of grite God eternall,
Licht of the ſaule be purveyaunce devyne,
Cheif capitane in battall ſpirituall,
Be quhilk men differris fra brute beſtiall,
Cauſs vertew rewll thi ryall regioun,
Iuſtice triumphe in pece continuall,
Or thy realme thole deſolatioun.

Walk now in tyme and but delay addreſs;
Haue ſum feir of infernall afflictioun;
Tak pairt of pane treſpaſſouris to repreſs;
Lat nocht thy realme go to perditioun;
With vertewous vyſement counſall gude reaſoun;
Cauſs profound men of ſcience and prudence;
Iuſtice put charp to executioun;
Off pure ay haifand reuthfull remembrance.

Knaw thow the ſubiect to the King of glore,
Ane ſubiect ay ſuld do commandement;
Quhilk do thow nocht, thow ſall reſpond thairfore,
Vpoun the day of ferefull iuſt iugement,

Quhair everye mannis werkis and intent
Sall cleirlie kervit be befoir his e;
For word, for werk, for deid and als conſent,
Befoir grit God thow ſall accuſit be.

Dreid God, be iuſt, beiſtlye blindnes aſſuage;
King is bot man and man is ay mortall;
Conſtant, faythfull, bening without outrage;
Brydill broukilnes; glaid of guid counſall;
Ryn nocht but reaſoun; hate wordis criminall;
Rewle thow by rycht thy regalle maieſtie,
Thy realme beis riche and iuſtice triumphale,
And eterne God ſall evir thy rewlar be.

Finis.

XCVII.

[*Be rychtuus Regent and wele exerce thy Cure.*]

BE rychtuus regent and wele exerce thy cure,
Be Chriſt committit vnto thy regiment;
Be thy defalt thow lat na vyce indure;
Be to thy folk defence ay vigilent; Fol. 87. a.
Be war for tinſale; to keip be diligent;
Be rekning rycht thow man gif compt of all;
Be vertewus and vſe this document;
Be reddye ay quhen evir the iuge will call.

Aganis Pryde.

Be nocht gevin to wardlie vane pleſance
Be pryid blyndit, thow ſall repent it ſoir;

Be verrie ſicker it is bot variance,
Begyland man and hes done euir moir;
Be humyll in hart, gif thow will grace implore;
Be nevir our hie, for dreid thow eftir fall;
Be reddye ay quhen evir the iuge will call.

Aganis Invye.

Be leill to God and to thy freind be kynde;
Be perfyte lyfe, heir is no reſting place;
Be blyith in hart, na haitrent hald in mynde;
Be clene conſcience detraction fra the chace;
Be guid exemple als lang as thow hes ſpace;
Be mirrour heir ſen thow art principall;
Be cheretabill and abill thy ſelf to grace;
Be reddye ay quhen evir the iuge will call.

Aganis Ire.

Be pacient quhen thow art movit to ire;
Be reaſoun wirk that wit ourſett thy will;
Be nocht malicious, nor crewell of deſyre;
Be no occaſioun of mannis blude to ſpill;
Be ſufferance thy purpois thow fulfill;
Be wyis counſall tak ay thy gouernall;
Be red for blame with ſchame to hald the ſtill;
Be reddye ay quhen evir the iuge will call.

Aganis Sueirnes.

Be war with deid, defer nocht to the end;
Be weill occupyit, leif no guid werk vndone;
Be nocht ſleuthfull, bot weill thi tyme expend;
Be ay devote to him that ſittis abone;

Be reddye ay to win the hevinlye throne,
Be Adam forfalt by fyn originall,
Be him offendit, amend it I rede fone;
Be reddye ay quhen evir the iuge will call.

Aganis Auarice.

Be nevir inclynit to wretchit awarice,
Be foull defyre the pepill to oppres;
Be liberall; ay abhore with everye vyce;
Be iuft to pure, thy fame fall weill increes;
Be reuthfull ay quhair thow feis grit diftres;
Be lytill proude of guidis temporall;
Be all guid deid proceid and nocht decres;
Be reddye ay quhen evir the iuge will call.

Aganis Licherye.

Be nocht inclynd to fleſchlie foull delyte,
Be fenfuall luft thi filly faule to fla;
Be temperans refrane thy appetyte;
Be chafte of lyfe, our fett thy mortall fa;
Bethink the als of dreidfull domifda,
Befoir the warld quhair fuffer fchame thay fall,
Be moment fyn to win eternall wa;
Be reddye ay quhen evir the iuge will call.

Aganis Gluttonye. Fol. 87. b.

Be mefoure ay thy daylie fude thow tak,
Be honeft dyett thy croce to modefye;
Be countenance thy cuftum vfe to mak
Be clene fude leif, exerce no gluttonye;

Be rewlit thus, heir is bot fantaſye;
Be ferme to him and conſtant as ane wall;
Be thow be deid, but pleid may magneſye
Thy faull in blis quhen evir he liſt to call.

Finis. Contra ſeptem Peccata mortalia.

XCVIII.

[*Be Gouernour baith guid and gratious.*]

BE gouernour baith guid and gratious;
Be leill and luifand to thy liegis all;
Be large of fredome and no thing deſyrous;
Be iuſt to pure for ony thing may fall;
Be ferme of faith and conſtant as ane wall;
Be reddye evir to ſtanche evill and diſcord;
Be cheretabill and ſickerlye thow ſall
Be bowſum ay to knaw thy God and Lord.

Be nocht to proud of wardlie guidis heir,
Be weill be thocht thai will remane na tyde;
Be ſicker als that thow man die but weir;
Be war thairwith the tyme will no man byde;
Be vertewus and ſett all vyce on ſyde;
Be patient, lawlie and miſericord;
Be rewlit ſo quhair evir thow go or byde;
Be bowſum ay to knaw thy God and Lord.

Be weill awyſit of quhome thow counſale tais;
Be ſever of thame that thai be leill and trew;
Be think the als quhidder thai be freindis or fais
Be to thy faull, thair ſawis or thow perſew;

Be nevir our haiſtye to wirk and ſyne to rew;
Be nocht thair freind that makis the fals record;
Be reddye evir all guid workis to renew;
Be bowſum ay to knaw thy God and Lord.

Be traiſt and conqueſe thy awin heretage,
Be ennemyes of auld now occupyit
Be ſtrenth and force; thow ſobir thai man ſwage
Be law of God, thair may no man denyid;
Be nocht as lantern in mirknes vnſpyit;
Be thow in rycht thi landis ſuld be reſtord;
Be wirſchop ſo thy name beis magneſeit;
Be bowſum ay to knaw thy God and Lord.

Be to rebellis ſtrong as lyoun eik;
Be ferce to follow thame quhair evir thai [are] found;
Be to thy liege men bayth ſoft and meik,
Be thair ſuccour and help thame haill and found;
Be knaw thy cure and caus quhy thow was cround;
Be beſye evir that iuſtice be nocht ſmord;
Be blyith in hart; thir wordis oft expound,
Be bowſum ay to knaw thy God and Lord.

Finis. *Quod* Henrye Stewart.

XCIX.

[*This hindir Nycht, neir by the Hour of Nyne.*]

THIS hindir nycht, neir by the hour of nyne,
To bed I went as is my conſuetud;
I ſanyt me and ſone I ſlepit ſyne,
And, as I thocht, ane lady be my ſtud, Fol. 88. a.

Plefand, but peir of port and pulcritud,
With criſtall corpis tranſlucent as a glaſs,
Of alkin clething nakit and denud,
Bair, vnabulyeit, as ſcho borne waſs.

Hir body bair wes bricht as beriall,
And thruch the ſamyn, as ſemit to my ſicht,
I mycht weill reſſones on the wall,
Als weill as mony lampis had bene licht.
I ſaw ſcho wes ſo wondirfull a wicht,
I aſkit of hir name for cherite;
Debonerly ſcho anſwerit me that bricht,
And ſaid, "Thay call me lady Varite,

"Quhilk fra thir bowndis lang hes beneiſt bene,
Nor heir mycht haif no reſt nor reſidence;
Quhairthrow my freindis ar confundit clene
Off the fell falſheid throw thy offence.
Thy ſelf is ane that oft in myne abſence
Hes tholit pane, becaus thow tuk my pairte;
Bot I ſall mak the rychtouſs recompence,
Quhen fals folk ſall forthink it at thair hairte."

And quhen that I perſauit in to plane
Dame Verite my preſens appeir,
I ſaluſt hir as lady ſouerane,
And hir beſocht, in maiſt hummill maneir,
This caus obſcure to mak vnto me cleir;
Quhen ſall the kyth the cuntre of Scotland,
In peax and reſt and plenty perſeueir,
With ſic ordour as vſis in vthir land?

Than ſaid this bird of beuty maiſt benigne,
"Sone, thow ſall haif ſolutioun ſufficient,
Quhen thir bairnis ar baneiſt fra your king,
Fro counſale, ſeſſioun and parliament,

Off quhome the names ſchortly ſubſequent
I ſall declair dewly with diligence,
Or I departe furth of this place preſent,
And thow thairto gife thy audience.

Firſt wilfull wrang in ane widdy mon waif,
And hid hatreit be hangeit by the heid,
And yung counſale that dois yow all diffaif,
And ſingular proffeit ſtolling of the ſteid;
Diſſimvlance that dois your lawis leid;
Flattery and falſheid that your fame hes fylit,
And ignorance be put to beg thair breid,
And all thair kin furth of the court exylit.

Than treſſone mon be tronit to ane tre,
And murthour merkit for his grit miſcheif,
And the foull feid that ye call ſymone
Mon planely be depryvit without repreif;
Quhill this be done ye ſall haif no releif,
Bot ſchamefull ſlawtir, derth and indigens; Fol. 88. b.
And tak this for thy anſwer in to breif,
Quhilk, I the pray, prefent vnto thy prence.

For all this fort with ſchame mon be exylit,
Or than demanit as I haif deuyſit,
And vthir perſonis in to thair placis ſtylit,
The quhilk, ſen Flowdoun ſeild, hes bene diſpyſit
In this cuntre and in all vthiris pryſit;
Quhois names I ſall cauſs the for to knaw,
That thow may ſleip thairwith and be awyſit,
Syne bayth the fortis to thy ſouerane ſchaw.

Firſt iuſtice, prudens, forſs and temperans,
With commounweill and auld experience,
Concord, correctioun, cunnyng and conſtans,
Lufe, lawty, ſcience and obedience,

Gud conſcience, trewth and intelligence,
Mercy, meſour, fayth, houp and cherite,
Thir in his court mon mak reſidence,
Or ye gett plenty and proſperite.

This being ſaid, this lady lumynoſs
Fra my preſens hir perſoun did depairt,
And I awaikit and ſuddanly vproiſs,
Syne tuk my pen and put all in report,
As ye haif hard; thairfoir, I yow exhort,
My ſouerane lord, vnto this taile attend,
And yow to ſerue ſeik ſuddanly this ſort,
Sen verite this counſale to yow ſend.

And lat thir falty folk that ſcho refuſit
Be flemit fra thair infilicite,
For ye with thame to lang hes bene abuſit,
And your peple put to penurite.
Schaip ſum remeid for Godis deite,
And lat no moir the weid ourga the corne;
Do ye nocht ſa, ye ſall accuſit be
Afoir the King that wore the croun of thorne.

Finis.

C.

[*Precellend Prince! havand Prerogatyue.*]

PRECELLEND prince! havand prerogatyue
As rowy royall in this regioun to ring,
I the beſeik aganis thy luſt to ſtryue,
And loufe thy God aboif all maner of thing;

And him imploir, now in thy yeiris ying,
To grant the grace thy folk to defend,
Quhilk he hes gevin the in gouerning,
In peax and honour to thy lyvis end.

And ſen tho ſtandis in ſo tendir aige,
That natur to the yit woſdome denyis,
Thairfoir ſubmit the to thy counſale ſeige,
And in all wayfs wirk as thay devyiſs: Fol. 89. a.
Bot ovir all thing keip the fra cuvatyiſs,
To princely honour gife thow wald pretend;
Be liberall, than ſall thy fame vpryiſs,
And wyn the honour to thy lyvis end.

It that thow gevis deliuer quhen thow hechtis,
And ſuffir nocht thy hand thy hecht delay,
For than thy hecht and thy deliuerance fechtis;
Far bettir war thy hecht had biddin away.
He aw me nocht that ſayis me ſchortly nay,
Bot he that hechtis and cauſſis me attend,
Syne gevis me nocht, I may him repute ay
Ane vntrew dettour to my lyvis end.

Bettir is gut in feit nor cramp in handis:
The falt of feit with horſs thow may ſupport;
Bot, quhen thyn handis ar bundin in with bandis,
Na ſurrigiane may cure thame nor confort;
Bot thow thame oppin, payntit as a port,
And frely gife ſic gudis as God the ſend;
Than may thay mend within ane ſeſſone ſchort,
And win the honour to thi lyvis end.

Gif every man eftir his faculty,
And with diſcretioun thow diſpone thy geir;
Gife nocht to fulis and cunnyng men ourſe,
Thocht fulis roun and flatter in thyne eir;

Gife nocht to thame that dois thy fawis fueir;
Gife to thame that ar trew and conftant kend,
Than our all quhair thay fall thy fame furth beir,
And win the honour to thy lyvis end.

Sen thow art heid, thy leges memberis all,
Gevin be God to thy governance,
Luke that thow rewll the rute originall,
Thatt in thy falt no member mak vtheris grevance.
For quha can nocht him felf gyd nor awance,
Quhy fuld ane provynce do on him depend,
To gyd him felf that hes na purveance,
With peax and honour to thy lyvis end?

Dreid God; do counfale; off thy leiges leill
Rewaird gud deid; puneifs all wrang and vice;
Se[1] that thy faw be ficker as thy feill;
Fleme frawd and be defender of juftyce;
Honour all tyme thy noble genetryce;
Obey the kirk; gif thow dois mifs amend;
Sa fall thow win ane place in paradyce,
And mak in erd ane honourable end.

Finis quod W. Stewart.

CI.

[*Suppoifs I war in Court moft he.*]

SUPPOISS I war in court moft he,
Trefting my ftait wer evir fure,
Trefting my felicite
Mycht wex and wrang all creature,

[1] MS. has *The.*

Treſting in my nobilite, 5 Fol. 89. b.
Treſting my will ſuld evir indure,
Syne lukis nocht to equite,
Bot thame defend that dois iniure;
Than war my wit blind and obſcure,
To haif ſa prydfull ane conſate;
Althocht I had the realme in cure,
I mycht haif truble in myne eſtate.

In witneſſing of lordis befoir,
Than quhen in court thair fortoun rang,
Thame ſelf to landis thay wald reſtoir,
Offices, takkis and caſtellis ſtrang;
Ilk man obeyand thair vane gloir,
Be ſtark manrent with thame to gang;
Treſting to ſtand for evirmoir,
Thay dreid nocht God for to do wrang;
Sum burn, ſum heid, ſum hang,
Sum to deid put with fals diſſait;
And all this yit induris nocht lang,
Bot thai wer wext in thair eſtait.

God grant your myndis to be ſet,
Ye lordis that hes the king in ſteir!
That pure and riche may iuſtice get,
And quha ar vext that ye thame heir;
Bot, and with wrang ye intromet,
Chryſt is of mycht als mekle this yeir,
As he befoir, pryd to ourſet;
For he is Lord haif ye no weir.
Thairfoir do rycht and perſeueir,
For vthir hes bene als fortunate
As ye, and ſtud with kingis als neir,
Yit tint thair landis for falſate.

Finis.

CII.

[*Quhen Doctouris prechit to win the Joy eternall.*]

QUHEN doctouris prechit to win the joy eternall
Vnto the hevin, eftir our Lordis aſſenſe,
Thay cauſit iuſtice, but bud or fauour carnall;
Thay cauſit be pvniſt fleſchly vyle offenſe;
Gaif banyfice to clerkis of conſcience;[1]
And ſa the feind had ſic invy thairon,
Gart ſkraip away of conſcience the con,
And ſa behind wes levit bot ſcience.

Than wer all clerkis for ſcience[2] promovit,
And thay that wald to ſtudy maiſt apply;
Bot yit the feind at ſcience wes commovit,
Gart ſkraip away of ſcience[3] the ſci,
And ſa levit ens be his fals ſle invy;
Quhilk ſuld be for gold or geir exponit,
Quhairby benifice ar now of dayis diſponit,
But ſcience or conſcience for to ſell and by.

O ſouerane lord and moſt excellynt king! Fol. 90. a.
Gar put the con and ſci agane till ens,
And rewll thy realme with iuſtice in thy ring;
Gife benifice to clerkis of conſciens,
Off wiſdome and honour to ſtand at thy defens;
Se in thy court that conſcience ay be clene,
For corruptioun befoir thy deyis hes bene
Aganis juſtice, with vthir grit offens.

Finis.

[1] On the margin is written *conſciens.* [2] Ib.—*ſciens.* [3] Ib.—*ens.*

CIII.

Ane New Yeir Gift to the Quene Mary, quhen ſcho come firſt Hame, 1562.

WELCUM, illuſtrat ladye and oure quene!
Welcum, oure lyone with the floure delyce!
Welcum, oure thriſſill with the Lorane grene!
Welcum, our rubent rois vpoun the ryce!
Welcum, oure jem and joyfull genetryce!
Welcum, oure beill of Albion to beir!
Welcum, oure pleſand princes maiſt of pryce!
God gif the grace aganis this guid new yeir.

This guid new yeir we hoip, with grace of God,
Salbe of peax, tranquillitie and reſt;
This yeir ſall rycht and reſſone rewle the rod,
Quhilk ſa lang ſeaſoun hes bene ſoir ſuppreſt;
This yeir ferme fayth ſall frelie be confeſt,
And all erronius queſtionis put areir;
To lauboure that this lyfe amang ws leſt,
God gife the grace aganis this guid new yeir.

Heirfore addres the dewlie to decoir
And rewle thy regne with hie magnificence;
Begin at God to gar ſett furth his gloir,
And of his goſpell gett experience;
Caus his trew kirk be had in reuerence,
So ſall thy name and fame ſpred far and neir;
Now, this thy dett to do with diligence
God gif the grace aganis this guid new yeir.

Found on the firſt four vertewus cardinall,
On wiſdome, iuſtice, force and temperans;
Applaud to prudent men, and principall
Off virtewus lyfe, thy wirſchep till avance;

Waye iuſtice, equale without diſcrepance;
Strenth thy eſtait with ſteidfaſtnes to ſteir;
To temper tyme with trew continuance
God gife the grace aganis this guid new yeir.

Caſt thy conſate, be counſale of the ſage,
And cleif to Chriſt hes kepit the in cure,
Attingent now to twentye yeir of aige,
Preſervand the fra all miſaventure.
Wald thow be ſervit, and thy cuntre ſure,
Still on the commoun weill haif e and eir;
Preis ay to be protectrix of the pure,
So God ſall gyde thy grace this gude new yeir.

Gar ſtanche all ſtryiff and ſtabill thy eſtaitis
In conſtance, concord, cherite and lufe;
Be biſſie now to baniſch all debatis
Betuix kirkmen and temporall men dois mufe; Fol. 90. b.
The pulling doun of policie reprufe,
And lat perverſit prelettis leif perqueir;
To do the beſt beſekand God above
To gife the grace aganis this guid new yeir.

Att croce gar cry, be oppin proclamatioun,
Vndir grit panis, that nothir he nor ſcho
Off halye writ haif ony diſputatioun,
Bot letterit men or lernit clerkis thairto;
For lymmer lawdis and litle laſſis lo
Will argunn bayth with biſchop, preiſt and freir;
To dantoun this thow hes aneuch to do,
God gife the grace aganis this gude new yeir.

Bot wyte the wickit paſtouris wald nocht mend
Thair vitious leving all the warld preſcryvis;
Thai tuke na tent thair traik ſould turne till end,
Thai wer ſa proud in thair prerogatyvis;

For wantonnes thay wald nocht wed na wyvis,
Nor yit leif chaſte, bot chop and change thair cheir;
Now, to reforme thair fylthy licherous lyvis,
God gife the grace aganis this guid new yeir.

Thai brocht thair baſtardis, with the ſkrufe thai ſkraip,
To blande thair blude with barrownis be ambitioun;
Thai purcheſt pithles pardonis fra the Paip,
To caus fond folis conſyde he hes fruitioun,
As God, to gif for ſynnis full remiſſioun,
And faulis to faif frome ſuffering ſorowis ſeir;
To ſett aſyde ſic fortis of ſuperſtitioun
God gife the grace aganis this gude new yeir.

Thai loſt baith benefice and pentioun that mareit,
And quha eit fleſch on Frydayis was fyrefangit;
It maid na mis quhat madinnis thai miſcareit
On faſting dayis, thai wer nocht brint nor hangit;
Licence for luchrie fra thair lord belangit
To gif indulgence as the devill did leir;
To mend that e menye hes famonye mangit
God gif the grace aganis this guide new yeir.

Thai lute thy liegis pray to ſtokkis and ſtanes
And paintit paiparis, wattis nocht quhat thai meine;
Thai bad thame bek and bynge at deid mennis banes,
Offer on kneis to kis, ſyne faif thair kin;
Pilgrimes and palmaris paſt with thame betuene
Sanct Blais, Sanct Boit, blait bodeis ein to bleir;
Now, to forbid this grit abuſe hes bene,
God gife the grace aganis this guid new yeir.

Thai tyrit God with tryfillis, tvme trentalis,
And daiſit him with daylie dargeis,
With owklie abitis to augment thair rentalis,
Mantand mort mvmlingis, mixt with monye leis:

Sic ſanctitude was Sathanis ſorcereis,
Chriſtis ſillie ſcheip and ſobir flok to ſmeir;
To ceis all ſindrye ſectis of hereſeis
God gif the grace aganis this guid new yeir.

With mes nor matynes no wayis will I mell, Fol. 91. a.
To iuge thame iuſtlie paſſis my ingyne;
Thai gyde nocht ill that governis weill thame ſell,
And lelalie on lawtie layis thair lyne;
Dowtis to diſcus for doctouris ar devyne,
Cunnyng in clergie to declair thame cleir;
To ordour this the office now is thyne,
God gife the grace aganis this gude new yeir.

As beis takkis walx and honye of the floure,
So dois the faythfull of Goddis word tak frute;
As waſpis reſſauis of the ſame bot ſoure,
So reprobatis Chriſtis buke dois rebute;
Wordis without werkis availyeis nocht a cute;
To ſeis thy ſubiectis ſo in lufe and feir,
That rycht and reaſoun in thy realme may rute,
God gife the grace aganis this gude new yeir.

The epiſtollis and evangelis now ar prechit,
But ſophiſtrie or ceremoneis vane;
Thy pepill, maiſt pairt, trewlie now ar techit
To put away idolatrie prophaine:
Bot in ſum hartis is gravit new agane
Ane image callit cuvatyce of geir;
Now, to expell that idoll ſtandis vp plane,
God gif the grace aganis this gude new yeir.

For ſum ar ſene at ſermonis ſeme ſa halye,
Singand Sanct Dauidis pſalter on thair bukis,
And ar bot bibliſtis fairſing full thair bellie,
Bakbytand nychtbouris, noyand thame in nwikis,

Ruging and raifand vp kirk rentis lyke ruikis;
As werrie waſpis aganis Goddis word makis weir;
Sic Chriſtianis to kis with Chauceris kuikis
God gife the grace aganis this gude new yeir.

Dewtie and dettis ar drevin be dowbilnes;
Auld folkis ar flemit fra yung fayth profeſſouris;
The gritteſt ay the grediar, I ges,
To plant quhair preiſtis and perſonis wer poſſeſſouris;
Teindis ar vptane be teſtament tranſgreſſouris;
Credence is paſt, off promeis thocht thai ſweir;
To puniſch papiſtis and reproche oppreſſouris
God gif the grace aganis this gude new yeir.

Pure folk ar famiſt with thir faſſionis new,
Thai faill for falt that had befoir at fouth;
Leill labouraris lamentis, and tennentis trew,
That thai ar hurt and hareit north and fouth;
The heidiſmen hes cor mundum in thair mouth,
Bot nevir with mynd to gif the man his meir;
To quenche thir quent calamiteis ſo cowth
God gife the grace aganis this gude new yeir.

Proteſtandis takis the freiris auld antetewme,
Reddie reſſauaris, bot to rander nocht;
So lairdis vpliftis mennis leifing ouir thy rewme,
And ar rycht crabit quhen thai crave thame ocht;
Be thai vnpayit, thy purſevandis ar focht
To pund pure communis corne and cattell keir;
To wiſy all thir wrangus workis ar wrocht
God gife the grace aganis this gude new yeir.

Paull biddis nocht deill with thingis idolatheit,
Nor quhair hypocraſie hes bene committit;
Bot kirk mennis curſit ſubſtance ſemis ſweit
Till laud men, with that leud burd lyme ar byttit[1];

[1] Lord Hailes and Dr. David Laing read *kyttit.*

Giff thow perſave ſum ſenyeour it hes ſmittit,
Soliſt thame ſoftlie nocht to perſeveir;
Hurt nocht thair honour, thocht thy hienes wittit,
Bot gratiouſlie forgife thame this gude yeir.

Foirgifanis grant with glaidnes and gude will
Gratis till all into your parliament;
Syne ſtabill ſtatutis, ſteidſaſt to ſtand ſtill,
That barrone, clerk and burges be content:
Thy nobillis, erlis and lordis conſequent,
Treit tendir, to obtene thair hartis inteir,
That thai may ſerve and be obedient
Vnto thy grace aganis this gude new yeir.

Sen ſo thow ſittis in ſaitt ſuperlatywe,
Caus everye ſtait to thair vocatioun go,
Scolaſtik men the ſcriptouris to deſcrywe,
And maieſtratis to vſe the ſwerd alſo,
Merchandis to trafique and travell to and fro,
Mechanikis wirk, huſbandis to ſaw and ſcheir;
So ſalbe welth and weilfaire without wo,
Be grace of God, aganis this guid new yeir.

Latt all thy realme be now in reddines
With coiſtlie clething to decoir thy cors;
Yung gentilmen for danſing thame addres,
With courtlie ladyes cuplit in conſors;
Frak ferce gallandis for feild gemmis enfors,
Enarmit knychtis at liſtis with ſcheild and ſpeir
To fecht in barrowis bayth on fute and hors,
Agane thy grace gett ane guid man this yeir.

This yeir ſalbe imbaſſattis heir belyffe,
For mariage, frome princes, dukis and kingis;
This yeir, within thy regioun, ſall aryſe
Rowtis of the rankeſt that in Europ ringis;

This yeir bayth blythnes and abundance bringis,
Naveis of ſchippis outthrocht the ſea to ſneir
With riches, raymentis and all royall thingis,
Agane thy grace get ane gude man this yeir.

Giffe ſawis be ſuth to ſchaw thy celſitude,
Quhat berne ſould bruke all Bretane be the ſee?
The prophecie expreſſlie dois conclude
The Frenſch wyfe of the Brucis blude ſuld be;
Thow art be lyne fra him the nynte degree,
And wes king Frances pairty maik and peir;
So, be diſcence, the ſame ſowld ſpring of the,
By grace of God, agane this gude new yeir.

Schortlie to concluid, on Chriſt caſt thy confort,
And chereis thame that thow hes vnder charge;
Suppone maiſt ſure he ſall the ſend ſupport, Fol. 92. a.
And len the luſtie liberos at large;
Beleif that Lord may harbary ſo thy bairge
To mak braid Britane blyth as bird on breir,
And the extoll, with his triumphand targe,
Wiƈtoriuſlie agane this guid new yeir.

L'envoy.

Prudent, maiſt gent, tak tent, and prent the wordis
Intill this bill; with will, thame ſtill to face,
Quhilkis ar nocht ſkar to bar on far fra bawrdis,
Bot leale, but feale, may haell, avaell thy grace;
Sen lo! thow ſcho this to now do hes place,
Reſaif, ſwaif and haif, ingraif it heir;
This now, for prow; that yow, ſweit dow, may brace
Lang ſpace with grace, ſolace and peace, this yeir.

Lectori.

Freſch, fulgent, fluriſt, fragrant flour formois,
Lantern to luſe of ladeis lamp and lot,
Cherie maiſt chaiſt, cheif charbucle and chois,
Smaill ſweit ſmaragde, ſmelling bot ſmit of ſmot,
Nobleſt natour, nurice to nurtour not,
This dull indyte, dulce, dowble, daſy deir;
Send be thy ſempill ſervand Sanderris Scott,[1]
Greting grit God to grant thy grace gude yeir.

Finis.

CIV.

[*The richt Fontane of hailfull Sapience.*]

THE richt fontane of hailfull ſapience
Wyſe Salamone in his prowerbis previs;
Ane potent prince of ſuperne excellence,
Off iuſtice homege is quhair euir he beis;
In the quhilk homoge ilk man hes maner ſeis,
Conformyng thame vnto his gyding all;
Is ſaid in ſtoreis of antiquiteis
The heid the membiris followis grit and ſmall.

Be he of vertew and eruditioun,
Full of prudens and magnanimitie,
Inclynit haill to iuſtice and reſſoun,
Ilk man will preiſs quha can moſt vertewis be;

[1] On the margin, in another hand, *Alexr. Scot.*

Be he effeminat, gevin to volupte,
Quhilk is a peſtilens rycht contagious
In to a prince of grit nobilite,
His ſubiectis all beis wyle and vicius.

Sen ſa it is, rycht potent prince preclair,
Of this haill realme the weilfair is in the;
Thow art ſo neidfull and ſo neceſſair
That it out the can nocht rewlit be;
Arme the with vertew, proudens and reſſone all thre,
Defend thy realme, be reddy at all houris
To ryd, to rin, that wickit men puneiſt be,
As befoir did thi noble progenitouris.

Luve thy God attour all erdly thing, 25 Fol. 92. b.
Quhilk hes the maid a pleſand creature;
Abuf all vthiris hes ordanit the to ring
In to this realme, as king of grit honour;
Nothing defalkis thow ſuld haif be natour;
Pleiſs thow him nocht, quhilk putis the in ſait ſo he
As equall iuge both to rich and pure,
Befoir grit God thow ſall accuſid be.

All morall vertew ar neidfull in to a king;
Fortitud but prudens is verry tirrany;
Prudens but iuſtice is reput for no thing;
Juſtice but temperance is bot crudelite;
Temperans is nocht bot liberalite.
Amang all vertew iuſtice is lawreat,
And prince of iuſtice the verry image ſuld be,
The quhilk but vertew is blind and obſecat.

Ane ryell prince, that all hes vndir cure,
Firſt ſuld conſiddir quhay iuſt is and prudent;
Quha of ingyne, quha can him do pleſure;
Quhay of knawlege, and quhay is ignorant;

Quhay ſcharp in word and in deid negligent;
Quha mair to geir nor till his honour hes e;
Quha can ſpeik fair and hes a fals intent;
Quha fenyeit flechouris of iniquite.

Quhen thow ingyne, maner and conditioun
Off euery man hes tane experiance,
Than of law the adminiſtratioun
To prudent men committ in gouernance,
Quhilkis ar kend and knawin of conſcience,
And with budis will nocht corruptit be;
For Plato ſayis, ane perrelus peſtilens
Ane ſowkand iuge, off vthir menis geir grede.

Thow ſeis ane ſuerd in ane wod mans hand,
Quhilk for the tyme wantis vſage and reſſoun,
Nowdir gud nor evill ſpairis but demand,
Juſt and iniuſt putis to conſuſioun;
So is ane iuge withowt intellectioun,
Quhilk in his hand beiris the ſuerd of iuſtice,
Quhen he ſuld ſtrek hes no cognitioun,
Bot as ane blind man wauerand on the yſe.

Nobillis of vertew and eruditioun
Ane ryell prince ſuld ay maiſt magnife,
Nocht be affectuall cognitioun
Owdir be blud or conſanguinite,
Bot quhome he knawis of wiſdome and bonte;
For ane noble of blud that hes no vertoufnes,
Drownand in vice and perniciofite,
Is evin bot as a ſchaddow in a glaſs.

Thy paſtyme ſuld oft be in commonyng
With profound clerkis of ſcience and prudens;
For cunnyng termes afferis in a king,
Quhilk ſuld be polyt and of eloquence. Fol. 93. a.

In hering wyſmen men gettis ſapience,
Without the quhilk is no ſtabilite,
Thairfoir in tyme thow get intelligence,
Or ellis thy wiſdome ſall in ſeiking be.

Eftir thi meit, of inſtrumentis muſicall
Thow ſuld be fed with pleſand armony,
Quhilk is exercitioun moſt regall;
Lichtis the mynd pleſand to heir and ſe
Attour all thing in muſik cunnand be;
Quhilk ornat Homeir, decoir of diſcepling,
Ane kendill of curage, off rankour inneme,
Muſik callit wirthy for ony king.

Dreid God; be iuſt and ferme in cherite;
Vile luſt refrene; conſtant but variance;
Faythfull but fictioun; full of benignite;
Plane in thy wordis; vſe no diſſimulance;
Patient; prudent; vſe all magnificence;
Gyd thow with counſale thy ryall maieſte;
Off warldly gudis ſall thow haif haboundance,
And gratius God ſall ay thy gyder be.

Finis quod Mr. Alexr. Kid.

CV.

[*Jeſu Chryſt that deit on Tre!*]

JESU Chryſt that deit on tre!
Send ws thy grace doun frome the hevin;
As thow was borne of a virgin fre,
Keip ws fra deidly ſynnis ſevin.

We ar ay wauerand od and evin;
Suddanly ſlane with ſpeir and ſcheild,
We haif no man the law to nevin;
Allace! our king is nocht of eild.

Lord God eternall and fader moſt deir!
That maid this warld and ws of nocht,
Ye heir the prayer of the pure,
That ſittis and ſichis with ſorrow ſocht.
The leill men, that for thair levingis wrocht,
Ar ranſonit rudly euery deill,
Tane and preſonit, ſlane and brocht,
For faik our king is nocht of eild.

We haif no man to plenye to bot yow,
For it wes thow that coft ws deir;
Thay leif ws nowdir cow nor yow,
Stirk nor ſtaig, horſs nor meir.
The lordis will nocht our complaint heir;
Our barnis lyis nakit on the feild;
The commonis makis ane hiddous beir,
Becaus our king is nocht of eild.

I call that counſall nocht worth a prene,
That to thair kinryk makis no correctioun;
Thocht we ws help, it is no wene,
Thay will nocht ſit to heir our actioun;
Saifgaird nor thair grit protectioun
To ws is nowdir help nor beild;
Trew men can gett no ſatisfactioun,
Becaus our king is nocht of eild.

Thocht we haif regentis in this realme, Fol. 93. b.
Ane or ma and ſindre diuers,
We wait nocht quhome to we ſall complene,
Quhen thevis and reveris ws diſpryſis.

The leill men all in ſic perrell lyis,
That thay ar loſit and cheſit our feild,
Gart thig thair meit bayth barnis and wyffis,
For faik our king is nocht of eild.

This kinryk wantis bot a man,
That held ws ay in reſt and peſe;
That wareit feild we may fair ban,
Quhair did our wirthy prince deceſe.
The lordis all ar full of cuvatyſe,
That cauſſis ws for to be keild,
Thocht thay anuch of riches heſs,
Allace! our king is nocht of eild.

The chancellar and the chalmirlane,
The regent and the protectouris,
The mekle deill be of thame ſane,
That giffis ſic licens to delatouris,
To theif and revir to be victouris,
With in this realme for to ring in beild,
And leill men to be ſeſit as tratouris,
Becaus our king is nocht of eild.

I byd to mak no langar proceſs;
Bot herkin to the indirend:
Quha coppeis this with ſindre vociſs
And makis this wret for to be kend,
Quha takis budis thame to defend
And cauſſis falſheid to be heild,
Thay ſall murne quhen thay ma nocht mend,
Quhen evir God ſendis our king to eild.

Finis.

CVI.

[*Now is our King in tendir Aige.*]

NOW is our king in tendir aige;
Chryſt conſerf him in his eild
To do iuſtice, bath to man and pege,
That garris our land ly lang onteild,
Thocht we do dowble pay thair wege.
Pur commonis preſently now ar peild;
Thay ryd about in ſic a rege,
Be firth, forreſt and feild,
With bow, buklar and brand.
Lo! quhair thay ryd in till our ry,
The diuill mot fane yone company,
I pray fro may hairt trewly:
Thus ſaid Jok vpalland.

He that wes wont to beir the barrowis,
Betuix the baikhouſs and the brewhouſs,
On twenty ſchilling now he tarrowis,
To ryd the he gait by the plewis;
Bot wer I king, bvnd haif gud fallowis,
In Norroway thay ſuld heir of newis;
I ſuld him tak and all his marrowis
And hing thame heich vpoun yone hewis,
And tharto plichtis my hand;
Thir lordis and barronis grit
Vpoun ane gallowis ſuld I knit,
That thus doun treddit hes our quhit:
This ſaid Johnne vponland.

Wald the lordis the lawis that leidis
To huſbandis do gud reſſone and ſkill,
To chaſtanis thir chiftanis be the heidis

Fol. 94. a.

And hing thame heich vpoun ane hill;
Than micht huſbandis lawbor thair ſteidis,
And preiſtis mycht pattir and pray thair fill;
For huſbandis ſuld nocht haif ſic pleidis;
Bayth ſcheip and nolt mycht ly full ſtill,
And ſtakis ſtill mycht ſtand;
For ſen thay red amang our durris,
With ſplent on ſpald and rouſty ſpurris,
Thair grew no fruct in till our furris:
Thus ſaid Johnne vp on land.

Tak a pure man a ſcheip or two,
For hungir or for falt of fude,
To fyve or ſex bairnis or mo,
Thay will him hing with raipis rud;
Bot and he tak a flok or two,
A bow of ky, and lat thame blud,
Full ſalfly may he ryd or go.
I wait nocht gif thir lawis be gud,
I ſchrew thame firſt thame fand.
Jeſu! for thy holy paſſioun,
Thow grant him grace that weiris the croun
To ding thir mony kingis doun:
Thus ſaid Johnne vponland.

Finis.

CVII.

[*Rolling in my Remembrance.*]

ROLLING in my remembrance
Of court the daylie variance,

Me think he ſuld be callit wiſe
That firſt maid this allegence:
Bettir hap to court nor gud ſeruiſs.

For ſum man to the court pretendis,
And that his freindis wan he ſpendis,
Howping in honour to vpriſs,
Syne wrechitly but guerdoun wendis:
Bettir hap to court nor gud ſeruiſs.

And ſum dois to the court repair,
With empty purſs and clethis full bair;
Yit he in riches multepliſs,
That he levis thowſandis to his air:
Bettir hap to court nor gud ſeruiſs.

Sum ſeruis weill and haldis him ſtill, Fol. 94. b.
Putting all in his maiſteris will;
Bot ſic vnſeruit ar oft ſyiſs,
Quhen grokaris gettis that thay ſerue ill,
Throw hap, and ſor no gud ſeruiſs.

Sum takis reward at thair awin handis
Off king and quenis proper landis;
Bot faſt for thame the gallouſs cryiſs,
That our lang ſoliter it ſtandis,
But thame that dois ſic ſeruiſs.

Sum gettis giftis and guerdoun greit,
That nevir did for gud ſeruice ſueit;
Sum gettis buddis; ſum beniſyiſs;
And ſum dois ſoly conterfeit,
And wynnis mare nor gud ſeruiſs.

Sum gettis at Yule; ſum gettis at Peſs;
Sum tynis ſyiſs and wynnis bot eſs;

Sum to the diuill givis the dyiſs,
That he can nevir win na grace,
Nowdir throw hap nor gud ſeruiſs.

Rewaird in court is delt ſo evin,
Sum gettis that micht ſuffeiſs ſevin;
And vthir ſum in langour lyiſs,
Makand ane murmour to the hevin,
That thay get nocht for gud ſeruyiſs.

The nycht the court ſum gydis clene,
Thairin the morne dar nocht be ſene,
Mair than the deuill in paradyiſs;
Nor ſpeik ane word with king nor quene,
Thocht he maid nevir ſo gud ſeruyiſs.

Chryſt! bring our king to perfyt ege,
With wit, fra yowthis fellon rege,
To help thame that in him affyiſs,
And pay ilk man thair conding wege,
According to thair gud ſeruyiſs.

Finis.

CVIII.

[*Schir, yit remembir as of befoir.*]

SCHIR, yit remembir as of befoir,
How that my yowth I done forloir
In your ſeruice, with pane and greif;
Gud conſciens cryis reward thairfoir;
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

Your clerkis ar feruit all about,
And I do lyk ane reid halk fchout,
To cum to lure that hes no leif,
Quhair my plummyis begynis to brek out:
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

Forſett is ay the falconis kynd, Fol. 95. a.
Bot euir the mittane is hard in mynd,
Of quhome the gled dois preƈtikis preif;
The gentill goiſhalk gois[1] vnkynd:
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

The pyet with hir pretty cot
Fenyeis to ſing the nychtingalis not;
Bot ſcho can nevir the corchat cleif,
For harſknes of hir carlich throt:
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

Ay fareſt faderis hes farreſt fowlis;
Suppois thay haif no fang bot youlis,
In ſiluer caigis thai ſit at cheif;
Kynd natyve neſt dois clek bot owlis:
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

O gentill egill! how may this be?
That of all fowlis dois heeſt fle,
Your legis quhy will ye nocht releif,
And chereiſs eftir thair degre?
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

Quhen feruit is all vdir man,
Gentill and ſemple of euery clan,
Kyne of Rauf Colyard and Johnne the Reif,
Na thing I get na conqueſt chan:
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

[1] The firſt two letters of *gois* ſeem as if intended to be deleted.

Thocht I in court be maid refuſs,
And haif few vertewis for to ruſs,
Yit am I cumin of Adame and Eif,
And fane wald leif as vderis doiſs:
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

Or I ſuld leif in ſic miſchance,
Gife it to God war no grevance,
To be a pykthank I wald preif,
For thay in warld wantis no pleſans:
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

In ſum parte on my ſelf I plenye,
Quhen vdir folkis dois flattir and fenye;
Allace! I can bot ballattis breif,
Sic bairneheid biddis my brydill renye:
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

I grant my ſeruice is bot licht;
Thairfoir of mercy, and nocht of richt,
I aſk yow, ſchir, no man to greif,
Sum medecyne gife that ye micht:
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

May nane remeid my melady
Sa weill as ye, ſchir, veraly;
For with a benifice ye may preif,
And gif I mend nocht heſtely:
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

I wes in yowth on nureiſs kne,
Dandely, biſchop, dandely, Fol. 95. b.
And quhen that ege now dois me greif,
Ane ſemple vicar I can nocht be:
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

Jok, that wes wont to keip the ſtirkis,
Can now draw him ane cleik of kirkis,
With ane fals cairt in to his fleif,
Worth all my ballattis vndir the birkis:
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

Twa curis or thre hes vpolandis Michell,
With diſpenſationis bund in a knitchell,
Thocht he fra nolt had new tane leif;
He playis with totum and I with nichell:
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

How ſuld I leif that is nocht landit,
Nor yit with benifice am I blandit?
I ſay nocht, ſchir, yow to repreif;
Bot doutles I ga rycht neir hand it:
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

As faule is heir in purgatory,
Leving in pane and houp of glory,
Seand my ſelf I haif beleif
In houp, ſchir, of your adiutory:
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif.

Finis quod Dumbar.

CIX.

[*Firſt Lerges the King my Cheife.*]

Lerges, lerges, lerges, ay;
Lerges of this New Yeirday.

FIRST lerges the king my cheife,
Quhilk come als quiet as a theif,

And in my hand fled fchillingis tway,
To put his lergnes to preif,
For lerges of this New Yeirday.

Syne lerges of my lord chancellar,
Quhen I to him ane ballat bare,
He fonyeit nocht nor faid me nay,
Bot gaif me, quhill I wad had mair,
For lergenes of this New Yeirday.

Off Galloway the bifchop new
Furth of my hand ane ballat drew,
And me deliuerit with delay
Ane fair haiknay but hyd or hew,
For lerges of this New Yeirday.

Off [Haly] croce the abbot ying,
I did to him ane ballat bring;
Bot or I paft far him fray,
I gat na les, nor deill a thing,
For lerges of this New Yeirday.

The fecretar, bayth war and wyfe, Fol. 96. a.
Hecht me ane kaft of his offyfe;
And for to reid my bill alfway,
He faid for him that micht fuffyfe
For lerges of this New Yeirday.

The thefaur [ar] and compttrollar,
Thay bad me cum, I wait nocht quhair,
And thay fuld gar, I wait nocht quhay,
Gif me I wat nocht quhat, full fair,
For lerges of this New Yeirday.

Now lerges of my lordis all,
Bayth temporall ftait and fpirituall,

My ſelf ſall euir ſing and ſay
I haif thame found ſo liberall
O lerges of this New Yeirday!

Fowll fall this froſt that is ſo fell,
It hes the wyt, the trewth to tell,
Baith handis and purſs it bindis ſway,
Thay may gife ne thing by thame ſell
For lerges of this New Yeirday.

Now lerges of my lord Bothwell,
The quhilk in fredome dois excell;
He gaif to me ane curſour gray,
Worth all this ſort that I with mell,
For lerges of this New Yeirday.

Grit God releif Margaret our quene,
For, and ſcho war as ſcho hes bene,
Scho wald be lerger of lufray
Than all the laif that I of mene,
For lerges of this New Yeirday.

Quod Stewart.

CX.

[*Schir, ſen of Men ar diuerſs Sortis.*]

SCHIR, ſen of men ar diuerſs ſortis,
And diuerſs paſtymes and diſportis
According ar for ilk degre;
All thy trew lieges the exortis
To knaw thy ryall maieſtie.

And mark in thy memoriall
Thy predeceſſouris parentall,
Quhais fructouſs fatis and deidis he
Makis thair fame perpetuall,
Throw potent, princely maieſtie.

Sen throw the erd, in lenth and breid,
Thow art the moſt illuſtir leid,
And moſt preclair of progenie;
Think thairvpoun, and cauſs thy deid
Appreif thy princely maieſtie.

And play nocht bot at honeſt playis,
As princis vſit afoir thy dayis,
Halking, hunting and archery,
Juſting, and cheiſs, that none gane ſayis
Vnto thi princely maieſtie,

To play with dyce nor cairtis accordis Fol. 96. b.
To the, bot with thy noble lordis,
Or with the quene thy moder ſre;
To play with pure men diſaccordis
And maris thy ryall maieſtie.

Bot gif thow think, quhen tho[w] begynnis,
To gif agane all that thow wynnis
To thame abowt that ſerwis the,
To hald ſic wynning ſchame and ſyn is,
And far fra princely maieſtie.

Ane prudent prince eik ſuld be war,
And for no play the tyme diffar,
Quhen he ſuld Godis ſerwice ſe;
And, gif he dois, weill ſay I dar,
He hurtis his ryall maieſtie.

To princis eik it is ane vice
Till vſe playing for cuvatyce;
To ryd or rin our rekleſlie,
Or flyd with ladis vpoun the yce,
Accordis nocht for thair maieſtie.

Think that thair is ane King of kingis,
Our heving, erd and hell that ringis;
Quhilk, with the twynkling of ane e,
Ma do and vndo all kyn thingis;
So mervellus is his maieſtie.

Se thow pray to that famyne King,
Going to bed and vpryſing,
Thy gyd and gouernour ay to be;
Quha grant the grace to ryſs and ring,
With micht to ryall maieſtie.

Finis quod Stewart to the Kingis Grace.

HEIR ENDIS THE SECOND PARTE OF THIS BUKE. Fol. 97. a.

HEIR BEGYNNYS THE THRID PAIRT OF THIS BUIK, CONTENAND BALLETTIS MIRRY, AND VTHER SOLATIUS CONSAITTIS, SET FURTH BE DIUERS ANCIENT POYETTIS. 1568.[1]

CXI.

Hermes the Philoſopher. Fol. 97. b.

Be mirry and glaid, honeſt and vertewous,
For that ſuffiſis to anger the invyous.

BE mirry, man! and tak nocht far in mynd Fol. 98. a.
The wawering of this wrechit warld of ſorrow;
To God be hvmill, and to thy freynd be kynd,
And with thy nychtbouris glaidly len and borrow;
His chance to nycht it may be thyne to morrow.
Be blyth in hairt for ony aventure,
For oft with wyſmen it hes bene ſaid, a ſorrow
Without glaidnes awailis no treſſour.

Mak the gud cheir of it that God the ſendis,
For warldis wrak but weilfair nocht awailis;
Na gude is thyne faif only bot thow ſpendis
Remenant all thow brukis bot with bailis;

[1] On the page containing this title a Scotiſh paraphraſe of George Wither's well-known ſong, *Shall I waſting in diſpair?* has been written by a later hand—three ſtanzas above, and two below the title. It will be found in the Appendix.

Seik to ſolace quhen ſadnes the affailis,
In dolour lang thy lyfe ma nocht indure;
Quhairfoir of confort ſet vp all thy failis:
Without glaidnes availis no treſour.

Follow on petie, fle truble and debait;
With famows folkis hald thy cumpany;
Be charitabill and humyll in thyne eſtait,
For warldly honour leſtis bot a cry;
For truble in erd tak no mallancoly;
Be riche in patience, gif thow in gudis be pure;
Quho levis mirry, he levis michtely:
Without glaidnes availis no treſour.

Thow ſeis thir wrechis ſett with ſorrow and cair,
To gaddir gudis in all thair lyvis ſpace,
And quhen thair baggis ar full thair ſelfis ar bair,
And of thair richeſs bot the keping heſs;
Quhill vthiris cum to ſpend it that hes grace,
Quhilk of thy wynning no labour had nor cure;
Tak thow example and ſpend with mirrineſs:
Without glaidnes availis no treſour.

Thocht all the werk that evir had levand wicht
Wer only thyne no moir thy pairt dois fall,
Bot meit, drynk, clais, and of the laif a ſicht,
Yit to the iuge thow ſall gif compt of all;
Ane raknyng rycht cumis of ane ragment ſmall;
Be juſt and joyws and do to non ingure,
And trewth ſall mak the ſtrang as ony wall: Fol. 98. b.
Without glaidneſs availis no treſure.

Quod Dumbar.

CXII.

[*Full oft I mvſs and hes in Thocht.*]

FULL oft I mvſs and hes in thocht
How this fals warld is ay on flocht,
Quhair no thing ferme is nor degeſt;
And quhen I haif my mynd all focht,
For to be blyth me think it beſt.

This warld evir dois flicht and wary,
Fortoun ſa faſt hir quheill dois cary;
Na tyme bot turne can tak reſt;
For quhois fals change ſuld none be fary;
For to blyth me think it beſt.

Wald men conſiddir in mynd richt weill,
Or fortoun on him turn hir quheill,
That erdly honour may nocht leſt,
His fall leſs paneſull he ſuld feill;
For to be blyth me think it beſt.

Quha with this warld dois warſill and ſtryfe,
And dois his dayis in dolour dryfe,
Thocht he in lordſchip be poſſeſt,
He levis bot ane wrechit lyfe;
For to be blyth me think it beſt.

Off warldis gud and grit richeſs,
Quhat fruct hes man but mirineſs?
Thocht he this warld had eiſt and weſt,
All wer pouertie but glaidneſs;
For to be blyth me think it beſt.

Quho ſuld for tynſall drowp or de
For thyng that is bot vanitie,

Sen to the lyfe that evir dois left
Heir is bot twynklyng of ane ee;
For to be blyth me think it beſt.

Had I for warldis vnkyndneſs
In hairt tane ony havineſs,
Or fro my pleſans bene oppreſt,
I had bene deid langſyne dowtleſs;
For to be blyth me think it beſt.

How evir this warld do change and vary,
Lat ws in hairt nevir moir be fary,
Bot evir be reddy and addreſt
To paſs out of this frawfull fary;
For to be blyth me think it beſt.

Etc. *Quod* Dunbar.

CXIII.

[*Was nevir in Scotland hard nor ſene.*]

WAS nevir in Scotland hard nor ſene Fol. 99. a.
Sic danſing nor deray,
Nowthir at Falkland on the grene,
Nor Peblis at the play,
As wes of wowaris, as I wene,
At Chryſt kirk on ane day:
Thair come our kitteis weſchin clene,
In thair new kirtillis of gray, full gay,
At Chryſtis kirk of the grene.

To dans thir damyſellis thame dicht,
Thir laſſis licht of laitis,

Thair gluvis wes of the raffell rycht,
Thair ſchone wes of the ſtraitis,
Thair kirtillis wer of lynkome licht,
Weill preſt with mony plaitis:
Thay wer ſo nyſs quhen men thame nicht,
Thay ſqueilit lyk ony gaitis, ſo lowd,
At Chryſtis kirk of the grene that day.

Off all thir madynis myld as meid
Wes nane ſo gympt as Gillie,
As ony roſs hir rude wes reid,
Hir lyre wes lyk the lillie:
Fow yellow yellow wes hir heid,
Bot ſcho of lufe wes ſillie;
Thocht all hir kin had ſworn hir deid,
Scho wald haif bot ſweit Willie, allone,
At Chryſtis kirk of the grene.

Scho ſkornit Jok and ſkraipit at him,
And mvrionit him with mokkis;
He wald haif luvit, ſcho wald nocht lat him,
For all his yalow loikkis:
He chereiſt hir, ſcho bad ga chat him,
Scho compt him nocht twa clokkis;
So ſchamefully his ſchort goun ſet him,
His lymmis wes lyk twa rokkis, ſcho ſaid,
At Chryſtis kirk of the grene.

Thome Lular wes thair menſtrall meit,
O Lord! as he cowd lanſs;
He playit ſo ſchill and ſang ſo ſweit,
Quhill Towſy tuke a tranſs:
Auld Lychtfute thair he did forleit,
And counterfutit Franſs;
He vſe him ſelf as man diſcreit,

And vp tuk moreiſs danſs, full lowd,
At Chryſtis kirk of the grene.

Than Stevin come ſtoppand in with ſtendis, Fol. 99. b.
No rynk mycht him arreiſt;
Platfute he bobbit vp with bendis,
For Mald he maid requeiſt:
He lap quhill he lay on his lendis,
Bot ryſand he wes preiſt,
Quhill that he oiſtit at bath the endis,
For honour of the feiſt, that day,
At Chryſtis kirk of the grene.

Syne Robene Roy begowth to revell,
And Dwny till him druggit;
"Lat be," quo Jok, and cawd him javell,
And be the taill him tuggit:
The kenſy cleikit to the cavell,
Bot Lord! than gif thay luggit,
Thay pairtit hir manly with a nevell,
God wait gif hair wes ruggit, betuix thame,
At Chryſtis kirk of the grene.

Ane bent a bow ſic ſturt cowd ſteir him,
Grit ſkayth weſd to haif ſkard him,
He cheſit a flane as did affeir him,
The toder ſaid "Dirdum dardum:"
Throwch baith the cheikis he thocht to cheir him,
Or throw the erſs haif chard him,
Bot be ane akerbraid it come nocht neir him,
I can nocht tell quhat mard him, thair,
At Chryſtis kirk of the grene.

With that a freynd of his cryd Fy!
And vp ane arrow drew;

He forgit it ſo fowriouſly,
The bow in flenderis flew;
Sa wes the will of God, trow I,
For had the tre bene trew,
Men ſaid that kend his archery,
That he had ſlane anew, that day,
At Chryſtis kirk on the grene.

Ane haiſty henſure callit Hary,
Quha wes ane archer heynd,
Tilt vp a taikle withowttin tary,
That torment ſo him teynd;
I wait nocht quhiddir his hand cowd wary,
Or the man wes his freynd,
For he eſchaipit throw michtis of Mary,
As man that no ill meynd, bot gud,
At Chryſtis kirk of the grene.

Than Lowry as ane lyon lap,
And ſone a ſlane cowd fedder;
He hecht to perſs him at the pap, Fol. 100. a.
Thair on to wed a weddir;
He hit him on the wame a wap,
It buſt lyk ony bledder,
Bot ſwa his fortoun wes and hap,
His dowblet wes maid of ledder, and ſaift him,
At Chryſtis kirk of the grene.

A yaip yung man, that ſtude him neiſt,
Lowſd of a ſchot with yre,
He ettlit the bern in at the breiſt,
The bolt flew our the byre:
Ane cryit Fy! he had ſlane a preiſt,
A myll beyond ane myre,
Than bow and bag fra him he keiſt,

And fled als ferſs as fyre, of flynt,
At Chryſtis kirk of the grene.

With forkis and flailis thay lait grit flappis,
And flang togiddir lyk friggis;
With bowgaris of barnis thay beſt blew kappis,
Quhill thay of bernis maid briggis:
The reird raiſs rudly with the rappis,
Quhen rungis wes layd on riggis,
Thy wyffis come furth with cryis and clappis,
"Lo! quhair my lyking liggis?" quo thay,
At Chryſt kirk of the grene.

Thay girnit and lait gird with granis,
Ilk goſſep vder grevit;
Sum ſtraik with ſtingis, ſum gaderit ſtanis,
Sum fled and evill miſchevit:
The menſtrall wan within twa wanis,
That day full weill he previt,
For he come hame with vnbirſd banis,
Quhair fechtaris wer miſchevit, for evir,
At Chryſtis kirk of the grene.

Heich Hucheoun, with a hiſſill ryſs,
To red can throw thame rummill;
He mudlet thame doun lyk ony myſs,
He wes no barty bummill:
Thocht he wes wicht he wes nocht wyſs,
With ſic jangleris to jummill,
For fra his thowme thay dang a ſklyſs,
Quhill he cryd "Barla fummyll! I am ſlane,"
At Chryſtis kirk of the grene.

Quhen that he ſaw his blude ſo reid,
To fle micht no man lat him;

He wend it bene for auld done feid, Fol. 100. b.
The far farar it fet him.
He gart his feit defend his heid,
He thocht ane cryd haif at him,
Quhill he weſt paſt out of all pleid,
He ſuld bene ſwift that gat him, throw ſpeid,
At Chryſt kirk of the grene.

The toun ſowtar in greif wes bowdin,
His wyfe hang in his waiſt;
His body wes with blud all browdin,
He granit lyk ony gaiſt.
Hir glitterand hair that wes full goldin,
So hard in lufe him left,
That for hir faik he wes nocht yoldin,
Sevin myll quhill he wes cheſt, and mair,
At Chriſtis kirk of the grene.

The millar wes of manly mak,
To meit him wes na mowis,
Thair durſt nocht ten cum him to tak,
So nowit he thair nowis.
The buſchment haill about him brak,
And bikkerit him with bowis,
Syne tratourly behind his bak,
Thay hewit him on the howifs, behind,
At Chriſtis kirk of the grene.

Twa that wes heidmen of the heird,
Ran vpoun vtheris lyk rammis,
Than followit feymen rycht on affeird,
Bet on with barrow trammis;
Bot quhair thair gobbis wes vngeird,
Thay gat vpoun the gammis;
Quhill bludy berkit wes thair beird

As thay had wirreit lammis, maiſt lyk,
At Chryſt kirk of the grene that day.

The wyvis keſt vp ane hiddouſs yell,
Quhen all thir yunkeris yokkit,
Als ferſs as ony fyr flawcht fell,
Freikis to the feild thay flokkit.
Tha cairlis with clubbis cowd vder quell,
Quhill blud at breiſtis out bokkit;
So rudly rang the commoun bell,
Quhill all the ſtepill rokkit, for reid,
At Chryſtis kirk of the grene.

Quhen thay had berit lyk baitit bulis,
And branewod brynt in bailis,
Thay wer als meik as ony mvlis,
That mangit wer with mailis. Fol. 101.a.
For fantness tha forfochin fulis
Fell doun lyk flawchtir failis,
And freſchmen come in and held thair dulis,
And dang thame doun in dailis, be dene,
At Chryſt kirk on the grene.

Quhen all wes done, Dik with ane aix
Come furth to fell a fidder.
Quod he "Quhair ar yone hangit fmaix
Rycht now wald ſlane my bruder?"
His wyfe bad him ga hame Gub Glaikis
And ſa did Meg his muder:
He turnd and gaif thame bayth thair paikis,
For he durſt ding nane vdir, for feir,
At Chryſt kirk of the grene that day.

Finis quod King James the firſt.

CXIV.

[*Quha douttis Dremis is bot Phantaſye?*]

QUHA douttis dremis is bot phantaſye?
My ſpreit was reft and had in extaſye,
My heid lay laich into this dreme but dout;
At my foirtop my ſyve wittis flew out,
I murnit and I maid ane felloun mane.
Me thocht the King of Farye had me tane,
And band me in ane preſoun, fute and hand,
Withoutin reuth in ane lang raip of ſand.
To pers the preſoun wall it wes nocht eith
For it wes mingit and maid with muſſill teith,
And in the middis of it ane myir of flynt:
I ſank thairin quhill I was neir hand tynt,
And quhen I ſaw thair was none vthir remeid,
I flychterit vp with ane feddrene[1] of leid,
For that[2] I thocht me[3] ferye of my youth.
I tuke my lytill tae into my mouth,
And keſt my ſelf rycht with ane mychtie bend
Outthruch the volt and percit nocht the pend.
And thus I thocht into my dullie dreme,
I brak my heid vpoun ane know of reme.
That I ſuld hurt my ſelf I had diſpyte,
And in all tene I turnit vp[4] full tyte,
Drank of ane well that wes gane drye ſevin yeir,
Syne loop[5] thre lowpis and I was haill and feir.
Syne eſter that[6] I had eſchapit this cace,
Me thocht I wes in monye diuers place,
Quhilk wer to lang to have in perſyte mynd,
In Egipt, Ireland, Arragone and Ynd, Fol. 101. b.

[1] Perhaps *feddrem*. [2] *That* inſerted after the line was written.
[3] *Me* do. [4] The words *in dyte* have been eraſed here. [5] Poſſibly *lap*.
[6] *That* inſerted afterwards.

In Burgonye, Burdeaux and in Bethleem,
In Jurye land and in Jerufalem,
In France, in Freifland and in Cowpland fellis,
Quhair clokkis clekkis crawburdis in cokkill fchellis,
In Poill, Pertik, Peblis and[1] Portiafe,
And thair I fchippit into ane barge of drafe;
We pullit vp failis and[2] culd our ankeris wey,
And fuddanelye out thruch the throfin fey,
We failit in ftorme, but fteir, gyde or glas,
To Paradice the place quhair Adame was.
Be we approchit into that port in hye,
We ware weill ware of Enoch and Elye,
Sittand on Yule evin in ane frefch grene fchaw,
Roftand ftraberries at ane fyre of fnaw.
I thocht I wald nocht fkar thame in that place,
Quhill thaj had drawin the burd and faid the grace;
Than fuddanelie I wolk out throw the plane
To fee mae farleis that I mycht tell agane.
Me thocht that[3] I happinnit on ane montane fone,
I wanderit vp and was wer of the mone,
And had nocht bene I lowtit in the fteid,
I had ftrukkin ane lump out of my heid.
Quhen I was weill me thocht I culd nocht leif,
Bot than I tuke the fone beme in my neif,
And wald haif clumin bot it was in ane clips.
Schortlie I flaid and fell upoun my hips,
Doun in ane midow befyde ane bufk of mynt;
I focht my felf and I was fevin yeir tynt;
Yit in ane mift I fand me on the morne.
I hard ane pundler blaw ane elrich horne,
And fyne befyde me, in ane[4] medow grene,
I faw thre quhyte quhailis femelie to be fene,
Thair tedderis wes of grene gerfhopperis hair,

[1] *Partiafe* has been deleted here. [2] *Pullit* deleted here.
[3] *That* is perhaps deleted. [4] *Fair* has been deleted here.

Off mige ſchankis baith clene, quhyte and fair,
Thair tedderis wer maid weill grit to graip,
With ſilkin ſchakillis and fowlis of quhyte ſaip.
This pundler ran faſt, faynand[1] for to find
Thir quhailis thre vpoun his gers to pind;
He had ane cloik weill maid and wounder meit,
Off ganand graith of gude gray girdill feit,
Ane cleirly coit maid in courtly wyiſs
Of emmot ſkynis with mony ſketh and plyiſs,
Ane pair of hoiſs maid of ane auld myll hopper,
Ane pair of courtly ſchone of gude reid copper,
Ane heklit hud maid of the wyld wode ſege
Treſt weill this pundlar thocht him no manis pege.
He bure ane club, maid mony ane carle coy,
Maid of ane auld burd of the ark of Noy.
He draif thir thre quhailis vnto ane lie,
Ane him ſwelleit and bair him to the ſie,
And thair he levit on lempettis in hir wame,
Quhill harviſt tyme that hirdis draif thame hame;
Be this wes done the toder twa returnit
To ſuallow me, grit dule I maid and murnit.
Me thocht I fled and throcht a park cowd paſs,
And walknit ſyne. Quhair, trow ye, that I waſs?
Doun in ane henſlaik and gat ane fellon fall,
And lay betuix ane picher and the wall.
As wyffis commandis, this dreme I will conclude;
God and the rude mot turn it all to gud;
Gar fill the cop for thir auld carlingis clames;[2]
That gentill aill is oft the cauſs of dremes.

Fol. 102. a.

Explit quod Lichtoun *monicus.*

[1] *Yame* deleted. [2] *Clames* very indiſtinct—poſſibly *wames.*

CXV.

[*We that ar heir in Hevins glory.*]

The Dregy of Dunbar maid to King James the Fyift being in Striuilling·

WE that ar heir in hevins glory,
To yow that ar in purgatory,
Commendis ws on our hairtly wyifs;
I mene we folk in parradyis,
In Edinburcht with all mirrinefs,
To yow of Striuilling in diftrefs,
Quhair nowdir plefance nor delyt is,
For pety thus ane Apoftill wrytis.
O! ye heremeitis and hankerfaidilis,
That takis your pennance at your tablis,
And eitis nocht meit reftoratiue,
Nor drynkis no wyn comfortatiue,
Bot aill and that is thyn and fmall;
With few courfis into your hall,
But cumpany of lordis and knychtis,
Or ony vder gudly wichtis,
Solitar walkand your allone,
Seing no thing bot ftok and ftone;
Out of your panefull purgatory,
To bring yow to the blifs of glory,
Off Edinburgh the mirry toun
We fall begyn ane cairfull foun;
Ane dergy devoit and meik,
The Lord of blifs doing befeik
Yow to delyuer out of your nowy,
And bring yow fone to Edinburgh joy,
For to be mirry amang ws;
And fa the dergy begynis thufs.

Fol. 102. b.

Lectio prima.

The Fader, the Sone and Haly Gaiſt,
The mirthfull Mary virgene chaiſt,
Of angellis all the ordouris nyne,
And all the hevinly court devyne,
Sone bring yow fra the pyne and wo
Of Striuilling, every court manis ſo,
Agane to Edinburghis joy and blifs,
Quhair wirſchep, welth and weilfar is,
Pley, pleſance and eik honeſty:
Say ye amen, for cheritie.

Reſponſio tu autem Domine.

Tak conſolatioun in your pane,
In tribulatioun tak conſolatioun,
Out of vexatioun cum hame agane,
Tak conſolatioun in your pane.

Jube Domine benedicite.

Oute of diſtreſs of Strivilling toun
To Edinburcht blifs, God mak yow boun.

Lectio ſecunda.

Patriarchis, profeitis and appoſtillis deir,
Confeſſouris, virgynis and marteris cleir,
And all the ſaitt celeſtiall,
Devotely we vpoun thame call,
That ſone out of your panis fell,
Ye may in hevin heir with ws dwell,
To eit ſwan, cran, pertrik and plever.

And every fiſche that fwymis in rever;
To drynk with ws the new freſche wyne,
That grew upoun the rever of Ryne,
Freſche fragrant clairettis out of France,
Of Angerſs and of Orliance,
With mony ane courſs of grit dyntie:
Say ye amen, for cheritie.

Reſponſorium tu autem Domine.

God and Sanct Jeill heir yow convoy
Baith ſone and weill, God and Sanct Jeill
To ſonce and ſeill, ſolace and joy,
God and Sanct Geill heir yow convoy.
Out of[1] Striuilling panis fell,
In Edinburght joy ſone mot ye dwell.

Lectio tertia.

We pray to all the Sanctis of hevin,
That ar aboif the ſterris ſevin,
Yow to deliuer out of your pennance,
That ye may ſone play, ſing and dance
Heir in to Edinburcht and mak gud cheir,
Quhair welth and weilfair is but weir;
And I that dois your panis diſcryve
Thinkis for to viſſy yow belyve;
Nocht in deſert with yow to dwell,
Bot as the angell Sanct Gabriell
Dois go betwene fra hevinis glory
To thame that ar in purgatory,
And in thair tribulatioun
To gif thame conſolatioun,
And ſchaw thame quhen thair panis ar paſt,

Fol. 103. a.

[1] *Edinburgh* deleted here.

Thay ſall till hevin cum at laſt;
And how nane ſervis to haif ſweitneſs
That nevir taiſtit bittirneſs.
And thairfoir how ſuld ye conſiddir
Of Edinburcht bliſs, quhen ye cum hiddir,
Bot gif ye taiſtit had befoir
Of Striuilling toun the panis ſoir;
And thairfoir tak in patience
Your pennance and your abſtinence,
And ye ſall cum, or Yule begyn,
Into the bliſs that we ar in;
Quhilk grant the glorius Trinitie!
Say ye amen, for cheritie.

Reſponſorium.

Cum hame and dwell no moir in Striuilling;
Frome hiddouſs hell cum hame and dwell,
Quhair fiſche to ſell is non bot ſpirling;
Cum hame and dwell no moir in Striuilling.

Et ne nos inducas in temptationem de Striuilling;
Sed libera nos a malo illius.
Requiam Edinburgi dona eijs, Domine,
Et lux ipſius luceat eijs.
A porta triſticie de Striuilling,
Orna, Domine, animas eorum.
Credo guſtare ſtatim vinum Edinburgi,
In villa viuentium.[1]
Requieſcant Edinburgi, amen.

Deus qui iuſtos et corde humiles
Ex omni eorum tribulatione liberare dignatus es,
Libera famulos tuos apud villam de Stirling verſantes
A penis et triſtitijs eiuſdem,

Fol. 103. b.

[1] May be read *vinentium*.

Et ad Edinburgi gaudia eos perducas,
Vt requiefcat Striuilling, amen.

Heir endis Dunbaris Dergy to the King,
bydand to lang in Stirling.

CXVI.

[*In fecreit Place this hindir Nycht.*]

IN fecreit place this hindir nycht,
I hard ane bern fay till a bricht,
My hunny, my houp, my hairt, my heill,
I haif bene lang your lufar leill,
And can of yow gett confort nane;
How lang will ye with denger deill?
Ye brek my hart, my bony ane!

His bony berd wes kemd and croppit,
Bot all with kaill it wes bedroppit;
And he wes to mich fulich and gukkit;
He clappit faft, he kift, he chukkit,
As with the glaikkis he wer ourgane;
Yit be his feiris he wald haif fukkit;
Ye brek my hairt, my bony ane!

Qod he, My hairt, fweit as the hunny,
Sen that I born wes of my mynny,
I wowit nevir ane vder bot yow;
My wame is of your lufe fo fow,
That as ane gaift I glour and grane,
I trymmill fa, ye will not trow;
Ye brek my hairt, my bony ane!

To hie! quod ſcho, and gaif ane gawf,
Be ſtill my cowffyne and my cawf,
My new ſpaind howphyn fra the ſowk,
And all the blythnes of my bowk; 25 Fol. 104. a.
My ſweit ſwanky, ſaif yow allane,
Na leid I luvit all this owk;
Fow leiſs me that graceles gane.

Qo^{t} he, My claver, my curledoddy,
My hony ſoppis, my ſweit poſſoddy,
Be nocht our buſtious to your billie,
Be warme hartit and nocht illwillie;
Your halſs, quhyt as quhalis bane,
Garſs ryſs on loft my quhillylillie;
Ye brek my hairt, my bony ane!

Qo^{t} ſcho, My clip, my vnſpaynd jyane,
With mvderis milk yit in your michane,
My belly huddroun, my ſweit hurle bawſy,
My honygukkis, my ſlaſy gawſy;
Your mvſing wald perſs ane hairt of ſtane,
Sa tak gud confort, my gritheidit gawſy;
Fow leis me that gracles gane.

Qo^{t} he, My kid, my capircalyeane,
My bony bab with the ruch brilyeane,
My tendir girdill, my wally gowdy,
My tirly mirly, my towdy mowdy;
Quhen that our mowthis dois meit at ane,
My ſtang dois torkin with your towdy;
Ye brek my hairt, my bony ane.

Qo^{t} ſcho, Tak me by the hand,
Wylcum! my golk of maryland,
My chirry and my maikles mynyeoun,

My fucker fweit as ony vnyeoun,
My ftrummill ftirk, yit new to fpane,
I am applyid to your opinyoun;
Fow leis me that graceles gane.

He gaif till hir ane appill ruby;
Gramercy! quod fcho, my fweit cowhuby.
Syne tha twa till ane play began,
Quhilk that thay call the dirrydan;
Quhill bayth thair bewis did meit in ane.
Fow wo! quod fcho, quhair will ye, man?
Full leis me that graceles gane.

Finis etc. quod Clerk.[1]

CXVII.

Heir followis the Curfing of Sr Fohine Rowlis vpoun the Steilaris of his Fowlis. Fol. 104. b.

DEVYNE power of michtis maift;
Of Fadir, Sone and Haly Ghaift;
Jefu Chryft and his appoftillis;
Petir, Paule, and his difcipillis;
And all the power vndir God;
And now of Rome that beiris the rod,
Vndir the hevin to lowfe and bind,
Paip Alexander that we do fynd,
With that power that Petir gaif;
Godis braid malefone mot thay haif,
And all the blude about thair hairt
Blak be thair hour, blak be thair pairt;

[1] *Quod* Clerk is written by a different hand.

For fyve fat geifs of Sr Johine Rowlis,
With caponis, henis and vthir fowlis;
Baith the halderis and conceilaris,
Reffettaris and the preve fteilaris;
And he that faulis faifis and dammis
Beceich[1] the devill thair guttis and gammis,
Thair toung, thair teith, thair handis, thair feit,
And all thair body haill compleit;
That brak his yaird and ftall his frutt,
And raif his erbis vp be the rute,
His quheit, his aitis, his peifs, his beir,
In ftowk, or ftak, to do him deir;
In barne, in houfs, in kill, or mill,
Except it had bene his awin will;
His wow, his lamb, his cheis, his ftirk,
Or ony teyndis of haly kirk;
And all that lattis vnkend or knawin,
The vicar to difpone his awin,
Kirland hay, or gerfs to awaill
Be thair fupport, bed, or counfall.
Now curfit and wareit be thair werd,
Quhill thay be levand on this erd;
Hungir, fturt and tribulatioun,
And nevir to be without vexatioun,
Of vengance, forrow, fturt and[2] cair;
Graceleſs, thriftles and threid bair;
All tymes in thair legafie,
Fyre, fword, watter and woddie,
Or ane of thir infirmeteis;
Off warldly fcherp aduerfeteis, Fol. 105. a
Pouertie, peftilence or poplecy,
Dum deif or edropofy,
Maigram, madneſs or miffilry,
Appoftrum or the perlocy,
Fluxis, hyvis or huttit ill,

[1] May be read *beteich*. [2] *Stryf* deleted here.

Hoiſt, heidwark or fawin ill,
Kald kanker, feiſtir or feveris,
Brukis, bylis, blobbis and bleiſtiris,
Emeroideſe or the fair halſs,
The pokkis, the ſpaving in the halſs,
The panefull gravell and the gutt,
The gulſoch that thay nevir be but
Seattica and arrattica,
The cruke, the cramp, the colica,
The worme, the wareit wedonympha,[1]
Rumburſin, rippllis or bellythra,
The choikis that haldis the chaftis fra chowing,
Golkgaliter at the hairt growing,
The ſtane wring, ſtane and ſtane blind,
The bernebed and morbehind,
The ſtranyelour and grit glengoir,
The harchatt in the lippis befoir,
The mowlis and thair ſleip the mair,
The kanker and the kattair
Mott fall vpoun thair kankart corſs,
With all the evill that evir had horſs,
Fiſche, fowll, beiſt or man,
In erd ſen firſt the warld began,
Till thay remember or thay de,
Repentand thair iniquitie,
And draw thair inclinatioun
Fra ſtowth to contemplatioun,
Fra feyndis fell ſubiectioun
To haly kirkis correctioun.
Sua thay mak plane confeſſioun
Thair gud will and contritioun,
Confeſſand thame to thair curatt,
That in thair hairtis is evill indurat.
Na vthir preiſt hes power, nor freir,
And thay that daly will perſeveir,

[1] Or *wedonympha*.

Nocht dreidand God in work nor word,
Nor yit of haly kirk the ſuord;
Bot in thair curſit and ſinfull wayis,
Levand and dryvand our thair dayis,
Nor aſk God mercy nor repent,
Than this ſalbe thair ſacrament. Fol. 105.b.
Fra God, our Lady and all thair hallowis
To the feynd thair ſaulis, thair craig the gallowis
I gif, and Cerberus thair banis ſall knaw,
For thair diſpyt of the kirkis law.
Gog and Magog, and grym Garog,
The devill of hell the theif Harog,
Sym Skynnar and Sʳ Garnega,
Julius appoſtata,
Prince Pluto and Quene Cokatrice,
Devetinus the devill that maid the dyce,
Cokadame and Semiamis,
Fyremouth and Tutivillus,
And Browny als that can play kow
Behind the claith, with mony mow.
All thir about the beir ſalbe,
Singand ane dolorus dergie,
And vthiris devillis thair ſalbe ſene,
Als thik as mot in ſonis beme.
Thair ſall thay kary in thair clukis,
Sum libberlais and ſum hell crukis,
Sum with kamis and ſum with kardis,
Sum with quhippis of leddrin tardis,
Sum with clubbis and mellis of leid,
Sum with brandrathis birnand reid,
Sum with rumpillis lyk a ſkait,
And geiſs and caponis roſtit hait,
That ſalbe laſchit on thair lippis.
Cum thay within the devillis grippis,
With ſkulyeoun clowttis and dreſſing knyvis,

Platt for plat on thair gyngyvis.
Sayis richt thus "Of Rowlis geifs
Thame chaftis thame chowit every peifs;
For thow art he and thow art fcho
That Rowlis blak Robene put in bro,
And thow art fcho that ftall the hen,
And put hir in the pot thair ben.
Lo! this is he that with his hairt
Wald nevir gif the vicar his pairt,
Bot ay abowt for to diffaif
The haly kirk that it fowld haif."
Than ruffy Taſker with his flaill
Sall beit thame all fra top to taill;
And ruffy Ragmen with his taggis
Sall ryfe thair finfull faule in raggis;
And quhen the devillis hes thame tirvit,
All thair faulis falbe transformit;
Sum in bichis and fum in beiris,
Sum in mvlis and fum in meiris,
Aganis the fcalour that thay wer in,
For vengence of thair deidly fin,
To ryd and tak poffeffioun,
Throw all hell vp and doun,
And with grit din and deray
Compeir fall Sathan but delay, Fol. 106. a.
Sayand richt thus with fentence he,
"Vpoun the day that thow fall de,
I devill of deillis, I yow condame
For geis, for yowis, for woll, for lame.
Thairfoir hy yow to the pott of hell,
With Sathan our Abirone to dwell;
As feyndis fpreitis perpetualy,
For to remane in mefary.
Deip Acheron your faulis invaid,
Als blak, as ruch as ony taid:

Swaikis, ſerpentis and edderis
Mott ſtuf your bellyis and your bledderis,
In hellis hoill quhair nevir is licht,
Nor nevir is day bot evir nicht;
Quhair nevir is joy evin and morrow,
Bot endles pane, dule and ſorrow;
Quhair nevir is petie nor concord,
Nor amitie bot diſcord,
Malice, rancour and invy,
With magry and malancoly."
Than fra the ſentence be on thame ſaid,
Grit Baliall fall gif a braid,
And bakwart leip vpoun a beir,
Sum on ane mvle, ſum on a meir,
Sum on wolffis and ſum on wichis,
Sum on brodſowis, ſum on bichis.
Than is thair nocht bot ſadill and brydill,
Thir outtit meiris hes lang gane ydill;
Bot ſic ane clawing with thair clukis,
And ſic ane reirding with thair rukis;
Rampand with ane hiddowis beir,
Cryand "All is ouris that is heir."
The memberis of tha wickit men,
That ſtaw the guſe, the cok, the hen,
Thay ſalbe revin be the throttis,
For cutting of tha fowlis croppis;
Syne led in towis and in lang tedderis,
And daly etin with taidis and edderis,
That all the court of hevin may knaw
Thay war the thevis that Rowlis geiſs ſtaw.
For quhy! grit God, our hieſt juge,
He gaif decreit but refuge,
That all pykaris of pultre
Gais nocht to hevin bot thay ſall fle
To hell without redemptioun,

Quhair is no remiſſioun.
The forme of thir vgly devillis,
Thay hafe lang tailis on thair heilis,
And rumpillis hingand on thair tailis,[1]
Dragoun heidis and warwolf nalis,
With glowrane evne as glitterand glaſs,
With bowgillis and hornis maid of braſs,
And dyverſs facis repleit with yre
Spowand vemmen and ſparkis of fyre;
And ſum with teith and tegir tungis, Fol. 106. b.
Attour thair chin with bludy dungis,[2]
Spottit and ſprinklit vp and doun,
Reid attry lyk a ſcorpioun.
And ſum ar ſmeith and ſum ar ruch,
And ſum ar lyk ane ſerpentis ſluch,
With prik mule eiris ſum ar lyk
Thair eiris neifs ar lyk ane midding tyk,
With gaipand mowth richt yaip to ſwelly
The mair the leſs devill in his belly.
Of thair fowle fegouris na man can tell,
Thocht thay wer ſevin yeiris in hell,
To leir to paynt portour or blaſoun,
Thair forme and thayr feyndly faſſoun
Thair vgſum horribiliteis;
Nor yit na that ſchaipis with ſcheiris
Thocht infineit he be of yeiris
Maiſt principaly to ſchaip thair graith
In hell for ſteiling heir of claith
Can conterfit nor mak it meit
Ane gabart for a deill compleit,
And yit in hell ar mony ane
That ſaid thai war als trew as ſtane.
Gif thair be ony in this houſs,
That beiris the nedill gorrit the lowſs,
I thame beſeik thay be nocht wraith

[1] *Tailis* and *nailis* have been written in reverſe order, and afterwards deleted. [2] May be read *dangis*.

Suppois they clyit haif parte of claith;
Bot ſeik the cauſs and leif the deid,
And blame the ſcheiris that raif the ſkreid;
And quha that ſteilis and on ſtowth levis,
Curſit mot thay be amang thir thevis.
Now to the effect ga will I,
And ſpeik of feyndis phanteſy,
In court nocht with the Quene of Fary,
But heltaris, heidtailis, ſonkis or ſadillis,
But butis or ſpurris, crukis[1] or ladillis,
With full berdis blaſand in the wind,
And hett ſpeitis in thair taill behind.
Than inflar Taſy with his jaggis,
And belly Baſſy with his baggis,
At hellis yettis ſall mak ſic reirding
On thir ſteilaris of geiſs ſall ding,
That it beis hard in middilerd
Tha grit flappis with ſic faird.
Thunder blaſtis and fyre ſall blaw,
That na devill may ane vthir knaw
For reik ſtynk and bryntſtane birnand,
Devillis yelpand, gaipand and girnand;
Than ſall bla Baliall gif ane brattill,
And all the thevis in Hell ſall ſtattill.[2]
Lyk to ane gaid of yrne or ſteill,
That doun war ſinkand in ane weell,
Sa ſall thay ga to endles pane,
And nevir to cum hame agane.
Now, Jeſu! for thy paſſioun,
That deit for our redemptioun,
Of mankynd haiſ mercy ſone.
Latt nevir this ſentence ſall thame vpone,
Bot grant thame grace ay till forbeir
Reſſett or ſtowth of vthir menis geir;
And als agane the geir reſtoir

Fol. 107.a.

[1] MS. repeats *crukis.* [2] Poſſibly *ſtartill.*

Till Rowle, as I hafe faid befoir;
And to repent thay may in tyme,
Pray we to God. Thus endis the ryme.
This tragedy is callit, but dreid,
Rowlis curſing, quha will it reid?

Finis quod Rowll.

CXVIII.

Quhy ſowld nocht Allane honorit be?

QUHEN he wes yung, and cled in grene,
Haifand his air abowt his ene,
Baith men and wemen did him mene,
Quhen he grew on yon hillis he:
Quhy ſowld nocht Allane honorit be?

His foſtir faider fure of the toun,
To viſſy Allane he maid him boun;
He ſaw him lyane, allace! in ſwoun,
For falt of help, and lyk to de:
Quhy ſowld nocht Allane honorit be?

Thay ſaw his heid begin to ryfe,
Syne for ane nvreifs thay ſend belyfe,
Quha brocht with hir fyfty and fyve
Of men of war full prevely:
Quhy ſowld nocht Allane honorit be?

Thay ruſchit furth lyk hellis rukis,
And every ane of thame had hukis;
Thay cawcht him ſchortly in thair clukis,

Syne band him in ane creddill of tre: Fol. 107. b
Quhy ſowld nocht Allane honorit be?

Thay brocht him invart in the land,
Syne every freynd maid him his band,
Quhill thay micht owdir gang or ſtand,
Nevir ane ſute fra him to fle:
Quhy ſowld nocht Allane honorit be?

The gritteſt cowart in this land,
Fra he with Allane entir in band,
Thocht he may nowdir gang nor ſtand,
Yit fowrty ſall nocht gar him fle:
Quhy ſowld nocht Allane honorit be?

Schir Allanis hewmond is ane cop,
With ane ſege feddir in his top;
Fra hand till hand ſo dois he hop,
Quhill ſum may nowdir ſpeik nor ſe:
Quhy ſold nocht Allane honorit be?

In Yule, quhen ilk man ſingis his carrell,
Gud Allane lyis in to ane barrell;
Quhen he is thair, he dowtis no parrell
To cum on him be land or ſe:
Quhy ſowld nocht Allane honorit be?

Yit wes thair nevir ſa gay a gallane,
Fra he meit with our maiſtir Schir Allane,
Bot gif he hald him by the hallane,
Bak wart on the flure fallis he:
Quhy ſowld nocht Allane honorit be?

My maiſtir Allane grew ſo ſtark,
Quhill he maid mony cunning clerk,
Vpoun thair faiſs he ſettis his mark,

A blud reid noiſs beſyd thair e:
Quhy ſowld nocht Allane honorit be?

My maiſtir Allane I may ſair curſs,
He levis no mony in my purſs,
At his command I mon deburſs
Moir nor the twa pairt of my fe:
Quhy ſowld nocht Allane honorit be?

And laſt, of Allane to conclude,
He is bening, courtaſs and gude,
And ſervis ws of our daly fvde,
And that with liberalitie:
Quhy ſowld nocht Allane honorit be?

Finis quod Allane Matſonis ſuddartis.

[A folio of the MS., 108, ſeems to be miſſing here.]

CXIX.

[*I, that in Heill wes and Glaidneſs.*]

I THAT in heill wes and glaidneſs, Fol. 109.a.
I, Am trublit now with grit ſeikneſs,
And ſeblit with infirmitie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

Our pleſans heir is all vane glory,
This fals warld is bot tranſitory,
The fleſche is brukle, the Feynd[1] is fle:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

The ſtait of man dois chainge and vary,
Now ſound, now ſeik, now blyth, now ſary,

[1] MS. has *Feyind*.

Now danſand mirry, now lyk to die:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

No ſtait in Erd heir ſtandis ſicker;
As with the wind wavis the wicker,
So wannis this warldis vanitie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

Vnto the Deth gois all eſtaitis,
Princis, prelattis and poteſtaitis,
Bayth riche and pure of all degre;
Tymor Mortis conturbat me,

He taikis the knychtis in to the feild,
Enarmit vndir helme and ſcheild;
Victor he is at all mellie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

That ſtrang, vnvynſable tirrand
Takis on the muderis breiſt ſowkand
The bab, full of benignitie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

He taikis the campioun in the ſtour,
The captane cloſit in the tour,
The lady in bour full of bewtie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

He ſpairis no lord for his piſcens,
Nor clerk for his intelligens;
His awfull ſtraik may no man fle:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

Art, magicianis and aſtrologis,
Rethoris, logicianis and theologis,
Thame helpis no concluſionis fle:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

In madecyne the moſt practitianis,
Leichis, furrigianis and pheſicianis,
Thame ſelf fra Deth ma nocht ſupple;
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

I ſe the makkaris amangis the laif
Playis heir thair padyanis, ſyne gois to graif;
Sparit is nocht thair facultie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes done petouſlie devoir
The noble Chawſer of makaris flour,
The Munk of Berry, and Gowyir, all thre:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

The gud Schir Hew of Eglingtoun,
Ettrik, Heriot, and Wintoun,
He hes tane out of this cuntre:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

That ſkorpioun fell hes done infek
Maiſter Johine Clerk and James Afflek,
Fra ballat makking and tragedy:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

Holland and Barbour he hes berevit;
Allace! that he nocht with ws levit
Schir Mungo Lokkart of the Lie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

Clerk of Tranent eik he hes tane,
That maid the awnteris of Schir Gawane;
Schir Gilbert Gray endit hes hie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes Blind Hary and Sandy Traill
Slane with his ſchot of mortall haill,

Fol. 109. b.

Quhilk Patrik Johinſtoun mycht nocht fle:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes reft Merſar his indyte,
That did in luve ſo lyfly wryte,
So ſchort, ſo quick, of ſentens hie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes tane Rowll of Abirdene,
And gentill Rowll of Corſtorphyne;
Two bettir fallowis did no man fie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

In Dumfarmeling he hes tane Broun,
With gud Maiſtir Robert Henryſoun;
Schir Johine the Roſs imbraiſt hes hie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

And he hes now tane, laſt of aw,
Gud gentill Stobo and Quintene Schaw,
Of quhome all wichtis hes pitie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

And Maiſtir Walter Kennedy
In poyntt of deth lyis verely,
Grit rewth it wer that ſo ſuld be:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

Sen he hes all my brether tane,
He will nocht lat me leif allane,
On forſs I mon his nixt pray be:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me. 95 Fol. 110.a.

Sen for the Deth remeid is non,
Beſt is that we for deth diſpone,
Eftir our deth that leif may we:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

Quod Dumbar.

CXX.

The Dance.

OFF Februar the fyiftene nycht,
Full lang befoir the dayis lycht,
I lay in till a trance;
And than I faw baith Hevin and Hell:
Me thocht, amangis the feyndis fell,
Mahoun gart cry ane dance
Off fchrewis that wer nevir fchrevin,
Aganifs the feift of Faſternis evin,
To mak thair obſervance;
He bad gallandis ga graith a gyifs,
And kaſt vp gamountis in the fkyifs,
That laſt came out of France.

Lat ſe, quod he, Now quha begynnis;
With that the fowll Sevin Deidly Synnis
Begowth to leip at anis.
Pryd. And firſt of all in dance wes Pryd,
With bair wyld bak and bonet on fyd,
Lyk to mak vaiftie wanis;
And round abowt him, as a quheill,
Hang all in rumpillis to the heill
His kethat for the nanis:
Mony prowd trumpour with him trippit
Throw fkaldand fyre, ay as thay fkippit
Thay gyrnd with hiddouſs granis.

Heilie harlottis on hawtane wyifs
Come in with mony findrie gyifs,
Bot yit luche nevir Mahoun;
Quhill preiftis come in with bair fchevin nekkis,

Than all the feyndis lewche, and maid gekkis,
Blak Belly and Bawſy Brown.

Yre. Than Yre come in with ſturt and ſtryfe;
His hand wes ay vpoun his knyfe,
He brandeiſt lyk a beir:
Boſtaris, braggaris, and barganeris,
Eftir him paſſit in to pairis,
All bodin in feir of weir;
In jakkis, and ſcryppis[1] and bonettis of ſteill,
Thair leggis wer chenyeit to the heill,
Frawart wes thair affeir: Fol. 110. b.
Sum vpoun vdir with brandis beft,
Sum jaggit vthiris to the heft,
With knyvis that ſcherp cowd ſcheir.

Invy. Nixt in the dance followit Invy,
Fild full of feid and fellony,
Hid malyce and diſpyte;
For pryvie hatrent that tratour trymlit.
Him followit mony freik diſſymlit,
With fenyeit wirdis quhyte;
And flattereris in to menis facis;
And bakbyttaris of ſindry racis,
To ley that had delyte;
And rownaris of fals leſingis;
Allace! that courtis of noble kingis
Of thame can nevir be quyte.

Auaryce. Nixt him in dans come Cuvatyce,
Rute of all evill and grund of vyce,
That nevir cowd be content;
Catyvis, wrechis and olkeraris,
Hud pykis, hurdaris and gadderaris,
All with that warlo went:

[1] May be read *ſtryppis*.

Out of thair throttis thay ſchot on vdder
Hett moltin gold, me thocht a fudder,
As ſyreflawcht maiſt fervent;
Ay as thay tomit thame of ſchot,
Feyndis fild thame new vp to the thrott
With gold of allkin prent.

Sueirnes. Syne Sweirnes, at the ſecound bidding,
Come lyk a ſow out of a midding,
Full ſlepy wes his grunyie:
Mony ſweir bumbard belly huddroun,
Mony ſlute daw and ſlepy duddroun,
Him ſerwit ay with ſounyie;
He drew thame furth in till a chenyie,
And Belliall, with a brydill renyie,
Evir laſcht thame on the lunyie:
In dance thay war ſo ſlaw of feit,
Thay gaif thame in the fyre a heit,
And maid thame quicker of counyie.

Lichery. Than Lichery, that lathly corſs,
Berand lyk a bagit horſs,
And Ydilneſs did him leid;
Thair wes with him ane vgly ſort,
And mony ſtynkand fowll tramort,
That had in ſyn bene deid.
Quhen thay wer entrit in the dance, Fol. 111.a.
Thay wer full ſtrenge of countenance,
Lyk turkaſs birnand reid;
All led thay vthir by the terſis,
Suppoiſs thay ſycket with thair erſis,
It mycht[1] be na remeid.

Gluttony. Than the fowll monſtir Glutteny,
Off wame vnſaſiable and gredy,

[1] MS. has *miycht.*

To dance he did him dreſs:
Him followit mony fowll drunckart,
With can and collep, cop and quart,
In furffet and exceſs;
Full mony a waiſtleſs wallydrag,
With wamiſs vnweildable, did furth wag,
In creiſche that did increſs:
Drynk! ay thay cryit, with mony a gaip,
The feyndis gaif thame hait leid to laip,
Thair lovery wes na leſs.

Na menſtrallis playit to thame but dowt,
For glemen thair wer haldin owt,
Be day, and eik by nycht;
Except a menſtrall that flew a man,
Swa till his heretage he wan,
And entirt be breif of richt.

Than cryd Mahoun for a Heleand padyane;
Syne ran a feynd to feche Makfadyane,
Far north wart in a nuke;
Be he the correnoch had done ſchȫut,
Erſchemen ſo gadderit him abowt,
In Hell grit rowme thay tuke.
Thae tarmegantis, with tag and tatter,
Full lowd in Erſche begowth to clatter,
And rowp lyk revin and ruke:
The Devill ſa devit wes with thair yell,
That in the depeſt pot of Hell
He ſmorit thame with ſmvke.

CXXI.

The Turnament.

NIXT that a turnament wes tryid,
That lang befoir in Hell wes cryid,
In prefens of Mahoun;
Betuix a telyour and ane fowtar,
A prickloufs and ane hobbell clowttar,
The barrefs wes maid boun.
The tailyeour, baith with fpeir and fcheild,
Convoyit wes vnto the feild,
With mony lymmar loun,
Off feme byttaris and beift knapparis, 10 Fol.111.b.
Off ftomok fteillaris and clayth takkaris,
A graceleſs garifoun.

His baner born wes him befoir,
Quhairin wes clowttis ane hundreth fcoir,
Ilk ane of diuerfs hew;
And all ftowin out of findry webbis,
For, quhill the Greik fie flowis and ebbis,
Telyouris will nevir be trew.
The tailyour on the barrowis blent,
Allaifs! he tynt all hardyment,
For feir he chaingit hew:
Mahoun come furth and maid him knycht,
Na ferly thocht his hart wes licht,
That to fic honor grew.

The tailyeour hecht hely befoir Mahoun,
That he fuld ding the fowtar doun,
Thocht he wer ftrang as maft;
Bot quhen he on the barrowis blenkit,
The telyouris hairt a littill fchrenkit,

His hairt did all ourcaſt.
Quhen to the ſowtar he did cum,
Off all ſic wirdis he wes full dum,
So ſoir he wes agaſt;
In harte he tuke yit ſic ane ſcunnir,
Ane rak of fartis lyk ony thunner,
Went fra him, blaſt for blaſt.

The ſowtar to the feild him dreſt,
He wes convoyid out of the weſt,
As ane defender ſtout:
Suppoiſs he had na luſty varlot,
He had full mony lowſy harlott,
Round rynnand him aboute.
His baner wes of barkit hyd,
Quhairin Sanct Girnega did glyd,
Befoir that rebald rowt:
Full ſowttarlyk he wes of laitis,
For ay betuix the harneſs plaitis
The vly birſtit out.

Quhen on the telyour he did luke,
His hairt a littill dwamyng tuke,
He mycht nocht rycht vpſitt;
In to his ſtommok wes ſic ane ſteir,
Off all his dennar quhilk he coft deir
His breiſt held deill a bitt.
To comfort him, or he raid forder,
The Devill off knychtheid gaif him order;
For ſair ſyne he did ſpitt;
And he about the Devillis nek
Did ſpew agane ane quart of blek,
Thuſs knychtly he him quitt.

Than fourty tymis the Feynd cryd, Fy!
The ſowtar rycht effeiritly

Fol. 112. a.

Vnto the feild he ſocht:
Quhen thay wer ſerwit of thair ſpeiris,
Folk had ane feill be thair effeiris,
Thair hairtis wer baith on flocht.
Thay ſpurrit thair horſs on adir ſyd,
Syne thay attour the grund cowd glyd,
Than thame togidder brocht;
The tailyeour that wes nocht weill ſittin,
He left his ſadill all beſchittin,
And to the grund he ſocht.

His harnaſs brak and maid ane brattill,
The ſowtaris horſs ſcart with the rattill,
And round about cowd reill;
The beiſt that frayit wes rycht evill,
Ran with the ſowtar to the Devill,
And he rewardit him weill.
Sum thing frome him the Feynd eſchewit,
He went agane to bene beſpewit,
So ſtern he wes in ſteill:
He thocht he wald agane debait him,
He turnd his erſs and all bedret him,
Evin quyte from nek till heill.

He lowſit it of with ſic a reird,
Baith horſs and man he ſtraik till eird,
He fartit with ſic ane feir;
"Now haif I quittit the," quod Mahoun;
Thir new maid knychtis lay bayth in ſwoun,
And did all armes menſweir.
The Devill gart thame to dungeoun dryve,
And thame of knychtheid cold depryve,
Diſchairgeing thame of weir;
And maid thame harlottis bayth for evir,
Quhilk ſtill to keip thay had ferlevir,
Nor ony armes beir.

I had mair of thair werkis writtin, Fol. 112. b.
Had nocht the ſowtar bene beſchittin,
With Belliallis erſs vnbliſt;
Bot that ſa gud ane bourd me thocht,
Sic ſolace to my hairt it rocht,
For lawchtir neir I briſt;
Quhairthrow I walknit of my trance.
To put this in rememberance,
Mycht no man me reſiſt,
For this ſaid juſting it befell
Befoir Mahoun, the air of hell:
Now trow thiſs gif ye liſt.

Heir endis the[1] ſowtar and tailyouris war,
Maid be the nobill poyet Mr. William Dumbar.

CXXII.

Followis the Amendis maid be him to the Telyouris and Sowtaris, for the Turnament maid on thame.

BETUIX twell houris and ellevin,
I dremed ane angell came fra Hevin,
With pleſand ſtevin ſayand on hie,
Telyouris and Sowtaris, bliſt be ye.

In Hevin hie ordand is your place,
Aboif all ſanctis in grit ſolace,
Nixt God, gritteſt in dignitie:
Tailyouris and Sowtaris, bliſt be ye.

The cauſs to yow is nocht vnkend,
That God miſmakkis ye do amend,

[1] The words *juſting and the war* deleted in MS.

Be craft and grit agilitie:
Tailyouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Sowtaris, with fchone weill maid and meit,
Ye mend the faltis of illmaid feit,
Quhairfoir to Hevin your faulis will fle;
Telyouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Is nocht in all this fair a flyrok,
That hes vpoun his feit a wyrok,
Knowll tais, nor mowlis in no degrie,
Bot ye can hyd thame: blift be ye.

And ye tailyouris, with weillmaid clais
Can mend the werft maid man that gaifs,
And mak him femely for to fe:
Telyouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Thocht God mak ane misfaffonit man,
Ye can him all fchaip new agane,
And faffoun him bettir be fic thre:
Telyouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Thocht a man haif a brokin bak, Fol. 113.a.
Haif he a gude crafty telyour, quhattrak,
That can it cuver with craftis flie:
Telyouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Off God grit kyndnefs may ye clame,
That helpis his peple fra cruke and lame,
Supportand faltis with your fupple:
Tailyouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

In Erd ye kyth fic mirakillis heir,
In Hevin ye falbe fanctis full cleir,

Thocht ye be knavis in this cuntre:
Telyouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Quod Dumbar.

CXXIII.

[*I mak it kend, he that will ſpend.*]

I MAK it kend, he that will ſpend,
And luve God lait and air,
God will him mend and grace him ſend,
Quhen catyvis fall haif cair;
Thairfoir pretend weill for to ſpend
Off geir, and nocht till ſpair.
I knaw the end that all mon wend,
A way nakit and bair:
With ane O, and ane I, ane wreche fall haif no mair,
Bot ane ſchort ſcheit at heid and feit,
For all his wrek and wair.

For all the wrak a wreche can pak,
And in his baggis imbrace,
Yit Deid fall tak him be the bak,
And gar him cry, Allace!
Than fall he frak away with lak,
And wait nocht to quhat place;
Than will thay mak at him a knak,
That maiſt of his gud haiſs:
With ane O, and ane I, quhill we haif tyme and ſpace,
Mak we gud cheir quhill we art heir,
And thank God of his grace.

Wer thair ane king to rax and ring,
Amang gude fallowis cround,
Wrechis wald wring and mak mvrnyng,
For dule thay ſuld be dround;
Quha findis ane dring, owdir auld or ying,
Gar hoy him owt and hound.
Now lat ws ſing with Chryſtis bliſſing,
Be glaid and mak gude ſound:
With ane O, and ane I, now or we forder found, Fol. 113. b.
Drink thow to me, and I to the,
And lat the cop go round.

Quha vndirſtude ſuld haif his gude,
Or he wer cloſd in clay;
Sum in thair mude thay wald go wid,
And de lang or thair day;
Nocht wirth ane hude, or ane auld ſnvd,
Thow ſall beir hyne away;
Wreche! be the Rude, for to conclude,
Full few will for the pray:
With ane O, and ane I, gud fallowis quhill we may,
Be mirry and fre, ſyne blyth we be,
And ſing on twa and tway.

Quod Johne Blyth.

CXXIV.

[*Sanct Saluatour! ſend ſiluer Sorrow.*]

SANCT Saluatour! ſend ſiluer ſorrow;
It grevis me both evin and morrow,
Chaſing fra me all cheritie;

It makis me all blythneſs to borrow;
My panefull purſs ſo priclifs me.

Quhen I wald blythlie ballattis breif,
Langour thairto givis me no leif;
War nocht gud howp my hart vphie,
My verry corpis for cair wald cleif;
My panefull purſs ſo prikillis me.

Quhen I ſett me to ſing or dance,
Or go to pleſand paſtance,
Than panſing of penuritie
Revis that fra my remembrance;
My panefull purſs ſo prikillis me.

Quhen men that hes purſſis in tone,
Paſſis to drynk or to diſione,
Than mon I keip ane grauetie,
And ſay, that I will faſt quhill none;
My panefull purſs ſo priclifs me.

My purſs is maid of ſic ane ſkyn,
Thair will na corſs byd it within;
Fra it as fra the Feynd thay fle,
Quha evir tyne, quha evir win;
My panefull purſs ſo priclifs me.

Had I ane man of ony natioun
Culd mak on it ane coniuratioun,
To gar ſiluer ay in it be,
The Devill ſuld haif no dominatioun, Fol. 114. a
With pyne to gar it prickill me.

I haif inquyrit in mony a place,
For help and confort in this cace,
And all men ſayis, My Lord, that ye

Can beſt remeid for this malice,
That with ſic panis prickillis me.

Quod Dumbar to the King.

CXXV.

[*Liſtis Lordis, I ſall yow tell.*]

LISTIS lordis, I ſall yow tell
Off ane verry grit mervell,
Off Lord Fergus gaiſt,
How mekle Schir Andro it cheſt
Vnto Beittokis bour,
The ſilly ſawle to ſuccour:
And he hes writtin vnto me,
Auld ſtoreiſs for to ſe,
Gif it appinis him to meit,
How he ſall coniure the ſpreit:
And I haif red mony quarſs,
Bath the Donet, and Dominus que parſs;
Ryme maid, and als reiddin,
Baith Inglis and Latene:
And ane ſtory haif I to reid
Paſſis Bonitatem in the creid.
To coniure the littill gaiſt ye mon haif
Off tod tailis ten thraif,
And kaſt the grit haly watter,
With pater noſter, patter patter;
And ye man ſitt in ane compaſs,
And cry, Harbert tuthleſs,
Drug thow and thiſs draw,

And ſitt thair quhill cok craw.
The compaſs mon hallowit be
With Aſpergis me Domine;
The haly writt ſchawis als
Thair man be hung abowt your hals,
Pricket in ane woll poik,
Off neiſs powder ane grit loik.
Thir thingis mon ye beir,
Brynt in ane doggis eir,
Ane pluche, ane paiddill, and ane palme corſs,
Thre tuſkis of ane awld deid horſs,
And of ane yallow wob the warp,
The boddome of ane awld herp, Fol. 114.b.
The heid of ane cuttit reill,
The band of ane awld quheill,
The taill of ane yeild ſow,
And ane bait of blew wow,
Ane botene, and ane brechame,
And ane quhorle maid of lame,
To luke owt at the littill boir,
And cry, Chryſtis croſs! yow befoir.
And quhen ye ſe the littill gaiſt
Cumand to yow in all haiſt,
Cry lowd, Chryſte eleiſone!
And ſpeir quhat law it levis on?
And gif it ſayis on Godis ley,
Than to the littill gaiſt ye ſay,
With brede benedicitie;
Littill gaiſt, I coniure the,
With lierie and larie,
Bayth fra God, and Sanct Marie,
Firſt with ane fiſchis mowth,
And ſyne with ane fowlis tovth,
With ten pertane tais,
And nyne knokis of windil ſtrais,

With thre heidis of curle doddy;
And bid the gaiſt turn in a boddy.
Than eftir this coniuratioun,
The littill gaiſt will fall in ſoun,
And thaireftir doun ly,
Cryand mercy petouſly;
Than with your left heill it ſane,
And it will nevir cum agane.
Als mekle as ane mige amaiſt,
He had ane littill rod leg,
And it wes cant as ony cleg,
It wes wynd in ane wyndinſcheit,
Baythe the handis and the feit.
Suppois this gaiſt wes littill
Yit it ſtall Godis quhittill;
It ſtall fra peteouſs Abrahame,
Ane quhorle and ane quhum quhame;
It ſtall fra the carle of the mone
Ane pair of auld yrn ſchone;
It ran to Pencaitlane,
And wirreit ane auld chaplane.
This littill gaſte did na mair ill,
Bot clok lyk a corne myll;
And it wald play and hop
Abowt the heid ane ſtre ſtrop;
And it wald ſing and it wald dance
Oure fute, and Orliance.
Quha coniurit the littill gaſte, ſa ye?
Nane bot the littill Spenyie fle,
That with hir wit and ingyne,
Gart the gaiſt leif agane;
And ſyne mareid the gaiſt the fle,
And cround him kyng of Kandelie;
And thay gat thame betwene,
Orpheus king and Elpha quene.

Fol. 115.a.

To reid quha will this gentill geiſt,
Ye hard it nocht at Cokilbys feiſt.

Explicitus.

CXXVI.

Followis how Dumbar wes deſyrd to be ane Freir.

THIS nycht befoir the dawing cleir,
Me thocht Sanct Francis did to me appeir,
With ane religiouſs abbeit in his hand,
And ſaid, In thiſs go cleith the my ſerwand;
Reffuſs the warld, for thow mon be a freir.

With him and with his abbeit bayth I ſkarrit,
Lyk to ane man that with a gaiſt wes marrit:
Me thocht on bed he layid it me abone,
Bot on the flure delyuerly and ſone
I lap thairfra, and nevir wald cum nar it.

Quoth he, Quhy ſkarris thow with this holy weid?
Cleith the thairin, for weir it thow moſt neid;
Thow, that hes lang done Venus lawis teiche,
Sall now be freir, and in this abbeit preiche;
Delay it nocht, it mon be done but dreid.

Quod I, Sanct Francis, loving be the till,
And thankit mot thow be of thy gude will
To me, that of thy clayis ar ſo kynd;
Bot thame to weir it nevir come in my mynd;
Sweit Confeſſour, thow tak it nocht in ill.

In haly legendis haif I hard allevin,
Ma ſanctis of biſchoppis, nor freiris, be ſic ſevin;
Off full few freiris that hes bene ſanctis I reid;
Quhairfoir ga bring to me ane biſchopis weid, Fol. 115. b.
Gife evir thow wald my ſawle gaid vnto Hevin.

My brethir oft hes maid the ſupplicationis,
Be epiſtillis, ſermonis, and relationis,
To tak the abyte, bot thow did poſtpone;
But ony proceſs, cum on thairfoir annone,
All ſircumſtance put by and excuſationis.

Gif evir my fortoun wes to be a freir,
The dait thairof is paſt full mony a yeir;
For into every luſty toun and place
Off all Yngland, frome Berwick to Kalice,
I haif in to thy habeit maid gud cheir.

In freiris weid full fairly haif I fleichit,
In it haif I in pulpet gon and preichit
In Derntoun kirk, and eik in Canterberry;
In it I paſt at Dover our the ferry
Throw Piccardy, and thair the peple teichit.

Als lang as I did beir the freiris ſtyle,
In me, God wait, wes mony wrink and wyle;
In me wes falſet with every wicht to flatter,
Quhilk mycht be flemit with na haly watter;
I wes ay reddy all men to begyle.

This freir that did Sanct Francis thair appeir,
Ane fieind he wes in liknes of ane freir;
He vaneiſt away with ſtynk and fyrie ſmowk;
With him me thocht all the houſhend he towk,
And I awoik as wy that wes in weir.

Quod Dumbar.

CXXVII.

[*Full oft I muſe, and hes in thocht.*]

FULL oft I muſe, and hes in thocht,
How this fals warld is ay on flocht,
Quhair na thing ferme is nor degeſt;
And quhen I haif my mynd all ſocht,
For to be blyth me think it beſt.

This warld dois evir fleit and vary,
Fortoun ſa faſt hir quheill dois kary;
Na tyme bot turne can tak reſt,
For quhais fals change[1]

CXXVIII.

[*He that hes Gold and grit Richeſs.*]

HE that hes gold and grit richeſs,
And may be into mirryneſs,
And dois glaidneſs fra him expell,
And levis in to wrechitneſs,
He wirkis ſorrow to him ſell.

Fol. 116. a.

He that may be but ſturt or ſtryfe,
And leif ane luſty pleſand lyfe,
And ſyne with mariege dois him mell,
And bindis him with ane wicket wyfe,
He wirkis ſorrow to him ſell.

[1] This piece is ſcored out in the MS., being a repetition of No. CXII.

He that hes for his awin genyie
Ane plefand prop, but mank or menyie,
And fchuttis fyne at ane vncow fchell,
And is forfairn with the fleis of Spenyie,
He wirkis forrow to him fell.

And he that with gud lyfe and trewth,
But varians or vder flewth,
Dois evir mair with ane maifter dwell,
That neuir of him will haif no rewth,
He wirkis forrow to him fell.

Now all this tyme lat ws be mirry,
And fett nocht by this warld a chirry:
Now quhill thair is gude wyne to fell,
He that dois on dry breid virry,
I gif him to the Devill of Hell.

Quod Dumbar.

CXXIX.

Followis the Wowing of the King quhen he wes in Dumfermeling.

THIS hindirnycht in Dumfermeling,
To me wes tawld ane windir thing;
That lait ane tod wes with ane lame,
And with hir playit, and maid gud game,
Syne till his breift did hir imbrace,
And wald haif riddin hir lyk ane rame:
And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

He braiſit hir bony body ſweit,
And halſit hir with fordir feit;
Syne ſchuk his taill, with quhinge and yelp,
And todlit with hir lyk ane quhelp;
Syne lowrit on growſe and aſkit grace;
And ay the lame cryd, Lady, help!
And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

The tod wes nowder lene nor ſkowry,
He wes ane luſty reid haird lowry,
Ane lang taild beiſt and grit with all;
The ſilly lame wes all to ſmall
To ſic ane tribbill to hald ane bace:
Scho fled him nocht; fair mot hir fall!
And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

The tod wes reid, the lame wes quhyte, Fol. 116. b.
Scho wes ane morſall of delyte;
He lovit na yowis auld, twch and ſklender:
Becaus this lame wes yung and tender,
He ran vpoun hir with a race,
And ſcho ſchup nevir for till defend hir:
And thiſs me thocht ane ferly cace.

He grippit hir abowt the weſt,
And handlit hir as he had heſt;
This innocent that nevir treſpaſt,
Tuke hert that ſcho wes handlit faſt,
And lute him kiſs hir luſty face;
His girnand gamis hir nocht agaſt:
And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

He held him till hir be the hals,
And ſpak full fair thocht he wes falſs;

Syne ſaid and ſwoir to hir be God,
That he ſuld nocht twich hir prenecod;
The ſilly thing trowd him, allace!
The lame gaif creddence to the tod:
And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

I will no leſingis put in verſs,
Lyk as thir jangleris dois reherſs,
Bot be quhat maner thay war mard,
Quhen licht wes owt and durris wes bard;
I wait nocht gif he gaif hir grace,
Bot all the hollis wes ſtoppit hard:
And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

Quhen men dois fleit in joy maiſt far,
Sone cumis wo or thay be war;
Quhen carpand wer thir two moſt crowſs,
The wolf he ombeſett the houſs,
Vpoun the tod to mak ane chace;
The lamb than cheipit lyk a mowſs:
And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

Throw hiddowis yowling of the wowf,
This wylie tod plat doun on growf,
And in the ſilly lambis ſkin,
He crap als far as he micht win,
And hid him thair ane weill lang ſpace;
The yowis beſyd thay maid na din:
And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

Quhen of the tod wes hard no peip,
The wowf went all had bene on ſleip;
And quhill the tod had ſtrikkin ten,
The wowf hes dreſt him to his den,
Proteſtand for the ſecound place:

And this report I with my pen,
How at Dumfermling fell the cace.

Quod Dumbar.

CXXX.

Ane Ballat of the fenyeit Freir of Tungland, how he fell in the Myre fleand to Turkiland. Fol. 117.a.

AS yung Awrora, with criſtall haile,
In orient ſchew hir viſage paile,
A ſwenyng ſwyth did me aſſaile,
Off ſonis of Sathanis ſeid;
Me thocht a Turk of Tartary
Come throw the boundis of Barbary,
And lay forloppin in Lumbardy,
Full lang in waithman weid.

Fra baptaſing for to eſchew,
Thair a religious man he ſlew,
And cled him in his abeit new,
For he cowth wryte and reid.
Quhen kend was his diſſimvlance,
And all his curſit govirnance,
For feir he fled and come in France,
With littill of Lumbard leid.

To be a leiche he fenyt him thair,
Quhilk mony a man micht rew evirmair;
For he left nowthir ſeik nor ſair
Vnſlane, or he hyne yeid.

Vane organis he full clenely carvit,
Quhen of his ſtraik ſo mony ſtarvit,
Dreid he had gottin that he deſarvit,
He fled away gud ſpeid.

In Scotland than, the narreſt way
He come, his cunnyng till aſſay;
To ſum man thair it was no play
The preving of his ſciens.
In pottingry he wrocht grit pyne,
He murdreiſt mony in medecyne;
The jow was of a grit engyne,
And generit was of gyans.

In leichecraft he was homecyd,
He wald haif, for a nicht to byd,
A haiknay and the hurtmanis hyd,
So meikle he was of myance.
His yrnis was rude as ony rawchtir, Fol. 117. b.
Quhair he leit blude it was no lawchtir,
Full mony inſtrument for ſlawchtir
Was in his gardevyance.

He cowth gif cure for laxatyve;
To gar a wicht horſs want his lyve,
Quha evir aſſay wald, man or wyve,
Thair hippis yeid hiddy giddy.
His practikis nevir war put to preif,
Bot ſuddane deid, or grit miſcheif;
He had purgatioun to mak a theif
To dee withowt a widdy.

Vnto no meſs preſſit this prelat,
For ſound of ſacring bell nor ſkellat;
As blakſmyth bruikit was his pallatt,
For battering at the ſtudy.

Thocht he come hame a new maid channoun,
He had diſpenſit with matynnis channoun,
On him come nowthir ſtole nor fannoun,
For ſmowking of the ſmydy.

Me thocht ſeir faſſonis he aſſailyeit,
To mak the quinteſſance, and failyeit;
And quhen he ſaw that nocht availyeit,
A fedrem on he tuke,
And ſchupe in Turky for to fle;
And quhen that he did mont on he,
All fowill ferleit quhat he ſowld be,
That evir did on him luke.

Sum held he had bene Dedalus,
Sum the Menatair marvelus,
Sum Mactis ſmyth Wlcanus,
And ſum Saturnus kuke.
And evir the cuſchettis at him tuggit,
The rukis him rent, the ravynis him druggit,
The hudit crawis his hair furth ruggit,
The Hevin he micht not bruke.

The myttane, and Sanct Martynis fowle,
Wend he had bene the hornit howle,
Thay ſet avpone him with a yowle,
And gaif him dynt for dynt.
The golk, the gormaw, and the gled,
Beft him with buffettis quhill he bled;
The ſparhalk to the ſpring him ſped,
Als fers as fyre of flynt.

The tarſall gaif him tug for tug,
A ſtanchell hang in ilka lug,
The pyot furth his pennis did rug,
The ſtork ſtraik ay but ſtynt.

The biſſart, biſſy but rebuik,
Scho was ſo cleverus of hir clvik,
His bawis he micht not langer bruik,
Scho held thame at ane hint.

Thik was the clud of kayis and crawis,
Of marleyonis, mittanis, and of mawis,
That bikkrit at his berd with blawis
In battill him abowt.
Thay nybbillit him with noyis and cry,
The rerd of thame raiſs to the ſky,
And evir he cryit on Fortoun, Fy!
His lyfe was in to dowt.

The ja him ſkrippit with a ſkryke,
And ſkornit him as it was lyk;
The egill ſtrong at him did ſtryke,
And rawcht him mony a rowt.
For feir vncunnandly he cawkit,
Quhill all his pennis war drownd and drawkit,
He maid a hundreth nolt all hawkit
Beneth him with a ſpowt.

He ſchewre his feddreme that was ſchene,
And ſlippit owt of it full clene,
And in a myre, vp to the ene,
Amang the glar did glyd.
The fowlis all at the fedrem dang,
As at a monſter thame amang,
Quhill all the pennis of it owſprang
In till the air full wyde.

And he lay at the plunge evirmair,
Sa lang as any ravin did rair;
The crawis him focht with cryis of cair
In every ſchaw beſyde.

Had he reveild bene to the rwikis, Fol. 118.b.
Thay had him revin all with thair clwikis:
Thre dayis in dub amang the dukis
He did with dirt him hyde.

The air was dirkit with the fowlis,
That come with yawmeris and with yowlis,
With ſkryking, ſkrymming and with ſcowlis,
To tak him in the tyde.
I walknit with the noyis and ſchowte,
So hiddowis beir was me abowte;
Senſyne I curſs that cankerit rowte
Quhair evir I go or ryde.

Finis quod Dumbar.

CXXXI.

Ane littill Interlud of the Droichis Part of the [*Play*[1]].

HIRY, hary, hubbilſchow!
Se ye not quha is cum now,
Bot yit wait I nevir how,
With the quhirle wind?
A ſargeand out of Sowdoun land,
A gyane ſtrang for to ſtand,
That with the ſtrenth of my hand
Beiris may bind.

Bot yit I trow that I vary,
I am bot ane Blynd Hary,

[1] Cut away in the inlaying of the MS.

That lang hes bene with the fary
Farlyis to fynd;
And yit gif this be not I,
I wait it is the ſpreit of Gy,
Or ellis fle be the fky,
And lycht as the lynd.

Quha is cum heir bot I,
A bawld, buſteous bellomy,
Amang yow all to cry a cry,
With ane michty ſoun?
That generit am of gyanis kynd,
Fra the ſtrong Hercules be ſtrynd,
Off all the Occident and Ynd,
My elderis woir the croun.

My foir grandſchir, hecht Fyn Mackcowll, 25 Fol. 119.a.
That dang the Devill and gart him yowll,
The ſkyis raind quhen he wald yowll,
He trublit all the air:
He gat my gudſchir Gog Magog;
He, quhen he danſit, the warld wald ſchog;
Ten thowſand ellis yeid in his frog
Off Heland plaidis and mair.

And yit he wes of tendir yowth;
Bot eftir he grew mekle at fowth,
Ellevin myle wyd mett was his mowth,
His teith wes ten myle ſquair.
He wald vpoun his tais vp ſtand,
And tak the ſtarnis doun with his hand,
And ſett thame in a gold garland
Aboif his wyvis hair.

He had a wyf was mekle of clift,
Hir heid wan heichar nor the lift;

The Hevin reirdit quhen ſcho wald rift;
The laſs was na thing ſklendir:
Scho ſpatt Lochlomound with hir lippis;
Thundir and fyreflawcht flaw fra hir hippis;
Quhen ſcho was crabbit the ſone thold clippis;
The Feynd durſt nocht offend hir.

For cawld ſcho tuke the fevir tartane,[1]
For all the claith in France and Bartane,
Wald not be to hir leg a gartane,
Thocht ſcho was young and tendir;
Vpoun a nicht heir in the north,
Scho tuke the gravall and ſtaild Craig Gorth,
And piſchit the grit watter of Forth,
Sic tyd ran eftir hend hir.

Yit ane thing writtin of hir I fynd,
In Yrland quhen ſcho blew behind,
At Norway coiſt ſcho raiſit the wynd,
And grit ſchippis drownit thair.
Scho fiſchit all the Spanyie ſeyis,
With hir ſark lap betuix hir theyis;
Thre dayis ſaling betuix hir kneyis
It was eſtemid and mair.

The hingand brayis on adir ſyde
Scho powtterit with hir lymmis wyde;
Laſſis micht leir at hir to ſtryde,
Wald ga to luvaris lair.
Scho markit to the land with mirth;
Scho piſchit fyve quhailis in the Firth,
That croppin war in hir geig for girth,
Walterand amang the wair.

My fader, mekle Gow M^c^Morne,
Owt of his moderis wame was ſchorne;

[1] May be read *cartane*.

For littilnes ſcho was forlorne,
Siche ane kemp to beir:
Or he of aige was yeiris thre,
He wald ſtep over the occiane ſie;
The mone ſprang nevir abone his kne,
The hevins had of him feir.

Ane thowſand yeir is paſt fra mynd,
Sen I was generid of his kynd,
Far furth in the deſertis of Ynd,
Amang lyoun and beir:
Worthie King Arthour and Gawane,
And mony a bawld berne of Bartane,
Ar deid and in the weiris ar ſlane,
Sen I cowld weild a ſpeir.

Sophie and the Sowdoun ſtrang,
With weiris that hes leſtit lang,
Owt of thair boundis hes maid me gang,
And turne to Turky tyte.
The King of Francis grit army
Hes brocht in derth in Lumbardy,
That in the cuntre he and I
Can nocht dwell baith perfyte.

Swadrik, Denmark, and Norraway,
Nor in the Steiddis I dar nocht ga;
Thair is nocht thair bot[1] and ſlae,
Cutthroppillis and mak quyte.
Yrland for evir I haif reffuſit,
All wyiſmen will hald me excuſit,
For nevir in land quhair Eriche was vſit,
To dwell had I dellyte.

I haif bene formeſt evir in feild,
And now ſa lang I haif borne ſcheild,

[1] A word is evidently omitted here; Afloan MS. has *tak and ſlae.*

That I am crynit in for eild
This littill, as ye may ſie.
I haif bene baneſt vndir the lynd
This lang tyme, that nane cowld me fynd,
Quhill now with this laſt eiſtin wynd,
I am cum heir perdie.

My name is Welth, thairfoir be blyth,
I am cum confort yow to kyth;
Suppois wrechis will waill and wryth,
All darth I fall gar die;
For certanelie, the trewth to tell,
I cum amang yow for to dwell,
Far fra the found of curphour bell
To dwell thinkis nevir me.

Now ſen I am ſuche quantetie
Off gyanis cum, as ye may ſie,
Quhair wilbe gottin a wyfe to me
Off ſiclyk breid and hicht?[1]
In all this boure is nocht a bryde
Ane houre I wait dar me abyde,
Yit trow ye ony heir beſyde,
Micht ſuffir me all nicht.

Adow, fair weill! for now I go,
Bot I will nocht lang byd yow fro;
Chryſt yow conſerve fra every wo,
Baith madin, wyf and man;
God bliſs thame, and the Haly Rude,
Givis me a drink ſa it be gude;
And quha trowis beſt that I do lude,
Skynk firſt to me the can.

Finis off the Droichis Pairt of the Play.

[1] The next line *Yit quha wat gif ony heir beſyd* has been deleted.

CXXXII.

The Wyf of Auchtirmwchty. Fol. 120. b.

IN Awchtirmwchty thair dwelt ane man,
Ane huſband, as I hard it tawld,
Quha weill cowld tippill owt a can,
And nathir luvit hungir nor cawld.
Quhill anis it fell vpoun a day,
He yokkit his plwch vpoun the plane;
Gif it be trew as I hard ſay,
The day was fowll for wind and rane.

He lowſit the pluche at the landis end,
And draif his oxin hame at evin;
When he come in he lukit bend,
And ſaw the wyf baith dry and clene,
And ſittand at ane fyre beikand bawld,
With ane fat ſowp as I hard ſay:
The man being verry weit and cawld,
Betwene thay twa it was na play.

Quhoth he, Quhair is my horſſis corne?
My ox hes nathir hay nor ſtray;
Dame, ye mon to the pluch to morne,
I ſalbe huſſy, gif I may.
Huſband, quod ſcho, Content am I
To tak the pluche my day abowt,
Sa ye will rowll baith kavis and ky,
And all the houſs baith in and owt.

Bot ſen that ye will huſy ſkep ken,
Firſt ye ſall ſift, and ſyne ſall kned;
And ay as ye gang but and ben,
Luk that the bairnis dryt not the bed.

Yeis lay ane ſoft wiſp to the kill,
We haif ane deir ferme on our heid;
And ay as ye gang furth and in,
Keip weill the gaiſlingis fra the gled.

The wyf was vp richt lait at evin,
I pray God gif hir evill to fair,
Scho kyrnd the kyrne, and ſkwmd it clene,
And left the gudman bot the bledoch bair.
Than in the mornyng vp ſcho gatt,
And on hir hairt laid hir diſiwne,
Scho put alſmekle in hir lap,
As micht haif ferd thame baith at nwne.

Sayis, Jok, Will thow be maiſtir of wark,
And thow ſall had and I ſall kall;
Iſe promeiſs the ane gud new ſark, Fol. 121.a.
Athir of round claith or of ſmall.
Scho lowſit oxin aucht or nyne,
And hynt ane gadſtaff in hir hand;
And the gudman raiſs eftir ſyne,
And ſaw the wyf had done command.

And cavd the gaiſlingis fwrth to feid,
Thair was bot ſevinſum of thame all,
And by thair cumis the gredy gled,
And likkit vp ſyve, left him bot twa.
Than owt he ran in all his mane,
How ſone he hard the gaiſlingis cry;
Bot than or he come in agane,
The calfis brak lowſs and ſowkit the ky.

The calvis and ky being met in the lone,
The man ran with ane rung to red;
Than by thair cumis ane ill willy cow,
And brodit his buttok quhill that it bled.

Than hame he ran to ane rok of tow,
And he ſatt doun to ſay the ſpynning;
I trow he lowtit our neir the low,
Quod he, this wark hes ill begynning.

Than to the kyrn that he did ſtoure,
And jwmlit at it quhill he ſwatt,
Quhen he had jwmlit a full lang houre,
The ſorow crap of butter he gatt.
Albeit na butter he cowld gett,
Yit he wes cummerit with the kyrne,
And ſyne he het the milk our hett,
And ſorrow ſpark of it wald yyrne.

Than ben thair come ane gredy ſow,
I trow he cund hir littill thank,
And in ſcho ſchot hir mekle mow,
And ay ſcho winkit and ſcho drank.
He cleikit vp ane crukit club,
And thocht to hitt the ſow ane rowt,
The twa gaiſlingis the gled had left,
That ſtraik dang baith thair harnis owt.

Than he beur kendling to the kill,
Bot ſcho ſtart all vp in ane low,
Quhat evir he hard, quhat evir he ſaw,
That day he had na will to mow.
Than he yeid to tak vp the bairnis, 85 Fol. 121. b.
Thocht to haif fund thame fair and clene;
The firſt that he gat in his armis
Was all bedirtin to the ene.

The firſt that he gat in his armis,
It was all dirt vp to the eine;
The Diuill cutt of thair handis, quod he,
That fild yow all ſa fow this ſtrene.

He trailit the fowll ſcheitis doun the gait,
Thocht to haif wechſt thame on ane ſtane;
The burne wes riſſin grit of ſpait,
Away fra him the ſcheitis hes tane.

Than vp he gat on ane know heid,
On hir to cray, on hir to ſchowt,
Scho hard him, and ſcho hard him not,
Bot ſtowtly ſteird the ſtottis abowt.
Scho draif the day vnto the nicht,
Scho lowiſit the plwch and ſyne come hame;
Scho fand all wrang that ſowld bene richt,
I trow the man thocht richt grit ſchame.

Quod he, My office I forſaik
For all the dayis of my lyf,
For I wald put ane howſs to wraik,
Had I bene twenty dayis gudwyf.
Quod ſcho, Weill mot ye bruke the place,
For trewlie I will nevir excep it;
Quod he, Feind fall the lyaris face,
Bot yit ye may be blyth to get it.

Than vp ſcho gat ane mekle rung,
And the gudman maid to the dur;
Quod he, Deme, I ſall hald my tung,
For and we fecht I ill gett the woir.
Quod he, Quhen I forſuk my plwche,
I trow I bot forſuk my ſeill,
And I will to my plwch agane,
For I and this howſs will nevir do weill.

Finis quod Mofat.[1]

[1] *Quod Mofat* is written in a different hand.

CXXXIII.

[A Yungman Chiftane witles.]

A YUNGMAN chiftane, witles, ane peureman ſpen[dar, gettles,[1]] Fol. 122. a.
Ane auldman trichour, trewthles, a woman lowper, land[leſs;]
Apperandlie, be Sanct Jeill, ſall nevir ane of thir d[o weill;]
Tak tyme in tyme, and no tyme diffar, quhen tyme is paſt ye ... war.
All michty God, grant to our King, ſic grace that he in vertew ring,
Sa that this realme ay gydit be, with juſtice, pece and equitie.
Bettir is to ſuffer and fortoun abyd,
Than haiſtely to clym and ſuddenlie to flyd,
Quod quho to quhome.
Quha in welth takis no heid, he ſall hafe falt in tyme of neid;
Quhen I len I am ane freind, and quhen I craif I am vnkynd;
Thuſs of my freind I mak my ſo,
I ſchrew me and I moir do ſo.

CXXXIV.

The ſlicht Remeid of Luve.

LUVARIS, lat be the frenneſſy of luve,
And mvſe nor mvrne no moir in till your mynd,
Bot ſollace ſeik, and ſorrow ay remove.
Caſt yow to conqueiſs luve ane vthir kynd;
For knew ye wemenis natur courſe and ſtrynd,
Ye wald nocht be ſo trew to thair vntrewth,
Quhilkis hes no petie thocht your hairtis be pynd,
Nor of your reſtleſs womenting no rewth.

[1] MS. is here imperfect. The words in brackets are from Ramſay's "Evergreen."

Bot wald ye rewill yow, keip this regiment;
Be ſubteill, ſecreit, ſobir in thair ſicht,
Facound of wordis, bot feckill of intent,
And nevir lat your mowth and mynd go richt;
Swey as thay ſwey, be blyth quhen thay ar licht,
And preiſs yow ay in prefenſs to repair;
Forvey no tyme, be reddy day and nicht
Vpoun your kneis to ſerve thame ſoletare.

Be prevy, part, in prefenſs play with ſynis;
Be ſicht or ſmyle, lat non knaw your intentis,
Be verry war or that thay wit your myndis;
Be clenely cled in your abilyementis.
Reuſe nocht your ſelf, latt vthiris preiſs your rentis,
Bot offir thame your daly obſervance
Be tung, thocht nathir hairt nor mynd conſentis
Body and gudis to haif in govirnance.

Abuſe bot brief, howbeid ye be faid nay,
And reckles nocht your eirand for the rane;
Bot caſt yow for to cum ane vthir day,
And petouſly complene your woles pane,
Saying ye ar both ſecreit, trew and plane.
With this pairt wreth and fremmit to but faid,
For cum the freindſchip of thair fyd agane,
I mak yow ſeur ye ſall nocht miſs remeid.

Hald thame in hand quhilkis may yow help at neid,
And hecht thame giftis howbeid ye gif thame nocht,
For thair gud word ſall racheſt[1] cauſe yow ſpeid,
And thrwth thair creddence to your purpoifs brocht.
Speik fair till ye haif gottin that ye ſocht;
Be wyifs and war and watt thame ay with wylis,
For be the wy that all the warld wrocht,
Maiſt witt hes hie that monieſt owrſylis.

[1] May be read *ratheſt*.

Meikly ſolift to meit in ſecreit place,
Syne mak your mane quhen it may maiſt avelyie;
Be richt demvre and graif quhen ye aſk grace,
Bot be ye rank quhen thay begin to relyie.
Fleiche with fyiftene for feir ſumpairt ye felyie,
And ſwa but pane ye may lufe parramowris;
Be ſoft of ſpeiche, bot ſpair nocht till affelyie,
Wyn anis the entreſs and the houſs is yowris.

Bot yit ye may miſhaif yow in ſum caice,
And ye defend nocht damiſſellis defame,
For practik is to play, ſyne hald your peice,
And counſale keip for hurting of thair name.
Richſwa forbeir a manis wyfe for blame,
And hald yow koy in quiet quhill ye get hir;
As for a weddow wirk weill on hir wame,
I knaw no craft ſall cauſe hir lufe yow bettir.

Finis quod Alexander Scott.

CXXXV.

Followis the Ballat maid vpoun Margret Fleming, callit the Flemyng Bark in Edinburcht. Fol. 123.a.

I HAIF a littill Fleming berge
Off clenkett work, bot ſcho is wicht.
Quhat pylett takis my ſchip in chairge
Mon hald hir clynlie, trym and ticht;
Se that hir hatchis be handlit richt,
With ſteirburd, baburd, luf and lie;
Scho will ſale all the wintir nicht,
And nevir tak a telyevie.

With evin keill befoir the wind
Scho is richt fairdy with a faill,
Bot at ane lufe ſcho lyis behind;
Gar heiſs hir quhill hir howbandis ſkaill.
Draw weill the takill to hir taill,
Scho will nocht miſs to lay your maſt;
To pomp als oft as ye may haill
Yeill nevir hald hir watterfaſt.

To calf[1] hir oft can do non ill,
And talloun quhair the flud mark flowis;
Bot gif ſcho lekkis gett men of ſkill
To ſtop hir hoilis laich in the howiſs.
For falt of hemp tak hary towis,
With ſtane balleſt withowttin vder;
In moneleſs nichtis it is na mowis,
Except ane ſtowt man ſteir hir ruder.

A fair veſſchell abone the watter,
And is bot laitly reikit to,
Quhairto till deif yow with tome clatter,
Ar nane ſic in the floit as ſcho.
Plvm weill the grund quhat evir ye doo, Fol. 123. b.
Haillon the ſukſcheit and the blind;
Scho will tak in at cap and koo,
Withowt ſcho ballaſt be behind.

Na pedderis pak ſcho will reſſaiſ,
Althocht hir travell ſcho ſowld tyne;
Na coukcald karle nor carllingis pet
That dois thair corne and caitell cryne.[2]
Bot quhair ſcho findis a fallow fyne
He wilbe frawcht fre for a ſouſs;
Scho kareis nocht[3] bot men and wyne
And bulyoun to the counye houſs.

[1] Altered by another hand to *calſet*. [2] May be read *tryne*.
[3] *Hang* is here deleted.

For merchandmen I may haif mony,
Bot nane ſic as I wald deſyre,
And I am laith to mell with ony,
To leif my mater in the myre.
That man that wirkis beſt for his hyre,
Syne he ſalbe my mariner,
Bot nycht and day mon he nocht tyre,
That ſailis my bony ballinger.

For ankerhald nane can be fund,
I pray yow caſt the leidlyne owt,
And gif ye can nocht get the grund
Steir be the compas and keip hir rowt.
Syne treveiſs ſtill and lay a bowt,
And gar hir top twiche wind and waw;
Quhair anker dryvis thair is na dowt
Thir tripand tyddis may tyne ws aw.

Now is my pretty pynnege reddy,
Abydand on ſum merchand blok,
Bot be ſcho emptie, be our Leddy,
Scho will be kittill of hir dok.
Scho will reſſaif na landwart Jok,
Thocht he wald frawcht hir for a croun;
Thus fair ye weill fayis gud Johine Cok,
Ane nobill telyeour in this toun.

Finis quod Sempill.

CXXXVI.

Heir followis the Defence of Criſſell Sandelandis,
For vſing hirſelf contrair the Ten Commandis;
Being in ward for playing of the loun
With every ane liſt geif hir half a croun.
etc.

PERNITIOUS peple, parciall in deſpyte,
Suſanis judges, ſaweris of ſeditioun,
Your cankert counſale is the cauſs and wyte,
Bowſtert with pryd and blindit with ambitioun,
Fyndand na cryme nor havand na commiſſioun
To hurt Dame Venus virgenis as ye do;
Gif ye ſa raſchlie rin vpoun ſuſpitioun,
Ye may put vthiris on the pannell to.

To Sandelandis ye wer our fair to ſchame hir,
Sen ye with counſale mycht quyetlie command hir;
Grit foulis ye wer with fallowis to defeme hir,
Havand na cauſs bot commoun voce and ſklander;
Syne findand no man in the houſs neir hand hir,
Except ane clerk of godly converſatioun;[1]
Quhat gif beſyd Johine Dureis ſelf ye fand hir,
Dar ye ſuſpect the holy congregatioun?

Your fleſlie conſcience garris yow tak this feir;
Beleif ye virgynis wilbe win ſo ſone?
Na, God forbid! bot men may bourd als neir,
And wemen nocht the wor quhen that is done.
Had ſcho bene vndir and he hobland abone,
That war a perrellous play for to ſuſpect thame;
Bot laddis and laſſis will meit eſtirnone
Quhair Dick and Dvrie dow nocht bayth correct thame.

[1] A marginal note, in another hand, has *The miniſter Betoun.*

Sen drunkardis, gluttonis and contentious men, 25 Fol.124.b.
Schedderis of blude and ſubiectis gevin to greid,
May nocht poſſeſs the hevinly gloir, ye ken,
As in the bybill dalie do we reid;
Lat thir be wyit allyk till every leid,
Syne fornicatioun plaſit amangis the laif;
Exemp your ſelf throw all the toun in deid,
Than luke how mony ye onmerkit haif.

Gif ye beleif nocht Betoun be his word,
In hir defenſs it can nocht be reſſuſit;
Latt him that followis fecht it with the ſword,
Ane ancient law quhen ladeis ar accuſit.
Is miniſteris ſic men to be abuſit,
That knawis the Scripteur and the Ten Commandis?
Albeit he and ſcho wor in ane houſs incluſit,
He ſew na ſeid in to hir Sandelandis.

As for the reſt I knaw nocht thair vocatioun,
Thair lyfe, thair maneris, bot I heir mony mene thame;
Catholik virgenis of the holy congregatioun,
Syn wer to tyne thame gif ye cowld obtene thame.
Quhat can ye ſay except that ye had ſene thame
With rem in ra all nakkit but adherance?
Than tak a bowſtring and draw it doun betwene thame,
And gif it ſtickis it hes ane evill apperance.

Catitois clerkis quhois college ye frequentit,
Quhen ye wor wanfleris of hir wantoun band,
Now ye ar lamit fra labour I lamentit,
Your piſtolis twinit[1] and bakſprent lyk a wand.
Snapwark, adew, fra dagmen dow nocht ſtand,
And worſs than that ye want your morſing powder;
Than cumis conſcience with crukit ſtaf in hand,
Greitand for byganis, bowand bak and ſchowder.

[1] May be read *twmit*.

Remembir firſt your former qualitie,
And wrak na virgenis with your wilfull weir;
Gif ye will nocht, than our regalitie
Hes power planely to replege thame heir.
Mycht thay win to the girth I tak no feir,
Down by the Cannocroce, I pray yow, ſend thame,
Quhair Patrik Bannatyne hes promeiſt to compeir,
With lawfull reſſonis reddy to defend thame.

On cauſs thair is thay can nocht be convict,
Ye had na power fra the ſone wes ſett;
The Proveſt gaif na power to Gilbert Dick,
The ſpeciall thing that ſowld nocht bene foryett.
Thay war nocht theivis nor yit condempt in dett,
Nor ridhand tane, quhilk was na cauſs ye knaw;
Bot ye latt rukis and ravynis rin throw the nett,
And faikles dowis makis ſubiect to the law.

Your parciall juge we may declyne him to,
Bot ſett me doun the perſone Pennycuke,
Or Sanderis Guthrie, lat ſee quhat he can do,
He kennis the caice and keipis your awin court buke.
For men of law I wat nocht quhome to luke,
Auld James Bannatyne wes anis a man of ſkill,
And gif he cumis nocht thair I wald we tuke
To keip oure dyet Maiſter Dauid Makgill.

Quhat cummer caſtis the formeſt ſtane lat ſee
At tha peure winſchis ye wranguſlie ſuſpect
For ſklenting bowttis; now better war lat bee
Nor to begin to gett your ſelffis ane geck.
The gritteſt falt I find in this effect,
Ye baith tuke money and put thame ſelffis to ſchame,
Bot quhen the court cumis to the toun, quhat reck,
We ſall reſtoir thame to thair ſtok agane.

Fol. 125. a.

In your tolbuth ſic preſouneris to plant
Wilbe reſſauit weill, ye may conſidder;
Gud Captane Adamſone will nocht lat thame want
Bedding, howbeit thay ſowld lig all togidder.
As for his wyf I wald ye ſowld forbid hir,
Hir eyndling toyis I trow thair be no denger,
Becauſs his lome is larbour groun and lidder,
But vndirſtanding now to treit ane ſtrenger.

The gritteſt greiſ I find, ye haif defamett
Thir leill trew luvaris, and done thair freindis bot lack;
Becauſs thair bandis wer reddy to be proclamit,
The pairteis mett and maid a ſair contrack,
Bot now, allace! the men ar loppin aback,
For oppin ſklander callit ane ſpeikand devill;
In grit effairis ye had nocht bene ſa frack,
Concernyng the rewling of your commoun weill.

To pvneiſs pairt is parcialitie,
To pvneiſs all is hard to do in deid;
Bot ſend thame heir to oure regalitie,
And we ſall ſee gif we can ſerve thair neid.
This rurall ryme, quha ſa lyk for to reid,
To Dict and Dury is directit plane;
Quhair I offend thame in my landwart leid,
I ſalbe reddy to reforme agane.

Fol. 125.b.

Finis quod Semple.

CXXXVII.

Followis the Ballat maid be Robert Semple of Jonet Reid, [ane[1]] Violet and [ane[1]] Quhyt; being ſlicht Wemen of Lyfe and Converſatioun, [and Tavernaris.[1]]

OFF cullouris cleir quha lykis to weir,
Ar ſindry ſortis in to this toun,
Grene, yellow, blew and mony hew,
Bayth Pareiſs blak and Inglis broun;
Lundoun ſky, quha lykis to by,
Bot cullour derroy is clene laid doun,
Dundy gray this mony a day
Is lychleit bayth with laid and loun.

Stanche my fyking and ſtryd my lyking
Ar ſemely hewis for ſommer play,
Dundippit in yello for mony gud fallo, Fol. 126. a.
As Will of Quhithawch bad me ſay;
I will nocht dennyit till nane that will by it,
For ſilver nane ſalbe ſaid nay;
Yee nocht to plenyie my clayth will nocht ſtenyie,
Suppois ye weit it nycht and day.

Quhyt. And I haif Quhyt off grit delyt,
Violet. And Violett quha lykis to weir,
Reid. Weill werand Reid quhill ye be deid;
Quhilk ſall nocht failyie tak ye no feir.
The Quhyt is gude and richt weill lwid,
Bot yit the Reid is twyiſs als deir;
The Violet ſyne, bayth freſche and fine,
Sall ſerve yow hoſing for a yeir.

[1] The words in brackets have been written in by a different hand.

The Quhyt is twiche and freſche ennewche,
Soft as the ſilk as all men ſeis;
The Reid is bony and ſocht of mony,
Thay hyve abowt the houſs lyk beis.
With Violet to, gif ye haif ado,
It meitis lyk ſtemmyne to your theis;
Seure be my witting not brunt in the bitting,
Suppois baith laidis and lymmeris leis.

Off all thir thre hewis I haif left clewis
To be oure courtmen wintter weid,
Twynit and ſmall, the beſt of thame all
May weir the claith for woll and threid.
Bot in the walkmill the wedder is ill,
Thir ar nocht drying dayis in deid,
And gif it be watt, I hecht for that,
It tuggis in hoilis and gais abbreid.

Yit it is weill walkit, cairdit and calkit,
Als warme a weid as weir the deule;
Weill wrocht in the lwmis with wobſter gwmis, Fol. 126. b.
Bayth thik and nymmill gais the ſpwle;
Cottond and ſchorne the mair it be worne,
Ye find your ſelf the grittar fule;
Bot bony forſuth cum byit in my bwth,
To mak yow garmentis agane Yule.

Bot mixt thir togidder your ſelf may conſidder
Quhat fyner cullour can be fund,
And namely of breikis, gif ony man ſeikis,
Sall haif the pair ay for a pund.
Howbeid it be ſkant na wowaris ſall want,
That to my bidding wilbe bund;
Weill may thay brukit thay neid nocht to lukit,
Bot graip it marklynis be the grund.

Your courtmen heir hes maid my claith deir,
And raiſd it twell pennis of the ell;
Yit is my claith ſeuver for ſadillis to ceuver,
Suppois the feſſioun raid thame ſell.
The Violet certane wes maid Dumbartane,
The Reid wes walkit in Dumkell;
The Quhyt hes bene dicht in mony mirk nicht,
Bot tyme and place I can not tell.

Now gif ye wirk wyiſlie and ſchaip it precyſlie,
The elwand wald be grit and lang;
Gif the byeſs be wyd gar lay it on ſyd,
And ſa ye can nocht weill ga wrang.
And for the lang leſt it wald be ſchewid faſt,
And cair nocht by how deip ye gang;
Bot want ye Quhyt threid ye can nocht cum ſpeid,
Blak walloway mon be your ſang.

Bot thocht it be awld and twenty tymis ſawld,
Yit will the freprie mak yow ſane,
With vlis to rennew it and mak it weill hewit,
And gar it glanſs lyk Dummy grane.
Syne with the ſleik ſtanis that ſervis for the nanis,
Thay raiſs the pyle I mak yow plane;
With mony grit aith thay ſell this ſame claith
To gar the byeris cum agane.

Now is my wob wrocht and arlit to be bocht,
Cum lay the payment in my hand;
And gif my claith felyie ye pay nocht a melyie,
The wobb ſalbe at your command.
The merkit is thrang and will nocht leſt lang,
Thay by faſt in the Bordour land;
Albeid I haif tynſell yet mon I tak hanſell,
To pay my buthmaill and my ſtand.

My claith wald be lwd with grit men of gwd,
Gif lawdis and lownis wald latt me be;
Yit mon I excufs thame, how can I reffufs thame,
Sen all menis penny makis him free.
The beſt and the gay of it myſelf tuk aſay of it,
A wylie coit I will nocht lee,
Quhilk did me no harme bot held my coſt werme,
A ſymple merchante ye may ſee.

This far to releif me that na man repreif me,
In Jedburgh at the Juſtice air;
This ſang of thre laſſis was maid abone glaſſis,
That tyme that thay wer tapſtaris thair.
The firſt wes ane Quhyt a laſs of delyt,
The Violett bayth gud and fair,
Keip the Reid fra ſkaith ſcho is worth thame baith;
Sa to be ſchort I ſay no mair.

Finis quod R. Semple.

CXXXVIII.

Followis of a Wenche with Chyld.

BE chance bot evin this vthir day,
As I did walk allone,
I hard a maid in grit effray,
Makand a rewthfull mon, Fol. 127. b.
Quhat greif on hir did linger.
Off greif and pane ſcho did complane,
For ſcho certane cryid and maid mane,
O Lord, my littill finger!

Heiring this maid ſo lowd to cry
In this hir woſull plicht,
I drew me neir for till eſpy
Quhat hurt hir body micht;
Scho had met with ſum ſtinger.
It micht ſo be I ſay to the,
For I micht ſe how ſwllin wes ſche,
Within hir littill finger.

The angweiſs of hir body ran
In to all pairtis allyk,
For all hir body ſwellid than
Als big as ony pyk;
Me thocht it wes ſum engir.
For ſo I geſs now till expreſs,
Scho cryid dowtleſs in hir diſtreſs,
O Lord, my littill finger!

I aſkid, as ſcho mone did mak,
Quhat wes cauſe of hir wo,
And ſcho than curſit the mandrak,
Quhilk had hir bittin ſo;
The mandrak wes a ſtringer.
Allaik! the maid wes ſoir arraid,
Still in hir braid ſcho cryid and ſaid,
O Lord, my littill finger!

The mandrak had hir bittin ſo ſoir,
In this his vennemous rege,
Scho ſwellit daylie moir and moir,
That nothing cowld hir ſwege;
This ſerpent ſo did thing her.
Allake! the maid wes ſoir affraid,
For ſtill ſcho cryid allace and ſayid,
The pane within my finger!

For medecynis ſcho had furth ſocht, Fol. 128. a.
As thay thairby me tawld;
Thocht thay nevir ſo deir war bocht,
Haif thame (thay ſay) ſcho wawld;
Quhat than brocht thay that wringer?
Sic as thay gat I knaw nocht quhat,
Sum this ſum that, bot to be flat,
Scho cryd ſtill, O my finger!

Sum bad hir tak erb pilliall,
And ſum ſtalk ſtand allone,
Sum bad hir tak blaid ryſs and fall,
And ſum conſervis of ſtone.
Sum bad Baldary bring her
Long pepper chyce with nettill nyce;
Yit ruttit ryce wes hir cheif ſpyce,
To metegat hir finger.

The moir ſtill that hir weſt did ſwell,
The lenar wox hir cheikis,
With quhiche diſſeiſs ſcho ſo did dwell
The ſpace of fourtie weikis.
Quhill ſcho cowld beirit no lenger,
A littill boy come furth with toy,
Quhilk till hir ioy did henſs convoy
The angweiſs of hir finger.

Than wes it knawin to awld and yung,
Quhen this come owt to paſs,
Quhairof the deidly angweiſs ſprong,
Within hir finger waſs.
Scho than become ane finger,
And ſo trewly left hir awld cry,
And with nottis hye ſeng Lula ly,
Weill eiſit is my finger!

Ye maidis that with the ferſs mandrak
Dois chance bittin to be,
Your littill finger thus to aik
It will cauſs long ye ſe.
Treſt nocht the knippill ringer;
Let thois be war, trew maidis that ar,
And with dew fair frome mandraikis ſnair,
Keip weill thair littill finger.

Finis quod ane Ingliſman.

CXXXIX.

Ane Ballat maid to the Deriſioun and Scorne of wantoun Wemen. Fol. 128. b.

YE luſty ladyis! luke
The rakles lyfe ye leid;
Hant nocht in hoile or nuke
To hurt your womanheid.
I reid for beſt remeid,
Forbeir all place prophane;
Gife this be caus of feid,
I ſall not ſaid agane.

Quhat is ſic luve bot luſt,
A lytill for delyte;
To hant that game robuſt
And beiſtly appetyte?
I nowdir fleiſche nor flyte
To tell the trewith certane;
Taik ye this in deſpyte,
I ſall not ſaid agane.

The wyſeſt ſcho may ſone
Seduſit be and ſchent,
Syne fra the deid be done
Perchance ſall ſoir repent.
Ouirlait is till lament
Fra belly dow not lane;
To cry in tyme take tent,
I ſall not ſaid agane.

Lycht wynchis luve will ſawin,
Evin lyk ane ſpanyeollis lawchter;
To lat hir wamb be clawin
Be thame liſt geir betawcht hir.
For conyie ye may chawcht hir
To ſched hir ſchankis in twane,
And nevir ſpeir quhais awcht hir:
I ſall not ſaid agane.

Thocht bruckill wemen hantis
In luſt to leid thair lyvis,
And wedow men that wantis
To ſteill a pair of ſwyvis;
Bot quhair that mareit wyvis
Gois by thair huſbandis bane,
That houſhald nevir thryvis:
I ſall not ſaid agane.

It ſettis not madynis als
To latt men lowis thair laice,
No clym abowt menis halſs,
To clap, to kiſs, nor braice,
Nor round in ſecreit place.
Sic treitment is a trane
To cleive thair quaver caice:
I ſall not ſaid agane.

Fol. 129. a.

Fairweill with cheſtetie
Fra wenchis fall to chucking,
Thair followis thingis thre
To gar thame ga in gucking,
Braſing, graping, and plucking;
Thir foure the ſuth to ſane
Enforſis thame to fucking:
I ſall not ſaid agane.

Sum luvis new cum to toun
With jeigis to mak thame joly;
Sum luvis dance vp and doun
To meiſs thair malancoly;
Sum luvis lang trollie lolly,
And ſum of frigging ſane,
Lyk fillokkis full of folly:
I ſall not ſaid agane.

Sum monebrunt madynis myld,
At nonetyd of the nicht,
Ar chappit vp with chyld,
But coile or candill licht;
Sua ſum ſaid maidis hes ſlicht
To play and tak no pane,
Syne chift thair ſeid fra ſicht:
I ſall not ſaid agane.

Sum thinkis na ſchame to clap
And kiſs in opin wyiſs;
Sum can nocht keip hir gap
Fra lanſing as ſcho lyiſs;
Sum gois ſo gymp in gyiſs,
Or ſcho war kiſſit plane,
Scho leir be japit thryiſs:
I ſall not ſaid agane.

Fol. 129. b.

Moir gentrice is to jott
Vndir ane ſilkin goun,
Nor ane quhyt pittecott,
And reddyar ay boun;
The denkeſt founeſt doun,
The fareſt but refrane,
The gayeſt gritteſt loun:
I ſall not ſaid agane.

The moir degeſt and grave,
The grydiar to grip it;
The nyceſt to reſſave
Vpoun the nynnis will nip it;
The quhytieſt[1] will quhip it,
And nocht hir hurdeis hane;
The leſs the lerger hippit:
I ſall not ſaid agane.

Loe, ladeis! gif this bie,
Ane gud counſale I geif yow,
To ſaive your honeſtie,
Fra ſklander to releif yow;
Bot ballattis ma to breif yow,
I will nocht brek my brane;
Suppois ye fowld miſcheif yow,
I ſall not ſaid agane.

Finis quod Scott.

[1] This word has been written *quhylieſt*, but the *l* ſeems to be deleted.

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