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THE BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT

THE
BANNATYNE
MANUSCRIPT

COMPILED BY
GEORGE BANNATYNE
1568

VOL II

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

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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 cunninggly thame wrait,
Bot blame me baldly brocht this buik till licht, 5
In tendereft tyme, quhen knowlege was nocht bricht,
Bot lait begun to lerne and till translait
My copeis awld, mankit, and mvtillait;
Quhais trewth, as standis, yit haif I, fypill wicht,
Tryd furth, thairfoir excufe sumpairt my estait.

Now ye haif heir this ilk buik fa provydit, 10
That in fyve pairtis it is dewly devydit.

- 1 The first concernis Godis gloir and our saluatioun;
- 2 The nixt ar morale, grave, and als befyd it,
- 3 Grund on gud counsale. The thrid, I will nocht hyd it,
Ar blyith and glaid, maid for our consollatioun; 15
- 4 The ferd of luve, and thair richt reformatioun;
- 5 The fyift ar tailis and storeis weill discydit:
Reid as ye pleifs, 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 luvè all that fall endeur
Sall eftir this lyif off bettir lyif be feur.

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 Murray, concer[ning] the Incarnatioun of our
Saluour Chryst.*

QUHEN goldin Phebus movit fra the Ram,
In to the Bull to mak his mansioun,
And hornit Dean in the Virgin cam,
With vifage pail in hir affentioun,
Approcheand to hir oppositioun; 5
Quhen donc Awrora with hir mistie schowris,
Fleand of skyis the bricht reflexioun,
Hir siluer teiris skalit on the flouris;¹

The fesoun quhen the greit Octavian
Baith erd and feis had had in² gouirnance, 10
With diademe as roy Cefarian,
In maist excellent honor and plesance,
With every gloir that nicht his fame advance;
Quhen he the croun of hic triumphe had worne,
Be quhais peax and royell ordinance 15
The furious Mars wes blawin to the horne;

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

- The fanyne tyme quhen God omnipotent
Beheld of man the greit callamitie,
And thocht the tyme wes than expedient
Man to redeme fra thrald captiuitie, 20
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 ;
- reie. Befoir the Fader Mercy than appeiris, 25
With flude of teris rainnand fra hir ene;
Said, " Man hes bene in hell fyve thowfand yeiris,
Sen he wes maid in feild of Damascene,
And crewall tormentis daly dois sustene
But ony confort, cryand for mercie. 30
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, 35
Withowttin flicht¹ of ony argument;
Quhen Adame wes fund² inobedient
In Paradice thruche his ambitioun,
Perpetually, be richtous jugement,
Off thy blift visage tynt fruisoun." 40
- Pece. Than Pece said, " Lord haif in thy memorie
That man, thy wark, was creat to that fyne,
That he nicht haif perfyte felicitie
With the aboif the hevynis cristellyne,
Quhilk Lucifer did thruch his foly tyne, 45
Sumtyme maid to thy image worthiest:
It wes said than be prophecie devyne
That thow fowld sleip and in my bofum rest."

¹ Dupl. Text—*ficht*. ² Ib.—*maid*.

- Justice. And Justice said, " His odious offence
 Contrare thy hie excellent dignitie, 50
 His oppin fyn and wilfull negligence
 Befoir thy sicht fowld mair aggregit bie,
 Sen thow art Alpha, O and Veritie:
 Be richtous dome, Adame and all his feid,
 For treffone done agane thy maieftie, 55
 Condepnit is to thoill the bitter deid."
- Thir ladeis foure contending befelie,
 With argumentis and mony strong repplyis,
 Beffoir the bliffit Fader equalie, Fol. 2. a.
 Sum for justice, and sum for mercie cryis: 60
- Sentence. The Fader wret ane sentence in this wyifs,
 "For treffone done aganis oure maieftie,
 The bittir deid falbe ane facrifyifs
 The grit offence of man to fatisfie."
- The hevin, the eird baith ferchit vp and doun, 65
 Nane wes thair fund sufficient cheretie
 Man to redeme with this condition.
 Than God, eterne in his diuinitie,
 Seand it wes fa grit difficultie
 To purge the spot of fyn original, 70
 Wes penitent that he maid man to bie
 In to this warld, with fawle perpetuall.
- Thir ladeis foure than callit hes agane,
 And said, "Your myndis fall fulfillit be;
 Ye fall ay still in to my court remane, 75
 And in this maner haif fraternitie:
 My Mercy falbe knit to Veritie,
 Than Peax and Justice fall togidder brace;
 My Sone falbeir the burding of this plie,
 And man falbe reconcyld to my grace." 80

The Fader than on Gabriall did call,
 And faid, "My ferwand pas with diligence
 To Mary myld, my spous emperiall,
 In wark nor word that nevir maid offence;
 And fay to hir with humill reverence, 85
 My tender Sone fall in hir bofum breid,
 And in hir chalmer mak his refidence;
 Hir honor favit, and hir madinheid."

Man nicht nocht mak ane sacrifice condng,
 For Adams fyn and his posteritie, 90
 To God; alfwa it wes nocht according
 Allanerlie to thoilloure 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 nicht de, 95
 And fyne, as God, to ryifs agane frome dede.

Off God and man the bliffit¹ Mediateur,
 Be sentence of the bliffit Trinitie,
 Is cum in bofum of the Virgin peure,
 Subdewand him to our mortalitie, 100
 Thocht he wes equall in diuinitie²
 To God eterne, Fader³ omnipotent;
 Yit man to faif fra thrald captiuitie,
 Vnto the deid wes maid obedient.

As craft of⁴ hand vpoun the stringis playis, 105
 Proportionat in hevinly melodie,
 Quhair thre at anis⁵ presentlie affayis
 The vnifone and concord armonie,
 The craft, the string, the hand indifferentlie,
 Ane found is hard over the eir jocund; 110
 Suppois thir thre concurris equalie,
 Yit nane of thame, bot stringis, makis the found.

¹ Dupl. Text—*reuthfull*. ² From Dupl. Text—MS. has *diuinitie*.

³ Dupl. Text—*Vnto his fader, God*.

⁴ Ib.—*and*. ⁵ From Dupl. Text—MS. has *attanis*.

Richt fo the Fader and the Halie Spreit
 Off man tewk nevir incarnatioun;
 And yit thay war in to thair mynd compleit, 115
 Participant in operatioun,
 Confenting to that hie legatioun
 Maid to the bliffit Virgin tendirle,
 Quhen Gabriell maid annuntiatioun:
 The Sone incarnat wes allanerlie. 120

Then jonit wes, in perfytt vnitie,
 Devyne perfone and miserie of man,
 The Moder peur, full of virginitie,¹
 The fervent hairt and faith maift fouerane, Fol. 3. a.
 God, faule and flesche at anes to remane, 125
 Passing the strenth of mannis argument,
 Ane standing thre, and thre ay standing ane,
 Be nichtie werk of God omnipotent.

Thre mervelus
 thingis.

And of thir thre the formeft vnioun
 Wes mervellus in maift excellent gre, 130
 Quhen of the hevin the nichtie Campioun
 His Godheid knit to oure humanite,
 Oppynit the port, and coft our libertie,
 Quhairthrow the fruct of all our grace began,
 Quhilk nicht nocht haif fa grit difficultie 135
 As to tak natur of ane mortal man.

The fecund wes ane richt excellent thing,
 Quhen moderfull wes the Virgin, vndefloir;
 Quhair natur stwneift and had grit wondering,
 And all that hevinlie labur did abhoir. 140
 Than Reffone 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 feid."

¹ Dupl. Text—*The moder full of pure wirginité.*

The thrid excellent wes and marvellus, 145
 Quhen fervent hairt and faith togidder ran,
 Anc thing to natur richt contrarius,
 Quhen scho this subteill argument began;
 How may thir tway haif credence foveran
 With ficker faith into our hairt obscure, 150
 That God eterne nicht stand ane mortall man,
 Ane mother how¹ to be, the Virgin pure.

Thow Godheid trine, rignand in vnitie,
 Mover of all with sicht maist provident,
 Gevar of lyfe with all tranquillitie, 155 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. 160

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 blift Virgin takand flesche and blude.
 Howbeit thy Godheid and oure nature rude 165
 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 intellectuive, 170
 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 coftin with thy woundis fyve, 175
 Quhen faule departis in oure lattir houris.

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

¹ Dupl. Text—full.

*And followis the Proheme of the Cosmographic of
Scotland¹ compylit be the said Mr Iohine Bellentyne.*

II.

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

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 eift, to set his visage richt, 5
(I mene the ledar of the Charle wane)
Aboif oure heid wes the Vrfis twane;
Quhen sterris small obscuris in oure sicht,
And Lucifer left twinkland him allane,

The frosty nicht, with hir prolixit houris, 10
Hir mantill quhyt spred on the tendir flouris;
Quhen ardent labour hes adressit me
Translait the story of oure progenitouris,
Thair greit manheid, wifdome and honouris;
Quhair we may cleir, as in ane mirroure, fe 15
The furis end sumtyme of tirannye,
Sumtyme the gloir of prudent gouernouris,
Ilk stait appryfit in thair facultie:

My verry spreit, defyryng to reprefs
My emptiue pen of frutles besinefs, 20
Awalkit furth to tak the recent are;
Quhen Priapus, with stormy weid opprefs,

¹ MS. has *Coffland*.

Requeisit me, in his maist tendirnefs,
 To rest ane quhyle amynd his gardingis bare;
 Bot I no maner cowth my mynd prepare 25
 To sett affyde vnplefant havinefs,
 On this and that contemplating solitare.

And first occurrit to my remmembraing
 How that I wes in service with the king,
 Put to his grace in yeiris tendireft, 30
 Clerk of his comptis, thocht I wes inding
 With hairt and hand, and every vthir thing
 That nicht him pleifs in ony maner best;
 Quhill he invy me frome his service kest
 Be thame that had the court in gouerning, 35
 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, 40
 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. 45

Off erdlie stait bewaling thus the chance,
 Of fortoun gud I had no esperance;
 So lang I fwomit in hir feis deip,
 That sad Avyng with hir thochtfull lance,
 Cowth fynd na port to anker hir firmance; 50
 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 plefand meid, 55
 Quhair Flora maid the tendir blewmis spreid
 Throw kyndlie dew and humouris nutratieue;
 Quhen goldin Titan, with his flammis reid,
 Aboif the feis raft vp his¹ heid,
 Diffounding doun his heit restoretive 60
 To every frute that natur maid on lyve,
 Quhilk wes afoir in to the winter deid
 For stormis cawld and froiftis penetryve.

Ane filuer fontane sprang, with wattir cleir,
 Into that place quhair I approachit neir, 65
 Quhair I did fone espy ane felloun reird
 Off courtly gallandis, in thair best maneir Fol. 5. a.
 Reiofing thame in feafone of the yeir,
 As it had bene of Mayis day the feird.
 Thair gudly havingis maid me nocht effeird. 70
 With thame I saw ane crownit king appeir,
 With tender downis ryfand on his beird.

Thir courtly gallandis fettand thair intentis
 To fing, and play on diuerse instrumentis,
 According to this princis appetit, 75
 Two plefand ladeis come pranfand owir the bentis,
 Thair coiftly clething schew thair michtie rentis;
 Quhat hairt nicht wifs thay wantit nocht a myt;
 The rubeis schone vpoun thair fingaris quhyt;
 And, finaly, I knew be thair consentis, 80
 This ane, Vertew, that vther hecht Delyt.

Verteu and
 Delyt.

Thir goddeffis, arrayit in this wyfe,
 As reverence and honor list devyfe,
 Afoir this prince fell doun vpoun thair kneis;
 Sync drefsit thame in to thair best awyfe 85
 (So far as wifdome in thair power lysis)

¹ MS. has *hir*.

- To do the thing that micht him best appeifs,
 Quhair he reiofit in his hevinly gleifs;
 And him defyrit, for his hie empyrifs,
 Anc of thame two vnto his lady cheifs. 90
- Delyt begynis. And first Delyt vnto this prince faid thus,
 “Maift valyeant knycht in deidis amorus,
 And lustiest that evir natur wrocht,
 Quhilk in the floure of yewth mellyfluus,
 With notis sweit and fang mellodius, 95
 Awalkis heir amangis the flowris soft,
 Thow hes no game bot in thy mirry thocht.
 My hevinly blifs is fo delitius,
 All welth in erd but it avalis nocht.
- “Thocht thow had France, and Italie also, 100
 Spane, England, Pole, with vthir realmis mo;
 Thocht thow micht rigne in stait most glorius;
 Thy pissant kingdome is nocht worth ane ftro, Fol. 5. b.
 Gif it vnto thy plesour be ane fo,
 Or trubill thy mynd with curis dolorus. 105
 Thair is no thing may be fo odius
 To man, as leif in miserie and wo,
 Defrawdand God of natur genius.
- “Drefs the thairfoir with all thy besy cure,
 That thow in joy and plesour may endeur, 110
 Be sicht of thir foure bodyis elementar;
 Two hevy and gros, 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, 115
 Of thame ar maid all levand creature,
 And finaly in thame resoluit ar.
- Foure Ele-
 mentis.

"The fyre in air, the air in watter cleir,
 In erd the watter turnis without weir,
 The erd in watter turnis oure agane. 120
 So furth, in ordour: nathing confowmis heir.
 Ane man new borne begynnys to appeir
 In vthir figeur than afoir wes tane;
 Quhen he is deid, the mater dois remane,
 Thocht it refolve in to fum new maneir: 125
 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 beift, so is ane man consave
 Off feid infuse in memberis genitive; 130
 And furth his tyme in plesour dois ourdrive,
 As chance him leidis, quhill he be laid in graue.
 Thairfoir thy hevin and plesour now reffave,
 Quhill thow art heir in to this present live;
 For eftir deth thow fall no plesour have. 135

"The rose, the lilleis, and the violet,
 Vnpullit, sone ar with the windis ouirfet,
 And fallis doun but ony fruct, I wifs;
 Thairfoir I fay, sen that no thing may let, 140
 Bot thy bricht hew mon be with yeiris fret,
 (For every thing bot for ane seffone is)
 Thow may nocht haif ane moir excellent blifs, Fol. 6. a.
 Than ly all nicht in to myne armes plet,
 To hals and braifs with mony lusty kifs;

"And haif my tendir body by thy fyd, 145
 So proper, fet, quhilk natur hes provyd
 With every plesour that thow may devyne,
 Ay quhill my tendir yeiris be ouirfyd.
 Than, gif it pleifs that I thy brydill gyd,

Thow mon alway fro aigit men declyne; 150
 Syne drefs thy hairt, thy curage and ingyne,
 To suffer nane into thy houfs abyd,
 But gif thaey will vnto thy luft inclyne.

“Gif thow desyris into the feyis till fleit
 Of hevinly blifs, than me thy lady treit; 155
 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 foun.
 As hieft plesour but comparifoun, 160
 I fall the geif, in to thy yeiris sweit,
 Ane lusty halk with mony plwnis broun;

“Quhilk falbe found sa joyus and plesant,
 Gif thow in to hir mirry slichtis hant,
 Of every blifs that may in erd appeir, 165
 As hairt will think, thow fall no plenty want;
 Quhill yeiris swift, with quheilis properant,
 Confowme thy strenth, and all thy bewty cleir.”
 And quhen Delyt had said on this maneir,
 As rege of yowtheid thocht maist relevant, 170
 Than Vertew said, as ye fall eftir heir;

Vertew begyn-
 nis.

“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, 175
 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 fall thy fame and honour haif na fyne. 180

"My realmes is fet among my fois all,
 Quhilkis hes with me ane weir continwall,
 And evir fill dois on my bordour ly;
 And thocht thay may no wayis me ovirthrall,
 Thay ly in wait, gif ony chance may fall, 185
 Of me fumtyme to get the victorie.
 Thus is my lyf ane ythand chevalry:
 Labor me haldis strong as ony wall,
 And nothing brekis me bot fluggardy.

"Na fortoun may aganis me nocht avail,
 Thocht scho with cluddy stormis me affail: 190
 I brek the streme of scherp adwersitie:
 In wedder loun and maist tempestuous hail,
 But ony dreid, I beir ane equall fail;
 My schip so strang, that I may nevir die. 195
 Wit, reafone, manheid, governis me fo hie,
 No influence, no sterris may prevaill
 To rigne on me with infortunitie.

Comparifoun. "The rege of yewth may nocht dantt be,
 But grit distrefs and scherp aduersite; 200
 As be this reafone 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 distrefs, the moir intelligence. 205
 Quhay falis lang in hie prosperitie,
 Ar fone ouerfet be stormy violence.

"This fragill lyf, as moment¹ induring,
 But dowt fall the and every pepill bring
 To sicker blifs, or than eternall wo. 210
 Gif thow be honest labour dois ane thing,
 Thy panefull labour fall vaneis but tareing,

¹ MS. has *movent*, or *monent*.

Howbeit thy honest werkis do nocht fo.
 Gif thow be lust dois ony thing also,
 The schamefull deid, without disseuering,
 Remanis ay, quhen plefour is ago.

215 Fol. 7. a.

Ane vthir com-
 parifon.

“As carvell ticht fast tending throw the fee
 Levis no prent amangis the wallis hee;
 As birdis swift, with mony bissie plwme,
 Perffis the air, and wait nocht quhair thay flee;
 Siclyk our lyfe, without actiuitie,
 Giffis na fruct, howbeit ane schaddow blwme.
 Quhay dois thair lyf in to this erd coinfwme
 Without vertew, thair fame and memorie
 Sall vaneis sonar than the reky fwme.

220

225

Thrid com-
 parifon.

“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 nvrefare;
 As pretious balmes revertis thingis fair,
 And makis thame of rot impatient;
 As spyce maift sweit, and ros maift redolent;
 As sterne of day, be moving circulare,
 Chaisis the nicht with bemis resplendent:

230

“Siclyk my werk perfytis every wicht
 In fervent lufe of maift 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;
 Syne raisis it vnto the hieft speir,
 Immortaly to schyne in Goddis sicht,
 As chosin spous, and creatour most deir.

235

240

- "This vthir wenche, that clippit is Delit,
 Involwis man, be fenfuall appetit, 245
 In every kynd of vice and miserie;
 Becaufs na wit nor reffone is perfyte
 Quhair fcho is gyd, bot skathis infinit,
 With dolour, fchame, and vrgent povertie.
 For fcho wes get off frothis of the fie; 250
 Quhill fignefeis, hir plefeir vennemit
 Is midlit ay with fcherp adwerfitie.
- "Duke Hanniball, as mony awthouris wrait,
 Throw Spanyie come, be mony paffage ftrait,
 To Italy in furour bellicall; 255
 Brak down the wallis, and the montanis flait,
 And to his army maid ane oppin gait,
 And victoreis had on the Romanis all:
 At Capua, be plefeir fenfuall,
 This Duck wes maid fo foft and dilligait, 260
 That with his fois he wes fone overthrall.
- "Off fers Achill the weirly deidis fprang
 In Troy and Grece, quhill he in vertew rang;
 How luft him flew it is bot rewth to heir.
 Siclyk the Troianis, with thair knychtis strang, 265
 The velyeant Greikis fra thair rowmis dang,
 Victoriously exercit mony yeir:
 That nicht thay went to thair luft and plefeir,
 The fatall horfs did throw thair wallis fang,
 Quhais prignant fydis wer full of men of weir. 270
- "Sardanapall, the prince effeminat,
 Fra knichtlie dedis wes degenerat;
 Twynand the threidis of the purpour lynt
 With fingeris foft, amangis the ladeis fat;
 And with his luft cowth nocht be fatiat, 275

- “ Qubhill of his fois come the bittir dynt.
 Qubhat nobill men and ladeis hes bene tynt,
 Qubhen thay with luftis wer intoxicat,
 To fehaw at lenth, my tounge fowld nevir stynt.
- “ Thairfoir Camill, the valycant chevaleir, 280
 Qubhen 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 cowlde nocht faille ilk yeir
 To haif ynewch be Romane providence; 285
 Gif thay wer gevin to vyce and infolence,
 It wes nocht neidfull for to conqueifs geir,
 To be occasioun of thair incontinnence.
- Revard of Fol. 8.
 verteu. 290
 “ Sum nobill men, as poetis list declair,
 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 immortal in thair lyvis wan.
 Quhy war thir pepill callit goddis than? 295
 Becaus thay had ane vertew singlar,
 Excellent, hie aboif ingyne of man.
- Revard of 300
 vyce. 305
 “ And vthiris ar in reik fulphurius;
 As Ixion, and wery Sifiphus,
 Eumenides, the Feureis richt odibill,
 The prowde Gyandis, and thristy Tantalus;
 With hugly drink, and fude most vennemus;
 Quhair flammis bald and mirknes ar fenfibill.
 Quhy ar thir folk in panis fo terribill?
 Becaus thay wer bot schrewis vicius,
 Into thair lyf, with deidis most horribill.

“ And thocht na fruēt wer eftir confequent
 Of mortall lyf, bot for this warld present
 Ilk man to haif allanerly refpect;
 Yit vertew fowld fra vice be different, 310
 As quick fra deid, as riche fra indigent.
 That ane, to gloir and honor ay¹ direct;
 This vthir, faule and body to neclect:
 That ane, of reffone moift intelligent;
 This vthir, off beiftis following the effect. 315

“ For he that nold aganis his luftis strive,
 Bot leivis as beift of knowlege fenfitive,
 Eildis richt faft, and deth him fone ourrhailis.
 Thairfoir the mvle is of ane langer lyve
 Than ftonit hors; alfo the barrane wyve 320
 Appeiris yung, quhen that the brudy falis.
 We fee alfo, quhen natur nocht prevailis,
 The pane and dolor ar fa pungitive,
 No medecyne the patient availis.

Conclufoun. “ Sen thow hes hard baith our intentis thufs, 325
 Cheifs of ws two the maift delitius:
 Firt to fustene ane fcherp adwerftie,
 Danting the rege of yowtheid furius;
 And fyne poffeid tryvmphe innvmerus,
 With lang impyre and he felicitie: 330
 Or haif, ane moment, fenfualitie
 Of fuliche yowth in lyf voluptuous,
 And all thy dayis full of miferie.”

Be than Phebus his fyrie cairt did wry
 Fra fowth to weft, declynand befely 335
 To dip his fteidis into the occiane;
 Quhen he began ovirfyle his vifage dry,
 With vapouris thik, and cluddis full of fky;

¹ *hie* written below.

And Notus brym, the wind meridiane,
 With wingis donk, and pennis full of rane, 340
 Awalknit me, that I nicht nocht espy
 Quhilk of thame two wes to his lady tane.

But fone I knew thay wer the goddeffes
 That come in sleip to vailyeant Hercules,
 Quhen he wes yung, and fre of every lore 345
 To lust or honor, povertie or riches;
 Quhair he contempnit lust and ydilnes,
 That he in vertew nicht his lyf decore;
 And werkis did of maist excellent glore.
 The moir increffit his panefull bissines, 350
 His hee tryvmphe and loving wes the more.

Than thrwch this morall eruditoun
 Quhilk come, as said is, in my visoun,
 I tuke purpoifs, or I forder went,
 To wryt the story of this regioun, 355
 With deidis of mony illufter 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. 360

Finis. Compyld be Maister Iohine Bellenden.

III.

*The Prolog of the tent buik of Virgill, compyld be the noble poet, Mr. Gawyn Dowglafs, Bifchop of Dunkeld:—
Of Godis Workis to be incomprehenfible be man,
wit, or reffone, as for example of the Trinitie.* Fol. 9.

HE plasmatour of thingis vniuerfall,
Thow renewar of kynd, that creat all,
Incomprehenfible thy werkis ar to confaif,
Quhilk grantit hes to every wicht to haif
Quhat thing maift ganis vnto his governall. 5

How marvellus bene diuifionis of thy gracis,
Diftribut fo to ilk thing, in all placis!
The fon to fchyne over all, and fchaw his licht,
The day to labour, ffor reft thow ordanit nicht;
For diuerfs cauffis, fchupe feir feffonis and fpacis. 10

Frefche ver to burgeoun herbis and fueit flowris;
The hait fommer to nvreis corne all houris,
And breid alkynd of fowlis, fifiche, and beift;
Hervift to randir his fructis maift and leift;
Winter to fnyb the erth with froftie fchowris. 15

Nocht that thow neidit ocht, all thing thow wrocht,
Bot to that fyne thow maid all thingis of nocht,
Of thy gudnefs to be participant;
Thy Godheid na richer, nor yit mair fkant,
Nowthir now nor than, fet ws wrocht of nocht. 20

Thy maist supreme indiuifible substace,
 In ane natur, thre personis, but discrepance,
 Rignand eterne, reffavis nane accidence;
 For quhy? thow art richt at this tyme present
 It that thow wes, and evir fall, but variance. 25

Sen our natur God hes to him vnyt,
 His Godheid vncorrupt remanis perfynt,
 The sone of God havand verry naturis twane
 In ane persone, and thre personis all ane
 In deitie, natur, maiestie, and delyt. 30

The Sone the self thing with the Fader is;
 The self substace the Holie Gaist, I wifs,
 Is with thame baith; thre distinct personage,
 As wes,¹ and falbe, evir of ane age,
 Omnipotent, ane Lord, equall in blifs. 35

Quhilk foverane substace, 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. 40

The Fader, of none generat, creat, nor bore,
 His onlie Sone ingenneris evirmoir;
 Not makis, creatis, bot ingenneris alway
 Of his substace; and all tyme of baith tuay
 Proceidis the Haly Gaist, equall in glore. 45

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 reffone previt may bie 50

¹ ? ar, war.

The Fader knawis him felf, quhilk knalege spreidis
 Be generatioun eterne, that evir breidis
 His Sone, his word and wifdome eternale:
 Betuix thir twa is luvē perpetuale,
 Quhilk is the Haly Gaift, fra baith procedis. 55

Nocht that the Faderis natur myneift is,
 Of his substance he generis his Sone in blifs;
 Nor fo 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 hifs. 60

The ilk thing he him gevis, that he remanis:
 This fingle substance indifferentle thus ganis
 To thre in ane, and ilkane of tha thre
 The famyne thing is in ane maieftie,
 Thocht thir thre personis be feuerall in thre granis. 65

Similitude. Lyk as the sawll of man is ane, we waite,
 Havand thre poweris distinct and seperait,
 Vndirstanding, reffone, and memoir:
 Intelligence confidderis the thing befoir,
 Reffoun decernis, memor keipis the confait. 70

As thay bene in ane substance knit all thre,
 Thre personis regnis in ane deitie.
 We may tak als ane vthir similitude,
 Groisly the famyn purpois to conclude;
 Flamb, heit, and licht, bene in ane fyre we se. 75

Quhair evir the low is, hete and licht bene thare;
 And had the fyre bene birnand evirmair,
 Evir fowld the flamb ingennerit haif his licht,
 And of the birnand low the flambis bricht
 Perpetwaly fowld hait haif sprung alquhare. 80

So generis the Fader the Sone with him eterne,
 Frome baith proceidis the Haly Gaift coeterne.
 Thus rud exampillis and figuris may we geif;
 Thocht [God] be his awin createur to preif,
 War mair vnliknefs than liknes to defcerne. 85

Freind, ferly not, na caufs is to complene,
 Albeit thy wit grit God may nocht attene;
 For, nicht thow comprehend be thyne engyne
 The maift excellent maieftie devyne,
 He nicht be reput ane pretty God and mene. 90

Confidder thy reffone is fo feble and lite,
 And his knowlege profound and infinite;
 Confidder how he is vnmenfurable:
 Him, as he is, to know thow art nocht able;
 It fufeifs the beleif the creid perfyte. 95

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 mynneift;
 Haill he is alquhair, not devydit, nor fynneift;
 Withowt all thing he is, and not excludit. 100

O Lord, thy wayis bene investigable!
 Sweit Lord, thy felf is fa inestimable,
 I can wryt nocht bot wounderis of thy nicht,
 That lawleit fa far thy maieftie and hicht
 To be borne man in till ane oxis stabill. 105

Thow take mankynd of ane vnwemmit maid,
 Inclofit within ane virgynis bofum glaid,
 Quhome all the hevynnys nicht nevir comprehend;
 Angellis, scheipherdis, and kingis thy godheid kend,
 Thocht thow in crib betuix twa beiftis wes laid. 110

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 felf throw his fulifche dottage,
 Thow man become, and deit to mak him fre. 115

Maid thow nocht man first presedent vndir the,
 To dant the beiftis, fowlis, and fifche in fe,
 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? 120

Enarmid him with reffone 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. 125

O thyne inestimable lufe and cheretic!
 Become ane thrall to mak ws bundin fre,
 To quickin thy fklavis thold fchamefull deid maift fell;
 Blift be thow virginall fruct, that herreit hell,
 And payit the price of the forbiddin tre! 130

Thocht thow lerge fremis fched vpoun the rude,
 Ane drop had bene fufficient of thy blude
 Ane thowfand warldis to haif redemit, I grant;
 But thow the well of mercy wald not fkant,
 Ws to provok to lufe the, and be gude. 135

Commoun-
ioun.

Over all thys fyne, thy infinit godheid,
 Thy flefche and blude, lufly with wyne and breid,
 To be our fude of grace, in plege of glorie,
 Thow laft ws gaif, in perpetuall memorie
 Of thy passioun and dolorus panefull deid. 140

D.

Quhat thankis dew or gainyeild, Lord benyng,
 May I, maift finfull, 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 condng. 145

My makar, my redemar, and fupport!
 Fra quhome all grace and gudnes cumis at fchort,
 Grant me thy grace my mifdeiddis till amend,
 Of this and all my warkis to mak gud end:
 This I befeik the, Lord, I the exhort. 150

Frome the begynning and end be thow my mufe:
 All vthir Joue and Phebus I refuse.
 Lat Virgill hald his maumentis till him felf;
 I wirfchep nowdir ydoll, ftok, nor elf,
 Thocht furth I wryt, fo as myne auctor dufe. 155

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. 160

The fcriptur clips the God, of goddis Lord;
 For quhay thy mandimentis keipis in accord
 Bene ane with the, not in fubftance, bot grace,
 And we our Father callis the in every place:
 Mak ws thy fonis in cheretie, but difcord. 165

Thow haldis court over criftall hevynis cleir,
 With angellis, fanctis, and hevinly fpreitis feir,
 Thay, but feiffing, thy gloir and loving fingis:
 Manifest to the, and patent, bene all thingis;
 Thy fpous, and queene maid, and thy moder deir. 170

Concord forevir, mirth, rest, and endles blifs
 Na feir of hell, nor dreid of deth, thair is
 In thy hie realme, nor na kynd of ennoye,
 Bot all weilfair, eifs, and evirlestand joye;
 Quhais he plesance, Lord, lat ws nevir mis! 175

Finis. quod Mr. Gawyne Dowglas.

IV.

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

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, 5
 Thair coursis for to keip;
 The beiftis that on the grund do mvfe,
 And fische in to the fee;
 Fowlis in the air to fle abvfe,
 Off ilk kynd creat hee; 10
 Sum creiping, sum fleiting,
 Sum fleing in the air,
 So heichtly, so lichtly,
 In moving heir and thair.

Thir workis of grit magnificence, 15
 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. 20

Into that garding, hevinly wrocht
 With plefowris mony one,
 The beiftis of every kynd war brocht,
 Thair names he fowld expone;
 Thame nemmyng, and kennyng, 25
 As he list for to call,
 For pleifing and eifing
 Off man, subdewit thame all.

In hevinly joy man so poffest,
 To be allone God thocht not best, 30
 Maid Eve to be his maik;
 Bad thame increfs and mvltiplie,
 And eit of every fruct and trie
 Thair plefour thay fowld taik,
 Except the tric of gud and ill 35
 That in the middis dois stand,
 Forbad that thay fowld cum it till,
 Or twiche it with thair hand;
 - Leift plucking, or lucking,
 Baith thay and als thair feid, 40
 Seveirly, awfteirly,
 Sowld dye without remeid.

Now Adame and his lusty wyfe
 In parradyce leidand their lyfe,
 With plefowris infincit, 45
 Wanting na thing fowld do thame eifs,
 Ilk beift obeying thame to pleifs,
 As thay cowlde wifs in fpreit:
 Behald, the ferpent, subtilly
 Invyand manis eftait, 50

- With wickit craft and fubtilty,
 Eve temptit with diffait;
 Nocht feiring, bott fpeiring,
 Quhy fcho take not hir till,
 In vſing and chuſing 55
 The fruēt of gud and ill?
- “Commandit ws,” fcho ſaid, “the Lord,
 Nowayis thairto we fowld accord,
 Vnder eternall pane;
 Bot grantit ws full libertie 60
 To eit of every fruēt and trie,
 Except that tre in plane.”
- “No, no, not ſo,” the ſerpent ſaid,
 “Thow art diffaut thairin;
 Eit ye thairof, ye fall be maid 65
 In knowlege lyk to him,
 In femying, and demyng
 Off every thing arricht,
 Als dewly, als trewly,
 As ye war goddis of nicht.” 70
- Eve, with thir fals wordis thus allurit,
 Eit of the fruēt, and ſyne procurit
 Adame the fame to play.
- “Behald,” ſaid fcho, “how pretious,
 So dilicat and delitious, 75
 Beſyd knowlege for ay.”
 Adame, puſt vp in warldly gloir,
 Ambitioun and of pryd,
 Eit of the fruēt; allace thairfoir,
 And ſwa thay baith did flyd; 80
 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 deftitute,
And faw thair bodyis bair.

Annone, thay past with all thair speid,
Off leivis to mak thame felvis a weid,
To cleith thame was thair cair. 90

During the tyme of innocence,
No fyn nor schame thay knew;
Fra tyme thay gat experience,
Vnto ane bufs thay drew;
Abyding, and hyding, 95

As God fowld 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 knowlege had nocht bene in the,
Nor yit no sic excufe.”

“This helper, Lord, thow gaif to me, 105
Hes cawfit me transgresf.”

Sayd scho, “The serpent subtilly
Perfwadit me no lefs;
Intreitting, be eitting,
That we fowld be perfyte, 110
Me fylit, begylit;
In him lysis all the wyte.”

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

The ferpent first did iuge. 115
 "Because the woman thow begylit,
 For evir thow fall be exylit,"
 Said he, "withowt reffuge.
 Betuix hir feid and thy ofspring,
 Na peax nor rest falbe, 120
 And her feid fall thy heid down thring,
 For all thy subtilty;
 Abhorit, deformit,
 Thow on thy breift fall gang,
 In feiding, and leiding 125
 Thy lyfe the beiftis amang."

The woman nixt, for hir offence,
 Did of the Lord reffaif sentence:
 Hir fowrrow fowld increfs,
 With wo and pane hir childrene beir, 130
 Subdewit to man, vndir his feir,
 No liberty possefs.
 For Adamis falt he curst the erth,
 That barane it fowld be,
 Withowt labour fowld yeild na birth 135
 Off coirnis, erb, nor tre;
 Bot wirking and irking
 For evir fowld remane,
 And being, in deing,
 In erth returne agane. 140

O crewall ferpent! vennemus,
 Dispytfull and seditious,
 The grund of all our cair:
 Thow fals bound slave vnto the divill,
 Thow first inventar of the evill 145
 Off blifs quhilk maid ws bair;

O diuillis flaiue! did thow beleif,
 Or how had thow sic grace,
 Thairby for evir thow micht leif,
 Aboif in to that place? 150
 Thy grudgeing gat scrudgeing;
 And fwa God lute the fie,
 A diffavar, no cravar,
 Off his reward fowld be.

O dilicat dame, with eiris bent, 155
 That harknit to that fals serpent,
 Thy banis we may fair ban;
 Without excufe thow art to blame,
 Thow justly hes obtenit that name,
 The verry Wo of Man. 160
 With teiris we may bewaill and greit
 That wickit tyme and tyd,
 Quhen Adame was cauffit to fleip,
 And thow tane of his fyd.
 No fleiping, bot weiping, 165
 Thy feid hes fund fenfyne:
 Thy eitting, and sweitting,
 Is turnd to wo and pyne.

Adame, thy pairt quha can excufe,
 With knowlege thow that did abufe 170
 Thy awin felicitie?
 The serpentis fals inventing, Fol. 14.
 The womanis fone consenting,
 Was nocht fa wickitlie.
 God did prefer the to this day, 175
 And thame subdewid to the;
 So all that thay cowld mene or fay,
 Sowld not haif movit the

To brecking, abiecking
 That heich command of lyfe, 180
 Quhilk gydit, provydit
 The ay to leif but ftryfe.

Behald the stait that man was in,
 And als how it he tynt throw fyn,
 And loift the fame for ay; 185
 Yit God his promeifs dois performe,
 Send his Sone, of the virgyn borne,
 Oure ranfone for to pay.
 To that gret God lat ws gif gloir,
 To ws hes bene fo gude, 190
 Quha, be his deith, did ws restoir,
 Quhair of we war denude;
 Nocht karing, nor sparing
 His body to be rent;
 Redemyng, releiving 195
 Ws quhen we war all fchent.

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

V.

The lxxxiii Pfalme of Dauid.

GOD, for thy grace, thow keip no moir silence:
 Ceifs 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; 5
 And thay that hait the moift maliciously,
 Aganis thy micht thair heidis hes raifd on hie.

E

For to opprefs thy pepill thay pretend
 With fubteill flicht, and move conspiracie
 For fic as on thy fecreit help depend. 10
 "Go to," fay thay, "and latt ws vtterlie
 This natioun rute owt frome memorie,
 And of the name of Ifraleitidis lat nevir
 Forther be maid mentioun for evir." Fol. 14. b.

Confpyrit ar, with crewall hairtis and fell, 15
 Thus aganis the togidder in ane band,
 The Edomeitidis, that in thair tentis to dwell,
 And Ifmaleitidis jonit with thame to ftand;
 The Moabeitidis, vpoun the vder hand,
 With the prowid race of Agareines, togidder 20
 Affemblit ar, and wicketly confidder;

Geball, Ammon, and Amalek, all thre
 Marche furth ilkane with his garifoun;
 The Philiftenis, formeft thay think to be,
 The indwellaris of Tyre with thame ar boun; 25
 Afchur alfo is thair companyeoun;
 With the childrene of Lott to arrayed,
 In thair fuppoirt his benner is difplayed.

Do thow to thame as thow did to the hoift
 Off Madian; Jabin,¹ and Sifera, 30
 At Kyfon flude; in Endor lyvis thay loift,
 To dung the land quhair as thair bodyis lay.
 Lyk Oreb, Zeb, Zeba, and Salmunna,
 So mak thow thame; evin thair moift mighty princis,
 And all the cheif rewlaris of thair provincis. 35

Quhilk faid, "Lat ws inherit, as our awin,
 Godis manfionis." My God, mak thame to be
 Lyk rolling quheilis, or as the ftibill blawin

¹ From Dupl. Text—MS. has *Jifin*.

Befoir the wind. As fyre the wid we fe
 Dois burne, and flame devoir, on montanis he, 40
 The hether crop, fo lat thy tempeft chace thame,
 And thy quhirle wind with terror fo deface thame.

Thair faces, Lord, with fchamefulnes fulfill;
 That thay may feik thy name in mynd to prent.
 Confoundid let thame be, and evir still 45
 Vexid with wo; ye, mak thame fchemd and fchent:
 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, fen I am brocht	To ¹ grit diftrefs,	
And thrwchemybodythairisnocht	Bot havinefs,	
Mak haift in tyme to succour me,	O richteous Juge.	
Sen I haif nane in erth bot the	For my refuge,	
My only howp and confidence	In the is fett,	5
Affuring me that my offence	Salbe forgett,	
And all my tormentis fall tak end	With suddane fpeid,	Fol. 15. a.
Quhen thow sic confort fall me fend	As I haif neid.	
Lord, strenth me with thy patience	To suffer ay	
Quhat pleiffis beft thyne excellence	On me to lay;	10
And lat me nocht declyne at all	In tyme of greif,	
Bot evirmair on the to ² call	For my releif.	
Help me to beir my burding, Lord,	For I am waik;	

¹ Dupl. Text—*In.*

² *Ib.*—*I.*

And latt my strenth and chairge accord,	For thy names faik.	
Affist me with thyne haly spreit,	That I may still,	15
With steidfast hairt and howp repleit,	Abyid thy will.	
At leif sum part, I the beseik,	To swaige my pane;	
As thow art luving, kynd and meik,	Thy wreth refrane.	
Into thy justice and jugement	Deill nocht with me;	
Bot fen I am so penitent,	Grant me mercie.	20
Quhen that my fenffis ar all gone,	Andwordisdoisfail,	
My hairt and mynd on the allone	Salbe all haill.	
Thy sweit promeis and tendir luve,	Na tyme nor tyde,	
Owt of my mynd fall nocht rem[u]ve,	Nor yit lat flyd.	
And gif thow will that suddanly	I fall depairt,	25
I recommend my sawle to the	With cheirfull hairt,	
Quhair it fall haif ane dwelling place	With angellis hie,	
To rigne in hevinly luve and peace	Eternallye. ¹	
Or ellis, gif that thy plefour be	My lyfe to spair,	
Releif me of my meferie	And present cair.	30
Remeid me, that am lyik to mang,	And soir opprest,	
And I fall sing thy praeyfe als lang	As I may left.	

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 wyifs² and wan; 5
 Quhilk, eftir daith, fall reffaif 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 fawle and body in ane,
 Is fraill and vane, mair flippry than the flyme;
 A heipfull of cairis, bot quyet hes it nane; 10
 Ordanit of God a priffone for a tyme,
 To plege and purge the body and fawle frome cryme; Fol. 15. b.
 Quhilk quha fa spendis verteously and wele,
 Sall eftir it ay in glory and joyis dwele.

Conscience.

In quhat ordor fa evir a manis lyfe is heir led, 15
 The conscience excufis or accusis plane,
 Vthirwayis to perfwaid standis in na sted;
 It prevailis in witness to joy or to pane.
 Feir God, trust in him, and wickitnes refraine;
 Keip faif the conscience frome feir and trymling, 20
 That trew faith and peax may be at thy ending.

Prayar and Repentance.

Prayar is the maist haly, devyne service
 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. 25
 Pray to God, trust in him, bot first be penitent;
 For, as a feuir schip favis thame that be thairin,
 Sa prayar, be repentance, favis ws frome drownyng in fyn.

Faith.

Faith is a steidfastnes and trewth of thingis
 Spokin and covenantit off God, or of man. 30

A richt faith in God with it all wayis bringis
 Invinfibill powar, that nichtelly can
 Withstand the affaltis of the crewall Satan:
 For he that is faithfull and trew in all thingis
 Hes nichtyar fervandis than lordis or kingis. 35

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 fyndis entrance in to a lyfe moist peure,
 Quhilk feir vpoun luvè dependis maist feure; 40
 Or ellis feir withowt luvè increffis hatred;
 And quhame men do feir, thay wifs war perished.

Aristotle.

Bettir it is to dye, the fawlis lyfe to save,
 Than to loifs the fawle, the bodyis lyfe to have.

Seneca.

It is better to haif the fawle garniffid with vertew,
 Than the body deckid with purple, gold, or blew. 45

Finis.

VIII.

The first Salme.

Fol. 16. a.

Beatus vir.

H Appie is hie hes hald him fre
 Frome folkis of defame;
 Always to fle iniquite
 And fait of fyn and schame.

Bot hes his will conforme vntill 5
 The Lordis command and law,
 Thame to fulfill, with purposis still
 Both day and nicht to know.

He fall haif brute, as tre on rute
 Endlang the rever plantit; 10
 To burge and schute, and fall gif frutt
 In tyme, as God hes grantit.

Quhois leif and blaid fall nevir faid,
 Bot fragrant ay be¹ flureift;
 Quhois workis on braid sall evir² fpraid, 15
 And richtoufly be nvreift.

Sall non be so off nochtis no,
 Quhilk bene of curfit kind:³
 Bot thay fall go lyk duft and stro
 Bene vaneift with the wind. 20

Evoll men lykwyifs fall nocht arryifs⁴
 To jugement as thay⁵ truift;
 Nor thame that lyifs in fyne of[t] fyifs
 To counsale with the juft.

¹ Dupl. Text—*be and.* ² Ib.—*profprus.*³ From Dupl. Text—MS. has *bind.* ⁴ Dupl. Text—*thay fall nocht ryifs.*⁵ From Dupl. Text—MS. has *the.*

For air and lait the Lord weill wait 25
 The wayifs of vertewus men,
 And every gait off wicket stait
 Sall perreifs owt of ken.

Gloria Patri.

To Fader gloir be evirmoir,
 To Sone and Haly Spreit; 30
 As wes afoir, now is in ftoir,
 And ay falbe, So beit.

Finis quod Alex^r Scott.

IX.

The fyifty[frist] Pshalme.

LORD God deliuer me, allace! Fol. 16. b.
 For thy grit mercy, rewth, and grace,
 Soir mornyng, gruffing on my face,
 Rew on my miserie:
 Als for the mvltitud and space 5
 Off thy heich clemens, heir my cace,
 And my trespafs expell and chace;
 Lord God deliuer me.

Wesche me, and mak my sawle serene
 Frome all iniquite that bene; 10
 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 fyn forgane myne ene; 15
 Lord God deliuer me.

Only to the I did offend,
 May non my misfis bot thow amend,
 As by thy fermondis thow art kend
 Ourcum all contrarie. 20

In filth, lo! I begyn and end,
 By fyn maternall I am fend,
 With vyce I vaneifs and mon wend;
 Lord God deliuer me.

Thow had to veritie fic zeill, 25
 That of thy wifdome did reweill
 Incertane hid thingis for my weill,
 And laid befor myne e.

For, quhen thy fowth of grace I feill,
 I falbe clengit clene as steill, 30
 And quhyttar than the snaw gret deill;
 Lord God deliuer me.

Thow fall gif glaidnes vnto heir,
 Me into joy and mirthfull cheir,
 Quhen all my febill bonis efeir 35
 Sall gif the lovingis hie.

Heirfoir avart thy visage cleir, Fol. 17. a.
 So that my fynnis cum not the neir;
 Off my misfeidis, quhillk dois me deir,
 Lor[d] God deliuer me. 40

Creat within me and infound
 Ane hart immaculat and mound,
 Ane steidfast hairt renew and ground
 Within my breift to be.
 Fleme me nocht fra thy face fecound, 45

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

Restoir me to the exultatioun
 I had in the of my faluatioun,
 And with thy Spreit of cheif probatioun 50
 [Vpftirre my hairt to thee]²
 I fall to fynnaris mak narratioun,
 And wicket men in deviatioun
 I fall thame ken to confolatioun;
 Lord God deliuer me. 55

Lord God deliuer me, and gyd
 Frome schedding blude and homicyd;
 My tung fall preifs the, juft, but pryd,
 And petefull, all thre:
 Lowfe thow my lippis, that tyme and tyd 60
 I may gif to the lovingis wyd,
 Till all that fermely lift confyd;
 Lord God deliuer me.

Knew I thow covet facrifyifs,
 Or offerand holocast wald pryifs 65
 I fowld thame gif, bot thow dennyifs
 Sic to reffaif in gre;
 For thy oblatioun, Lord, it lyifs
 In humill hairt, contreit alwyifs;
 Pennens of spreit thow nolt difpyifs; 70
 Lord God deliuer me.

Sweit Lord, to Syon be fuave,
 And strenth the wallis of thy conclave, Fol. 17. b.
 Jerufalem, thy haly grave,
 Quhilk makis ws ranfone fre: 75

¹ A line of this stanza omitted in MS.

² From old version—MS. has *Ainx Sovirlic*.

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

Gloir to the Fader he aboif, 80
 Gloir to the Sone for our behoif,
 Gloir to the Haly Spreit of loif,
 In trenefeld vnitie;
 As wes, is, falbe ay, but roif,
 Ane thre, and thre in ane, to proif, 85
 Thy Godheid nevir may remoif:
 Lord God deliuer me.

Finis quod Scott.

X.

[*The Tabill of Confessioun.*]

TO The, O mercifull Salviour, Jefus,
 My King, my Lord, and my Redemar fweit,
 Befoir thy bludy figor dolorus
 I repent my fynmys, with humill hairt contreit,
 That evir I did vnto this hour compleit, 5
 Baith in werk, in word, and eik¹ intent;
 Falling on face, full law befoir thy feit,
 I cry The mercy, and lafar to repent.

To The, my sweit Saluour, I me schirryve,
 Committing me in thy mercy [maift] excelleng,² 10

¹ Dupl. Text—*in*.

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

Off the wrang fpending of my wittis fyve,—
 In hering, feing, gufting, twiching, and fmelling,
 Ganefstanding, greving, moving, and rebelling
 Aganis The my God and Lord omnipotent;
 With teiris of forrow frome my ene diftilling, 15
 I cry The mercy, and lafar to repent.

I wretchit fynner, vyle, and full of vyce,
 Off the Sevin Deidly Synnys dois¹ me fchirryve,—
 Off pryd, off yre, invy, and covetyce, Fol. 18. a.
 Off lichery, gluttony, with flewth ay to ourdryve, 20
 Exercing vycis evir in all my lyve,
 For quhilk, allace! I fervit to be fchent:
 Rew on me, Jefu, for thy woundis fyve!
 I cry The mercy, and lafar to repent.

I confefs² me, Lord! that I abusit haif 25
 The Sevin Deidis of Mercy Corporall,—
 To hungre meit, nor drynk to thrifty³ gaif,
 Nor vefeit the feik, nor did redeme the thrall,
 Harbreit the wolfome, nor naikit cled att all,
 Nor yit the deid to bury, tuke I tent: 30
 Thow, that put mercy aboif thy workis all,
 I cry The mercy, and lafar to repent.

In the Sevin Deidis of Marcy Spirituall,—
 To ignorantis nocht gaif I my teiching,
 Synnaris correctioun, nor deftitut counfall, 35
 Na vnto wofull wretchis conforting,
 Nor to my nychtbouris fupport of my praying,
 Nor was to ask forgifnes penitent,
 Nor to forgif my nychtbouris offending;
 I cry The mercy, and lafar to repent. 40

¹ Dupl. Text—*do.* ² Ib.—*fchryyf.* ³ Ib.—*thriftie drink I.*

Lord! I haif done full littill reverence
 To thy Sacramentis excellent of¹ renoun,—
 Thy Haly Supper ffor my fyn recompence,
 And of my gilt the holy² satisfacioun,
 And Bapteme, als quhilk all my fyn wefche doun; 45
 Heirot, 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, no³ fleyar to be, 50
 Fader and moder to wirfchep at all hour,
 To be no theif, the haly day to vphie,
 Nyctbouris to lufe, fals witness for to fle,
 To leif adultre, to covet no manis rent;
 Aganis thir preceptis⁴ culpable knaw I me; 55 Fol. 18. b.
 I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent.

Articulis creid. The⁵ Articulis of Trewth,—in God to trow,
 The Fader that all thingis wrocht and comprehendit,
 And in his haly bliffit Sone, Jesu,
 Of Mary borne, on croce deit, to hell discendit, 60
 The thrid day ryfing, 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 bliffit Haly Spreit, 65
 And in the Kirk, to do as it commandis,
 And to thy dome that we fall ryfs compleit
 And tak our flesche agane, baith feit and handis,
 All to be faiff in stait of grace that standis;
 Plane I rewoik in thir quhair I miswent, 70

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

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

I fynnyt, Lord! that nocht being strong as wall,
In howp, in faith, in fervent cheretie;
Nocht with the Foure Vertewis Cardenall, 75
Aganis vycis feure enarming me,
With fortitude, prowidence, and temperance, thir thre
With justice evir [in] work, word, or intent;
To The, Chryft Jefu, cafting vp myne e,
I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent. 80

Off fyn als aganis the Haly Spreit,
Of vertew postponyng, and fyn aganis nateur,
Off [in]contritioun, confeffour¹ indifcreit,
Of refait finfull of The my Saluour,
Of non repentance,² and fatisfaction feur, 85
Of the Sevin Giftis the Haly Gaift me sent,
Of Sex Petitionis in Pater Nofter peur;
I cry The mercy, and lasar 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 fchort lyfe remembring nocht the fpace,
The hevenis blifs, the hellis hiddoufs feid,³
But moir trespafs, my fynnis to remeid,
Concluding nevir all thrwch in myne entent;
[O] Thow, quhois blude on rude ran for my deid,⁴ 95
I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent.

I knaw me vicious, Lord, and richt culpable
In aithis fweiring, leifing, and blafpheming,
Off frufrat fpeiking in court, in kirk, and table,

¹ ? confeffioun. ² Dupl. Text—*vndone pennence.* ³ Ib.—*fed.*

⁴ Ib.—*for men ran redd.*

In wordis vyle, in vaneteis expreming, 100
 Preyfung my self, and evill my nichtbouris deming,
 And fo in ydilnes my dayis haif spent;
 Thow that was rent on rude for my redeming,
 I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent.

I fynnit in confaving¹ thochtis jolie, 105
 Vp to the hevin extolling myne ententioun,
 In he exaltit arrogance and folye,
 Prowdnes, derisfioun, scorne and vilipentioun,
 Prefumptioun, inobediencie and contemptioun,
 In fals vane gloir and deidis negligent; 110
 O Thow, that deit on rud, for my redemptioun,
 I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent.

I fynnit als in reif and in oppreffioun,
 In wrangufs gudis taking and posseding,
 Contrar gud² reffoun, conscience and discretioun, 115
 Of³ prodigall spending, but rewth of peure folkis neiding,
 In fowll disceptionis, in fals inventionis breiding,
 To conqueifs⁴ honor, trefor, land and rent,
 In fleschly lust aboif mefur exceding;
 I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent. 120

Off mynd diffymvlat, Lord! I me confes,
 Of feid vndir [ane] freindly countenance,
 Of parciall jugeing, and perveys wilfulnes,
 In flattering wordis for fynning of substance,
 Of fals folifting ffor wrang deliuerance 125
 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 curfit company, Fol. 19. b.
 All tymes both witting and vnwitting me, 130

¹ Dupl. Text—*diffaving*. ² Ib.—*my*. ³ Ib.—*In*. ⁴ Ib.—*conquere*.

Off criminall caufs, off deid of felony,
 Of tyranny, and vengeable crewaltie,
 In hurt¹ or flawchter, culpable gif I be,
 Be ony maner,² deid, counfale, or consent;
 O deir Jefu! that for me deit on tre, 135
 I cry The mercy, and lafar to repent.

Thocht I haif nocht thy pretious feit to kifs,
 As had the Magdalene, quhen scho did mercy craif,
 I fall, as scho, weip teiris for my misf,
 And every morrow feik The at thy graif; 140
 Thairfoir, forgif me, as Thow hir forgaif,
 That feis my hart as hiris penitent!
 Thy pretious body in breift or I reffaif,
 I cry The mercy, and lafar to repent.

To mak me, Jefu, on The to³ remember! 145
 I ask thy Paffioun me fo to habound,
 Quhill nocht vnmeneit be in me ane member,
 Bot fall in wo, with The, of every wound;
 And every fraik mak throw my hart a found,
 That evir did stenyie thy fair flefche innocent, 150
 So that no pairt of my body be found,
 Bot crying The mercy, and lafar to repent.

Off all thir fynnis that I did heir expreme,
 And als foryet, to The, Lord! I me fchryif,
 Appeling fra thy justice court extreme 155
 Vnto thy court of mercy exvlyif;
 Thow mak my fchip in bliffit port to arryif,
 That failis heir in stormis violent,
 And faif me, Jefu! for thy woundis fyve,
 That cryis The mercy, and lafar to repent. 160

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 ficht;
 Frome the dois every vertew fpring,
 Geving the fone and mone thair licht.
 Help now to gyd my mynd arricht 5
 This lattir sentence till apply,
 Quhilk come to me this vthir nicht:
 He that wold¹ leif most lerne to dy.

[O Lord, quho can gife and be lame,
 Or iuge cullouris, wanting his ficht; 10
 Or how fuld I ane mater frame
 That hes no knowlege to indyt?
 How can ane blind man schut arrycht,
 Being all blind without ony e?
 Sic can nocht lightly hit the quhyt: 15
 He that will leive most lerne to de.²]

My cluddy ficht, O Lord, mak cleir,
 Tak of the mist that hurtis foir,
 And latt the licht of grace appeir.
 Thow cumis to faif that wes forloir, 20
 The blind to ficht thow dois reftoir;
 Sic is thy gentill courtasie.
 To the be lawid and prayifs thairfoir:
 He that wold³ leif most lerne to dy.

Oppin my eis, my mercifull Lord, 25
 The licht of faith cleirly to fie,

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

And to beleif thy secreit word,
 The quhilk dois fay, "Cum vnto me,
 All ye that labor, refrescit to be."
 This proclamatioun Chryfst did cry 30
 To tak from ws iniquitie:
 [He that will leif most lerne to dy.¹]

Chryft come nocht the richtoufs to call,
 Bot fynnaris to repentance.
 Off him we haif the confort all, 35
 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 most lern to dy. 40

Agane God fayis, "Gif ye me lue,
 Than ye most keip my commandment."
 This text all godly men dois move,
 To be to him obedient.
 It is for ws expedient 45
 His godly will to magnifie,
 And of our sinfull lyvis repent:
 He that wold leife most lerne to dy. Fol. 20. b.

Dy frome all fyn and wicketnes,
 Frome pryd and² abhominatioun. 50
 Dy frome sleuth and covetoufnes,
 Preifs³ to gud occupatioun.
 Now is tyme, mak preparatioun
 Our fynfull lyvis to mortify.
 For help to God mak meditatioun:
 He that wold leif most lerne to dy. 55

¹From Dupl. Text—not in MS. ²Dupl. Text—*with hir*.

³Ib.—*And preifs*.

"Gif thow defyre for to leif long,
 In rest and peice, and see¹ gud dayis,
 Frome speiking lysis refrane thy tong."
 The four and thretty Salme thus fayis, 60
 To call ws vnto godly wayis,
 And wickit toungis to pacifie.
 Remember this, mak no delayis:
 He that wold leif moft lerne to dy.

Tak Chrystis croce vpon your back, 65
 And follow him in leving peur.
 Wirk weill in tyme, and be nocht flak,
 For heir we can not long endeur.
 Tyme gois away, ye may be feur;
 Our flowris fedis away trewly, 70
 Thairfoir to God for grace procure:
 He that wold leif moft lerne to dy.

The pfalme doith say, "Call vpoun me
 In tyme of tribulatioun,
 And than I will deliuer the." 75
 The Lord hes sic compassioun,
 To him mak supplicatioun,
 And call vpoun him fathfully,
 Quhen ye haif visitatioun:
 He that wold leif moft lerne to dy. 80

O Lord of lordis celestiall!
 Thy mighty arme doith ws defend.
 Be the we ryis, quhen we do fall;
 Thy mercy non can comprehend.
 Lord, pardone ws quhair we offend, 85 Fol. 21. a.
 Heir in this vail of miferie.

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

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

Finis quod [Ro.¹] Norvall.

XII.

[*Christe qui lux es et dies.*]

CHRISTE qui lux es et dies,
O Jefu Chryft, the verry licht
And daye that vndoys all dirknes,
Vncovering mirknes of the nicht,
The² licht of licht, beleve it richt,³ 5
Thow grant ws all, but⁴ difperance,
Of thy vifage to haif a ficht,
Lumen beatum predicans.

Precamur, fancte Domine,
Our haly Lord, to the we pray, 10
Defend ws in this nicht, that we
In the mot rest without effray;
And grant ws grace, that we may fay
This ympne fo plefandly to the,
To bed quhen that we boun ws ay, 15
Noctem quietam tribue.

Ne grauis fompnus irruat,
Thow tak ws, Lord, in thy keiping.
Fra our ennemy, and all his wreth,
Defend ws, Lord, attour all thing. 20
Fra dully dremis in our fleping,⁵

¹ From Dupl. Text—not in MS. ² Dupl. Text—*Thow*.
³ Ib.—*belveit richt*. ⁴ Ib.—*all ay but*. ⁵ Ib.—*dule dremyngis in fleping*.

Fra Baliaall, and his belfull bache,¹
 Lat nevir our flefche in confenting,
 Nos tibi reos ftatuat.

Oculi fompnium capiant, 25
 Our ene tak fleping on² this wyfe,
 That our hart walk and be constant
 In hevinly thocht and thy ferwyifs,
 Fra we tak reft, quhill that we ryifs;
 Sen we may nowdir mvt nor munt 30
 Thy haly hand, keip ws that lyifs,
 Famulos qui te diligunt. Fol. 21. b.

Defenfor nofter, aspice,
 Our only God and Defendour,
 Behald our ennemy, and fe 35
 Ay³ wating ws fra hour till hour.
 God fend ws grace fra hevynis tour
 To brek thair power and thair prefs,
 And fave ws fra thair fawis [fa] four,
 Quos fanguine mercatus es. 40

Memento noftri,⁴ Domine,
 Haif ws in mynd, and grant ws meid,
 Till in this frivoll flefche ar we.
 Haif mercy, Lord, of our mifdeid;
 Thow art the defenfor⁵ at neid 45
 Of our fawlis in neceffitie.
 On domifday, quhen all fall dreid,
 Adefto nobis, Domine.

Deo Patri fit gloria,
 To glorius God, the Fader fre, 50
 And to his onlic Sone alfwa,

¹ Struck out in MS. and altered by another hand to *bake*. Dupl. Text—*bach* or *bath*.

² Dupl. Text—*in*. ³ Ib.—*Enir*. ⁴ Ib.—*mei*. ⁵ Ib.—*defenfor evir*.

And to the Holy Gaift, all thre,
 Evirlefting gloir,¹ but ending, be.
 Thow grant ws grace, quhen we hyne ga,
 That we thyne endles joy may fe,
 In fempiterna fecula. [*Amen.*²]

55

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, Crhyft Jesu, King of nicht,
 Sone schynyng bricht aboif Saturnus fpheir,
 Quhois vefage heir ffor ws wox dym of ficht,
 The way to beir ws to eternall licht.

5

Thy bittir passiou, thy pane and thy torment
 In ws now prent with pane and sic pvnitioun,
 That exerfitioun off deidis penitent
 In ws be lent with teiris of contritioun,³
 Quhill thow consent, thow gif ws thy remiffioun.

10 Fol. 22. a.

For weill war me the mirreit of thy woundis,
 That passis the boundis of our iniquitie
 With mercy, this ward in fyn that dround is,
 Fro hellis houndis conferve our fawlis fre,
 Quhen that thow foundis thy awfull horne on hie.

15

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

¹ Dupl. Text—*joy*. ² From Dupl. Text—not in MS.
³ Dupl. Text—*effitioun*.

Latt not the wude, infernall cokatrice
 Fra the ws tyfe, fweit Jefu, myld of mude,
 For the grit pryce and vertew of thy blude. 20

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 hync we went,
 Thy bliffit¹ fteid aboif the firmament. 25

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, 5
 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, 10
 His wretchitnes is him beforne,
 Quhill he is weill, he standis 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. 15

My fawll is irkit¹ of my lyfe,
Thru²ch wretschitnes quhilkis³ me within, Fol. 22. b.
For labor, forrow, fturt, and fryif,
Dreid of deid, and dalie fyn. 20
The feind, he wetis his pray to win,
Ws till abandoun evir wald hie;
Quhen deid, his devoir falbegyn,
Than parce mihi, Domine.

Sall paipis, bifchopis, and clerkis fterf? 25
Sall thay haif hell for fynnis faik?
Ye, thay fall haif as thay deferf;
For thay a full hard compt fall mak,
Becaufe the kirkis gudis thay tak,
Syne dois thairfoir nocht thair dewtie, 30
Except sic fynnis thay fair⁴ forsaik:
Than parce michi, Domine.

Sall lordis and ladeis die and rot,
Or fall thay ftynk, that smellis now fweyt?
Sall wormis thame brefe abowt the throt, 35
Quhair goldin colleris hingis fo meit?
Quhen thay ar prickit in a schein,
Than loft is all thair ryaltie.
Bot micht thay leif, thay wold fo yeit:
Nunc parce mihi, Domine. 40

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

¹ Dupl. Text—*irkis*. ² Ib.—*For*. ³ Ib.—*is*.

⁴ Ib.—*Bot thay sic fynnis fair*.

Lord, for thy woundis that foir cowth bleid, 45
 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 luv of the with sic desyre, 5
 That nothing erdly fover¹ ws
 Nor pairt ws fra thy hie empyre:
 Veni, Creator Spiritus.

Quhen ony werkis we begin,
 Thow be with ws, O Haly Gaift. 10
 Latt no evill spreit ws within
 Mak foierne, quhair thow fowld be plaift.
 Cum Sone, and tak the houfs in haift;
 Cum Capitane, gude and gratius,
 At morrow, or our claythis be laift: 15
 Veni, Creator Spiritus.

And thocht the ennemy wald intend
 To fett a sege the² houfs abowt,
 Be thow within for to deffend
 We force³ nocht quha affaill thairowt. 20

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

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

Finis.

XVI.

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

YE fonis of men, be mirry and glaid,
 And leif in consolatioun;
 Tak in your haitis no clothis said,
 Dule, dreid, nor disperatioun.
 Haif howp of your salviatioun. 5
 Think of the joy that is to cum,
 Be meik in tribulatioun:
 Lawdate servi Dominum.

Be glaid, ye princis, moift potent,
 Quhome God hes gevin, of his fre grace, 10
 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 hefs: 15
 Lawdate servi Dominum.

And ye, quhome God na posseffouris
 In to this warld hes maid heirdoun,
 Of beneficis, boundis, nor treffouris,
 Ye thank als richelie his renoun, 20

As ye all cuntreis, tour, and toun
 Joyfit, of Jordane to ye flume;
 Thy compt is lefs¹ at concludioun:
 Lawdate ferui Dominum.

Quhairfoir I reid boith riche and peur, 25
 That of your pairt ye be content;
 For warldly substance is not feur,
 Nor is possessioun permanent.
 Think that this lyfe is nocht the lent
 For skafing heir of scruf and skum, 30
 Bot to ferve 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, 35
 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. 40

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 blifs, fall vthiris brace 45
 Super occurfois fyderum,
 Your Saluioir feing in the face:
 Lawdate servi Dominum.

Finis.

¹ Dupl. Text—*Lefs thy compt is.*

XVII.

[*Ye that contreit bene and confest.*]

YE that contreit bene and confest, Fol. 24. a.
 A sprituall glaidnes to you tak;
 For ye reffaif a glorious gait,
 The Lord, that all the hevynnys did mak.
 Awalk in spreit, and be not waik; 5
 Think evir thair watis yow ane fo;
 With humill hairt him not foirfaik:
 Letamini Justi in Domino.

 Ye fowld be glaid for reffonis feir;
 For now it is the tyme of grace, 10
 The tyme of penitence, and prayeir,
 The tyme of¹ conquaifs, and of purchase,
 Of the triumphand heviny place
 That evill angellis wer baneift² fro;
 For ye fall see his bliffit face:³ 15
 Letamini Justi in Domino.

 Now is the tyme of battell stowt,
 That every ane of ws⁴ fowld be
 Inarmit, baith within and owt,⁵
 With howp, faith, and cheritie, 20
 Aganis thir crewall fayis thre,
 The divill, the world, the flesche also,⁶
 With the Croce in your standart hie:
 Letamini Justi in Domino

 Ye that ar richtous of intent, 25
 And groundit vpon suthfastnes,

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

And list not to no wrang consent,
 To lye, deffais, nor to oppress,
 Lat joy in to your hairtis increfs;
 For he that brocht ws owt of wo 30
 Sall weill reward yow moir and less:
 Letamini Justi in Domino.

Finis.

XVIII.

Ane Prayer for the Pest.

O ETERNE God! of power infynyt,
 To quhois hie knowlege na thing is obscure
 That is, or was, or evir falbe, perfytt¹ Fol. 24. b.
 In to thy sight, quhill that this warld indure;
 Haif mercy of ws indigent and peure. 5
 Thow² dois na wrang to pvneifs our offens:
 O Lord, that is to mankynd hail succure,
 Preserve ws fra this perrelus pestilens.

We the befeik, O Lord of lordis all!
 Thy eiris inclyne, and heir our grit regrait;³ 10
 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, 15
 Preferf ws fra this perrellus pestilens.

We ar richt glaid thow pvneifs our trespafs
 Be ony kynd of vthir tribulatioun;

¹Dupl. Text—*or falbe is perfytt.* ²Ib.—*That.* ³Ib.—*degrait.*

Wer it thy will, O Lord of hevin! allaisf,
 That we fowld thus be haiftely put down, 20
 And dye as beiftis, without confeffioun,
 That nane dar mak with vthir refidence.
 O bliffit Jefu! that woir the thorny croun,
 Preferve ws frome this perrellus peftilens.

Vfe derth, O Lord, or feiknes, and hungir foir, 25
 And flaik thy plaig that is fō penetryve.
 Thy¹ pepill ar perreift, quha ma remeid thairfoir,
 Bot thow, O Lord, that for thame loft thy lyve,
 Suppoifs our fyn be to the pungityve,
 Oure deid ma nathing our fynmys rcompens. 30
 Haif mercy, Lord! we ma not with the fryve,
 Preferve ws frome this perrellus peftilens.

Haif mercy, Lord! haif mercy, hevynis King!
 Haif mercy of thy pepill penetent;
 Haif mercy of our petoufs puniffing! 35
 Retreit the fentence of² thy juft judgement
 Aganis ws fynnaris, that fervis to be fchent
 Without mercy; we ma mak no defens. Fol. 25. a.
 Thow that, but rewth, vpoun the rude was rent,
 Preferve ws frome this perrellus peftilens. 40

Remmember, Lord! how deir thow hes ws bocht,
 That for ws fynnaris fched 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 fym[i]litude; 45
 Puncifs with pety, and nocht with violens:
 We know it is for our ingratitude
 That we ar pvneift with this peftilens.

¹Dupl. Text—*The.*²Ib.—*and.*

Thow grant ws grace for till amend our misf,
 And till evaid this crewall suddane deid: 50
 We knaw our fyn is all the caufe of thifs.
 For oppin fyn thair is fet no remeid,
 The Justice of God mon pvneifs than bot dreid;¹
 For by the law he will with non dispens,
 Quhair Justice laikis, thair is eternall feid 55
 Of God, that fowld preferf fra pestilens.

Bot wald the heiddifman, that fowld keip the law,
 Pvneifs the peple for thair transgreffioun,
 Thair wald na deid the peple than ovrthraw;
 Bot thay ar gevin so planely till oppreffioun, 60
 That God will nocht heir thair interceffioun;
 Bot all ar pvneift for thair innobediens,
 Be fword or deid, withowttin remiffioun,
 And hes just caufe to send ws pestilens.

Superne Lucerne, guberne this pestilens, 65
 Preserve and serve that we not fterve thairin,
 Declyne that pyne, be thy devyne prudens.
 O Trewth, haif rewth, lat not our flewth ws twin;
 Our fyt, full tyt, wer we contryt, wald blin,
 Diffiver, did never, quha evir the besocht. 70
 Send² grace, with space, and ws imbrace³ fra fyn;
 Latt nocht be tynt that thow so deir hes bocht. Fol. 25. b.

O Prince preclair! this cair cotidiane,
 We the exhort, diftort it in exyle;
 Bot thow remeid, this deid is bot ane trane 75
 For to diffais the laif, and⁴ thame begyle.
 Bot thow, fa vyifs, devyifs to mend this⁵ byle
 Of this mischeif, quha ma releif ws ocht.

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

For wrangus win, bot thow our fyn ourfyll:
Latt nocht be tynt that thow so deir hes bocht. 80

Sen for our vyce, that Justyce mon correct,
O King most hie! now pacifie thy feid;
Our fyn 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; 85
We ws repent, and² tyme mispent forthocht,
Thairfoir, evirmoir be gloir to thy Godheid:
Lat nocht be tynt that thow fa deir hes bocht.

Finis. [*quod* Henryfone.³]

XIX.

The Song of the Virgin Mary.

[*Callit Magnificat anima mea Dominum.*⁴]

Magnificat
anima mea
Dominum.

WITH lawd and prayis my faule hes magnifeid
The eternal God,⁵ both ane, two, and thre,
That all hes maid, and every thing dois gyid;
Quhilk, of his micht and bonteufs petie,
Off his gudnes and eik benignitie, 5
Only of his mercy, lift to haif plesance
For to confidder and gratiouflie to sie
To my meiknes, and humill attendance.

Et exultavit
Spiritus meus.

My spreit also, with thocht and hairt efeir,
Rciofit hes with fully of abundance 10

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 fouerane haill enteir,
 And all my joy, and all my fufficance,
 My haill defyre, and my full fuffenance.
 Within my thocht he is fo deip ingrave
 That, bot in him without variance, 15
 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 faue, Bliffit call thay me; 20
 Of quhilk, O Lord, the thank be vnto the,
 With prayifs and honor of hevery hairt and tounge,
 For this allone be to thy name ay foug.

Quia fecit mihi
 magna. For he to me hes done thingis grit,
 Of he renoun and passing excellence. 25
 His grace fo fully to me dois fleit;
 For he is mighty, off maift magnificence;
 His name is holy and maift of reverence,
 Than, for to leif it, fall I nevir astart
 To truft in him with my hoill mynd and hairt. 30

Et miseri-
 cordia eius etc. And his marcy, moift passing famous,
 Frome kin to kin, and fo down to kinreid,
 Sall throw his grace be fo plenteoufs
 Perpetualy, that it fall ay proceid,
 And specialy to thame that lue and dreid 35
 My gratius Lord, with hairt, will, and mynd.
 To fuche his pitie fall fpring and fpreid,
 Of dew richt, and nevir be behind.

Fecit potentia
 in brachio suo. And als his arme he forcit and maid strang,
 His dreidfull nicht that men may fie and knaw; 40
 And prowde men, that thay ringin not to lang,

- He feverit 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 foddanly, and laid thair boift on fyd. 45
- Depofuit po- The mighty potent frome thair ryell fie,
 tentes de fede. 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 transmutatioun 50
 Fro law to hie, as it is fene full oft,
 And, quhen he¹ lift, the dominatioun
 Of warldlie pomp to fallin full vnfoft.
- Efurientes He hes fulfillit and fofterit in thair neid,
 impleuit. With gudis and² plenteus lerges, 55
 Thame that [wer³] hungryrie, indigent, and in dreid,
 And thame relevit of all thair wretchitnes;
 And he the riche hes rawcht frome thair riches,
 Full wyld and waift, to walk vpoun the plane;
 And fuddanlie thame plungit in distrefs, 60
 And folitar to lat thame leif in pane.⁴
- Sufcepit And⁵ he his chofin chyld of Yfraell
 Israell puerum Benynglie hes taik in to his grace,
 suum. And of his mercy hes remembrit weill
 To woyid all vengeance frome his face; 65
 And humill pepill fall occupy his place,
 And peax falbe feifit in his stall,
 And rewth fall his richt so imbrace
 To fett his mercy aboif his warkis all.
- Sicut locutus As he hes fpokin and futhfastly behecht
 est. To our faderis that we haif had befoir, 70

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 fyid arricht,
 That his mercy fall left for evirmoir;
 For without it this warld had bene forloir;
 To the quihilk to mak men to attene, 75
 He hes maid mercy, mankynd to restoir,
 Off all his werkis to be foverene.

Finis.

Followis Ballatis of the Nativitie of Chryste.

XX.

[*Now glaidith euery liffis creature.*]

NOW glaidith euery liffis creature, Fol. 27. a.
 With blifs and comfortable glaidnefs.
 The hevynniss King is cled in our nature,
 Ws fro the deth with ransoun for to redrefs.
 The lamp of joy, that chafis all dirknefs, 5
 Ascendit to be the warldis licht,
 Fro euery baill our boundis for to blefs,
 Borne of the gloriuss Virgyn Mary bricht.

Abone the radius hevin etheriall,
 The court of sterris, the cours of sone and mone, 10
 The potent Prince of joy imperiall,
 The he furmonting Empriour abone
 Is cummyn fra his mychtie Faderis trone
 In erd, with ane inestimable licht,
 And is, of angellis with a sweit intone, 15
 Borne of the most cheft Virgin Mary bricht.

Quhoeur in erd hard fo blyth a ftoory,
 Or tithing of fa grit felicite,
 As how the garthe of all grace and glory
 For lue and mercy hes tane humanite; 20
 Makar of angellis, man, erd, hevin, and fe,
 And to ourcum our fo, and to put to flicht,
 Is cumin a bab, full of benignite,
 Borne of the most cheft Virgin Mary bricht.

The fouerane Senyour of all celftude, 25
 That fittis abone the ordour cherubin,
 Quhilk all thing creat and all thing dois includ,
 That neur fall end, na neur moir did begin,
 But quhome is nocht, fra quhome no tyme dois rin,
 With quhome all gud is, with quhome is euery wicht, 30
 Is with his woundis cum for to wefche our fyn;
 Borne of the most cheft Virgin Mary bricht.

Quhairfoir fing all with confort and glaidnes,
 And caft away all cair and cuvatice;
 Devoyd all wo and leif in merines; 35
 Exerce vertew and banyfs euery vice;
 Dispyfs fortoun, richt rynis on fynk and fife;
 And, in the honour of his blisfull mycht,
 All welcum we the Prince of Paradice,
 Borne of the most cheft Virgyn Mary bricht. 40

Finis.

XXI.

[*Rorate celi desuper.*]

RORATE celi desuper!

Hevins distill your balmy schouris,
 For now is riffin the bricht day ster,
 Fro the rofs Mary, flour of flouris:
 The cleir Sone, quhome no clud devouris, 5
 Surmunting Phebus in the est,
 Is cumin of his hevinly touris;
 Et nobis Puer¹ natus est.

Archangellis, angellis, and dompnationis, Fol. 27. b.
 Tronis, potestatis, and marteiris feir, 10
 And all ye hevinly operationis,
 Ster, planeit, firmament, and speir,
 Fyre, erd, air, and watter cleir,
 To him gife loving, most and left,
 That come in to fo meik maneir; 15
 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, 20
 Your faulis with his blud to by,
 And loufs yow of the feindis arrest,
 And only of his awin mercy;
 Pro nobis Puer natus est.

All clergy do to him inclyne, 25
 And bow vnto that barne benyng,
 And do your obseruance devyne

¹ MS. has *Power*.

To him that is of kingis King;
 Enfence his altar, reid, and sing
 In haly kirk, with mynd degeft, 30
 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 forreftis fair 35
 Be myrthfull now, at all your mycht,
 For passit is your dully nycht;
 Aurora hes the cluddis perft,
 The son is riffin with glaidfum lycht,
 Et nobis Puer natus est. 40

Now spring vp flouris fra the rute,
 Reuert yow vpwart naturally,
 In honour of the bliffit frute
 That raifs vp fro the rose Mary;
 Lay out your levis lustely, 45
 Fro deid tak lyfe now at the left
 In wirfchip of that Prince wirthy,
 Qui nobis Puer natus est.

Syng hevin imperiall, most of hicht,
 Regions of air mak armony; 50
 All fishe in flud and foull of flicht,
 Be myrthfull and mak melody:
 All GLORIA IN EXCELSIS cry,
 Hevin, erd, fe, man, bird, and best,
 He that is crownit abone the sky 55
 Pro nobis Puer natus est.

Finis. quod Dumbar.

XXII.

[*Jerusalem reiofs for joy.*]

JERUSALEM reiofs for joy;
 J^eſus 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 5
 The Prince is borne in Baithlem,
 Quhilk fall the mak of thraldome fre;
 Illuminare Jerufalem!

 With angellis licht, in legionis,
 Thow art illumynit all about; 10
 Thre Kings of ſtreng 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, 15
 Illuminare Jerufalem!

 The regeand tarrant that in the rang,
 Herod, is exilit and his ofspring
 The land of Juda, that joſit wrang;
 And riſſin is now thi richtouſ King. 20
 So he, ſo mychtie is and ding,
 Quhen men his gloriuſ name dois nem,
 Hevin, erd, and hell makis inclynyng;
 Illumynare Jerufalem!

 His cummyng knew all element; 25
 The air be ſterne did him perfaife;
 The watter, quhen dry, he on it went;

The erd, that trymlit all and raife;
 The sone, quhen he no lichtis gaif;
 The croce, quhen it wes done contem; 30
 The stanis, quhen thay in pecis claif;
 Illumynare Jerufalem!

The deid him knew that raifs vpricht,
 Quhilk lang tyme had the erd lyne vndir;
 Crukit and blynd declarit his micht, 35
 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 fundir:
 Illumynare Jerufalem! 40

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 Gaift,
 All feing, present now and than,
 Quhome comprehend no hevynis can, 5
 Nec genus temporum menfurabit,
 For ws thow tuk the forme of man:
 Beatus venter qui te portauit.

Firft be the prophetis it wes fchawin
 To ws, Lord, of thy cuming heir;
 Be angellis fyne in erd maid knawin, 10

And be apoftillis preschit cleir,
Writtin be euangelistis but weir, Fol. 28. b.
Quos quatuor testes permiffiti,
That with thi deid thow bocht ws deir: 15
Beata vbera que fuxifti.

Hale, Jesu, Virgyn immaculat!
Hale, Virgynis fruct, fareft and best!
Out of the lilly illuminat
Thow sprang but spot, rofs ryellest, 20
Quhen fro the nobillest nest
Thow raifs a femine regis Daud
To ranfone ws and bring to rest:
Beatus venter qui te portauit.

Thow King most gloriufs and grete! 25
Quhat meiknes wes thy mynd within,
Out of thi he supernall fete
Law to discend and wesche our fin,
Making a maid of our pure kin
For to be callit mater Christ, 30
Our faulis fra the feind to win:
Beata vbera que fuxifti.

Hail, crownit King of angellis cleir!
Hail, Lord of all the angellis he!
Hail, Prince of parradice but peir! 35
Hail, Empriour of erd and fe!
That fro the Faderis maieftie,
Qui omnia secula creauit,
Come down for ws a man to be:
Beatus venter qui te portauit. 40

Quhen we wer banyft fro thi blifs,
And in the lymb fra lichtnes lent,
Mercy bad the forgif our mis,

And mekle mekit thyn entent;
 Bot Richt faid euer in jugement, 45
 Quod fumma veritas fuidi,
 And mycht nocht to that wrang confent:
 Beata vbera que fuxifti.

Thus euer quhen Mercy fpak for man,
 Rycht faid, "He feruit for to de." 50
 Sa vpoun this a ftryfe began
 In hevynnis confiftory he.
 Thow Sone of God, thame to agre,
 Lis quorum celis non ceffaut.
 To de for man thow tuk on the: 55
 Beatus venter qui te portaut.

Than with fueit found and melody
 Sang all the angell ordouris cleir,
 And all the hevynly cumpany
 Reiofit with a blisfull cheir. 60 Fol. 29. a.
 Peace kift Justice, hir fiftir deir,
 Quia nos redimere¹ voluifti;
 Than Rycht and Mercy imbracit neir:
 Beata vbera que fuxifti.

Be Mercy firft thow wald on rude 65
 De for ws fynnaris, that thow wrocht;
 And fyn be Richt ye hell denude
 Off ws quhome with thi blud thow bocht.
 Quhen this wes to conclusioun brocht
 Virginem Gabriell falutaut 70
 With anc gratia mekle of thoct:
 Beatus venter qui te portaut.

This Virgyn fueit, that neuir offendit,
 Wes fone obedient to thi will;

¹ MS. has *redemere*.

And thow as dow in hir difcendit
The haly Scriptur to fulfill. 75
Ws to deliuer frome exill
Tunc in hunc mundum peruenifti,
Quhairfoir euir loving be the till:
Beata vbera que fuxifti. 80

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 raifs with bemis bricht 85
Et omnem terram illuminauit,
In signe that thow wes borne that nycht:
Beatus venter qui te portauit.

Thre kingis with grit reuerence
Gold, fence and myr did to the bryng, 90
In signe of thy magnificence;
And that thow wes the greteft King
But end eternaly to ring,
Tu regnum¹ munera recipifti.
The angellis did about the fing, 95
Beata vbera que fuxifti.

Into this erd, with pane and greif,
Our faulis fra the feind thow wan;
Grit hungir, thrift, cauld and mifcheif
Thow sufferit for the faik of man. 100
Sevin tymes for ws thy blud outran,
Qui nos ab omni crimine lauit,
Syn deit for ws with vifage wan:
Beatus venter qui te portauit.

Finis.

¹ ? *regia.*

XXIV.

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

<p>WE that ar bocht with Chryftis blude, Lat ws with loving till him lout, That ranfonit ws vpoun the rude Fra ruffy ragmen and his route. Quhairfoir fuld we thir deuillis doute Habentes talem Redemptorem? Write we in till our standert stoute Virgo peperit Saluatorem.</p>	<p>Fol. 29. b. 5</p>
<p>Cheft Virgyn Mary, in hevin now hicht, Thow moder of the King of gloir, The blyth birth of thi bofum bricht Hes done ws to the joy restoir. We fall fing euir in erd thairfoir Ad tui nominis honorem, How that but macull, lefs or moir, Virgo peperit Saluatorem.</p>	<p>10 15</p>
<p>The he Lord fro the hevin abone As dew difcendit in the doвне, And ws, his feruandis, succurit sone Out of the herbry of Mahoun. Our ranfoner of grete renoun Curauit feculi langorem With his moft glorius passiou: Virgo peperit Saluatorem.</p>	<p>20</p>
<p>Thy bofum blift be that bare Our Saluatour, fareft of face.</p>	<p>25</p>

War nocht thi fruct, that flurist fair,
Our lynnage all had faid, allace!
Thow glorius grane and plant of grace
Que germinauit celestem florem, 30
Infernall dragonis for to chace:
Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

Thow lufty ledy, lamp of lycht,
Loud lout with celestially fang,
Of the is borne our dawing brycht 35
That doun our drery dirknes dang.
Our brycht Appollo fra the sprang,
Dans mundi tenebris splendorem,
That fra the dragon rest the stang:
Virgo peperit Saluatorem. 40

The hevynnys Lord culd law discend
In the all finfull man to fauc.
Him, that nocht hevin culd comprehend,
Thy wamb wes wirthy to ressauc.
Thow clofit in thy cleir conclaue 45
Celi et terre conditorem,
Quhilk derfly doun the dragon draif:
Virgo peperit Saluatorem,

We haif put ws and God betuene
Our Saluator, Jesu, on the rude, 50 Fol. 30. a.
His croun of thorne, his wundis kene,
His passiou, and his pretious blude,
His muder Mary, myld of mude,
Lacrimas eius et dolorem,
That our hir face ran doun as flud: 55
Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

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

His body bathit in blud all rede,
 The scurgis that his fleſch did ryfe, 60
 The ſpeir that Longens did indryfe
 In latus eius per vigorem,
 Schaip the nō moir with ws to ſtryve:
 Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

Betuix ws, varlo, and thy weris 65
 All Chryſtis paſſioun we put compleit;
 Nocht Sanct Johnis heid and the Madalanis teiris,
 The pappis of the Virgyn fueit,
 The blud and wattir that ſcho did grete
 Propter filialem¹ amorem, 70
 Quhen that ſcho fell doun at his feit:
 Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

He mycht be callit a mercifull King,
 Him ſelf that offerit to be flane,
 To keip his peple fro perriffing. 75
 That Prince he tuk on him the pane,
 He loſt his blud in every vane
 Et mortuus eſt propter amorem;
 Rycht wald we fuld luſe him agane:
 Virgo peperit Saluatorem. 80

The ſaikles lamb that neur offendit,
 Full mekle to the deid him gave;
 Syne with his croce to hell diſcendit,
 And rudly doun the yettis rave. 85
 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 faulis vnnumerable to nevin, 90

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 stevin:
 Virgo peperit Saluatorem. 95

O Lord, fen we haif no refuge
 Bot the, that hes fa deir ws bocht,
 Latt mercy wey our fynnyys huge, Fol. 30. b.
 Or thi iustice punyce ocht;
 We creaturis, that thow hes wrocht, 100
 Parce Domine, et fac fauorem;
 Latt nevir thy blud be fched for nocht:
 Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

Finis.

XXV.

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

OMNIPOTENT Fader, Sone, and Haly Gaist!
 Egall in glory, puer, and maicste;
 Thre evin of mycht, and on of mychtis maift,
 Ay rignand in eterne diuinite;
 Off a will, subftance, and equalite, 5
 In quhome is nowthir firft, laft, moir, nor left;
 To be laud in tryne and vnite:
 Pro nobis Christus homo factus est.

Sentence of grace is now diffnityfe
 Concludit in the hevinly conciftory; 10
 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 peple, with folace, joy, and fest;
 Be glaid and blyth, and be no langar fory: 15
 Pro nobis Christus homo factus est.

Our dirk orifoun and fable emysphery
 Is lychnyt now with licht of euery licht;
 Discendit is the Prince of he empery
 With schynyng face to chace away our nycht, 20
 And mak vpspring our purpouir dawing brycht;
 Our blisfull day is clerit in the est,
 The sterne of joy hes lent of him a ficht:
 Pro nobis Christus homo factus est.

Go we and meit him with deuot orifoun, 25
 And welcum him, our Saluour most sueit,
 That for ws sufferit grit vexatioun
 And hurt of body, bair of heid and feit,
 In travell, torment, thrift, hungir, cauld, and heit;
 And syne for ws a martir heir did sist, 30
 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 gloriis licht,
 As hevynnyis Lord of maieste and mycht! 5

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

All empriouris, kingis, princis, and preleittis,
 Heir nakit borne and nvreist vp with noy, 10
 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: 15
 The Sterne is riffin of our redemptioun.

Inclyne befoir the Cristin Conquerour,
 Of euery kith and kinryk vndir fky
 The he Makar, the¹ mychte Saluatour.
 The meik Redimar most to magnify 20
 With reuerend feir down on your facis ly,
 And on this day in his laudatioun,
 Aue Redemptor Jefu! all ye cry;
 The Sterne is riffin of our redemptioun.

We may nocht in this vale of bale abyd, 25
 Ourdirkit with the fable clud nocturn;
 The Sterne of glory is riffyn ws to gyd
 Abone the fpeir of Mars and of Saturn,
 Abone Phebus, the radius lamp divrn,
 To the superne eternall regioun, 30
 Quhair noxiall fkyis may mak no fogeorn;
 The Stern is riffin of our redemptioun.

All follow we the Sterne of most brichtnes
 With the thre blisfull orientall kingis,
 The Sterne of day, Voyder of dirknes, 35
 Abone all fterris, planeitis, fpeiris, and fingis;

¹ MS. has *of the*.

Befciking him, fra quhome all mercy springis,
 Ws to reffaue, with mirth of angell foun,
 In to the hevin quhair the Imperiall ringis:
 The Stern is riffin of our redemptioun.

40

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 fyn cryand vpoun me:
 "O mortall man, behald with hert and e
 How for thy faik me panis dois opprefs,
 Thocht for thy fyn, my tender spous, I de,
 Benediċta sit Sancta Trinitas."

5

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

10

Fol. 31. b.

15

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

¹ MS. has *sequitur . . . quedam cantilene.*

Malcus me struk, till Caiphas I past,
 Fals witnes aganis me wer present 20
 As blasphemar of God Omnipotent.
 But ony law thair I condampnit was,
 Among thair feit defowlit and forschent:
 Benediċta sit Sancta Trinitas.

Befor fals jugeis I wes falsly accufit, 25
 Sustenit straikis and blasphematioun;
 Myne ene fyld, my face gritly confusit,
 Malice but mefur ranit on my persoun,
 To Pylet presentit with grit derisioun;
 Syn to Herod rycht fone thay gart me pass; 30
 Thus I sustenit scorne and grit elusioun:
 Benediċta 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, 35
 Briffit my body, ryvin bayth hyd and hair;
 Till eik my pane, and gar my schame be mair,
 With purpour cleth thay cled my mortall mafs;
 Baith fell and flesch it sowit and maid fair:
 Benediċta sit Sancta Trinitas. 40

Vpoun my heid thay thrang a croun of thorn,
 Put in my hand a reid ffor derisioun,
 Vpoun thair kneis adorand¹ me in scorn;
 The thorne pykis thay to my tay dang down;
 Bot fame and name thay think to confound. 45
 Thair vyle spitting my panis gart all crafs
 Fra heid to fute, that neuir a parte wes found:
 Benediċta sit Sancta Trinitas.

¹ MS. has *andornand*.

Vpoun my bak thay put ane hevy tre,
 Led me to deid, with tormentis me flew; 50
 Off all vestmentis thay barit my bode,
 On lenth and breid my plagit perfone 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: 55
 Benediċta fit 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 down, and woundit richelie; 60
 My muderis splene pairfit calamide;
 My blissit body, quhilk passit all rihas,¹
 Within a crag wes clofit quietle:
 Benediċta fit Sancta Trinitas.

To Lymbus Patrum I passit but mair pane, 65
 Fred all my knychtis fra captiuite;
 To my appostillis I apperit fyne agane,
 All my discipillis lete myne ascensoun fe,
 In glob of grund, full of felicite,
 With science seir exertand all solafs: 70
 Quha seruis me fall fing thair finale,
 Benediċta fit Sancta Trinitas.

Hail, God eternal, hail, grace in all glore!
 In substance on, in personage hale thre.
 Hale, Prince superne, hail, hevinly Empriore! 75
 Hale, in the trone of thy devinite!
 Hale, of honor, puer, and dignite,
 Science, piete, vertew, and gudlinafs,

¹? *riches.*

Immenfurable be all tyme, stait, and gre!
Benedicta fit Sancta Trinitas.

80

Finis. [*quod* Clerk.¹]

XXVIII.

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

O WONDIT spreit and faule in till exile,
Schaddow of deth, and myrroure of myrknes,
Spendand thy sicht, thy gyd is full of gile,
Vndir the hevin thow findis bot fikilnes.
Dignite is dowble, in euery stait distres, 5
Deid is certane. O blind lust, I inquirye,
In vicius vanite wilt thow yit perfewyr?

O faith deformit, and gife it be faltles,
Quhy in thy deidis is sic diuersite,
As witles worme, vanerand in wrechitnes, 10
Pure of vertew, riche in iniquite,
Refusand verite, chesand vanite?
Sen Chryft and sanctis fa deir the hevin hes bocht,
Trest weill, O man, thow cumis nocht thair for nocht.

Off euery wa the verry deliuerance, 15
The grund of grace, off syn remiffioun,
Victorius trivmphe of vertewis haboundance,
The grund and hicht of verry perfectioun;

¹ In a different hand.

All thir ar fundin in Chryftis paffioun.
 O hevinly trefur, in falt of ferching hid, 20
 Imprint thy grace off my mynd in the mid. Fol. 32. b.

With mynd deuot and hairtly compacienc,
 Behald the Sone of God in orifoun.
 In bludy fueit he prayit for our offence,
 In pacienc eik the kifs tuk of tressoun; 25
 The Apoftils fled with defolatioun.
 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, 30
 Thay fylit his face with fputting and difpite,
 Sylit his ene, as fule in dirifoun:
 His pacienc paffit imaginatioun.
 Peter than fell. Quhairfoir, O fynnar!
 Repent with Petir, and leif nocht in difpare. 35

Qubhen Mary faw hir bliffit Sone Jhefu
 Led throw the cite, with diuerfs panis fmerte,
 Hir dule exceidand his dolour cowth renew;
 Vnthankfulnes of man thirlit his hairte. 40
 The end of auirice of wrechis now aduert:
 Judas throw cuvatice, the girn of Sathanas,
 Hingit him felf, as man difpair of grace.

Chrift wes accufit in prefens of Pilate,
 The Jowis cryit him for to crucefie,
 Barrabas wes fred. O chance infortunate! 45
 The Sone of God wes fcurgit crewalie.
 O hevinly Flour of our humanitie!
 Thy fairnes fedit, thy virgin face vox pale:
 Now man behald thi Makar immortale!

Vpoun his heid thay thrang a croun of thorn 50
For diadem, a croce to beir of tre;
Ane King of Jowis thay faluft him in scorn,
Betuix twa thevis thai deput him to de.
Thus throw his lufe and our iniquite
He sufferit. Thow fynnit, O man, maift frevolus, 55
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. 60
Cryft prayit thair for his fais but fable;
His meik mudir, abone all virgins blift,
Hairtly commendit to Johne the euangelift.

O bliffit Virgin! sege of our Saluour, Fol. 33. a.
Quhat thocht thow of thy commendatioun? 65
Sic dule mycht neuir yit martiris indure;
Thair panis wes mixt with consolatioun;
Bot in the laik of lamentatioun
Thow fowp it wes, feand thy Son torment,
Complenand thus to God omnipotent: 70

“O God abufe, that regnis eternally,
Excerce thy fervand, plungit in strang distres,
Seand my Sone and Makar immortal
Thus hoverand in the hicht of hevines.
The fowrd of forrow at my hairt cowth increas, 75
With pvnift spereit in sic perplexite,
Dippit in dolour dre furth thi prophcee.”

O man, behald the wofull diffeuerance!
Behald Mary! behald hir Sone Jesu!
Gife rewth hes rowme in thy remembrance, 80

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

Att hour of none he cryit haly; 85
 The sone wes closit in till clud obscure;
 Myr mixt with gall he taistit thair trewly;
 The stanis raif, deid raifs abuse nature;
 The Magdalenis but distance culd indure.
 Off all his panis quha mycht expreme the left, 90
 Quhen that he cryit, "Confumatum est"?

His spreit commendit in to his Faderis cure,
 The vale trymbelit throw diuifoun;
 Bayth hevin and erd, and lyfeles criature,
 Vnto thi Makar schew compaffioun. 95
 Refume thy spereit, man, full of confusioun;
 For lufe 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; 100
 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. 105

Punyfs nocht thy peple, Lord God, in thy grevance;
 Think quhy thy Sone Cryft sufferit sic passiou;
 The croun of thorne, the croce, eik Longins lance,
 For manis syn makis intercessioun.
 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 perffis, Rewth and Mercy ffoundis.*]

COMPACIENCE perffis, rewth and mercy ffoundis
In myddis my hairt, and thirlis throw the vanis;
Thy deid Jefu, thy precius crewell woundis,
Thy grym paffioun, grit torment, and crewell panis,
Ingranit fadly into my fpreit remanis; 5
Sen me of nocht thow bocht with thy blude,
My ene for dolour wofull teiris ranis,
Quhen that I fe the nalit on the rude.

In liper Symonis houfs, of Bathany,
Thy feit annoyntit Mary Magdalene 10
With precius balme and verdus fpicardy;
Scho paffit, fra thyn hir fynnyes wes forgeuen.
Thy flefch and blud in breid and wyne, but wene,
Gif thy disciplis, and lawlie wifche thair feit.
Thy manheid dred thy paffioun to fustene, 15
Quhen that thow prayit in the Mont Oliveit.

To gyd the Jows come Judas Skareoth,
And luft the kift; all thi disciplillis fled.
As ane wrechit man, to Caiphas and Pilate,
Bundin as a theif, fo thow harlid and led 20

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

Cuttis for thi coit thay keft, wes neuir sewit, 25
 Out throw thi harnis pykis of thornis applyit,
 Defowling thy ene in to thi visage spewit,
 And, for derifoun, King of Jowis thai cryit.
 That wycht, Sanct Petir, thy name thrifs denyit;
 Drowpand in dule, myrk wes thi mynd Mare; 30
 Thy voce than all throw Jerufalem hyit,
 To fe thi Sone, that thow fosterit, dee.

Rufchit on the croce thir wirdis did thow reipeit,
 "Scitio." Rycht fuyth thay feruit the with gall.
 Scherp wes the speir, strang nalis lang and greit 35
 Thy ribbis routit, thi face ourfpittit all.
 To Golgatha, God Sone selestiall,
 Thy corfs throw forfs thow bur with cur and heit,
 Thy tendir hyd, thy flesch virginall,
 Wery for wrocht in watter, blud, and fueit. 40

Throw Mareis faule the fuerd of sorrow thrift,
 Quhen that thow faid, "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, 45
 Nakit and pail, deid on the croce thow hang,
 Thy vanis burfin, thy fennonis fchorn than,
 Crownit with thorne for fcorn, twa thevis amang.

My wofull hairt is bayth roiofit and fad,
 Thy corfs, Lord Jefus Chryft, quhen I behald. 50
 Off my redemption I am merry and glaid,

Seand thy panis fair wep I wald.
 Cryand haly, the gaiftly spereit thow yald;
 To Longens hand the blud ran in a rest;
 Thy pretius blud for our redemptioun thow fald, 55
 Quhen thow inclinith with "Confummatum 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 spifit the in the graif 60
 With mir miost, most pretius and swaif.
 The thay gart de and forgaif Barrabas.
 My faule with sanctis, fueit Saluator, reffaif,
 Sen that thi passioune 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,
 Ryfs with the Lamb of Innocence, 5
 To den that did the dragoun draife.
 This day, with he magnificence,
 The Lord hes rissin fro dede to lyffe.

The sving triumphale of the croce
 Schew to confound the feindis feid, 10

And quhair he fechtis with maift force
 With confeffioun hald doun his heid.
 Ryfe with thi ranfoner fro deid,
 And the of all thy fynmys schryfe,
 Thow rew vpoun his woundis reid, 15
 That for the deid, and raifs on lyfe.

And thow that art in hairt fo dour,
 That nocht for his grit paffioun growis,
 Behald thi meik fueit Saluiour!
 The to inbrace how that he bowis; 20
 Se how he marterit wes with Jowis,
 And how he ftud for the in ftryff.
 Haif he thi lufe, all he allowis,
 That for the deid, and raifs on lyfe.

And thow that ar with errour dirkit, 25
 Follow the Lord, the way is plane;
 And of his fute ftappis be nocht irkit, Fol. 34. b.
 That tuk thy gydfchip with sic pane.
 Quhen thow gois wrang, return agane,
 And with thi ranfoner revyfe, 30
 Lang to fin to ly nocht flane,
 Bot rifs with him fro deid to lyif.

O man! that wes in fyn difparit,
 Tak now gud howp and haif fruitioun;
 For thow, that rebell wes declarit, 35
 Hes of thi realme reftitutioun.
 Now blindit is thi imbitioun
 With blud of Chrifteis woundis fyif,
 And felit agane is thi remiffioun
 To ryfe with him fro deid to lyfe. 40

Finis.

XXXI.

[*Surrexit Dominus de Sepulchro.*]

SURREXIT Dominus de sepulchro,
 The Lord is riffin fra deid to lyfe agane,
 Qui pro nobis pependit in ligno,
 Quhilk for our fynnyes on the croce wes flane;
 Quhome to annoynt went Mary Magdalene, 5
 Ibat Maria Salame cum ea;
 Quhen Godis angell thus did anfuer plane,
 "Surrexit sicut dixit, allalua!"

This angellis weid wes snawith in cullour,
 His face as fyrflacht flawmit, ferly brycht; 10
 The knychtis keparis of Christis sepultour
 Fell down 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 Jefew is fulfillit rycht, 15
 Surrexit sicut dixit, allalua!

Behaldin the brichtnes of this angell,
 The Magdalene and Mare Salamee
 Abafit wer in sprit, as fayis the Ewangell,
 And stud abak. "Be nocht afferd!" said he, 20
 "The Lord is riffin quhome ye come to fe,
 Ipse preceidit 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, 25
 Thanking that mychty Campioun invincible,
 That wan on tre trevmphe of he victōry;
 Syne brak the hellis dungeoun most terrible,
 And cheft the dragonis hidous and horrible
 Per crucis validissima trophea, 30
 And brocht the fawlis to joy euir permanfible:
 Surrexit sicut dixit, allalua!

Pleifs 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 fyd; 35
 He wes our mychte pavifs, and our scheild.
 Or Phebus dirknes him Goddis Sone reveild
 Sanguinea erant eius cannepea;
 He deit triumphand, he raifs and wan the feild:
 Surrexit sicut dixit, allelua! 40

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 rafit is of the croce,
 Pro youlis. The diuillis trymmillis with hiddoufs voce, 5
 The faulis ar borrowit and to the blifs can go,

Chryft with his blud our ranfonis dois indoce :
 Surrexit Dominus de fepulchro.

Dungin is the deidly dragon Lucifer,
 The crewall ferpent with the mortall ftang; 10
 The auld kene tegir, with his teith on char,
 Quhilk in a wait hes lyne for ws fo lang,
 Thinking to grip ws in his clowfs strang;
 The mercifull Lord wald nocht that it wer fo,
 He maid him for to felye of that fang: 15
 Surrexit Dominus de fepulchro.

He for our faik that sufferit to be flane,
 And lyk a lamb in facrifice wes dicht,
 Is lyk a lyone riffin vp agane,
 And as gyane raxit him on hicht; 20
 Sprungin is Aurora radius and bricht,
 On loft is gone the glorius Appollo,
 The blisfull day departit fro the nycht:
 Surrexit Dominus de fepulchro.

The grit Viçtour agane is riffin on hicht, 25
 That for our querrell to the deth wes woundit;
 The Sone that vox all pail now fchynis bricht,
 And dirknes clerit, our fayth is now refoundit;
 The knell of mercy fra the hevin is foundit,
 The Criftin[s] ar deliuerit of thair wo, 30
 The Jowis and thair errour ar confoundit:
 Surrexit Dominus de fepulchro.

The fo is chafit, the battell is done ceifs,
 The prefone brokin, the jevellouris fleit and flemit;
 The weir is gon, confermit is the peifs, 35
 The fetteris lowfit and the dungeoun temit,
 The ranfoun maid, the prefoneris redemit;

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

40

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
 Quhat I haif done to bring thy faule to rest.
 The gloir of hevin I left and sett at nocht,
 And tuk mankynd, thy dolour to degeft,
 In all my lyfe rycht panefully opprest;
 Syne for invy the Jowis culd me fla,
 Rycht crewaly with malice manifest:
 Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

Fol. 35. b.

5

Wald thow behald perfytyly my passiou
 With hairt contreit, and rew on my torment,
 Haif thow no dout it fuld 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 myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

10

15

Remembir, man, vpoun Mont Oleueit
Quhen I fatt thair at my deuotioun,
That for the bayth blud and wattir fuet
Our all my body in grit effusioun; 20
For feir of deid wes lyk to fuelt in fwoun.
Na tung can tell the torment, tene, and tra
That I haif tholit for thy redemptioun:
Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

Quhen Judas me kift, the Jowis but baid me band 25
With raipis rud, quhill that the blud breft out;
Hurlit as ane theif, that durft thame nocht ganestand,
To Annas houfs, with that fowll rounfy rout
Calland me fule with mony ane cry and schout;
Blerand thair ene, cryand O bubo ba, 30
As blind feld beft thay beft me all about:
Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

To Pylet than thay presentit me in haift,
Be his decreit, that I fuld fone be deid.
Than he furthwith to Herod fone me chaift, 35
Be caus he had the Galianis to leid.
In habeit quhyt, for hething, he me cled,
In foull derifioun to him that I come fra;
Be my prefens endit wes thair feid:
Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra. 40

Than he anone difpolyeit me all bair,
And I wes bund and bett, both bak and fyd;
Thay fonyeit nocht to mak my fydis fair.
With all thair wit thay wrocht me woundis wyd,
Fra nek to heill vnhurt thay left no hyd. 45
Forbled and blaknit quhill I wes blak and bla,
Be my manheid in wit I mycht nocht byd:
Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

In purpour habit thay cled me as ane king, Fol. 36. a.
 With reid in hand, with grit dispyt and scorn. 50
 "Haill, King of Jowis!" wes than thair salufing.
 Blerand thair ene, thay knelit me beforne;
 Syn thirfit on ane crewall croun of thorne
 Vpoun my heid, and pairfit my harnis swa
 That windir wes nor my lyffe wes forlorne: 55
 Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

Ane heuy croce, that wes bayth grit and squair,
 Thay gart me beir to Caluary on my bak,
 With littill help; thay fonyeit nocht my fair.
 To furdir my deid my fais wes rycht frak; 60
 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 myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

Syne fett me doun quhill I wes cald agane, 65
 And ay thai dred that I suld gett reskew.
 With all thair wit thai fett to get me flane;
 Quhill I wes deid thair mycht no mirth thame glew,
 Thairfoir my deid thai scharply did perfew.
 Quhen all wes dry, bayth bak and syd couth fla, 70
 And raif of all, my panis to renew:
 Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs 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, 75
 Thay drew me lang, and maid me meit of force.
 Quhen that wes don thay leit me fall deorfs,
 Renewand agane my pane fra top to ta,
 That all my vanis and fennonis wer devorfs:
 Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra. 80

For grit dispyt, vpone Mont Caluary,
 To wondir on as I had bene ane theif,
 I hang on croce, that all the world mycht se,
 Betuene twa theifis, as I had done mischeif.
 Thow did the deid, thow mycht mak no releif; 85
 Grit schame I sufferit the mendis for to ma,
 Blafphemit I wes with forrow and repreif:
 Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

For grit dispyt, vpoun Mont Caluary,
 Als lang als lyfe wes left my corfs within, 90
 Thay tyrit nocht to do me tene and tray.
 With ane scherp speir thay thocht it wes no sin
 To pers my harte quhill all ran on the grene;
 Syne gaif me to drink bittir gall betuene;
 Syne gafe the gaift, my baner can displa, 95
 Ourfett the diuill, and all his werkis but vene:
 Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs 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, 100
 Quhillk is thi Makar, and maid the as thy¹ maik?
 To se the schent my forrow may nocht flaik;
 Thow suffers nocht my torment and my wa;
 Agane my will thy weill gois all to wraik:
 Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra. 105

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 blifs to win. 110
 Thow art begyld and thow trow it be fa;

¹? my or his.

Confess in tyme, and of thi malice blin:
Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

Do thow nocht this, presome nocht to haif lyif,
Justice man punyfs the fyn, quhair cuir it be. 115
Into this warld wes neur fyn moir ryif,
And nane to pvnyfs the grit iniquite
That now aboundis in he and law degre.
Justice will nocht that sin vnpunift ga,
Suppois that I of synnaris haif pete: 120
Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

Thow irkis nocht to ferue thy innemy,
That ill reuardis his feruand at the end.
My law with the is lychleit and laid by;
Thow takis nocht keip thi Makar to offend, 125
Off all thi malice that may the weill amend.
Both thocht and deid thow pleifis weill thy fa,
And in my seruice listis nocht thy tyme expend:
Amend thy lyfe, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

Wolupteous lyif, quhy thinkis thow so weill, 130
The quhilk fall end with forrow and with pane,
That the begylis, and may nocht help a deill?
To thy tinfall it schawis bot a trane;
Throw sensuall lust thy faule may sone be flane;
Resist in tyme, to fyn be cuir thra, 135
Schort is the joy, the pane will ay remane:
Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

Quhy haitis thow me, that luvis the our all thing?
That I the lufe the deid now may be schawin;
Off all my workis thow hes the gouerning, 140
And be thy deid thy lufrent may be knawin.
I lyk it nocht that thow fuld be ourthrawin,

And sched my blud thy ranfone for to pa,
 And maid the fre off det, that thow wes awin:
 Amend thy mis, this plaig fall pafs the fra. Fol. 37. a.
145

Quhat fall I fay? 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 lueve I haif done all my cure. 150
 Leive thy evill lyfe, and leif vpoun my lay,
 And thow fall neid non vthir procureur:
 Amend thy mis, this plaig fall pafs the fray.

Haif mercy, Lord, our error we deploir,
 We grant our gilt, submittand ws to grace; 155
 Latt nocht this deid but pietie ws devoir.
 Quhair we haif failit to the, O Lord! allace,
 We fall ammend, and thow will grant ws pece.
 Haif mercy, Lord, haif mercy, we the pray,
 Thow fruct vnfyld, thow fareft floure of face: 160
 Befcik 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 fweite entone,
 The Sone is cum fra the hie Fader in trone, 5

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

The Virgynis wamb be glorifeit and blift,
 That bure our mighty Saluour Miffias, 10
 Oure campioun Chryft, that to the feild him drest,
 Moir strong than Hector, Sampfone, or Goliias;
 That Lucifer cheift and all his allias,
 And all the feyndis affreyit most and left;
 Surrexit gigas ad currendum vias: 15
 A fummo celo egressio eius est.

In sole pofuit tabernaculum suum, Fol. 37. b.
 And as a spous of chalmer did proceid,
 This campioun kene in oure reſkorfs did cum
 Swiftar nor Dyane throw all the hevynis on breid, 20
 Moir velyeant nor Mars vpoun his ſteid,
 Moir freſche nor Phebus ryſand in the eft,
 Mor terrible eik nor Saturne for to dreid:
 A fummo celo egressio eius est.

This wicht invincible, and victorius king, 25
 Quoſois bricht plaitis attoure all Juda ſchone,
 But vanegard, reirgard, ſcaill, or ony wing,
 His velyeand body to battell gaif allone,
 Aganis all mortall and immortal fone,
 Having no dreid of dethis ſcherp arreift; 30
 For caufs of ws he gart the dragone grone:
 A fummo celo egressio eius est.

Glaidith ye ſterris and hevinly ſpheiris,
 Signis and plenneitis, that wer in his paſſage;
 For he, the mightie Lord that yow all ſteiris, 35
 Throw your bricht regionis maid his blift veyage.

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

40

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 luv in mony findry cace.
 That bliffit Prince is blyith the to imbrace
 With all his hairt, wald thow with him accord,
 That leivis the nocht quhill fyn he fra the chace:
 Quhy art thow, man, vnthankfull to thy Lord?

5

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

10

Fol. 38. a.

15

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

20

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

All that he maid wes subiect, man, to the; 25
 Baith hevin and erd he formit for thy caufs,
 And ordanit all at thy command to be,
 And thow to be obeyfand to his lawis.
 Bot now, allace, fa far fra faith thow fawis
 Be deidly fyn, to castin grit discord, 30
 The maist, the leift, throw wicketnes ourthrawis:
 Quhy art thow, man, vnthankfull to thy Lord?

Yit nevir the lefs mankynd he hes him tane,
 Sufferring grit schame and panefully opprest;
 With Jowis being scrugit, bayth bak and bane; 35
 Crownit with thornis for skorne withouttin rest;
 Hurlit lyk a theif to Calvary in heft.
 Vpoun ane croce he the to grace restoid,
 Nalit thairon, blasphemit as ane beift:
 Quhy art thow, man, vnthankfull to thy Lord? 40

Repent thy finfull lyfe, and the ammend,
 Fra thynefurth fe thow cuvate 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 faif fra furius feindis feir; 45
 Or vthir wayis in smoke thow falbe fmord,
 In hellis pane, in wofull wa, and weir,
 Be thow aganis thy gratius, thankfull Lord.

Finis.

XXXVI.

[*Christ crownit King and Conquerour.*]

CHRIST, 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 fynnaris¹ of Adames feid;
 Defend and fre ws fromeoure fo
 Thow Lord to all that leivis on leid:
 Jefu, nofra redemptio!

5

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 both all and sum,
 Thow Virgins frucht fairest of face,
 Amor et desiderium!

10

15

Jefu, our luv and our delyt,
 Our lust, our² lyking till³ allow,
 This ward may not thy wirschep wryt;
 To quhois bidding all thing mon bow
 That wes, or falbe, or is now;
 The firmament, the feild, and flum,⁴
 Quhy sowld thay nocht gif blifs to yow,
 Deus, creator omnium?

20

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

25

¹ Dupl. Text—*synfull*. ² Ib.—*and*. ³ Ib.—*to*. ⁴ Ib.—*and the flume*.

Most royall Roy that we of reid,
 To do ws fra the dulfull deid¹
 Thow borne was of ane birdis bofum; 30
 Quhen we fowld² fpill thow gart ws speid,
 Homo in fine temporum.

Neir warldis end thow was mane maid,
 Confaut but mans feid or fyn;
 Thocht thow be lichtit in fo law a bed, 35
 Thy maiefty was nocht to myn,
 Thow wald be comptit of our kin Fol. 39. a.
 To win ws all to weill fra wa;
 To tell thair can no tung begin,
 Que te vicit clementia. 40

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; 45
 And for our faik thy will was fa
 To tak the sic humilitie
 Vt ferres nostra crimina.

To beir our syn thow thocht it fweit,
 And sufferit for our salvatioun; 50
 War it vndone, thow wald doid yeit,
 Sic was thy awin affectioun;
 Quhat mycht be moir delectioun³
 Than thoill⁴ sic angir for our offens,
 Thow, in thy peirles passioun, 55
 Crudelem mortem patiens?

Thow dampnit was to⁵ crewall deid
 To lowifs fra Lucifer that was lorne;

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 thritit ane croun of thorne. 60
 Thow was skurgit with skrech and sorne,
 Sic panis thow previt to procur ws pefs;
 With ane scharp speir thy fyd was schorne
 Vt nos a morte tolleres.

Evir endles deid fra ws to do, 65
 Thow was best bludy, bair as beift.
 Lord, len ws lafar, lyf, and space,
 Owt of this warld or that we wend;²
 And grant ws gratioufly thy grace
 That we our misdeidis may amend; 70
 And frome the diuill our fawlis diffend,
 Quha wachis evir the same to fla;
 Conducting ws to joy³ but end,
 In sempiterna fecula.

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 nicht! 5
 All thing creat having in libertie,
 Ws grant that we my sing with hairt vprycht
 This impne, Eterne Rex altiffime!

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

Excelland, michtie, and immensurable,
 O gracious God, most fouerane Lord and King! 10
 Quhilk in thy lufty palyce most delectable
 Abone Saturnus thow fittis eternaling,
 Difill the balme of thy mercy ding,
 As thow art one with two¹ in vnitie,
 Sa that we ma amang thy joyis ring 15
 With the,² Eterne Rex altissime!

O Increat! O Godis Sone of micht!
 And eik carnat all of a virgin schene,
 As throw the glafs dois Phebus schyne³ so bricht,
 Scho bure hir birth remaningvirgyn clene; 20
 And eik the cristale hevinis all bedene,
 Ascending vp the trone standing so hie,
 With mercy on ws wretchit fynnaris mene.
 O thow, Eterne Rex altissime!

[Most fouerane God, that fittis in trinitie, 25
 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 aduerfite; 30
 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 depend⁵
 Doun frome thy self, vt primum mobile, 35
 Cowth prevelie⁶ within the comprehend
 That in thy fouerane joy withowttin end
 Thow grant thy gracious visage we may fie,
 And all trespafs perfytly to amend
 To the, Eterne Rex altissime! 40

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 world dois in thy hand depend.* ⁶ Ib.—*primely.*

XXXVIII.

[*Quhen be Deuyne Deliberatioun.*]

QUHEN be deuyne deliberatioun
 Off perfonis thre in a Godheid yfeir,
 The grit meffage and hie legatioun Fol. 40. a.
 Wes fend vnto the bliffit Lady deir
 Be Gabriell, fcho being in hir prayeir 5
 Asking of God, as profetis dois expreme,
 To send the Sone that fowld the warld redeme,

The angell to the Virgin is removit,
 And to Marie he faid on this maneir;
 “Hail, full of grace, derrest and best belovit, 10
 God is with the. To him thou art most deir,
 Most pretious and principall, but peir,
 Thow fweit fruct¹ tre, and well of fanetie,
 God will of the tak his humanitie.”

The Virgin wynderit of that hie meffage, 15
 And was abaisit in hir humill fpreit,
 On to the angell having this langage,
 With fobir mynd and wordis verry fweit,
 As fcho that was of grace full² repleit;
 “How may this be, I fowld confave a chyld, 20
 I know no man, my madinheid is vnfyild?”

“Be nocht perturbat in your aduertance,
 Your benyng cir vnto my voice inclyne;
 The Faderis power, the Sonis fapience,
 The vertew of the Holie Gaift deuyne 25
 Within thy wame fall obvmbir and fchyne;

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

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

All creatouris on kneis fall ye doun;
Confent, Virgin, vnto this hie meffage, 30
Quhairby followis the redemptioun
Of Abrahame and all his haill lynnage.
Thow¹ Word, may now infernall folk difchairge,
The faderis eik, that dirknes dois inhanfs, Fol. 40. b.
With wofull Adame weiping in pennanfs. 35

This glorius Lady and Virgin celestially,
As God fa wald his prophecie fulfill,
Remmembring eik the weifair of ws all,
"Lo heir," scho said, "Godis humill ancill,
Be it to me eftir thy word and will." 40
And be scho had hir wordis thus expremit,
Confautit was hie that all the world redemit.

Thow, Moyfes busk remanyng vncombuft,
Quhilk was fair signe of thy virginitie,
Refrene ws fra all warldlie² fleschlie lust, 45
No thing to joy bot in thy Sone and the;
And gif ws grace, that hour quhen we fowld³ dee,
Be thy fair fruct, that place in hevin to win
That ordanit was for Adame⁴ 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.*]

<p>O LORD, my God, on quhome I do depend! 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, both now and evirmoir, To randir the most humill thankis thairfoir.</p> <p>A parfyt luvē, gud Lord, grant vnto me, With humill hairt to gif the prayfis still, Feiring for till offend thy maieftie, Bot daylie to obey thyne holy will. Be my defens frome that thing that is ill And, for thy onlie trewth and promeifs faik, Gif eir and heir the prayar that I maik.</p> <p>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. Instruēt me, Lord, in thy most bliffit law; Maik me nocht our defyrus for to haif, Bot ay to rander as I wold reffafe.</p> <p>For of ane mafs thow hes ws formit all, And of the clay thow creat every wicht; And to the erth schortly returne we fall, Nocht knawing quhen nor quhair, be day or nicht. Sen all that leivis ar fynnaris in thy sicht,</p>	<p>Fol. 41. a.</p> <p>5</p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p> <p>20</p> <p>25</p>
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Oure confort, joy, and our felicitie
 Confistis only in thy grit marcye.

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

30

Fol. 41. b.

Finis.

XL.

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

O CREATURIS creat of me your Creator!
 To¹ my liknes wrocht be my providence,
 Quhy felyie faith?² Quhy fall³ ye in error
 Evir quhair ye fyn throw follyth⁴ 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 fowld me not⁶ mistrest for thy misdeid.

5

Thow sleipis in fyn fra⁷ yeir to yeir;
 Fro day to day thow will not ryifs;
 Bot quhen thow seilis the deth is neir,
 Than begynniss thow for⁸ till aggryyifs;
 Than fayis thow, "Mercy will not suffyyifs;
 Thocht I it ask, it will nocht speid."
 Thow wreche, quhy will the⁹ me dispryyifs?
 Mistrest me nevir for thy misdeid.

10

15

¹ Dupl. Text—*Vnto.* ² Ib.—*ye your faith.* ³ Ib.—*felye.* 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 thou fallis throw thy brukilnes,
 Caft vp thy heid, behald the hevin,
 Think on the pane¹ and grit diftrefs
 I fufferit for the; in myld stevin 20
 Call vpoun me, baith morne and evin,
 And thou fall find me reddy at neid.
 Haif cheretie, and lue thy nychtbouris evin,
 And nocht miftrest² for thy mifdeid.

Do this, and trest thy fynnis be forgeif; 25
 For trest fall caufs redemptioun.
 Difpair thou not, how³ evir thou leif,
 Marcy⁴ is in my Faderis possessioun.
 Cleme it for heretage, that is reffoun,
 And thou fall haif it to thy neid 30
 Aganis the devillis strang temptatioun:
 Miftrest me nevir for thy mifdeid.

I bid the ask, for grant I wald; Fol. 42. a.
 I bid the ferche among the laif;⁵
 I bid the trest, to mak the bald: 35
 Ask of thy bruthir, and thou fall haif.
 Vnkynd thou art, me to diffaif:⁶
 Denny I will not the, albeid
 That thou a fute war neir⁷ the graif;
 Yit nocht miftrest⁸ for thy mifdeid. 40

I am thy bruthir, and fittis in trone;
 Thou leidis thy lyfe vndir my feit,
 Wappit in mifdeidis mony one.
 I mycht smot oft, quhair⁹ I the treit,
 Bot I thold sic panis¹⁰ greit 45

¹ Dupl. Text—*panis*. ² Ib.—*And miftrest me nocht*. ³ Ib.—*fove*.

⁴ Ib.—*Sic marcy*. ⁵ Ib.—*for I wald laif*. ⁶ Ib.—*dispraif*.

⁷ Ib.—*in*. ⁸ Ib.—*miftrest nocht*. ⁹ Ib.—*quhen*.

¹⁰ Ib.—*Bot I that with sic penance*.

To faif thy fawll¹ wald thow tvik heid.
Behold my woundis, of rewth repleit,
And nevir miftrest² for thy mifdeid.

I wald nocht force to die agane,
And ane drop mercy war fundin dry. 50
It is full fweit to suffer pane
To faive ane fawill eternaly.³
And I haif nicht, will, and maiftry;
Ane kingis word fall stand in fteid.
Quhy fleis thow than for thy folly? 55
Miftrest me nocht for thy mifdeid.

It grevit me moir that Caen miftrest
The keling of Abell, that was fo gude,
And moir displeid⁴ me that Judas left
No mercy craif, me felling to the rude. 60
To Pylat and Herod, that war fo wude,
My mercy wald I nevir forbeid.
Than withftand not⁵ as thay withftude:
Man miftrest nevir for thy mifdeid.

Cum to my croce, and fie ane⁶ theif, 65
For onis his⁷ asking, gat him grace.
Se Pawle, that did me mekle⁸ greif,
How wirthy appofstill⁹ he eftir wafs. Fol. 42. b.
Se Mary Magdalene, for hir trespafs;
And Petir forfuk me thryifs for dreid; 70
Now be thay worthy in hevins¹⁰ place:
Than miftrest¹¹ nocht for thy mifdeid.

My moder knelit vnto me,
And mvrnit¹² for me that was in cair;

¹ Dupl. Text—*For petie to fpair the.* ² Ib.—*miftrest nevir.*

³ Ib.—*To faif. . . . ewirleflandly.* ⁴ Ib.—*displeit.* ⁵ Ib.—*it nocht.*

⁶ Ib.—*a.*

⁷ Ib. omits *his.*

⁸ Ib.—*grete.*

⁹ Ib.—*a appofstill.*

¹⁰ Ib.—*full wirthy in my.*

¹¹ Ib.—*me nocht.*

¹² Ib.—*cryit.*

And to my Fader I knelit¹ for the, 75
 And schew my body and woundis bair.
 Than quho may stop my mercy² thair?
 Gif deth war neidfull, yit³ fowld thow speid.
 In⁴ weill or wo, quhair evir thow fair,
 Mistrest me not⁵ for thy misdeid. 80

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 85
 I will the help, quhen thow hes neid.
 Thy lve 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; 90
 Gife thow be neidles, tell me befor;
 I see thy governance in every hour.
 Thow dwellis in presone, heir is thy boure:
 Cum hame agane, tak thair thy meid,
 Celestiall blifs of hie honour; 95
 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.—*by it.* ⁴ Ib.—*For in.* ⁵ Ib.—*Mistrest nevir.*
⁶ Ib.—*scho can now reik.* ⁷ Ib.—*Thy will fra me will thow evf 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 scquare peritos.

Wit.

THE grittest trefour, withowt comparifon,
For mans felicitie heir in this lyfe,
Aboif gold and filuer, is wit and discretion,
To tempir the joyfull and confort the penyfe,
Or vthir wayis to instruct man in peice or stryif.
Wit alfa is increffit be wyifs workis reiding,
And lyk the fructles tre is wit but gud doing.
etc.

5

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 bure²
 Vpoun tha brenchis could abyd.
 Than fpak ane bird, hard me befyd,
 “For any thing that evir may be,
 Thir wurdis in hairt fe that thow hyd:
 In alkyn mater mefure the.”

“Firft, luvē thy God attour all thing,
 That maid the lyk to³ his image,
 And fyne the ordand in hevin to ring,
 But end to³ haif that heretage.
 Till Adame, throw his grit outrage,
 Maid ws to licht, (this is no le,)
 Law in to hell in grit thirlelege:
 In alkyn mater⁴ mefur the.”

“Sen God hes ranfonit all at richt
 Out of the feindis handis of hell,
 Chryft wes born of the virgyn bricht;
 So faid Sanct Johine in his wangell;
 Syne deid,⁵ and raifs, and herreit hell,
 And fred mankynd, and maid him fre.
 Sen it is trew that I the tell,
 In alkyn mater⁴ mefur the.”

“Yit fall he cum on domifday,
 And deme our deidis, dout ye nocht,

¹ Dupl. Text—*fuir.* ² Ib.—*beuir.* ³ Ib.—*till.* ⁴ Ib.—*materis.*
⁵ Ib.—*deit.*

Sum to pane, and fun to pley,
 Eftir the werkis that we haif wrocht.
 Fra baill to blifs fen he hes¹ bocht,
 And denyeit him felf for ws to de, 30
 We lufe him baith in deid and thocht:
 In alkyn mater mefur the."

"Mefure is ane instrument
 Decernis thingis that is in weir.
 Quha that to mefur takkis tent, 35
 To tell his tretifs wer full teir.
 Leit at my lair, gif thow will² leir
 The gait quhair glaidnes is and gle;
 Sen he may help baith thair and heir,
 In alkyn mater mefur the." 40

"Be nocht ourskerfs, nor yit our lerge,³
 Gif thow will leir⁴ fone at my lair;
 For thow hes a⁵ full havy chairge;
 Bot gif thow wyfly fend and fpair,
 Tak mefur with the evir mair. 45 Fol. 44. b.
 Se thow na wreche nor waiftour be,
 Sen heir is nocht bot fenyeit fair:
 In alkyn materis mefur the."

"Be nocht our mad attour mefur,
 Nor yit our meik in thy moving; 50
 Be nocht our rad, for no dreddure,
 Nor yit our derf⁶ in thy doing.
 As Cato fayis in his teiching,
 In al thingis knaw the quantetie,
 As all tyme askis of every thing: 55
 In alkyn materis mefur 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 ferwand with mesure;
 Reward thow as the caufs requyris;
 Thy maister wirschep, and honour. 60
 To pure and feik gif thow succour;
 Thy nychtbour lufe in cheretie;
 Thy weddit wyf lufe¹ peramour:
 In alkyn materis mesur the."

"With mesure fuld we walk and sleip; 65
 With mesure fuld we spend and spair;
 With mesur fuld we gaddir and keip;
 With mesur fuld thow leif evirmair;
 With mesur fuld we lufe and fair;²
 With mesur fuld we ferch³ and fle. 70
 Sen mesur is most singlar,
 In alkyn materis mesur the."

"Thocht a man be keip in presone,
 Be nocht our perte⁴ him to suppryfs;
 Oft tymis thow may se be reffone, 75
 A man may fall and rycht vpryfs.
 Thow art nocht sicker on na kin waifs,⁵
 The siclyk caifs thy awin may be;
 That sample may be fene oft syifs:
 In alkyn materis mesur the." 80

"Mesure stanchis sturtis and stryvis;
 It is a rewill of grit wysnefs;
 It garris reffoun ring and ryfs,
 And exylis wrang⁶ and wicket distrefs.
 Quhair men dreidis, it is doutlefs 85
 The suthfastnefs it garris thame fe,

¹ Dupl. Text—*lufe but*. ² Ib.—*lufe alquhair*. ³ Ib.—*fecht*.

⁴ Ib.—*ouirperte*. ⁵ Ib.—*in no kin wyifs*. ⁶ Ib.—*wrangis*.

Sen it is grund till all glaidnefs :
In alkyn materis mefur the."

"Mefure is a ticht castell,
Ane haifty caufs of repentance; 90
Be war for war, ffor wit ye weill,
Off evill tungis cumis ignorance.
Be nocht our dum for no distance,
Nor our mirthfull for¹ maieftie;
Caft baill and blifs in a ballance: 95
In alkyn materis mefur the."

"Fra pryd and cuvaticc the² keip,
Fra wicket yre, and fra invy; Fol. 45. a.
In deidly fyn fe thow nocht fleip,
In lichery, nor glottony, 100
Nor³ in fweirnes; for wat⁴ thow quhy?
Thir ar the fevin grathis the to die,
And flayis thy sawll eternaly:⁵
In alkin mater mefur the."

"Aganis pryd tak thow⁶ lawlines, 105
And cheretie aganis invy;
Aganis yre alfo⁷ tak meiknefs,
And cheftetic for⁸ lichory.
For fweirnes and for gluttony
Tak abftinens, and vertewis be; 110
For covetyce gife liberally:⁹
In alkin materis mefur the."

I prayit that bird of patience
Quhat that¹⁰ fcho was, or of quhat kynd.

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

Scho faid to me, " Dame Conscience, 115
 That oft remmemberis manis mynd.
 Sen Chryst the coft, be to him kynd,
 That maid this warld verralie.
 Thow clenge the clene, or thow hyne wend:
 In alkin materis mefur the." 20

Finis.

XLIII.

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

THIR lufty verfis of he nobilite
 Agilite did wryt of lufty clerkis,
 And thairon markis wifdome, vtilite,
 Na vilite, no sic vnworthy werkis:
 Scurrilite is bot for doggis that barkis; 5
 Quhay thairto harkis fallis in fragilite.

Honestie is the way to wirthinefs, Fol. 45. b.
 Vertew, dowltes, the perfyt gait to blifs;
 Thow do no mifs, and efc Chew ydilnes;
 Perfew proves, hold no thing that is his; 10
 Be not rakles to fay fone, I wifs,
 And of this the contrair wirk exprefs.

Do to ilk wicht as done to thow wold be;
 Be nevir fle and dowble, nor yit our licht;
 Vfe not thy nicht aboif thyne awin degre; 15
 Clym not our hic, nor yit our law to licht;

Wirk no mawgre, thocht thow be nevir fo licht;¹
Hold with the richt, and preifs the nevir to lie.

Finis quod Gawyn Dowglafs.

XLIV.

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

Sapientium
octavus quis?

QUHYLOME in Grece, that nobill regioun,
Thair dwelt awcht clerkis of grit science,
Philofophouris of nobill discretioun.

At thame was askit, to preif thair prowdencc,
Aucht questionis of mirk intelligence; 5
The quhilk² they ansverit, eftir thair intent,
In siclyk wayis as heir is subsequnt.

The first questioun was, "Quhat erdly thing
Is best to God and maist commendable?"

The first clerk ansverit withowttin tareing, 10
"A manis fawill evir firme and stabill
In richt, fra trewith nathing vareable.
Bot now, allace, fair may we weip,
For cuvaticc hes brocht trewth on sleip."

The fecound was, "Quhat is maist odious?" 15

"A dowble man," said the philofophour,
"With virgin face and taill³ vennemous,
With ane fair wow and ane fals perfour,
Ane flinkand 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 vifage." 20

The thrid thing was, "Quhilk is the best doar
That may be till a wyfe appropriat?"
"A clene lyfe," was the clerkis answer,
"Vnreprovit, cheft, and immaculat, 25
Withowt signe, takin, or fpeiche inordinat,
Or evill countenance, quhilk is to difpyfe:
No fyre mak, and no fmuke will ryfe."

The ferd queftioun is, "Quhat maidin may
Be callit clene and full of cheftitie?" 30
The clerk answherit and faid, "Off hir alway
All creaturis reportis grit honestie,
Quhairof all folk efchamit is to lie;
And thairfoir madynis keip your gud name furth,
And remmember your gud name is gold wurth." 35

The fyift queftioun, "Quha is riche but frawd?"¹
"The man quho can of² his gud him³ fuffyijs;
Quhat evir he haif⁴ he gevis God the lawd;
He covettis nothing⁵ in vngodlie wyifs;
His hairt devoyid is of all covetyijs; 40
His body heir, his fpreit is all abuve:
This man is riche, for God dois him lwe."

The fext is,⁶ "Quha is ane peur man evir in wo?"
"A covettoufs man withowt discretioun,
That in his hairt nevir can haif ho; 45
The moir gude, the lefs diftributioun;
The richer, ay the warfs of conditioun:
Men commonly callis him ane nigart,
Sir Gy Brybour is his cheif ftewart."

¹Dupl. Text—*Quhilk is a riche man without fraude.* ²Ib.—*that can to.*
³Dupl. Text omits *him.* ⁴Dupl. Text—*Quhat fo he hes.* ⁵Ib.—*nocht.*
⁶Dupl. Text omits *is.*

- “Quhilk is ane wyifman?” is the sevint questioun. 50
 “He that will nocht, and may do mekle noyance;
 Quha that may pvneifs, and levis punitioun,
 A mensurable man, and withowt vengeance;
 Ane¹ wyifman put this in remembrance,
 Sayand, ‘ Had I vengit all my harme, 55
 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 nicht, he wold mekle command;
 In malice grit, his nicht not worth a peir; 60
 He thristis fast, bot littill may he deir;
 He thinkis not how wyfmen faid beforen,
 ‘God fendis a thrawart cow a schort horne.’ ”

Finis quod Chawfeir.

XLV.

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

ALLONE as I went vp and doun
 In ane abbay was fair to fe,
 Thinkand quhat consolatioun
 Was best in to adwersitie;
 On caifs I keft on fyd myne e, 5
 And saw this writtin vpoun a wall;
 “Of quhat estait,² man, that thow³ 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,
 Thy¹ ryaltie nor² riche array 10
 Sall nocht endeur at thy defyre,
 Bot as the wind will wend away.
 Thy gold and all thy gudis gay,
 Quhen fortoun lift, will fra the fall;
 Sen thow sic fampillis³ feis ilk day, 15
 Obey and thank thy God of all.

Job wes maift riche, in writ we find, Fol. 47. a.
 Thobe maift full of cheritie;
 Job woux pure, and Thobe blynd,
 Bath tempit with aduerfitie. 20
 Sen blindnes wes infirmitie,
 And pouerty wes naturall;
 Thairfoir rycht patiently⁴ bath he and he
 Obeyid and thankit God of all.

Thocht thow be blind, or haif ane halt, 25
 Or in thy face deformit ill,
 Sa it cum nocht throw thy defalt,
 Na man fuld the repreif by skill.
 Blame nocht thy Lord, fa is his will;
 Spurn⁵ nocht thy fute aganis the wall; 30
 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, 35
 To punciis fynfull 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. 40

This changeing and grit variance
Off erdly staitis vp and doun
Is nocht bot caufualitie and chance,
As sum men sayis without reffoun;
Bot be the grit prouifoun 45
Of God aboif that rewl the fall;
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; 50
Thy power and thy warldis pelf
Is nocht bot verry vanitie.
Remember him that deit on tre,
For thy faik taiftit the bittir gall;
Quha heis law hairtis and lawis he¹ 55
Obey and thank thy God of all.

Finis quod Mr Ro^t Henryfone.

XLVI.

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

MEMENTO, homo, quod cinis es!
Think, man, thow art bot erd and afs!
Lang heir to dwell na thing thow prefs,
For as thow come fa fall thow pafs,

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

Lyk as ane schaddow in ane glafs; 5
 Hyne glydis all thy tyme that heir is. Fol. 47. b.
 Think, thocht thy bodye ware of brafs,
 Quod tu in cinerem reuerteris.

Worthye Hector and Hercules, 10
 Forcye Achill and strong Sampfone,
 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, 15
 Sed tu in cinerem reuerteris.

Thocht now thou be maist glaid of cheir,
 Fairest and plefandest of port;
 Yit may thou be, within ane yeir,
 Ane vgfum, vglye tramort; 20
 And fen thou 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 luftye bewte and thy youth 25
 Sall feid as dois the fomer flouris;
 Syne fall the fwallow with his mouth
 The dragone Death [that all devouris.]¹
 No castell fall the keip, nor touris,
 Bot he fall feik the with thy feiris; 30
 Thairfore, remembir at all houris
 Quod tu in cinerem reuerteris.

Thocht all this warld thou did posseid,
 Nocht eftir death thou fall possefs,
 Nor with the tak, bot thy guid deid, 35

¹ In a different hand.

Quhen thow dois fro this warld the dres.
 So speid the, man, and the confes,
 With humill hart and fobir teiris,
 And fadlye in thy hart inpres
 Quod tu in cinerem reuerteris. 40

Thocht thow be taklit nevir so fure
 Thow fall in deathis port arryve,
 Quhair nocht for tempeft may indure,
 Bot ferflye all to fpeiris [dryve¹].
 Thy Ranfonner, with woundis fyve, 45
 Mak thy plycht anker and thy fteiris,
 To hald thy faule 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 fchort the tyme is that thow hes heir to fpend;
 Remember eik thy pompeous he array,
 How suddanly it fall tak ane fynall end.
 Cast the thairfoir mispendit tyme to mend, 5
 Quhill thow hes fpace thow of thy foly cefs;
 Leif thy trespafs, thy God dreid till offend:
 Memento, homo, quod cinis es!

Remembir, man, how noble thow art wrocht
 Vnto the fimilitud of Godis image; 10

¹ Not in the MS.

O MORTALL MAN! REMEMBER.

Rembir als how deir he hes the bocht
 With his hairt blude, and with non vder wage.
 Rembir als the strang and he vaflage
 He did for the to bring thy faule to peifs.
 For schame thairfoir stynt of thy foly rege: 15
 Memento, homo, quod cinis es!

Gife thow with fyn hes done thy faule forfair,
 Behald thy conciens with thy sprituall e;
 And gif thow fyndis it hurt and woundit fair,
 Cast for remeid, or dowlfeis it will de. 20
 Thairfoir in tyme ceifs fenfualite;
 Call on thy Lord, most peirlefs of provefs,
 Off might and power, mercy and pece:
 Memento, homo, quod cinis es!

Thy licherows lyf both and thy wantounefs, 25
 Bot gif tho mend quhill thow hes tyme and fpace,
 Sall turne in cternall bittirnefs,
 Fra Deid cum to and lay on the his mace;
 Eftir that rest thair is no rest, allace!
 Tak heid in tyme, this reffoun is no lefs; 30
 Thairfoir, but latt I pray the purchefs grace:
 Memento, homo, quod cinis es!

Gife thow mispendit hes thy tyme bipaft
 Throw yewthis rege, with fruster vane plefans,
 Return agane, haif houp, be nocht agast 35
 Quhen every man of Chryftis allegance
 Forthinkis thair fyn, and takis thame to pennans;
 To be of mair perfectioun suld thay prefs;
 Repent thairfoir with haill deliuerans:
 Memento, homo, quod cinis es! 40

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 fone than of our Saluour,
 Quhilk fched his precius blud for the in flour. 45
 Thus may thow nocht bot gif thow wilt perreifs,
 He is fa gracijs evir aboif mesour:
 Memento, homo, quod cinis es!

Quod Lichtoun, *monicus*.

XLVIII.

[*Off Lentren in the first mornynge.*]

OFF Lentren in the first mornynge, Fol. 48. b.
 Airly as did the day vpspring,
 Thus fang ane bird with voce vpplane,
 "All erdly joy returnis in pane."
 "O man! haif mynd that thow mon pafs; 5
 Remembir that thow art bot afs,
 And fall in afs return agane:
 All erdly joy returnis in pane."
 "Haif mynd that eild ay followis yowth;
 Deth followis lyfe with gaipand mowth, 10
 Devoring fruēt and flowring¹ grane:
 All erdly joy returnis in pane."
 "Welth, wardly gloir, and riche array
 Ar all bot thornis laid in thy way,
 Ourcoverd with flouris laid in ane trane: 15
 All erdly joy returnis in pane."

¹ This reading is doubtful; the word may perhaps also be read *flowring*.

“Come nevir yit May fo frefche and grene,
 Bot Januar come als wod and kene;
 Wes nevir sic drowth bot anis come rane:
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.” 20

“Evmair vnto this warldis joy
 As nerrest air fuceidis noy;
 Thairfoir, quhen joy ma nocht remane,
 His verry air fuceidis pane.”

“Heir helth returnis in feiknefs 25
 And mirth returnis in havinefs,
 Toun in defert, forrest in plane:
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.”

“Fredome returnis in wrechitnefs,
 And trewth returnis in dowbilnefs, 30
 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 confciens flane: 35
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.”

“Sen erdly joy abydis nevir,
 Wirk for the joy that leftis evir;
 For vder joy is all bot vane:
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.” 40

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 fall haif no mair 5
 Fra tyme that thay¹ be bund on beir,
 Thus spak a fowll, I yow declair:
 "Do for thy felf quhill thow art heir."

I marvellit quhat that bird fowld be, Fol. 49. a.
 That wes so fair with fedderis gent; 10
 Scho bowind² hir nocht to fle fra me,
 Bot fatt and tald me hir intent.
 "Off thy misdeidis thow the repent,
 And of thy synnys confes the cleir;
 For Deid he³ hes his bow ay bent: 15
 Do for thy felf 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, na⁵ castell wicht. 20
 Bot as the fone that schynis bricht
 Owtthrowch the glafs, that is so cleir,
 To lenth thy lyfe thow hes no micht:
 Do for thy felf quhill thow art heir."

¹ From Dupl. Text—MS. has *he*. ² Dupl. Text—*bowunit*. ³ Ib.—*that*.
⁴ Ib.—*coife*. ⁵ Ib.—*nor*.

"Gif¹ ony man his lyfe nicht lenth, 25
 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 a² year; 30
 Ane wyfar wicht was never none:
 Do for thy self quhill thow art heir."

"Quhairto fowld I thir sampillis fay;
 Thow hes fene mo than I can tell 35
 Off lordis in to this land perfay,
 Sum wyfe, sum wicht, sum forfs, sum fell.
 Thay dowttit nowthir hevin nor hell,
 Thay wer so wicht withowttin weir;
 Now with thair fawle we will nocht mell:
 Do for thy self quhill thow art heir." 40

"And gif thow beis ane³ marchand man,
 And wynniss thy living be the fee,
 Spend pairt of the gude thow⁴ wan, Fol. 49. b.
 And keip the ay with honestie.
 Fra thow be gane, I tak on me, 45
 Thy wyfe will haif ane vthir feir;
 Thy dalie fample thow may fe:
 Do for thy self quhill thow art heir."

"Or gif thow hes a benefice,
 Preifs nevir to hurde the kirkis gude; 50
 Do almoufs deidis to peure always
 In to this warld; to win the rude
 Thow mon be bwreit⁵ in thy hude;
 Thy windene scheit is nocht in weir,

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

Thy airis ar of eild to dwid:¹ 55
 Do for thy felf quhill thow art heir."

"I fay this be a preift of pryd,
 That wes full wanton of his will;
 Gold and filuer lay him befyd,
 The fremmit thairof thair baggis can fill. 60
 All that thay prayit for him wes ill,
 For now thay drink and makis gud cheir;
 Wyifmen faid he did nane² skill:
 Do for thy felf quhill thow art heir."

"And of this preift I will speik mair, 65
 That had fa mekle of warldis wrack;
 Off all his freindis lefs and mair
 He wald nocht mend thame worth ane³ plack:
 Quhill Deid he hint him be the back,
 That he nicht nowdir stand nor steir, 70
 And lute him nocht his testment mack:
 Do for thy felf quhill thow art heir."

"Sen for no wifdome, nor no strenth,
 Nor for no riches in this erd,
 That ony man his lyf may lenth, 75
 Naythir for freyndfchip⁴ agane wanewerd,
 I tak on hand fra thow be berd Fol. 50. a.
 Thy fectouris spendis thy gudis cleir;
 Thow may fay that a fowle the lerd:
 Do for thy felf quhill thow art heir." 80

Finis.

¹ Dupl. Text—*doud.*

² Ib.—*na.*

³ Ib.—*a.*

⁴ Ib.—*Nor for no strenth.*

L.

[*Confidder, 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,
 Faft vnto deid a restles rink we rin:
 Thairfoir is best that we ammend our fyn 5
 And God beseik of mercy or we dee.
 To leir this leffone latt ws now begyn:
 Confidder, man, all is bot vanitie!

Will we nocht prent in to oure mynd and pens
 That it is bot richt schort tyme we haif heir, 10
 As we may weill se be experience;
 The quhilk fowld put ws all quyt owt of weir:
 For thay, that war baith wardly wyifs and deir,
 Ar went away and vaneift as we see;
 And fa mon we quhat tyme that Deid will speir: 15
 Confidder, man, all is bot vanitie!

The fynfull flesche, that heir was cumly cled,
 Sall foddanly be clofit in to clay,
 And with the famyne the wormis falbe fed,
 The quhilk befoir in fyn was nureift ay. 20
 The silly sawill fall pafs a wilsome way,
 Trymland for dreid,¹ as dois the leif on trie;
 Quhat fall oure wantoness awaill that day:
 Confidder, man, all is bot vanitie!

All cunnyng, craft, knowlege, or yit kin, 25
 May nocht ane heure prolong the terme of deid,

¹ Dupl. Text—*for dreidour.*

Nor gold, nor¹ gud, that in the warld we win;²
 Aganis this sentence thair is no remeid.
 Land, nor yit³ rent, fall stand ws in no fteid;
 Bot, ill we will we, dowltes we mone die; 30
 Aganis this sentence thair is na remeid:
 Confidder, man, all is bot vanitie!

Thus deid is sicker but exceptioun, Fol. 50. b.
 Fra quhilk⁴ we can ws nocht defend
 Be no maner of proteccioun; 35
 Bot of this warld we⁵ mon wend,
 The tyme and place to ws⁶ vnkend;
 We know nocht⁷ quhen nor quhair to die:
 Thus, fen vncertane is oure end,⁸
 Confidder, man, all is bot vanitie! 40

Yit, neuirtheles, the tyme that we haif tynt
 May be redemit be help of Godis grace,
 Sa we repent befor the suddane dynt
 Off the vncertane deid, quhill we haif space;
 Eftir the quhilk thair is na help, allace! 45
 Bot gif that we get mercy or we die,
 We ar bot tynt; this is anc havy cace:
 Confidder, man, all is bot vanitie!

Lo! we may fie the lyf that we ar in
 Is grantit to⁹ ws to win the eternall blifs; 50
 And gif perchance we fall in deidly fyn,
 Yit we may ryifs agane and mend our misf.
 Thairfoir, in fchort, my counfall it is this,
 That we fett ws all vycis for to fle,
 And thocht we faill our mendis acceptit is:¹⁰ 55
 Confidder, 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.—*weirlefs we*. ⁶ Ib.—*bayth ar to ws*.

⁷ Ib.—*For we wat nowthir*. ⁸ Ib.—*is our lycis end*. ⁹ Dupl. Text omits *to*.

¹⁰ Dupl. Text—*And gif we felye to mend is bettir I wijs*.

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 afoir¹ the end,
 Cheifand the sicker, lattand the vnseur² be,
 And grace at God ask ay as we offend ;
 For in this warld is nocht bot vanitie.

60

Finis.

LI.

[*Lettres of Gold writtin I fand.*]

LETTRES of gold writtin I fand
 Intill a buike was fair to reid,
 The fentence 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,
 “Ryifs, deid folk, and cum to jugement.”

5

Fol. 51. a.

“Ryifs, deid folk, ryifs,” forsuth it said,
 Cum on, belyve ye mon compeir,
 That law down on the erth ar laid ;
 Get vp gud speid and be nocht fweir.
 Mak compt how ye haif levit heir
 In to this wretchit warld present ;

10

¹ Dupl. Text—*befoir*.² Ib.—*vnficker*.

Your confcience tellis your deidis cleir 15
 Befoir the Juge in jugement.

Fra hevin to hell, throw erd and air,
 That hiddoufs trump fa lowid fall found,
 That throw the blast, I yow declair,
 The ftanis fall cleive, erd fall¹ redound; 20
 Sall no man respect get that stound
 For gold, for riches, or for rent;
 For all mon cum ouir fee and found
 And present thame to jugement.

In flesche and bane as ye war heir, 25
 Thocht ye wer brint in powder² all,
 Befoir the Juge ye mon compeir
 To mak your compt, baith grit and fmall.
 Nane advocat for ocht fall fall;
 Bot your awin confcience innocent 30
 Sall speik for yow, quhen ye ar call³
 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 35
 How prevelly that evir ye wrocht.
 The twynkling of your ene beis⁴ focht,
 Quhen fynnaris schamefully ar schent;
 Thairfoir be war or ye be brocht
 Our soddanly to jugement. 40

Paip or prelattis preciffit⁵ of wit, Fol. 51. b.
 In to this warld that clymmis fo⁶ hie

¹ Dupl. Text omits *fall*. ² Dupl. Text—*pulder*.
³ Ib.—*quhen tha yow call*. ⁴ Ib.—*be*. ⁵ Ib.—*prices*.
⁶ Dupl. Text omits *fo*.

To win the fowll vane gloir of it,
 Be war ye fall accufit be;
 The folk ye tuke to keip lat fe 45
 The faith to teiche as ye wer sent
 Hirdis to be and tuke your fee;
 Cum anſwer now in jugement.

Ye kingis he of ftait and nicht,
 That warldly conqueifs and vane gloir 50
 Defyrit ay¹ baith day and nicht,
 And all your lawbor fet thairfoir:
 Quhat helpis than your nicht, your ftoir,
 Quhen warldis welth away is went?
 May nane yow hyd in hoill, nor boir; 55
 For all mon ryfs to jugement.

Gif ye haif keptit juft² and richt
 The law ellyk to riche and peure,
 With blyth hait in the Jugeis ficht
 Ye may appeir, I yow affure. 60
 Haif ye miſgovernit ocht your cure,
 Sair may ye dreid the hard torment
 Off hellis fyre, that fall indure
 Perpetuall eftir jugement.

O crewall knychtis and³ men of prydl
 That evir, in armes and chevelrye,
 Hes focht oure all this warld ſo wyd
 Yow till avance with victory,
 Ay blud to ſched ſa crewaly;
 Gud tyme wer heir for to repent, 70
 Or ye be ſchot doun foddanly,
 And brocht on forſs to jugement.

¹ Dupl. Text—*hes ay.* ² Ib.—*inſtice.* ³ Dupl. Text omits *and.*

For that day is no grace to gett,
 Nor that day fall na mercy be,
 Fra that the Juge in fait be sett. 75
 Haif thow done weill; full weill is the,
 That awfull Juge quhen thow fall fe, Fol. 52. a.
 Sa full of yre in face fervent
 To fynneris for iniquitie,
 That mon vpryifs to jugement. 80

Ye men of kirk, that cure hes tane
 Of fawlis for to wetfche¹ and keip,
 Ye will² be tynt, and ye tyne ane,
 In your defalt, of Goddis schein.
 Be walkand ay that ye nocht fleip; 85
 Luke that your bow be reddy bent;
 The wolf about your flok will creip;
 Ye mon mak compt at jugement.

Be gude of lyfe, and bissie ay
 Gud examplis for to schaw; 90
 Stark in the faith, and luke allwey
 That na man cryme vnto³ you knaw.
 Lat ay your deid follow your faw,
 And to this taill ye tak gud tent,
 Sayweill but doweill is nocht worth a straw⁴ 95
 For yow to schaw in jugement.

And warldly wemen be⁵ ye war;
 Your wit is waik, leir to be wyfs:
 Grit cawfs of syn forfuth ye ar,
 Throw your fowll pryd and claithis of pryifs. 100
 Ay proud in bukking and⁶ garmond nyifs,
 Inflanmand 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 tyifs;
Ye mon mak compt in jugement.

Ye merchantis, that the gold fa reid 105
Vpbrace in to your boxis¹ 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 maift prepotent; 110
Be it nocht so, ye may be fad,
Quhen that ye cum to jugement.

Leill labourraris, that nicht and day Fol. 52. b.
Dois that thay may for to vphald
This wretschit lyfe, full blyth may thay 115
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 fall cum to jugement. 120

Thairfoir me think, for to conclude,
Grit rent nor riches proffeitis nocht;
For grit aboundance heir of gude
Dois men grit truble in thair thoct. 125
Weill fall thay worth,³ that fa hes wrocht
Off sufficence can be content;
Thair can no fickerer way be wrocht⁴
To help thame⁵ at jugement.

All is bot vane and vanitie,
Into this warld that we haif heir; 130
Grit riches and prosperitie

¹ Dupl. Text—*baggis*. ² Ib.—*wynnyn*. ³ Ib.—*We fall thame worth*.

⁴ Ib.—*focht*. ⁵ Ib.—*To help a man*.

Vpfofteris vyce, that is na weir;
 Makis men to fall in fynnis feir,
 Miskenaw¹ thair God, fyne consequent
 To Godis seruice makis thame maift² fweir; 135
 Ryifs, 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 fleip, I faw befyd me fone
 Ane aigit man, semit sextie yeiris of ficht,
 This sentence sett, and song⁴ it in gud tune!
 "Omnipotent and eterne God in trone! 5
 To be content and lufe the⁵ I haif caufs
 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 luftis leftis skant ane⁶ May; 10
 That than wes witt is naturall foly now,
 As warldly witt,⁷ honor, riches, or fresche array.
 Deffy the devill, dreid God and domifday;
 For all falbe accusit as thow knawis. Fol. 53. a.
 Bliffit be God my yutheid is away: 15
 Honor with aige to every vertew drawis."
 "O bittir yowith, that semis delitious!
 O haly aige, that sumtyme semit soure!

¹ Dupl. Text—*Misken.* ² Dupl. Text omits *maift*.

³ Dupl. Text—*Schir Wa[lter]*. ⁴ Ib.—*fang.* 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! 20
 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 diffaiwe ws evin; 25
 Pryd is the nett, and covece¹ 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
 Dryvis² in the see of Lollerdry that³ blawis. 30
 My yowth is gane, and I am glaid and fane:
 Honor with aige till every vertew drawis."

"Law, luv, and lawtie, gravin⁴ law thay ly;
 Diffimvlance hes borrowit conscience clayis;⁵
 Aithis, writ, walx,⁶ nor feilis ar not fet by; 35
 Flattery is fostherit baith with freindis and fayis.
 The sone, to bruike it that his fader hais,
 Wald se him deid; Sathanas sic feid fawis.
 Yowtheid, adew! ane of my mortall fais:
 Honor with aige with every vertew drawis." 40

Finis quod Kennedy.

¹ Dupl. Text—*curative*. ² Ib.—*Driffis*. ³ Ib.—*and*.
⁴ Ib.—*graffin*. ⁵ Ib.—*clathis*. ⁶ Ib.—*wax*.

LIII.

[*Walking allone amang thir Levis grene.*]

WALKING allone amang thir levis grene,
 Into ane femely forrest fair and fre,
 Quhair I was cled with bewis bricht and schene,
 I did me lene vntill ane athorne tre,
 Quhair birdis fang with curage wounder hie, 5 Fol. 53. b.
 Reherfand ay this versis in to my eir,
 "Man! mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus¹ geir."

I marvellit gritly quhat this fong fowld mene,
 And it imprentit fadly in my thocht.
 Than fang ane bird with curage fra the splene, 10
 "O man! revolve 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 wrangus¹ 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 fang 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."

Proceeding furth so in hir fermond feir,
 With cowrious not and wordis scherp and kene,
 Hir girfly text did pers 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 nicht not hairtly do fuftene
 So fcherp ane fermone blawing¹ in myne eir:
 "Man! mend thy lyfe and reftoir wrangus geir."

My stormy face fchew weill than myne entent
 Vnto this bird, and fcho fang fuddanly, 30
 "Quhat, man, availis² all this warldis rent,
 Thy felf in hell, thair to dwell³ fynaly?
 Thairfoir, in tyme, I reid the ask mercy,
 And for thy fyn daly myrne mony a teir:
 Man! mend thy lyfe and reftoir wrangus geir." 35

"Thocht thow in dignitie be conftitute,
 Or yit of landis thow haif grit heretage;
 On⁴ thy fubicct gif thow makis wrang perfute,
 Dowltes thy fawill fall ftand for that in plege
 On dumifday, quhen thow fowld tak curage 40 Fol. 54. a.
 The to defend befoir the Juge aufteir:
 Man! mend thy lyfe and reftoir wrangus geir."

"Thocht thow be yung in to thy yeiris grene,
 Beleving⁵ that thy lyfe fall long endeure,
 My counfale is thy⁶ foly thow refrene; 45
 Or dowl the theif cum brek thy fawlis 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 reftoir wrangus geir."

I anfwerit than this bird in crabitnes, 50
 "I wait I am in to my flowris grene,
 And als my corps is haill withoutw feiknes;
 Thairfoir, I wait, I may richt weill fuftene
 Thir mony yeiris, my curage is fo clene.

¹Dupl. Text—*blawand*. ²Ib.—*Quhat availis the man*.
³Ib.—*to dwell thair*. ⁴Ib.—*Off*. ⁵Ib.—*Entreftand*. ⁶Ib.—*thyn*.

Quhairfoir fowld I fa fone this leffone leir, 55
To mend my lyfe and restoir wrangus geir?"

"God fayis his felfe in facreit 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 60
For thy quhairfoir fowld I my yowtheid spill,
Pynnand my felf, doand away plefeir,
To mend my lyfe and restoir wrangus geir?"

"Thairfoir in to my yeiris grene and ying
I will to² craif and tak that I may gett; 65
For wyfemen fayis, Quha dois in yowith inbring,
In aige he fall grit stormes do ourefett.
Quhairfoir grene yowth I will not do foryett,
For no sic fong that bird may fing on breir,
To mend my lyfe and restoir wrangus geir." 70

"Weill," quod the bird, "thy curage is richt hie,
Havand hie knowlege of thy mortall flait,
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 than⁴ fall haif chekmait, 75
Quhen thow wald beg ane heure owt of a⁵ yeir
To mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir."

Hir crewall dyte than maid me moir⁶ agaft,
And als hir fong richt foir effrayit me;
Luking⁷ quhen Deth his speir fowld at me cast, 80
My curage fell befoir was wounder hie;
Not yit for that⁸ my fensuality

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 reffone wold aggreit neir
To mend my lyfe and reftoir wrangus geir.

Incontinent this bird perfavit weill 85
How at hir fermond bait my confcience.
Scho fayd, "Twa contrar wayis¹ I feill:
The ane² is gud, the vthir is offence.
Thairfoir the rewill with reffone and prudence,
That fra contraryis thow art purgeit cleir: 90
Man! mend thy lyfe and reftoir wrangus geir."

I faid annone, "Quhat kind of bird art thow,
That tareis me all day with tyrfum³ taill?"
Scho answertit fone and faid, "I tell the now,
Synderifis my name is but ony⁴ fail, 95
Quhilk the fall dryve to the fyre infernail,
Bot gif thow wirk, as I do the⁵ requer,
To mend thy lyfe and reftoir wrangus geir."

"Now to conclude and end this breif fermond;
Quhairevir thow fair, entrest thow fickerly, 100
Myne endyting in to thin eiris fall found,
And perce thy confcience continwaly.
Quhairfoir, gif thow willis leif⁶ eternaly,
Perfew vertew, and vycis do forbeir:
Man! mend thy lyfe and reftoir wrangus geir." 105

Scho braidit furth with that and twik the flicht,
And I vprais and hamewart fchup to fair:
Be than fair Phebus, with his bemis bricht, Fol. 55. a.
Had purgit clene and pvrefeit the air.
My reffone fone⁷ vnto me did repair, 110

¹Dupl. Text—*wayis in the.*

⁴Ib.—*it is but.*

²Ib.—*tane.*

⁵Ib.—*the do.*

⁷Ib.—*fo.*

³Ib.—*with sic ane.*

⁶Ib.—*lyfe.*

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

Richt weill I knew¹ than in this fchort leffone
The verry wey vnto² saluatioun:
Be grace devyne than opnit my reffone 115
Till vndirstand this³ proclamatioun,
The quhilk, with grit mvltiplicatioun,
This bird so sweitly fving on⁴ breir;
“Man! mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.”

Thus I come hame within my covertour, 120
Reiofit gritly of this visoun,
Quhilk I had fene in this grit⁵ vardour;
And on my kneis I faid this orisioun,⁶
“O eternall⁷ God! trenefeld in vnioun,
Grant ws mercy and grace, quhill we ar heir, 125
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 5
 A mirry man, that all of mirth cowth mene,
 Singand the fang that richt¹ fweitley was fett:
 "O yowth, be glaid in to thy flowris grene!"

Aige.

I lukit furth a litill me² befoir,
 And saw a cative on ane club cumand, 10
 With cheikis clene,³ and lyart lokis hoir:
 His ene was how, his voce was hefs hoftand, Fol. 55. b.
 Wallowit richt⁴ wan, and waik as ony wand:
 Ane bill he beure vpoun his breift abone,
 In letteris leill but lyis,⁵ with this legand, 15
 "O yowth, thy flowris fedis fellone fone!"

Yowth.

This yungman lap vpoun the land full licht,
 And mervellit mekle of his makdome maid.
 "Waddin⁶ I am," quo he, "and woundir wicht,
 With bran as bair, and breift burly and braid: 20
 Na growme on ground my gairdome may degraidd,
 Nor of my pith may pair of⁷ wirth a prene.
 My face is fair, my fegour will not faid:
 O yowth, be glaid in to thy flowris grene!"

Aige.

This fenycour fang, bot with a fobir ftevin. 25
 Schakand his berd, he faid, "My bairne, lat be:

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

I was, within thir sextie yeiris and fevin,
 Ane freik on fold, als foris and als¹ fre,
 Als glaid, als gay, als ying, als yaip as yie;
 Bot now tha dayis ourdrevin ar² and done. 30
 Luke thow my laikly luking³ 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, 35
 And luke amangis thir lufty ladeis fweit;
 Of mariage to mell with mowthis meit
 In fecreit place, quhair we ma not⁴ be fene;
 And so with birdis blythly my bailis beit:
 O yowth, be glaid in to thy flowris grene!" 40

Aige.

This awftrene greif answerit angirly,
 "For thy cramping thow falt baith cruke and cowre;
 Thy⁵ flefchely luft thow falt also⁶ defy, Fol. 56. a.
 And pane the fall put fra paramour. 45
 Than will no bird be blyth of the in bouir;
 Quhen thy manheid fall wendin⁷ as the mone,
 Thow fall affay gif that my song be four:
 O yowth, thy flowris fedis fellone fone!"

Yowith.

This mirry man of mirth yit movit moir;
 "My corps is clene withoutt corrvptioun; 50

¹ Dupl. Text omits *als*. ² Dupl. Text—*is*. ³ Ib.—*lykyne*.

⁴ Ib.—*In fecreitnes quhair may noch*. ⁵ Ib.—*And thy*.

⁶ Dupl. Text omits *also*. ⁷ Dupl. Text—*more*.

My felf is found, but feiknes or but foir;
 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 roll¹ I haif no reffoun: 55
 O yowth, be glaid in to thy flowris grene!"

Aige.

The bevar hoir faid to this berly berne,
 "This breif thow fall obey fone, be thow bald.
 Thy ftait, thy ftrenth, thocht it be stark and fterne,
 The feveris fell, and eild fall gar the fald; 60
 Thy corps fall clyng, thy curage fall wax cald;
 Thy helth² fall hynk, and tak a hurt but hone;³
 Thy wittis fyve fall vaneis, thocht thow not wald:
 O yowth, thy flowris faidis fellone fone!"

This gowand grathit with sic grit greif,⁴ 65
 He on his wayis wrechly went⁵ but wene;
 This lene awld⁶ man luche not, bot⁷ tuk his leif,
 And I⁸ abaid vnder the levis grene.
 Of the fedullis the futhe quhen⁹ I had fene,
 Of¹⁰ trewth, methocht, thay trivmphit¹¹ in thair tone. 70
 O yowth, be glaid in to thy flowris grene!
 O yowth thy flowris faidis fellone fone!

Finis quod Mr Robert Henderfone.¹²

¹ Dupl. Text—*roll*. 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.—*tremfit or tremfit*. ¹² Ib.—*Henryfone*.

LV.

*The Reffoning betuix Deth and Man.**Deth.*¹

O MORTALL man, behold, tak tent to me!
 Quhilk fowld² thy mirroure be baith day and nicht. Fol. 56. b.
 All erdly thing that evir tuik lyfe mon die;
 Paip, empriour, king, barroun and knyght,
 Thocht thay be in thair roall stait³ and hicht, 5
 May not ganestand quhen I pleifs schute the⁴ derte;
 Waltownis, castellis, and⁵ towris nevir so wicht,
 May nocht risist quhill it be at his herte.

*The Man.*⁶

Now quhat art thou that biddis me thus tak tent,
 And mak ane mirroure day and nicht of the, 10
 Or with thy dert I fowld richt foir repent?
 I trest trewly off that thou⁷ fall sone lie.
 Quhat freik on fold fa bald dar manis me,
 Or with me fecht, owthir on fute or hors?
 Is non so wicht or⁸ stark in this cuntre 15
 Bot⁹ I fall gar him bow to me on forfs.

*Deth.*¹

My name, forfwith,¹⁰ fen that thou speiris,
 Thay call me Deid, futhly 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 thou.* ⁸ *Ib.*—*fo.* ⁹ *Ib.*—*Nor.* ¹⁰ *Ib.*—*at me forfwith.*

Calland all man and woman to thair beiris
 Quhen evir I pleifs, quhat tyme, quhat place, or quhair. 20
 Is nane fa stowt, fa frefche, nor yit fa fair,
 Sa yung, fa ald, fa riche, nor yit fa peur,
 Quhair evir I pafs, owthir lait¹ or air,
 Mon put thame hail on forfs vndir my cure.

*Man.*²

Sen it is fo that nature can fo wirk 25
 That yung and awld, with³ 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 30
 Fulfilland evir my sensualitie,
 In deidly fyn and specialy in pryd.

*Deth.*⁵

Thairfoir repent and remord thy confcience;
 Think on thir wordis I now vpoun the cry: Fol. 57. a.
 O wrechit man! O full of⁶ ignorance! 35
 All thy plefance thow fall richt⁷ deir aby.
 Dispone thy self, and cum with me in hy,⁸
 Edderis, askis, and⁹ wormis meit for¹⁰ to be:
 Cum quhen I call, thow ma me not denny,
 Thocht thow war paip, empriour, and king, all thre. 40

¹Dupl. Text—*be it lait.* ²Ib.—*Homo.* ³Dupl. Text omits *with.*

⁴Dupl. Text—*Trestand yowtheid wold with me ay abyde.*

⁵Ib.—*Mors.* ⁶Ib.—*O wofull.* ⁷Dupl. Text omits *richt.*

⁸Dupl. Text—*Dispone for the, and cum with me and try.*

⁹Dupl. Text omits *and.* ¹⁰Dupl. 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 lurk² vnder thy caip,
 I offer me, with hairt richt humly
 Befeking God, the diuill myne ennemy 45
 No power haif my fawill till affay.
 Jefus, on the, with peteous voce, I cry
 Mercy on me to haif on domifday.

Finis quod Henderfone.

LVI.

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

WITHIN ane garth, vndir a reid roseir,
 Ane awld man, and decripit, hard I fing;
 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 faid in his dyting, 5
 "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; 10
 Trewth is all tynt, gyle hes the⁴ govirnance,
 Wrechitnes hes wrocht all weil 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 flemit¹ the lordis fro,
 And covettyce is all the caufs of this;
 I am content that yowtheid is ago: 15
 The moir of aige the nerrer hevynis blifs.

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. 20
 Syne of the thing befoir that² joyit he,
 Nothing remanis now to be callit his;
 For quhy it was bot very vanitie:
 The moir of aige the nerrer hevynis blifs.

Sowld no man trust this wretchit world; for quhy 25
 Of erdly joy ay sorrow is the end:
 The stait of it can no man certify;
 This day a king, to morne haif not³ to spend.
 Quhat haif we heir bot grace ws to defend?
 The quhilk God grant ws till⁴ amend our mis, 30
 That to his gloir he ma our sawlis fend:
 The moir of aige the nerrer hevyns blifs.

*Finis quod Henderfone.*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. Henderfone*.

LVII.

Followis the thre deid Pollis.

O SINFULL man! in to this mortall fe,
 Ouhilk is the vaill of mvrnyng and of cair,
 With gaiftly ficht behold oure heidis thre,
 Oure holkit ene, oure peilit pollis bair.
 As ye ar now, in to this warld we wair, 5
 Als frefche, als fair, als lufty to behald:
 Quhan thow lukis on this fwth examplair,
 Off thy felf, man, thow may be richt vnbald.

For futh it is that every man mortall
 Mon suffer deid and de, that lyfe hes tane: 10
 Na erdly ftait aganis deid ma prevail;
 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 fe quotidiane 15
 Sowld caufs all men fra wicket vycis fle.

O wantone yowth! als frefche as lufty may,
 Fareft of flowris, renewit quhyt and reid,
 Behald our heidis. O lufty gallandis gay!
 Full laichly thus fall ly thy lufty heid, 20
 Holkit, and how, and wallowit as the weid.
 Thy crampan hair, and eik thy cristall ene,
 Full cairfully conclud fall dulefull deid:
 Thy example heir be ws it may be fene.

O ladeis quhyt! in claithis corrupcant, 25
 Poleift with perle and mony pretius flane,

With palpis quhyt, and hals elegant,
 Circulit with gold and fapheris mony ane;
 Your finyearis small, quhyt as quhailis bane,
 Arrayit with ringis and mony rubeis reid: 30
 As we ly thus, fo fall ye ly ilk ane
 With peilit pollis, and holkit thus your heid.

O wofull pryde! the rute of all distres,
 With humill hairt vpoun our pollis pens: 35
 Man, for thy mis, ask mercy with meiknefs;
 Aganis deid na man may mak defenfs.
 The empriour for all his excellenfs,
 King and quene, and eik all erdly stait,
 Peure and riche, falbe but differenfs
 Turnit in afs, and thus in erd translait. 40

This questioun quha can obsolue, lat see,
 Quhat phisnamour, or perfyt palmeester:
 Quha was farest, or fowlest, of ws thre,
 Or quhilk of ws of kin was gentillar,
 Or maist excellent in science, or in lare, 45
 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, 50
 Behald our heidis with mvrning and regrait:
 Fall on thy kneis, ask grace at God greit,
 With orisionis and haly falmes sweit,
 Befeikand him on the to haif mercy;
 Now of our sawlis bydand the decreit 55
 Of his Godheid, quhen he fall call and cry.

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

For our fawlis to pray in generall
 To Jefus Chryft, of hevin and erd the King, 60
 That, throwch his blude, we may ay leif and ring
 With the hie Fader be eternitie,
 The Sone, alfwa the Haly Gaißt condng,
 Thre knit in ane be perfyt vnitie.

Finis quod Patrick Johniftoun.

LVIII.

[*Sen throw Vertew increffis Dignitie.*]

SEN throw vertew increffis dignitie,
 And vertew is floure and rute of nobill ray,
 Off ony vertewis eftait¹ that evir thow be,
 His steppis perfew and dreid the non effray.
 Exyle all vyce and follow trewith alway; 5
 Luve moft thy God that firft thy luve began,
 And for ilk inche he will the quyt a fpan.

Be not our prowde of thy prosperitie,
 For as it cumis, fo will it pafs away;
 Thy tyme to compt is fchort thow ma weill fe, 10
 For of grene grefs fone cumis wallowit hay.
 Labor in trewth, quhill licht is of the day;
 Truft moft in God, for he beft help the can,
 And for ilk inche he will the quyt a fpan.

Sen wordis ar thrall, and thoct is only fre, 15 Fol. 59. a.
 Thow dant thy tung that power hes and may;

¹ Dupl. Text—*fait*.

Thow steik thyne ene fra warldis vanitie;
 Refrene thy lust; harkin quhat I fay;
 Graip or thow slyd, and creip furth on the way,
 And keip thy faith thow aw to God and man, 20
 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 goffep, peax or weir?"
 The tother rownit in heir,
 "I tell yow this vndir confessioun, 5
 Bot laitley lichtit of my meir,
 I come of Edinburch fra the Sessioun."

"Quhat tythingis hard ye thair, I pray yow?"
 The tother answereit, "I fall fay yow,
 Keip this all secreit, gentill brother; 10
 Is na man thair that treftis 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 pleifs 15
 That wald for invy byt of his neifs;
 His fa fum by the oxstar leidis;
 Sum patteris with his mowth on beidis,
 That hes his mynd all on oppreffoun;
 Sum beckis full law and fchawis bair heidis, 20
 Wald luke full heich war not the Seffioun.

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 parcialitic complenis, 25
 How feid and favour flemis difcretioun;
 Sum speiks full fair, and fafly fenis:
 Sic tythings hard I at the Seffioun.

Sum caftis fummondis, and fum exceptis;
 Sum standis befyd and fkaild law keppis; 30
 Sum is continwit, fum wynniss, fum tynis;
 Sum makis him mirry at the wynis;
 Sum is put owt of his poffeffioun;
 Sum herreit, and on creddens dynis:
 Sic tydings hard I at the Seffioun. 35

Sum fweiris, and forfaikis God;
 Sum in ane lambskin is ane tod;
 Sum in his toung his kyndnes turfis;
 Sum cuttis throttis, and fum pykis purfis;
 Sum gois to galloufs with proceffioun; 40
 Sum fanis the Sait, and fum thame curfis;
 Sic tydings hard I at the Seffioun.

Religious men of diuerfs placis
 Cumis thair to wow and fe fair facis;
 Baith Carmeleitis and Cordilleris 45

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, 50
 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: 55
 Sic tydings hard I at the Sessioun.

Finis quod Dumbar.

LX.

[*Devorit with Dreme, devyfyng in my Slummer.*]

DEVORIT with dreme, devyfyng in my slummer, Fol. 60. a.
 How that this realme, with nobillis owt of nummer,
 Gydit, provydit fa mony yeiris hes bene;
 And now sic hunger, sic cowartis, and sic cummer
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene. 5

Sic pryde with prellattis, so few till¹ preiche and pray;
 Sic hant of harlettis with thame bayth nicht and day,
 That fowld haif ay thair God afoir² thair ene;
 So nyce array, so frange to thair abbay,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

¹ Dupl. Text—*to*.

² Ib.—*befoir*.

So mony preiftis cled vp in fecular weid,
 With blafing breiftis cafting thair clathis¹ on breid,
 (It is no neid to tell of quhome I mene);
 So quhene the Pfalme² and Testament to³ reid
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 15

So mony maifteris, fo mony guckit clerkis,
 So mony weftaris to God and all his warkis,
 So fyry fparkis of difpyt fro the fplene,
 Sic lofin farkis, fo mony glengoir markis
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 20

Sa mony lordis, fo mony naturall fulis,
 That better accordis to play thame at the trulis,
 Nor feifs the dulis that commonis dois fustene;
 New tane fra fculis, fa mony anis and mvlis
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 25

Sa mekle treffone, fa mony partiall fawis,
 Sa littill reffone to help the commoun cawis,
 That all the lawis ar not fett by ane bene;⁴
 Sic fenyeit flawis, fa mony waiftit wawis
 Within this world⁵ was nevir hard nor fene. 30

Sa mony theivis and mvrdereris⁶ weill kend,
 Sa grit relevis of lordis thame to defend,
 Becawis the⁷ fpend the pelf thame betwene;
 So few till wend this mischief till⁸ amend
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 35

Fol. 60. b.

This to correct thay fchoir with mony crakkis,
 Bot littill effect of fpeir or battar⁹ ax,

¹ Dupl. Text—*clais*. ² Ib.—*Pfalmes*. 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*.

Quhen curage lakkis the corfs that fowld mak kene;
 Sa mony jakkis and brattis on beggaris bakkis
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 40

Sic vant of woftouris¹ with hairtis in sinfull ftaturis,
 Sic brallaris and bofteris degenerat fra² thair naturis,
 And sic regratouris the peure men to prevene;
 Sa mony tratouris, fa mony rubeatouris
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 45

Sa mony jugeis and lordis now maid³ of lait,
 Sa small refugeis⁴ the peur man to debait,
 Sa mony estait for commoun weill fa quhene;
 Ouir all the gait fa mony thevis fa tait
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 50

Sa mony ane sentence retreitit for to win
 Geir and⁵ acquentance, or kyndnes of thair kin,
 They think no fin, quhair proffeit cumis betwene;
 Sa mony ane gin to haift thame to the pin
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 55

Sic knavis and crakkaris to play at cartis and dyce,
 Sic halland⁶ schekkaris, quhillk at Cowkelbyis gryce
 Ar haldin of pryce, quhen lymmaris dois convene;
 Sic ftoir of vyce, fa mony wittis vnwyce
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 60

Sa mony merchandis, fa mony ar menfworne,
 Sa peur tennandis, sic cursing evin and morne,
 Quhillk flayis the corne and fruēt that growis grene;
 Sic skaith and fcorne, fo mony paitlattis worne
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 65

¹ Dupl. Text—*vesfouris*. 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, fa 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 frome millaris,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. Fol. 61. a. 70

Sic fartingailis on¹ flaggis als fatt as quhailis,
 Facit lyk fulis with hattis that littill availis,
 And sic fowill tailis, to fweip the calfay clene,
 The duft vpskaillis; fo² mony fillok with fuck failis
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 75

Sa mony ane kittie drest vp with goldin chenye,
 So few witty that weill can fabillis fenye,
 With apill renye ay schawand hir goldin³ chene;
 Off⁴ Sathanis fenyeie syne sic ane vnfall⁵ menyie
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 80

Finis quod Dumbar.

LXI.

[*Off every Asking followis nocht Rewaird.*]

OFF every asking followis nocht
 Rewaird, bot gif fum caus war wrocht;
 And quhair caufs is men weill⁶ ma fie,
 And quhair nane is it wilbe thocht:
 In asking fowld discretioun be. 5

¹ Dupl. Text—*with*. ² From Dupl. Text—MS. omits *fo*.

³ Dupl. Text—*semble*. ⁴ Ib.—*As*. ⁵ Ib.—*vnfall*.

⁶ Dupl. Text omits *weill*.

Ane fule, thocht he haif caufs or nane,
 Cryis ay, Gif me in to a drene;¹
 And he that dronis ay as ane bee
 Sowld haif ane heirar dull as² ftane:
 In asking fowld difcretioun be. 10

Sum askis mair than he defervis;³
 Sum askis far les⁴ than he fervis;
 Sum schames to ask as⁵ braidis of me,
 And all without reward he⁶ ftervis:
 In asking fowld difcretioun be. 15

To ask but feruice hurtis gud fame;
 To ask for feruice is not to blame;
 To ferve and leif in beggartie
 To man and maistris is baith schame: Fol. 61, b.
 In asking fowld difcretion be. 20

He that dois all his best fervyifs
 May spill it all with çrakkis and cryis
 Be fowll inoportunitie;
 Few wordis may ferve⁷ the wyis:
 In asking fowld difcretioun be. 25

Nocht neidfull is men fowld be dum;
 Na thing is gottin⁸ but wordis fum;
 Nocht sped but diligence we fe;
 For nathing it allane will cum:
 In asking fowld difcretioun be. 30

Asking wald haif convenient place,
 Convenient tyme, lasar, and space,
 But haift or⁹ preifs of grit menyie,

¹ Dupl. Text—*ane drane.* ² Ib.—*as ane.* ³ Ib.—*defyris.*
⁴ Ib.—*askis les.* ⁵ Ib.—*and.* ⁶ Ib.—*without gwerdoun.*
⁷ Ib.—*may suffice to.* ⁸ Ib.—*wone.* ⁹ Ib.—*but.*

But hairt abasit, but tounge rekless:
In asking fowld discretioun be. 35

Sum nicht haif ye, with littill cure,
That hes oft nay with grit labour;
All for that¹ tyme not byd can he,
He tynis baith eirand and honour:
In asking fowld discretioun be. 40

Suppois the fervand 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 fowld discretioun be. 45

*Finis of Asking.*³

LXII.

Followis Discretioun of Geving.

TO speik of gift or almoufs deidis;
Sum gevis for mereit and for meidis;
Sum warldly honour to vphie
Gevis to thame that nothing neidis:
In geving fowld discretioun be. 5 Fol. 62.a.

Sum gevis for pryd and glory vane;
Sum gevis with grugeing⁴ and with pane;
Sum gevis in⁵ 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 gud¹ agane:
In geving fowld difcretioun be. 10

Sum gevis for thank, sum chereit;²
Sum gevis money, and³ sum gevis meit;
Sum gevis wordis fair and fle;
Giftis fra sum ma na man treit:
In giving fowld difcretioun be. 15

Sum is for gift fa lang requyrd,
Quhill that⁴ the crevar be fo tyrd
That, or the gift deliuerit be,
The thank is frustrat and expyrd:
In geving fowld difcretioun be. 20

Sum gevis to littill full⁵ wretchitly,
That his giftis ar not fet by,
And for a huidpyk⁶ haldin is hie,
That all the world cryis on him fy:
In geving fowld difcretioun be. 25

Sum in his geving is fo large
That⁷ all ourlaidin is his berge;
Than vyce and prodigalite
Thairof his honour dois⁸ discharge:
In geving fowld difcretioun be. 30

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. 35

¹ Dupl. Text—*als mekle.*

² Ib.—*and sum for chereite.*

³ Dupl. Text omits *and.*

⁴ Dupl. Text omits *that.*

⁵ Dupl. Text—*and full.*

⁶ Ib.—*for sic huidpyk.*

⁷ Ib.—*Quhill.*

⁸ Dupl. Text omits *dois.*

⁹ Dupl. Text—*his geir.*

Sum gevis to ftrangeris with face new,
 That yifterday fra Flanderis flew;
 And to awld ferwandis lift not fe,
 War thay nevir of fa grit vertew:
 In geving fowld difcretioun be. Fol. 62. b.
40

Sum gevis to thame can ask and plenyie;
 Sum gevis to thame can flattir and fenyie;
 Sum gevis to men of honeftie,
 And haldis all janglaris at difdenyie:
 In geving fowld difcretioun be. 45

Sum gettis giftis and riche arrayis,
 To fweir all that his maifter fayis,
 Thocht all the contrair weill knawis hie;
 Ar mony fic now in thir dayis:
 In geving fowld difcretioun be. 50

Sum gevis gudmen for thair gud kewis;
 Sum gevis to trumpouris and to fchrewis;
 Sum gevis to know his awtoritie;
 Bot in thair office gude fundin few is:
 In geving fowld difcretioun be. 55

Sum gevis parrochynnys full wyd,
 Kirkis of Sanct Barnard and Sanct Bryd,
 To teiche, to rewill and to ouirfie,
 That he na wit hes thame to gyd:
 In geving fowld difcretioun be. 60

Finis of Difcretioun 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 fowld discretioun be. 5

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 fawlis:
 In taking fowld discretioun be. Fol. 63. a. 10

Barronis takis fra the tennentis peure
 All fruēt that growis on the feure,
 In mailis and gerfomes rasit our hie,
 And garris thame beg fra dur to dure:
 In taking fowld discretioun be. 15

Sum takis vthir menis takkis,
 And on the peure oppressioun makkis,
 And nevir remembris that he mon die,
 Quhill¹ that the gallowis gar him rax:
 In taking fowld discretioun be. 20

Sum takis be fie and be land,
 And nevir fra taking can hald thair hand,
 Quhill he be tit vp to ane tre;
 And fyne thay gar him vndirstand
 In taking fowld discretioun be. 25

¹ MS. has *Quhillk*.

Sum wald tak all his nychbouris geir,
 Had he of man als littill feir
 As he hes dreid that God him fee;
 To tak than fowld he nevir forbeir:
 In taking fowld discretioun be. 30

Sum wald tak all this warldis breid,
 And yit not fatisfeit of thair neid,
 Throw hairt vnfatiable and gredie;
 Sum wald tak littill and can not speid:
 In taking fowld discretioun be. 35

Grit men for taking and oppreffioun
 Ar¹ fett full famous at the Seffioun
 And peur takaris ar hangit hie,
 Schamit for evir and thair succeffioun:
 In taking fowld discretioun be. 40

Finis quod Dumbar.

LXIV.

[*Musing allone this hinder Nicht.*]

MUSING allone this hinder nicht 60 Fol. 63. b.
 Of mirry day quhen gone was licht,
 Within ane garth vndir a tre,
 I hard ane voce that faid on hicht,
 May na man now vndemit be. 5

For thocht I be ane crownit king,
 Yit fall I not efchew deming;
 Sum callis me guid, fum fayis I lie,

¹ MS. has *At.*

Sum cravis of God to end my ring;
So fall I not vndemit be. 10

Be I ane lord, and not lord lyk,
Than every pelour and purfpyk
Sayis, Land war bettir warit on me;
Thocht he dow not to leid a tyk,
Yit can he not lat deming be. 15

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 fall I not vndemit be. 20

Be [I] ane courtman or ane knycht,
Honestly cled that cumis me richt,
Ane prydfull man than call thay me;
Bot God fend thame a widdy wicht,
That can not lat sic demyng be. 25

Be I bot littill of stature,
Thay call me catyve createure;
And be I grit of quantetie,
Thay call me monftrowis of nature;
Thus can I not vndemit be. 30

And be I ornat in my speiche,
Than Towfy sayis, I am sa screiche,
I speik not lyk thair houfs menyie.
Suppois hir mouth mifteris a leiche,
Yit can I not vndemit be. 35

Bot wift thir folkis that vthir demifs,
How that thair fawis to vthir femifs,
Thair vicious wordis and vanitie, Fol. 64. a.

Thair tratling tungis that all furth temifs,
Sum wald lat thair demyng be. 40

Gude James the Ferd, our nobill king,
Quhen that he was of yeiris ying,
In sentens said full subtillie,
"Do weill, and fett not by demyng,
For no man fall vndemit be." 45

And fo I fall, with Goddis grace,
Keip his command in to that cace;
Befeiking ay the Trinitie,
In hevin that I may haif ane place,
For thair fall no man demit be. 50

Finis quod Dumbar.

LXV.

[*Sons hes bene ay exilit owt of Sicht.*]

SONS hes bene ay exilit owt of ficht,
Sen every knaif wes cled in filkin 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, 5
And lerd our Lordis to go lefs and mair
With filkin gownis, and fellaris tome and bair.

Now ane fmall barronis riche abelyement,
In filk, in furreingis, chenyeis and vthir geir,
Micht furneis fourty in to jak and splent, 10
Weill bodin at his bak with bow and speir.

It war full meit, gif it happinis be weir,
 That all this pryd of filk war quyt laid down,
 And chengit in jak, knapska and abirgoun.

Wald all the lordis lay vp thair riche arrayis, 15
 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 filkis mair
 Thir twenty yeir, for thame and thair succeffioun, 20
 Gif finfull pryd nocht blindit thair discretioun.

Thair men also mon be but fmyt or fmoit,
 Fra his caproufy be with ribbanis left,
 With welwet bordour about his threidbair coit,
 On womanwayis weill toyit about his west; 25
 His hat on syd set vp for ony heft;
 For hichtines the culroun dois misken
 His awin maister, als weill as vthir men.

Quha fynnis in pryd dois first to God grevance,
 Quhilk owt of hevin to hell gaif it ane fall; 30
 Syne of him self he westis his substance
 Sa lerge, that it ourpassis his rentall;
 His peur tennentis he dois oppress with all;
 His coiftly gown, with taill so wyd owtspred,
 His naikit fermouris garris hungry go to bed. 35

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 caufs of cuvetice.

All weilfair, welth and wantones 5
 Ar chengit in to wretchitnes,
 And play is fett at littill price;
 And all for caufs of covetyce.

Halking, hunting and swift horfs rynnng 10
 Ar chengit all in wrangus wynnng;
 Thair is no play bot cartis and dyce;
 And all for caufs of covetyce.

Honorable houfhaldis ar all laid doun;
 Ane laird hes with him bot a loun,
 That leidis him eftir his devyce; 15
 And all for caufs of covetyce.

In burghis, to landwart and to fie, Fcl. 65. a.
 Quhair was plefour and grit plentie,
 Vennefoun, wyld fowill, wyne and fpyce,
 Ar now decayid thurch covetyce. 20

Husbandis that grangis had full grete,
 Cattell and corne to fell and ete,
 Hes now no beift bot cattis and myce;
 And all thurch caus of covetyce.

Honest yemen in every toun 25
 War wont to weir baith reid and broun,
 Ar now arrayit in raggis with lyce;
 And all thurch caus of covetyce.

And lairdis in filk harlis to the eill,
 For quhilk thair tennentis fald fomer meill, 30
 And levis on rutis vndir the ryce;
 And all thurch caus of covetyce.

Quha that dois deidis of petie,
 And levis in pece and chertie,
 Is haldin a fule, and that full nyce; 35
 And all thurch caus of covetyce.

And quha can reive vthir menis rowmis,
 And vpoun peur men gadderis fowmis,
 Is now ane active man and wyce;
 And all thurch caus of covetyce. 40

Man, pleifs thy Makar and be mirry,
 And fett not by this world 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 world chengis fast;
 Quhen God thinkis tyme he may it mend:

Lawty will leif ws at the laft;
Ar few for falsett may now fend. 5

Thift and tressoun now is chereift;
Law and lawtie is disherreift,
And quyt owt of this regioun fend; Fol. 65. b.
Thift and tressoun now is cherreift;
Ar few for falsett now may fend. 10

War all this realme in two devyddit,
Lat lawty syne and falsset gyddit;
Quhome on will moniest depend,
Quha wyfest is can not diffydit;
Ar few for falsset now may fend. 15

No man is countit worth a peir,
Bot he that hes gud hors and geir,
And gold in to his purs to spend.
The peur for this is spulyeit neir;
Ar few for falsset now may fend. 20

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 fa;
Ar few for falsset now may fend. 25

Peur husband men leivis on thair plwch,
Thay think that thay ar riche annewch;
Away with it the theivis dois wend,
And leivis thame bair as ony bewch:¹
Ar few for falsett now may fend. 30

The rankest theif of this regioun
Dar pertly compeir in² Sessioun,

¹ Dupl. Text—*thame als bair as the bewch.*

² Ib.—*peir vnto the.*

And to the tolbuthe fone ascend,
 Syne with¹ the lordis to raik² and roun :
 Ar few for falfet now may fend. 35

[The bifchopis, 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 falfet now may fend.]³ 40

The regentis that this realme fowld gyd,
 For schame ye may your facis hyd;
 To quhat effect fowld ye pretend
 So flewthfully to latt ourislyd
 Sic falfett now as ws offend.⁴ 45

Finis.

LXVIII.

[*How fowld I rewill me, or quhat wyifs.*]

HOW fowld I rewill me, or quhat wyifs,
 I I wald fum wyifman wald dewyifs; Fol. 66. a.
 I can not leif in no degre,
 Bot fum will my maneris dispyifs.
 Lord God, how fall I governe me? 5

Gif I be galland, lusty and blyth,
 Than will thay fay on me full fwyth,

¹ Dupl. Text—*to.* ² Ib.—*rouk.* ³ This verfe is from the Dupl. Text.
⁴ Dupl. Text—*Ar few for falfett may now fend.*

That owt of mynd yone man is hie,
 Or fum hes done him confort kyth.
 Lord God, how fall I governe me? 10

Gife I be forrowfull and fad,
 Than will thay fay that I am mad;
 I do bot drowp as I wald die,
 Thus will thay fay, baith man and lad.
 Lord God, how fall I governe me? 15

Gife I be lusty in array,
 Than luv I parramouris thay fay,
 Or in my hairt is prouwd and hie,
 Or ellis I haif it fum wrang way.
 Lord God, how fall I governe me? 20

Gif I be nocht weill als befene,
 Than twa and twa fayis thame betwene,
 That evill he gydis yone man trewlie,
 Lo! be his claithis it may be fene.
 Lord God, how fall I governe me? 25

Gif I be fene in court our lang,
 Than will thay mvrmour thame amang,
 My freyndis ar not worth a fle,
 That I fa lang but reward gang.
 Lord God, how fall I governe me? 30

In court rewaird than purchefs I,
 Than haif thay malyce and invy,
 And secreitly thay on me lie,
 And dois me hinder prevely.
 Lord God, how fall I governe me? 35

I wald my gyding war diwyfit;
 Gif I spend littill I am despyfit;

Gif I be nobill, gentill and fre,
 A prodigall man I am fo pryfit.
 Lord God, how fall I governe me? 40

Now juge thay me baith guid and ill,
 And I may no mans tung hald still;
 To do the best my mynd falbe,
 Latt every man fay quhat he will.
 The gracious God mot governe me. 45

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 eifs,
 Gold, filuer, corne, cattell and ky.
 And wald haif pairt fra vthiris by.

Ane vthir is of land and rent 5
 So grit a lord and fo potent,
 That he may not it rewill nor gy,
 And yit wald haif fra vthiris by.

The thrid dois eik¹ fo dourly drink,
 And aill and wyne within him sink, 10
 Quhill in his wame no rowm be dry,
 And yit wald haif fra vthiris² by.

The laft that hes, of nobill blude,
 Ane lufy lady fair and gude,

¹ Dupl. Text omits *eik*. ² Dupl. Text—*ane vthir*.

Boith vertewis, wyifs and womanly, 15
 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. 20

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 so steidfast was.*]

SUMTYME this warld so 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 down; 5
 Is all this warld for greid and wilfulness,
 That all is loift for laik of steidfastnes.

Trewith is put doun, reffoun is haldin fabill,
 Vertew hes nane at hir devotioun,
 Petie exylit, and na man meretabill, 10
 Throw cuvettyce blind is discretioun.
 The warld hes maid ane permvtatioun
 Fra richt to wrang, fra reffone to wilfulness,
 That all is loift for lak of steidfastnes.

Quhat makis this warld to be so variable 15
 Bot luft, 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 oppreffioun.
 Quhat makis this bot wofull wretchitnes, 20
 That all is loift for lak of steidfastnes?

Falshheid that fowld bene abhominable,
 Now is regeing but reformatioun:
 Quha now gifis lergly ar maist diffavable,
 For vycis ar the grund of sustentatioun: 25
 All wit is turnit to cavillatioun,
 Lawtie expellit and all gentilnes,
 That all is loift for lak of steidfastnes.

O prince! desyre for to be honorable,
 Chereifs thy folk and hait extortioun; 30
 Suffer nothing that bene reprovab;e;
 Schaw furth thy sverd of castigatioun,
 That vertew may rigne within thy regioun;
 Dreid God, do law, luv trewith and richtoufnes,
 And bring thy folk agane to steidfastnes. 35

Finis.

LXXI.

[*Fals Titlaris now growis vp full rank.*]

FALS titlaris now growis vp full rank,
 Nocht ympit in the stok of cheretie,

Fol. 67. b.

Howping at thair lord to gett grit thank,
 Thay haif no dreid on thair nybouris to lie:
 Than fowld ane lord awyfe him weil I fe, 5
 Quhen ony taill is brocht to his presence,
 Gif it be groundit in to veretie,
 Or he thairto gif haiftely credence.

Ane worthy lord fowld wey ane taill wyflie,
 The tailltellar, and quhome of it is tald, 10
 Gif it be said for luvè or for invy,
 And gif the taillisman abyd at it he wald:
 Than eftirwart the pairteis fowld be cald
 For thair excuse to mak lawfull defence;
 Than fowld ane lord the ballance evinly hald, 15
 And gif not at the first haiftie credence.

It is no wirfchep for ane nobill lord
 For the fals taillis to put ane trew man doun,
 And gevand credence to the first recoird,
 He will not heir his excufatioun: 20
 The tittillaris fo in his heir can roun,
 The innocent may get no awdience;
 Ryme as it may, thair is na reffoun
 To gif till taillis heftely credence.

Thir teltellaris oft tymes dois grit skaith, 25
 And raiffis mortall feid and discrepance,
 And makis lordis with thair ferwandis wreith,
 And baneift be, withowt cryme perchance.
 It is the grund of stryfe and all diftance,
 Moir perrellus than ony pestillence, 30
 Ane lord in flattereris to haif plefance,
 Or to gif lyaris heftely credence.

O thow wyfe lord! quhen cumis a flatterer
 The for to pleifs, and hurt the innocent,

Will tell ane taill of thy familiar; 35
 Thow fowld the pairteis call incontinent,
 And fitt doun fadly in to jugement,
 And ferche the caufs weill or thow gif sentence;
 Or ellis, heireftir, incais thow may repent,
 That thow to taillis gair fo grit credence. 40

O wicket tung! sawand diffentioun,
 Of fals taillis to tell that will not tyre,
 Moir perrellus than ony fell pufoun,
 The pane of hell thow fall haif to thi hyre.
 Richt swa thay fall, that hes joy or defyre 45
 To gife his eir to heird with patience;
 For of difcord it kendillis mony fyre,
 Throwch geving talis heftely credence.

Bakbyttaris to heir it is no bowrd,
 For thay ar excommvnicat in all place; 50
 Thre perfonis severall he flayis with ane wowrd,
 Him felf, the heirar, and the man faiklace:
 Within ane hude he hes ane dowbill face,
 Ane bludy tung vndir a fair pretence.
 I fay no moir, bot God grant lordis grace 55
 To gife to taillis nocht heftely credence.

Finis quod Mr. Robert Henderfone.

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 preifs the nevir to lie; 5
 Als trubill nevir thy felf, sone, be no tyd,
 Vthiris to reiwll, that will not rewlit be:
 He rewlis weill that weill him felf can gyd.

Bewar quhome to thy counsale thow discure, Fol. 68. b.
 For trewth dwellis nocht ay for that trewth appeiris: 10
 Put not thyne honour into aventure;
 Ane freind may be thy fo as fortoun steiris:
 In cumpany cheifs honorable feiris,
 And fra vyle folkis draw the far on fyd;
 The Pfalme sayis, Cum sancto sanctus eiris: 15
 He rewlis weill that weill him felf 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, defyre fall mak debait 20
 Evirmoir, till Deth fay 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 felf can gyd.

Fle frome the fallowship of sic as ar defamit, 25
 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, 30
 Quhome no reffone may seifs nor pacify:
 He rewlis weill that weill him felf 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; 35
 Bot dowl siclyk fall stryk the in the neck:
 Be war alfo to counfall 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. 40

And sen thow feyis 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 misaventure;
 And be no wayis dispytfull to the peure, 45
 Nor to no man to wrang at ony tyd:
 Quho so dois this, sicker I yow affeure,
 He rewlis weill that fa 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, 5
 Beir welth wyfly in grit prosperetie,
 For dreid that ye fall in adwerfitie.

Bettir ye knaw na thing nor ye mon de,
 Bot quhen or quhair it is richt incertane;

Thairfoir, quhen ye ar in felicitie, 10
 Help mifterfull, haif petie on thair pane,
 With your piffance, your frenth and all your mane:
 Beir welth wyfly in grit prosperitie,
 For feir ye fall fone in adwerfitie.

Sweirnes and pryd fe alwyis that ye fle; 15
 On covettyce fett ye nowayis your ceure;
 Luk avarice fra yow far baneift be.
 Quhat avalis plenty and grit trefscure
 Till him that will in poverty indeure?
 Beir welth wyfly in grit prosperitie, 20
 Foir feir ye fall fone in adwerfitie.

Ire and invy I counfale yow reffufe,
 For with thame thair remanis no vertew; Fol. 69. b.
 And gluttony, alwy for till abvfe,
 With lichery preifs nane to perfew; 25
 The brainchis of all thir fee ye efchew:
 Beir welth wyfly in grit prosperitie,
 For dreid ye fall fone in adwerfitie.

Be actyve, wyfe, trew, constant, glaid and fre;
 Tak no fuppryifs that may your honour pair; 30
 Keip yow fra thift, fee that ye nevir lee;
 Oure haiftelly fe ye speik not am mang repair;
 For to diffend your manheid fee ye not fpair:
 Beir welth wyfly in grit prosperitie,
 For dreid ye fall fone in adwerfitie. 35

The deiddis of mercy preifs ay to fulfill,
 And daylie your trefpas for till amend;
 Ay be content, quhat evir God fendis yow till;
 And ye do this, trest weill God will you fend¹
 Riches ennwche, and hevin als to your end: 40

¹ MS. has *fend*.

Beir welth wyllie in grit prosperitie,
For dreid ye fall fone in aduerfitie.

Finis.

LXXIV.

[*Man of maist Fragilitie.*]

MAN of maist fragilitie,
 Full of wo and miserie,
 Sen, but dowt, thow mon die,
 For Deth the address.
 Suche exampill thow ma sie 5
 Off every stait and degre;
 This warld diffaitfull and fle
 Hes no fickernes.

To erdly stait or thow haif ee,
 To ferve thy Makar luke thow fee, 10
 And, or thow wend to vanitie,
 In thy mynd him inpres.
 Gife thow will leif in chertie, Fol. 70. a.
 Ay frawart cumpany flee;
 With fulis and thow fellow the, 15
 Thy fame fall decrefs.

Be not pert in prevetie
 To vyce or iniquitie;
 For he that thy Juge falbe
 Seis thy deidis exprefs. 20

Fra wrangus guid absent the;
 Be not lefull to lie,
 For, at the laft, verretie
 Is knawin moir and lefs.

In heill or infirmitie, 25
 Gife thow in deidly fyn be,
 And wat not how fone thow fall die,
 Mend the in this caifs.

Quhen thow hes niceffitie,
 Call of Chryft mercie 30
 For to deliuer the
 Off every diftrefs.

Be patient in povertie,
 And, in thy maift prosperitie,
 Haif ay God befoir thyne ee, 35
 And no man opprefs.

And thow haif awtoritie,
 To nane do thow crewaltie;
 The grit God that fittis hie
 Will it anis redrefs. 40

Remember¹ in thy memorie
 That the deth thow mon de,
 And waits not quhen verrelie,
 Or how it fall increfs,
 Nor quhair, but fedder, for to fle 45
 In ane ftrange far cuntre,
 But fude, cleth, or conyie,
 Kin, or richefs.

Finis.

¹ MS. has *rememeber*.

LXXV.

[*In Bittirnes of Sawill call vnto Mynd.*]

IN bittirnes of favill 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; 5
 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; 10
 Vnto his passioun latt evir thy mynd refort:
 His awin pomeis falbe ouir cheif confort:
 He biddis ws ask, and haif of him we fall,
 For his mercy exceiddis his workis all.

Quhen Adame, be suggestioun of his wyfe, 15
 Diffaut be the diuillis subtilitie,
 Had eit the apill of the tre of lyfe,
 And ws fecludit frome the prosperitie
 Of paradyce, our fre felicitie;
 Yit Godis awin Sone come to restoir the fall, 20
 Quhairthrow mercy exceiddis his workis all.

Daid did mans slawchter and adultre,
 Nowmerit the pepill; Salamone his sone,
 Als for ane wenchis faik, did ydolatrie;
 Pawle perswid Chryist, and Magdalene was wantone: 25
 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 fynnis war ane thowfand tymis moir,
 As gerfs on grund, or sternis in the fky, 30
 So grit, fo horribill, and long continwit befoir, Fol. 71. a.
 That nowthir toung nor pen cowld fpecific;
 Haif ay gud howp, ask and haif thow mercy,
 For all gettis mercy that for mercy fall call,
 Sen his mercy exceiddis his workis all. 35

Finis.

LXXVI.

[*Moving in Mynd of mony diuerfs Thing.*]

MOVING in mynd of mony diuerfs thing,
 Occurrit to my dull remembrance
 The alteratioun and ferlefull changinge
 Off manis estait, quhilk fum folk callis chance,
 Quhilk is not ellis bot Godis awin ordinance, 5
 Meting all tyme to our lyfe lefs and mair:
 Quhairfoir mak this our daly govirnance,
 To fle all vyce and follow vertew fair.

Sevin vertewis ar aganis vycis fevin:
 Aganis he pryd profound humilitie; 10
 Pryd did deieçt fair Lucifar fra hevin,
 Meiknes exaltit our bliffit Ladie hie;
 Aganis flefhely luft is cheftetie;
 Aganis avarice is to be liberall,
 Quhilk caufis ws with God and man to be 15
 Louvit, the tother had in difpyt with all.

Aganis invy is fervent cheretie;
 Aganis gluttony is to keip abftinance;

Aganis fweirnes ay biffy for to be;
 Aganis yre to keip patience: 20
 Thus fall we do to grit God none offence,
 Nor to our nychtbour, keband thir vertewis fevin;
 Syne fall reffaif 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 tail,
 Ye gentill men, fo is my counsale.
 Firft, in the mornyng, get vp with gud intent;
 To do your God feruice be ye diligent;
 To go to preiching ye do your biffy ceure, 5
 Syne to your fport ye pafs with aventure;
 Bot yit it femis ye weill provydit be,
 Eftir the force of your facultie.
 Haif in your mynd the vaill of your expens; 10
 Trest not in all, to leill men gif creddens;
 Proceid in tyme, for tyme fchort terme concludis;
 In fynall rent conforme yow to your guidis.
 Exclud fursfatt and fpend with discretioun,
 And luvè your fervand of gud conditioun;
 Lak not your kin, fuppois thair wit be rude, 15
 Bot help your freind in to his quarrell guid,
 And to your freind in every neid be kynd;
 Bot fchaw not all the fecreit of your mynd.
 In luvè and aw ye chirreifs weill your wyfe;

Quhen scho is trew, luve ye hir as your lyfe: 20
 Teiche weill your sone, and gif him your counsale;
 Bot hald your dochtir ay in stret benfale.
 Pay the serwand his fee for his labour,
 And mak ane leill man your executeur.
 Haif gud confort in grit aduerfitie; 25
 Keip patience, and byd till bettir be,
 For God remeid may in a litill space;
 Thairfoir exampill tak of Schir Ewface.
 Ye lusty lady that lykis to be leill,
 Keip weill your band, and luke with quhome ye deill; 30
 Extoll yow not in to your febill wit,
 Nor be nocht tyffit 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, 35
 Aboif all thing keip weill your womanheid;
 Grit honour it is to be weill nenmit,
 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. 40

Fol. 72. a.

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:

2 A

Aboif all thing first to be blyith,
 And lat no dolour in yow kyith;
 Vfe mefurable rest with fobir eiting; 5
 Vfe 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 fettis in perreill. 10
 All excess is fa to manis fale,
 Woundis heill and schortis dayis withall;
 Als eftir meit to stand thow leir,
 And dowit drink alwey forbeir;
 Hald not thy scaling our¹ appetyte, 15
 Nor preifs not to degeft our tyte.
 Sync to forbeir thow tak gud keip
 On estirnonis for to sleip,
 For heidwark, feveris, or frawartnes,
 Of nownis sleip cumis grit sweirnes. 20
 Be war, for ony thing ma be,
 Vpoun thy bak for to lay the;
 It gadderis feiknes in hairt and heid,
 And haiftis the till ane suddane deid.
 Fowr thingis ar generit of the wind 25 Fol. 72. b.
 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 fowld be schort and licht; 30
 The stommok hes ane full grit pane,
 Quhen at the supper mekle is tane.
 Quhairfoir, gif thow wald hald thy heill,
 With fobirnes luk that thow deill;
 Nor eit not till thow wit, but weir, 35
 That thy stommok be claingit cleir;

¹This word is not distinct in the MS.

Vnto the tyme that all befoir
 Be weil degeft, thow tak no moir:
 For furfett puttis fer ma to deid
 Nor fwerd or knyf without remeid. 40
 In yowtheid vfe the to temprance,
 And fo begin the with vfance;
 For confvetude hes full grit ftrenth,
 And haldis the lyf full on lenth;
 And chaingeing of meittis but difcretioun 45
 Raifis feiknes in to all feffoun;
 And fuddane changis mifteris grit ceur,
 As vfe is haldin ane vthir nateur.
 Thair it mon be courfably
 And drawin with lift richt fobirly, 50
 Syne biffines, with manis hele,
 Is beft with mefeur for to dele,
 For that haldis all kyndly hete
 And fendill mifteris till haif beit.
 Diuerfs meitis togidder brocht 55
 To ws att anis accordis nocht;
 For ane man hes bot ane nature,
 And findry meitis ar not feure:
 Bulyeit meit fofteris weil,
 And fryit meit every deill; 60
 Roftit meit dryis the blude;
 Salt meit warft of ony fude;
 Fat meit is flewmous and flowand;
 Soure meitis ar not nvriffand.
 It nvreiffis beft that guftis beft, 65
 And naturall fleip makis gud degeft.
 Raw fruct thay ar verry noyus,
 Bot hervift fruct is moft dengerus;
 In ver and fomer ye littill eit,
 And wintir wald haif lurger meit. 70

In ver and fomer beft is to lat blud;
 On thy rycht arme dois moft gud;
 At morrowing vfe to came thy heid,
 Bot at evin I the forbeid;
 And oppin thy crop at morrowing, 75
 Caft out flowme, mak vomating;
 Thy puncis wirking fchawis, but weir,
 In quhat kin ftait thou art heir.
 Preifs oure all thing that thou may
 Fra all excefs to keep the ay; 80
 Sua may thou weill thyn awin lech be,
 And neur gar vthir be focht to the;
 Quhair thyn awin gouernance may hald thyn hele,
 Preifs neur 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, thou tak gud tent thairto;
 Drink helfum wyne, feid the with licht breid;
 With appetyt ryfe fra thi meit alfo;
 With aigit wemen flefchlie haif nocht ado; 5
 Vpoun thy fleip thou drink nocht of thy cowp;
 Ga glaid to thy bed and morrow both two,
 And vfe thou neur our lait for to foup.

 And fo befall that lechis done the fail,
 Thou tak gud tent till vfe thir thingis thre; 10

Moderall dyet and temperat travaill;
 Be nocht malitius for non aduerfite;
 Meik in truble, glaid in pouerte;
 Riche with littill, content with fufficance;
 Be ay neir lyk to thyne awin degre; 15
 Gif phefick laikis, mak this thy gouernance.

To cuery taill gife thow nocht fone creddence;
 Be nocht to haifte nor yit vengeble;
 To poure folk fe that thow do no violence;
 Courtafs of langage, in feding meforable; 20
 Off findre meitis nocht gredy at the table;
 Gentill of langage in prudent dalayance;
 To fay the beft fett all way thy plesance.

Haif into hait mouthis that bene double;
 Thoill at thy table no detractioun; 25 Fol. 73. b.
 Efchew as thow may for to be in truble;
 Haif fals rownaris at elatioun;
 Suffer in to thy houfs no diuifioun,
 Quhilk in thy houfs may caufs gret decrees
 Off all weilfair, profperite and fufioun, 30
 With thy nychtbour to leif in reft and peax.

Be clenely cled according for thyn eftait;
 Pafs nocht thy boundis, keip thy promeifs belyfe;
 With thre folkis be neuir in debait;
 Firft, with thy bettir bewar that thow nocht ftryfe; 35
 Aganis thy phallow no querrell to contryfe;
 With thy fubieft to ftryve it wer grit fchame:
 Quhairfor I counfale the, in all thy lyfe,
 To leif in peax, and win the ane gud name.

Haif fyre at morrow, and cowrd bed at eve, 40
 Aganis miftis blak and air of peftilence;

Be tyme at prayeris thow fall the bettir fcheve;
 At thy frst ryfing do thy God reuerence;
 Wefy the pure with inteir deligence;
 Off all mifterfull haif grit compaffioun, 45
 And God fall fend the grace and influence
 The till increas and thy poffeffioun.

Eftir meit mak nocht lang ane fleip;
 Heid, fute, ftomok preferue ay fra cald;
 Be nocht penyfwe, off thocht thow tak nocht keip; 50
 Eftir thy rent mantene thy houfhald;
 Suffer in wrang, and in thy rycht be bald;
 Sueir no aithis no man for to begyle;
 In youth be lufly, and fad quhen thow art auld,
 For warldly joy leftis bot ane quhyle. 55

Dyne nocht at morrow befoir thyn appetyte,
 Cleir air and walking makis gud degeftioun;
 Betuix meitis drink nocht for fervent delyte,
 Bot thrift or travell gif the occaffioun;
 Our falt meit dois grit oppreffiou 60
 To feble ftomokis that can nocht refrane;
 For thingis contrair to thyne complexioun
 Off gredy throttis the ftomokis hes grit pane.

Suffir no furfattis in thy houfs be nycht;
 Be war of rere fupparis and gret excefs, 65
 Off nodding heidis and of candill licht,
 To fleip at morrow in flumming ydilnefs,
 Quhilk of all vici is the cheif portarefs;
 Woyd all drinking with lymmaris and lechouris,
 And this I fay in terminablis, I gefs, 70 Fol. 74. a.
 Off dyce playeris and commoun hafardouris.

Thus, in two thingis, ftandis all the welth
 Of faule and body, quho that it lift to infew;

Moderat fud, quhilk to thi faule is helth,
 And all foirfaid dois for him renew, 75
 And chere in to thi faule is dew.
 Thair is no rafeth cumis of pottingary,
 Off maistir Antone nor of maister Hew,
 Till all neidrent richeft betray the.

Finis.

LXXX.

Documenta.

<p>IN grit tribulatioun, Haif fobir inclinatioun, Be pacient in perfone, Thow think on the Passioun,</p>	<p>And mekle vexatioun, And that fall the mend. With humill deuotioun Quhat kyndnes wes kend.</p>	
<p>Be meik but derisioun, Thow rewl the with reffoun, Fra cankerit corruptioun, Thy brukle affectioun</p>	<p>With faythfull effectioun With mesure thow spend. And wicket temptatioun, Thow dayly defend.</p>	<p>5</p>
<p>Thow mak thy confessioun To be thi protectioun, Syne mak satisfactioun, To be thi remissioun,</p>	<p>To Chryft with deuotioun And succour the fend: With verrie discretioun, Quhen thow fall hyne wend.</p>	<p>10</p>
<p>Thow Chryft, for thy Passioun, Quhilk may be our saluatioun Thow mak supplicatioun And this my conclusioun</p>	<p>Grant vs redemption, At our last end. To win the he pardoun, I bring to ane end.</p>	<p>15</p>

Finis.

SERUE THY GOD MEIKLY.

Serue thy God meikly,	And the warld befely;	
Eit thy meit merrely,	And so thow may leif.	
Gif he fendis the pouerty,	Thank thow him richly,	
For he may mend ¹ the suddanly,	And no man to greif.	20

Finis.

Grund the in patience,	Blind nocht thy conscience;
Do thy God reuerence,	Thankand him ay.
Drefs the with diligence	To put away negligence;
Ceifs the with fufficence,	This warld will away.

Finis.

Meiknes and mesure,	Lawte and lawbur	25
Bringis the to honour,	Hald the thairin.	
Gif tho thinkis to indur	Lufe best thi Creatur,	
And as thy felf thi nychtbur,	And ceifs of thy fyn.	
The stait and the ordour	Of haly kirk haif in cure;	
Preifs nocht till injure	For ony vrang win;	30
Confidderin thy felf fur	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 falbe thy clofure,	35
Ane narow vyle fepulture	Full of armyn.	

*Finis.*¹ This word is not distinct in the MS.

In warld is nocht be natur wrocht that ay mon left,
 Bot, as the mone, all chengis sone this God hes drest.
 Sen nobilnes nor grit riches may nocht tak rest,
 Small thing with eifs, ay God to pleifs, methink it best. 40

Finis.

Remembir, man! on endles hellis vexatioun;
 Fle fra temptatioun thow brukle flesche as glafs;
 Thow art bot afs for all thy dominatioun.
 Leif fornicatioun and mend thy vyle trespafs;
 Think thow mon pafs to thy lang habitatioun; 45
 Wirk for saluatioun, sen borne thairto thow wafs.

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: 50
 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, 55
 The tyme sa schort, approcheing euir the endis:
 Quho hieft clymmis most suddanly discendis;
 Quhat is heirop bot cast on Chryft thy cure,
 And stand content of euery aventur.

Finis.

THIS WARLDIS JOY IS ONLY BOT FANTESY.

This warldis joy is only bot fantefy, 60
 Off quhilk non erdly wicht can be content;
 Quho moft hes witt leift fuld in it effy;
 Quho moift it taiftis noft fall him repent.
 Quhat vailis all this riches and this rent,
 Sen no man watt quho fall his tresour haue: 65
 Presome nocht gevin, that God hes done bot lent,
 Within schort tyme the quhilk he thinkis to craue.

Finis.

Diffait diffauis and falbe diffaut;
 Quha with diffait is diffauable,
 Thocht his diffait be nocht all out perfaut, 70
 To the diffatour diffait is ay returnable.
 Frawd quytt with frawd is guerdoun conveniable;
 And quha with frawd is frawdfully ay fund,
 To the defraudour defraud fall ay redound.

Finis.

Quho wald do weill, he mon begin at weill 75 Fol. 75. a.
 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 vyifs the voundir weil; 80
 Conclud with weill, and thow fall 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 neur fald. 85
 Throw gud cumis mekle gud, vngud and gud fall fair,
 Bot richteous gud, quhair grund is gud, leftis for euir mair.

Finis.

Befoir the tyme is wifdome to prowyd,
 And luk in tyme be nocht to feik nor borrow;
 Quha takis nocht tyme, bot lattis ay ouirflyd 90
 Tyme, fall cum to turn his joy in forrow;
 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 leftis bot a space, 95
 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 fall haif tene and tray;
 Tyme fall the tyme, and kast the in to cair, 100
 With tyme endles, in forrow lait and air.

Finis.

Remembir riches, remembir pourte,
 Remember deid, remembir prosperite;
 Remember sin, and eik the panis inferne,
 Remembir patience in maift aduerfite. 105
 Remembir thy Makar deuotly on thy kne,
 Remembir his Sone, our gratius sterne;
 Remembir thingis dois maift our faull conferne;
 Remembir this warldis fals fragilite,
 Remembir the joy that leftis ay eterne. 110

Finis.

Leif luvē, my luvē, no langar it lyk;
 Alter our amouris in to obseruance:
 Eschew the fuerd of vengence or it stryk;
 Our lust and plesance turne we in pennance.
 Off mysdeid mend, of kissing mak conscience; 115
 Repent ws clene and Sathanas ouerfett;
 Pvnys weill the flesch for the awin offence;
 Haif e to God and brek the diuillis nett.

Finis.

Voluptoufs lyfe quhy thinkis thow so fueit, Fol. 75. b.
 Knawing the deid that no man may ewaid, 120
 Syne perfeueris 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, 125
 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 choifs gevin to parradice or hell; 130
 Ane pray to deid quhome vane is to repell;
 Ane schort torment for infinit glaidnes,
 Als schort ane joy for leftand hevines.

Finis.

Rycht as pouerte cauffis fobirnes,
 And febilnes answervis countenance, 135

Ewin so prosperite and riches
 The muder is of vyce and negligence;
 And power also cauffis insolence,
 And honour oft fyis changeis hewis:
 Thair is no moir perrellus pestilence 140
 Nor he estait gevin vnto schrewis.

Finis.

Now quhen ane wreche is fett to he estait,
 Or ane begger brocht to dignite,
 Thair is non so prowde, pompoufs and elait,
 Non so vengeble and full of crewelte, 145
 Woyd of discretioun, mercy and pete;
 For churliche blud feindill dois recure
 To be gentill be way of nature.

Finis.

Bettir it is to suffer fortoun and abyd,
 Than haiftely to clym and suddanly to flyd. 150
 Ay the hier that thow art,
 The lawer beir thy hart;
 In welth, or yit prosperite,
 Think ay on deid, I confall the;
 And of the pure thow haif pete, 155
 And leif in luve and cherite.
 He that in welth will tak no heid,
 He fall haif falt in tyme of neid;
 A fouerane bewty our all the laif
 A weil brydillit tung to haif. 160

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 scienc,165
 Relegius men full of patience, fuld be of gud zeill.
 Ane knycht to fay, I dar nocht do it; ane clerk to fay, I can nocht do it;
 Ane kirman to fay, I will nocht do it, foundis nocht half fo weill.

Finis.

Call nocht the man fals and vnkynd,Fol. 76. a.
 Nor hald him nocht for thy vnfrynd,170
 That will nocht gife the all thy will,
 Bot gife it reffoun be and skill:
 Bot hald him ane of thy felloun fayis,
 That flatteris and fueris all that thow fayis;
 He dois that bot for his awin zeill,175
 To gar the trow he luvis the weill;
 Ane grittar fa thair can non be,
 Nor he that flatteris ay with the;
 He is thy freind that fayis the skill,
 And is thy fay that feruis thy will.180

Finis.

He that thy freind hes bene rycht lang,
 Suppoifs sum tyme he do the wrang,
 Condampt him nocht, bot always mene,
 For kyndnes that befor hes bene.

Finis.

Be kynd to thame that luvand is to the; 185
 Be bone and boufum quhair that thow may gett bute;
 Sett nocht thy hairt bot quhair thy felf ma be;
 Bend nocht thy bow bot quhair that thow may schute;
 Deill nocht with dice, with drinking, nor with diet;
 Preifs nocht to pryd, for that will perifch all; 190
 Be knawin clene ay quhen the Lord will call.

Finis.

Me think thair fuld no tail be trowit,
 Except the tellar wald awowit;
 For ane tratlar I vndirstand,
 Fra he of ane man gett a band, 195
 That he fall nocht difcouerit be,
 Than hes he lyking for to le;
 Deme best thairfoir in euey dowl,
 Quhill that the trewth be tryit out.

Finis.

Bruther! be wyfe in to your gouernance, 200
 Gif ye till honour will haif the reddy way;
 Faill nocht to honour be wilfull ignorance,
 Bot luffe with dreid, and ferue him nycht and day
 Be perfyte fayth, houp and cherite,
 Or ye fall murn quhen no mendis mak may ye; 205
 He is bot deid but fayth, I dar weill fay;
 Quha failis fayth withouttin end fall de.

Finis.

Justice wald haif ane godly pefedent,
 Ane auditor of the complaintis of the pure,

Quhilk daylie fuld minifter jugement 210
 To pure folk cryand at the dure,
 Spendand moir than thair geir is of valour,
 And put abak quhill grit caufs be decydit,
 Syne levand all, for pouerty may nocht bydit.

Finis.

Grit fule is he that puttis in denger 215 Fol. 76. b.
 His lyfe, his honour, for ane thing of nocht;
 Grit fule is he that will nocht glaidlie heir
 Counfale in tyme, quhill it availis ocht;
 Grit fule is he that no thing hes in thocht,
 Bot tyme present, nor eftir quhat may fall, 220
 Nor of the deid hes no memoriall.

Finis.

Sen that reuolt rynniss vpoun rege,
 Latt rege be rewlit with gud rewl and rycht;
 Latt rycht and reffone rancour fa affuage;
 Affuege with science all diffait and flycht; 225
 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 rofs and royell thriffill kene.

Finis.

Quha wilbe riche haif e to honour ay, 230
 For riches followis honour evir mair:
 To honour wifdome is the nerrest way,
 And wifdome to vertew is the verry air,
 And vertew cumis of science and of lair;

And science cumis only of God and grace; 235
 Conqueft throw gud lyfe, travell and bufinece.

Finis.

LXXXI.

[*O wrechit Man! full of Iniquite.*]

O WRECHIT man! full of iniquite,
 Of prowidence voyd, and to vycis naturall,
 To rycht, nor reffoun, thow hes bot littill e;
 Nor eftir thy lyfe, quhen wend thow fall,
 Bot thow be war, futhly thow will fall, 5
 As Lucifer, be errogance of pryde,
 Quha owt of hevin to hell law cowth glyde.

Be war with pryde, be war with lichery,
 Be war with ire, be war with covatyce,
 Be war with fucirnes, be war als with invy; 10
 Be war with thir, O man! gife thow be wyfe:
 Be war alwa that thow no gluttony vfe;
 Keip the fra fynis that may thy faule offend;
 Prent in thy hairt quhiddir thow fall wend.

O man! behald that na tyme thow fall left, 15
 Thy dayis ar fchort, thy lyfe rycht fone is gone;
 Thairfoir, as now, me think it to the beft
 To haif in mynd thy ending cuir in one,
 Quhen thow fall wend, and quhair that thow fall won, Fol. 77. a.
 And quhat thow art, and quhair of thow art maid; 20
 Sua onto hevin thow hald the hieft 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 of¹ thi God, hieft in all degre, 25
 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 anc quhyle quhill thow art heir,
 It gois away as calf dois with the wind; 30
 This day anc lord, the morne ane pure begeir,
 Haittit and hairtles, and bair as leife on lind.
 Job wes most riche, in haly writ we find,
 Yit, or he deit, of riches he had small,
 Bot neuirtheles he thankit God of all. 35

O wrechit man! think on now how Deid
 Strenyeis mankynd, and garris him law down bow;
 In world is none bot he mon thoill his feid;
 Aganis his dynt thow may nocht stand ane pow;
 Quhen euir he list, futhle he will ye fchow 40
 Vnto the grund, thow watt nocht quhen, nor quhair;
 To mak debait thow fall haif no power.

Thocht thow this day be prosperus, haill and feir,
 Perchance the morne Deid fall the feche away;
 Sen thow mon turne in erd on this maneir, 45
 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, 50
 That thow art blyth grit mervell haif I me,
 And thow wait nocht quhat way away to wend,

Quhen, nor quhair, nor pafs to quhat cuntre;
Sen that thow knawis fro deid thow may nocht fle,
Thow Chryft befeik, that maid both fone and mone, 55
That thow may cum and fit in hevnis trone.

Thow joyis no thing of this warldis vane gloir,
Quhilk leftis nocht; it is bot fenyeit thing;
Quha trestis in it fall rew rycht wondir foir
Ane vthir day, and fair his handis wring; 60
It is bruklar than glafs, or yit mefling;
It wefchis away, as snaw dois with the rane;
The for to help it cumis neur agane.

Trow thow moir in lettres drawin with the yfe,
That thay fall left and euir moir be new, 65 Fol. 77. b.
Than this fals warld, full of diffaitis nyce,
Felyeand away, quhilk neur wes fundin trew;
Fra thow be deid in erd, all myrthis adew;
Thocht thow wer wyifs as euir wes Salomon,
Thair is no moir of the fra thow be gone. 70

Thocht thow be wicht, as was Sampfone the force,
Battell to failye, ather in pece or weir;
Or fair as Abfolon, in vifage, or in cors,
Quhilk in this warld had nowther maik nor peir;
Or wyis as Ariftotill in findrye sciences fere; 75
Or Alexander, ane nobill clerk of on;
Thair is no moir of the fra thow be gone.

Nowthir king, nor quene, it fpairis nocht in deid,
Bifchop, nor empriour, nor man that lyfe hes tane;
The joy of erd beiris nowthir fruēt, nor feid; 80
It wefchis away, all fchaddow it allane;
It cumis and gangis, and makis fuilis fane,
Quilk trestis weill that it fall leif for euir,
Bot, or thay wit, deid garris thame diffeuir.

Fra thow be gane, quhat arte thow thane latt fe, 85
 Bot wirmes meit to lig with thame amang;
 Fra thow be doun and gane of this cuntre,
 Quhat fall awaill vane meffis, and evin fang,
 To help thy faule out of thir panis strang?
 Be godly, and juft thairfoir, quhill thow art heir; 90
 Gif to the pure to win thair daylie prayeir.

For thow rycht nocht fall 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; 95
 Thow cumis pure, with the away hes nocht,
 Bot as thow heir dois nowther lefs nor mair,
 And almoufs deid to keip thy faule fro cair.

Do thow gud deid, thow findis it the befoir
 In almous, prayer, fasting, or ocht ellis; 100
 Do thow nocht heir, thow gettis rycht nocht thair;
 Gif it be trew Chryft in the ewangell tellis,
 Thy merreitis all thow mon win in thir fellis,
 Both lefs and mair, afe this warld or yow gone;
 Fro thow be deid, gudis deidis may thow do none. 105

Sen it is fwa, ilk day quhill thow art heir,
 God thow befeik, that deit on the tre,
 The to forgife of all thy fynnyis feir;
 Off his grit grace to haif mercy on the,
 With humill hairt thow bow to him on kne, 110 Fol. 78. a.
 Procuring of him to be thy scheild and speir,
 Thy faule to keip that Sathan nocht it deir.

Finis.

LXXXII.

[*Me mervellis of this grit Confusioun.*]

ME mervellis of this grit confusioun;
 MI wald fum cunnand clerk of clergy wald declar'd
 Quhat garris this warld be turnit vpfyd doun.
 Thair is nocht faithfulness fundin in to this erd;
 Now is nocht thre may treftly trow in the ferd; 5
 Welth is away, wit is now wrochtin to wrinkis;
 No feill is fover now, this is a wofull werd;
 The want of wyfemen garris fulis fit on binkis.

As bukis beiris witnes, quhen levit king Saturnus,
 For gudly gouernance the warld was galdin cald; 10
 Non ellis we wat, forfuth, quhithir it turnis,
 The quhilk Octauiane the man riche culd hald;
 Our all wes peax als weill fett as menis hairtis wald,
 Thair ringnit gud rell, and reafone held thair rinkis;
 Non lykis nobilite, prudens now is thrald, 15
 And want of wyfemen garris fulis fit on binkis.

Aristotill for all his grit moralite,
 Auguftyne or Ambros for all thair devyne scripture,
 Quha can placebo and nocht to haif derige,
 With pectik for to pyk, and peill full bair the pure, 20
 He fall cum in sone, quhen that thay stand at the dure,
 For wardly wonyng sic walkis quhen wyfar winkis;
 Wit takis na wirschip, fa is now the aventure,
 That want of wyfemen garris fulis fit on binkis.

Lord! quhiddir ar exylit all noble curagis, 25
 Lawty, lue, with kyndnes and liberalitie,
 No thing is fundin now stable in no stagis;
 Na degeft counsale availis with moralite;

Peax is away, flemit is all proplexite;
 Prudens and wifdome ar baneift our all brinkis; 30
 The warldis war may weill feyme weill callit to be,
 Sen want of wyfe men makis fulis fit on binkis.

Weir but defens, rycht lyis all defolat;
 Rycht and reffone vndir no rufe hafs ony rest;
 Yowth is but reddour, and ege is obstinat; 35
 Mycht, but mercy, the pure folkis ar all ourpreft:
 Lernit men fuld teche the peple of the beft;
 Thocht lair be littill, yit ferles in thame finkis;
 It may nocht be this warld fall euir thus left,
 That want of wyfemen makis fulis fit on binkis. 40

Quhair is the balme of justice, evin equite?
 No mirreit is present, nor pvneift is trespafs;
 All leidis now levis lawles at liberte;
 Non rewlis by reffone no moir nor ane afs; 45
 Gud fayth is flemit, worthin frewollar than glafs;
 Trew luvè is loft, and lawty haldis no linkis;
 Our gouernante nocht keipis gud rewl nor compafs,
 For want of wyfmen makis fulis fit on binkis.

Now wrang hes warrane, and law is bot wilfulnefs; Fol. 78. b.
 Quha hes the war is worthin on him all the wyte, 50
 For trewth is tressoun, and faith is fals fekilnefs;
 Gyll is now gyd, and vane luft is also delyte;
 Kirk is contempnit, thay compt nocht curfing a myte;
 Grit God is grevit, that me rycht foir forthinkis;
 The caufs of this ony man may sone wit, 55
 That want of wyfmen garris fulis fit 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 foir ourgane.
 As lairdis, so laddis, daly chengeable, 60

But ryme or reffone all is bot heble hable;
 Sic sturtfull stering in to Godis neifs it stinkis;
 Bot he haif rew all is vnremedable,
 For want of wyfemen makis fulis fit on binkis.

O Lord of lordis! grit gyd and als gournour, 65
 Makar and movar bayth of mair and also les,
 Quhais power, wifdome, gudnes and he honour
 Is infinit now, falbe, and evir wefs,
 As thy evangell planely dois exprefs;
 All thir said faltis reforme, as thow best thinkis, 70
 As it is deformit for pure pety to redrefs,
 That without fulis may wyfemen fit 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 fe, 5
 Faltis to correct, nor vicis for to chace.
 Our lord gournour, this sedull fend we the:
 In lak of iustice this realme is schent allace!

Is nane of ws ane vddir fettis by,
 Bot laubouris ay for vthiris distructioun; 10
 Quhilk is grit plessour to our auld innamy,
 And daly caussis grit diffentioun

Amang ws now and als diuifoun,
 Quhilk to heir is anc drery cace
 To the, our lord and gyd vnder the croun: 15
 In lak of iustice this realme is schent allace!

Thy prudent wit we think thow hes abufit,
 Absentand the for ony warldly geir;
 We yarne thy prefens, bot oft thow hes refufit
 Till cum ws till, or yit till merk ws neir, 20
 Quhilk is the caufs of thift, flawchter and weir.
 Approch in tyme our freindschip to purchase;
 Thy leiges leill thy byding byis full deir:
 In lak of iustice this realme is schent allace!

Couatyce ringis into the spirituall state, 25
 Yarnand banifice the quhilk ar now vacand;
 That, but thy prefens, will caufs rycht grit debait, Fol. 79. a.
 And contrauerfy to ryfs in to this land;
 And thy bidding we treft thay fall ganestand,
 Without thow cum and present thame thy face. 30
 Addrefs 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 departing, and yit approchis mair;
 Thy tardatioun cauffis ws to think lang, 35
 For of thi cuming we haif rycht grit difpair.
 Off gyd and gouirnance we ar all folitair,
 Dependand ay vpoun thy flait and grace;
 Speid the thairfoir, in dreid we all forfair:
 In lak of iustice this realme is schent allace! 40

Finis.

LXXXIV.

[*Thingis in kynd defyris Thingis lyke.*]

THINGIS in kynd defyris thingis lyke,
 Bot difcontrair haitis every thing;
 Saif only mankynd can nevir weill lyke,
 Bot gif he haif a licentious leving;
 Flefchly defyre and gestly nvriffing 5
 In till a perfone 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 ferue lordis tuane,
 The quhilk be baith contrair in opinioun, 10
 To pleifs thame bath and purches nocht difdane,
 Talk with the ane and with the vthir roun,
 Be trew to both without tuich of tressfoun,
 Tell him of him the thing that neur wes wrocht;
 To bring all this to gud conclusioun, 15
 It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht.

To haif a gall clippit a gentill dow,
 To be my freind and gevis me fals counfale,
 To brek my heid and fyne put on myn how,
 To be religioufs and formeft in to battell, 20
 To ly in bed and fege ane strang castell,
 To be ane merchand quhair na gud may be bocht,
 To haif a trew wyfe with a wantoun tail,
 It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht.

To be of na cunnyng and knaw the herbis, 25
 To karp langage that nane may vndirftand,
 A fule to haif every wyfe 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, 30
 To gife a dome be law that may nocht stand,
 It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht. Fol. 79. b.

A wrech to weir a noble skarlet gown,
 A bag lyne furring purfillit weill with fable,
 A gud huffy wyfe trubland ay the toun, 35
 A chyld to thryfe quhilk is vncheftable,
 To be content and lichtly chengeable,
 To haif in drynk thing that neur docht,
 A Rome raker without lesing or fable,
 It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht. 40

A mighty king in to a pure regioun,
 Ane haifty wit and he thingis to devyfe,
 Mekle almoufsdeid and fals detraçtioun,
 Knychtlie manheid and schamefull cowardyfe,
 Ane hevinly hell, ane panefull paradyfe, 45
 Ane haly doctour with ane lecheroufs thocht,
 To wirk on heid, fyne eftir tak avyfe,
 It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht.

A gilty tounge cullorit with eloquens,
 A fals intent withiin and diffavable, 50
 A blyth wifage with freindly apperens,
 A crewall hairt, invyoufs and vengeable,
 A gentill hors within a nakit stable,
 A mirry fang with forrow focht;
 To jone thir all and mak thame agreable, 55
 It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht.

Frely to spend and full of cuvatyfe,
 To seik burgeonis out of ane auld dry stok,
 Ane gay temple without devyne feruyfe,
 A birdlies cage, ane key without a lok, 60

A tome fchip ay rydand on a rok,
 A mychty bifchop in ane realme of nocht,
 A wantoun hird and a weill rewlit flok,
 It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht.

Finis.

LXXXV.

[*All rychtoufs Thing the quhilk dois now proceed.*]

ALL rychtoufs thing the quhilk dois now proceed
 Is crownit lyk vnto an emperes;
 Law hes defyit guerdoun, and his meid
 Settis hir trewth on hicht as goddefis;
 Gud faith hes flyttin with fraud and dowbilnefs, 5
 And prvdence feis all thingis that cumis beforne;
 Following the trace of perfyte ftabilnefs,
 Als evin be lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

Princis of custome mantenis rycht in deid,
 And prelettis levis in clyne perfytnes; 10
 Knychtis luis, God wat, bot littill falshaid,
 And preiftis hes reffusit all riches; Fol. So. a.
 All religioun levis in holinefs,
 Thay bene in vertew and full fair vpborne;
 Invy in court can no man fe increfs, 15
 Als leill by lyne rycht as a ramis horne.

Marchandis of louker takis bot littill hede,
 Thair vfury is fetterit with diftrefis;¹
 And for to fpeik alfo of womanhede,
 Bancift frome thame is all new fangilnes, 20

¹ This word may also be read *difcrefs*, as Lord Hailes has it.

Thay haif left pryð and takin meiknes,
 Quoiois pacience is bot newly watt and fchorne;
 Thair tongis hes no tuiching of fcherpnis;
 Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

Pure men complenis now, bot for no neid; 25
 The riche gevis ay feik almoufs, as I gefs,
 With plenty ay the hungry thay do feid,
 Clethis the nakit in thair wrechitnes,
 And cherite is now a cheif maiftres;
 Sklander fra hir toung hes pullit out the thorne; 30
 Difcretioun dois all hir lawis exprefs,
 Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

Out of this land, or ellis God forbede,
 Baneift is fraud, falshcid and fekilnefs;
 Flattery is fled, and that for verry drede; 35
 Both riche and pure hes takin thame to fadnefs;
 Lauboraris wirkis with all thair beffinefs;
 Day nor nycht, nor hour, can be forborne,
 Bot fwynk and fueit to voyd all ydilnefs,
 Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne. 40

Princis rememberis, and proudly takis hede
 How vertew is of vyce a he goddefs;
 Our faith nocht haltis, we leif evin as our crede
 In wird and dede as wark beiris witnefs;
 All ipocritis hes left thair frawardnefs; 45
 Thus weidit is the poppill fra the corne,
 And every stait is gouernit, as I gefs,
 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 reffone quhy:
 Full evill to knaw ar mony men,
 And to be cravit fettis 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.

5

To mony men it dois grit hurt,
 And oft of freindis it makis fais,
 And baith the pairteis haldis in sturt,
 Quhen that the ane the vthir crauis.
 So wrechitnes a man diffauis,
 With him felf he thinkis a pane
 Off thing that he posseffioun havis,
 For to reftore or gif agane.

10 Fol. So. b.

15

Thairfoir is bettir hald nor draw;
 Gar nocht thy awin geir stryve with the,
 The perfone bot thow rycht weill knaw,
 That he rycht trest and sicker be;
 For thow may oft tymes heir and fe
 That mony menis awin thing lennis,
 Quhairthrow he wynnys grit mawgre
 Off thankles men that it miskennis.

20

Thairfoir, me think, is bettir than
 To hald in thy posseffioun,
 Nor crave it fra ane vthir man,
 That is of evill conditioun,

25

Quha keipis na promiffioun;
 Quhat dois thow than bot flyttis and fechtis, 30
 Or thow may gett refitutioun
 Off him that keipis nocht his hechtis.

It war moir trest in to thi purfs,
 Na puttit in to rakles handis,
 To gar the wary ban and curfs, 35
 Seikand thy dettouris in findry landis.
 Be war and keip the fra sic bandis,
 My counfale is, gud freind and bruder;
 This fals warld now fa it standis,
 That rycht few ar trestis in a nvdder. 40

Gife ony man hes the at feid,
 For thy awin gud I confale the,
 Ay with full hand se that thow pleid;
 Sua, gife it may no bettir be,
 Thy geir to want and win maugre, 45
 To the it is bot dowble skath;
 Man! for the mair securite,
 Off ane be ficker 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 flemit, I wat nocht quhair,
 Trest fallowfchip is evill to find;

Gud conscience is all maid blind, 5
And cheritie is nane to gett;
Leill loif and lawte lysis behind,
And auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.

Quhill I had ony thing to spend,
And stuffit weill with warldis wrak, 10 Fol. Sr. a.
Amang my freindis I wes weill kend:
Quhen I wes prowde and had a pak,
Thay wald me be the oxstar tak,
And at the he burd I wes fet;
Bot now thay latt me stand abak, 15
Sen auld kyndnes is quyt foryet.

Now I find bot freindis few,
Sen I wes pryfit to be pure;
Thay hald me now bot for a schrew,
To me thay tak bot littill cure; 20
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.

Suppoifs I mene I am nocht mendit, 25
Sen I held pairt with pouerte;
Away fen that my pak wes spendit,
Adew all liberalite.
The prowerb now is trew I fe,
Quha may nocht gife will littill gett; 30
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, 35
Rycht blythlie on me thay lewch:

Bot now thay mak it wondir tewch,
 And lattis me stand befor the yett;
 Thairfoir this warld is verry frewch,
 And auld kyndnes is quyt foryett. 40

Als lang as my cop stud evin,
 I yeid bot feindill myn allane;
 I squyrit was with fex or feven,
 Ay quhill I gaif thame twa for ane:
 Bot suddanly ffra that wes gane, 45
 Thay passit by with handis plett;
 With purtye fra I wes ourtane,
 Than auld kyndnes wes quyt foryett.

In to this warld fuld na man trow,
 Thow may weill fe the reffoun quhy;
 For evir, bot gif thy hand be fow, 50
 Thow arte bot littill fettin by;
 Thow art nocht tane in cumpany,
 Bot thair be sum fisch in thy nett;
 Thairfoir foir this fals warld I defy, 55
 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 blifs,
 Thy self appleifs with fobir rent; 60 Fol. 81. b.
 Leife godly, and gife with gud intent
 To every man his proper dett;
 Quhat evir God fend 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 faphiris blew
 And dyamantis rycht derly dicht.
 The grund was birnist goldin brycht, 5
 With felidone fett on every fyd;
 Thairin wes writtin this reffone richt,
 "Bad man! for the bettir abyd."

For the bettir, man, thow abyd,
 And for the bettir thy spech thow spend; 10
 To day gife thow wantis in tyd,
 To morne Chryft may the weill amend:
 Quhat evir it be Chryft to the fend,
 Welth or weifair, pourty or pryd,
 Grunch nocht, and neur thy God offend, 15
 Bot ay, man, for the bettir abyd.

I hard a man fing till ane harp,
 Ane hefty man wantit nevir wo;
 He that can nocht suffir schouris scharp,
 Nor yit knaw his freind by his fo; 20
 The wyfemen sayis, fene it is fo,
 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, 25
 He is nocht wirthy to cum in a gud place;
 Lat nevir thy tung dishonour thy name;
 Be trew and steidfast in every cace;

Befeik thow Jefu of his grace,
 In all this warld that is fo wyd, 30
 That all wicket heftines fra the pafs,
 That thow may for the bettir abyd.

Gif ane evill turne be to the hecht,
 Keip it in mynd and hald the ftill;
 Ane fulis bolt is fone on flicht; 35
 He that fpeikis mekle fum pairte mon fpill:
 Keip weill thy tung and fay non ill,
 And in gud cumpany luk thow the gyd;
 Lat nevir our mony wit thy will,
 Bot ay, man, for the bettir abyd. 40

A man that will his awin counfale difcure,
 How fuld ane vthir man it keip?
 Caft the to trewth, in peax indure:
 Fra all evill fallowfchip I bid the creip.
 Thocht thow be fair fe nocht tho weip; 45
 Tak folace in hairt, lat forrow ftyd;
 Ane hefty man falbe drownit in deip,
 Quhen he that fuffaris fall weill leif and abyd.

I wift a man in prefone kaff, Fol. 82. a.
 And ley thairin sex yeiris or fevin, 50
 Yit he wone furth at the laff,
 Mony man meitis at vnset ftevin:
 Freindis and fais, Chryft mak yow evin,
 And he that sufferit wondis wyd
 To bring ws to the blifs of he hevin, 55
 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 fall thow vnmak that thow hes wrocht;
 In tyme ar faif all that thy blud hes bocht: 5
 In tyme, goud Lord, gife ws grace that we may
 In tyme repent for every deid and thoct,
 And tak tyme in tyme, for tyme will away.

Our tyme fall away, and that in schort space:
 Tyme beiris witnefs my faying is trew; 10
 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 fall pafs fra ws, God Almichty knawith how: 15
 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 exerceyfs;
 In tyme fall God be his rychtouffnes gif his jugement,
 Thairfoir spend your tyme in vertew and lerne to be wyfs; 20
 Tyme tareis no man; tyme goith as a gyfs;
 Tyme steilith frome ws and will byd at no stey;
 Bewar with tyme, prolong nocht, I tald yow twyfs:
 Tak tyme in tyme, for tyme will away.

In tyme our grit grandschiris our faderis gatt: 25
 Ane tyme thay had and sone thair tyme wes pafst;
 Ane tyme had our foirfaderis, mark weill that!
 Ane tyme fall we haif and depairt at laft:

Thus tyme pertith from tyme and tyme makith haift;
 Tyme will nocht byd, we can nocht tyme delay; 30
 Tyme is incertane quhan deth will ws agaft:
 Tak tyme quhill tyme is, for tyme will away.

In tyme ask God grace, in tyme tak compaffione;
 In tyme of welth remembir the tyme of wrechit neid;
 In tyme gife lawd to God; in tyme mak God oblafione; 35
 In tyme fast and pray, in tyme gife almoufs deid;
 In tyme offir thy harte, for tyme dois still proceid;
 Gif tyme trest to tyme, tyme fall the betray;
 In tyme luk thow fpeik, that in tyme thow may fpeid; Fol. 82. b.
 And tak tyme quhill tyme is, for tyme fall away. 40

This tyme is anc tyme that nane can refist;
 Tyme is tranfetorious and alfo irrevocable;
 Say quhat ye will, tyme paffith as him lift;
 Tyme moft be tane in tyme conveniable:
 All thing had tyme, my faying is nocht reprovale, 45
 For, quhen the tyme cummith, the tyme we moft obey;
 Byd tyme quho will, the tyme is verry vnftable:
 Tak tyme quhill tyme is, for tyme will away.

Tak the tyme of glaidnes, forfake the tyme of forrow;
 Latt thyne tyme pas in gudnes, do nocht frome it diffevir; 50
 Vfe thy tyme the day, as thow fuld end the morrow,
 And tak tyme, gif thow may, as tyme fuld left evir:
 I mene, in tyme of vertew, thow fuld thy felf endeveir,
 As the tyme of deth wald cum thy body till effray,
 So vfe thy felf in befines, as thow fuld de nevir; 55
 And tak tyme quhill tyme is, for tyme will away.

Haif thow, in all warldly thingis, tyme in vfage,
 For anc thing done out of tyme is nocht to be commendit;
 Quhair tyme is nocht tane, thrifs perfonis dois vtrage;
 Wordis out of tyme makis mony men offendit: 60

Without tyme may no thing be comprehendit;
Quhair tyme is myfvit the peple dois decay;
Gife tyme be nocht tane, quhill tyme be extendit,
Tyme is vntrufty and dois skaill frome the away.

Tyme to be fad, tyme to plefour and sport, 65
Tyme of study, tyme of gud recreatioun,
Tyme to be hevvy, and tyme to vfe confort,
Tyme of displefour, and tyme of consolatioun:
Thus tyme hes his tyme of diuers maner fassioun;
Tyme to eit and drink, and tyme of pastyme and play, 70
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 vfit, quhen that tyme is best; 75
Thair is ane¹ tyme to bring, and ane tyme for to cefe;
Tyme quhen it is meit put thy felf in prese;
Tyme to go or tary, for tyme we can nocht stay;
The man that spendis tyme weill, God fall him increfs:
Tak tyme quhen tyme is, for tyme is away. 80

The fructis takis thair schape also in the tyme of ver;
In tyme of fymmer 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 tyme flouris be nocht fene; 85
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. ol. 83. a.

Tyme cauffis natur to increfs and multiply,
And tyme dois decrees in the best tyme of all; 90
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 fuch I fay
 Tyme conformis erth with erth full naturall: 95
 Tak tyme quhen tyme is, for tyme will away.

Now tyme drawis in, and tyme gois apace;
 Treft nocht to tyme, left tyme the affail;
 Now is the tyme of mercy and of grace,
 The tyme of repentance, this tyme thow fall bewaill; 100
 This tyme thow fall obtene, that tyme thow fall nocht prevaill;
 This is the tyme of mesour, this is the tyme of joy,
 This tyme fall haif ane end, that tyme fall nevir fail;
 Bot losf lyfe fra tyme that tyme cum lifting all away.

Finis.

XC.

[*Say weill is trewly ane wirthly gud Thing.*]

SAY weill is trewly ane wirthy gud thing;
 Off fay weill grit vertew dois out fpring;
 Say weill frome do weill defferis in lettir;
 Say weill is gud, bot do weill is bettir;
 Say weill is rutit be man fum deill, 5
 Bot do weill only to God dois appeill;
 Say weill fayis gudly and dois mony pleifs,
 Bot do weill dois godly and dois the warld eifs;
 Say weill mony vnto Godis word clevis,
 Bot for lak of do weill thay it quyckly levis; 10
 Bot gif fay weill and do weill wer jonit in ane frame
 All that wer vngottin¹ wer gottin with game;
 Say weill in denger of deth is cawld,

¹ MS. may be read *begottin*.

Do weill is harnafit and winderous bald;
 Quhen fay weill for feir dois trymmill and quaik, 15
 Do weill falbe jocound and merry maik;
 Say weill is slippir and makis mony wylis,
 Do weill is femely without ony gylis;
 Quhan fay weill at funtyme falbe brocht baifs,
 Do weill dois trivmph in every plaifs; 20
 Say weill to fylence funtyme 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, 25
 Bot do weill ane end of thame dois mak;
 Quhen fay weill with money quyt doun is kaft, Fol. 83. b.
 Do weill is trefty and dois stand fast;
 Say weill him self will funtyme adwance,
 Bot do weill dois nowdir jake nor prance, 30
 And doweill dois profeit your warld moir,
 Than fayweill 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, 35
 And fo fall thay pyp ane merry confet.
 Say weill mony wilbe thay be fo kynd,
 Bot do weill it¹ will weill vnto thair freind;
 Mo fayweill than doweill fay yow in deid,
 Bot doweill is moir honest in tyme of neid; 40
 Say weill and doweill ar thingis twane,
 Thryfs 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 befor the pryme,
 Sa farith this warld repleit with wariance:
 Off diffolot langage cum mycht grit distance; 5
 Quhairfoir, fais Catone to auld and to yung,
 The first of all vertewis is to keip weill your tung.

Yit in aventur, gife it fo requyre,
 That ye fall speik as ye most neidis perkece,
 Wyllie obserue fex thingis followand heir: 10
 Remembir quhat ye fay, and in quhat place,
 Of quhome, and to quhome, and in your mynd compace
 How ye fall speik, and quhen, taking in gud heid;
 For this the wyfeman counfalis 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 remembrance,
 For ye fall thairby grit quyetnes fynd.
 In all thy lyfe quhat foeuer dois chance,
 It is the only thing that may the advance, 5
 And mak yow to be estemit verrelly;
 Among all vdir falbe the most happy.

Beir truble and pane, beir sklander and blame,
 Beir wordis displefand be thai nevir so four,
 Forbeir in ony ways to vthir do the fame; 10
 Forbeir to revenge, thocht it be in your powir,
 Lat neuir your angir remane with yow an hour;
 Forbere your awin plefour, beir your nychtbouris mifery;
 And ye of all vdir falbe the moft happy.

Gife ye be ganefaid fforbeir for ane fessone; 15
 Forbeir to refist quhen ye think to offend;
 Beir vderis ignorance, forbeir your awin reffone,
 Till occafioun be gevin thame yow to amend,
 Than vttir your wifdome as God fall it fend; Fol. 84. a.
 Obferue your tymes, and forbeir difcreitly; 20
 And ye fall of all vthiris be the moft happy.

Beir Chryftis croce quhen it is laid on your bak,
 That is to fay, all maner of aduerfate,
 Quhilk, quhen ye in your awin perfone dois laik,
 Help vthir to beir that ourladin be; 25
 Sa fall this warld be warifid¹ accordinle;
 And ye of all vthir fall be moft happy.

Forbeir rafch jugement quhill the trewth be tryid,
 Forbeir all haiftines, speik wordis of cherite;
 Forbeir extreme pvnifment thocht thow falbe fpyid, 30
 To much in all thingis comptit is iniquite;
 Tempir your actis with sustene and abftene;
 Beir and forbeir, and than fall ye trewlie
 Off all leving creaturis be moft happie.

etc.

¹ This word may be read *warifid*.

XCIII.

[*Quhome to fall I complene my Wo.*]

QUHOME to fall 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 affure. 5

Lord how fall I my dayis dispone?
 For lang feruice rewarde is none,
 And fchort my lyfe may heir indure,
 And loffit is my tyme bygone:
 Into this warld ma none affure. 10

Oft falfett rydis with ane rowt,
 Quhen trewth gois on his fute abowt,
 And lak of fpending dois him fpur;
 Thus quhat to do I am in dowt:
 In to this warld ma none affure. 15

Nane heir bot riche men hes renoun,
 And bot pure men ar pluckit down,
 And nane bot juft men tholis iniure;
 Sa wit is blindit and reffoun:
 In to this warld ma none affure. 20

Vertew the court hes done difpyifs;
 Ane rebald to renoun dois ryifs,
 And cairlis of nobillis hes the cure,
 And bumbardis brukis the benifyifs:
 Into this warld may none affure. 25

All gentrice and nobiltie
 Ar paffit out of he degre;

On fredome is laid foirfaltour;
In princis is thair no pety;
For in this world may none assure. 30

Is non fo 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 world may none assure. 35

Flattry weiris anc furrit gown,
And falfett with the lord dois roun,
And trewth standis barrit at the dure,
And exul is of the toun:
In to this world may none assure. 40

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 world may none assure. 45

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 world may none assure. 50

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 fuld in to this world assure? 55

No thing bot Deth this fchortly cravis,
Quhair fortoun evir, as fo, diffavis

With freyndly fmylingis of ane hure,
 Quhais fals behechtis as wind hyne wavis :
 Into this warld may none assure. 60

O! quha fall weild the wrang poffessioun,
 Or the gold gatherit with oppreffioun,
 Quhen the angell blawis his bugill sture,
 Quhilk vnrestorit helpis no confessioun?
 Into this warld may nane assure. 65

Quhat help is thair in lordschippis sevin,
 Quhen na houfs 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. 70

Vbi ardentis anime,
 Semper dicentes Ve! Ve!
 Sall cry Allace! that wemen thame bure,
 O quante sunt iste tenebre!
 In to this warld may nane assure. 75

Than quho fall wirk for warldis wrak,
 Quhen flude and fyre fall our it frak,
 And frely fruster feild and fure,
 With tempest kene and hiddoufs crak?
 In to this warld may nane assure. 80

Lord! fen in tyme fa fone to cum
 De terra surrectourus sum, Fol. 85. a.
 Reward me with non erdly cure,
 Tu regni da imperium:
 In to this warld may non assure. 85

Finis quod Dumbar.

XCIV.

*Certane wyifs Sentences drawin furth of the Buik
callit "Morall Philofafie."*

Off Vertew.

VERTEW in all workis is gritly to be prayfed,
As the heid fontane and jowall moift precious;
By vertew ffreindfchip and lue is purchafed;
Vertew is a garment moift cumly and curious;
To obtene vertew thairfoir be ftudious; 5
For he that luvis vyce and dois vertew deteft
May weill be compared to a brutell beft.

Wifdome.

Wifdome is the moift hiche and devyne eftait,
The rute of all nobill and lawdable thingis,
The grit gift of God moft fweit and dilicait, 10
The tre of all plesour that in the hairt fpringis,
Quhois deir and denty fruct the tung furth bringis,
And thay that to wifdome thame felvis wald apply
Moift diligently hant wyifs cumpany.

Pacienc.

Patience is a vertew baith nobill and neccesarie, 15
Appertenyng to the inward and exterior govornance;
Patience is a vincquiflar of approved iniurie,
A feure rolk of defence aganis all difturbance;
This vertew, thairfoir, to obtene, gife diligent attendance:
Be twa thingis thow falt lerne it to thi comfort in diftres, 20
Anevricht confcience and constant eftemyng of gudnes.

Liberalitie.

Liberalitie is a certane mefure
 That fpringeth of favour, freindfchip and amitie,
 In geving or refeving landis or trefure,
 Eftir a manis fubftance or habilitie;
 Bot cheifly in conforting the peur nydy;
 For that is liberalitie in verry deid,
 To help the peur miferable in tyme of neid.

Fol. 85. b.
 25

XCV.

*Certane Sayingis of wyifs Philofapheris.**Mufonius.*

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 fill.

Plato.

It is the parte of him that is wyifs
 Thingis to foirfie with diligent awyifs;
 Bot, quhen as thingis vnluckely dois frame,
 It becumis the velyeunt to fuffer the fame.

5

Plato.

To fenye, to flatter, to glofe and to lie
 Requyre cullouris and wordis fair and flie;

10

Bot vtterance of trewth is so fympill and plane,
That it needis na study to forge nor to fane.

Solon.

To fryk anc vthir gife that thow pretend,
Think gif he fryk the thow wald the defend.

Socrates.

The freindis quhome proffeit or lucre encrefs, 15
Quhen fubftance failis thair freindschip cefs;
Bot freindis that ar cuplid with hairt and with lue,
Nowthir feir nor fortoun nor force may rem[u]ve.

Socrates.

Almes deliuerit to the indigent
Is lyk a medecyne gevin to the impotent; 20
Bot to the vnnedy a man to mak his dele
Is lyk the miniftering of plaifters to the hele.

Plato.

That thing in a realme is wirdy renoun,
Quhill ryfis vp richt and wrong dingis down.

Pitagoras.

Bettir it is for a man to be mvte, 25
Than with the ignorant mvche to difpute;
And bettir it is to leive folitary,
Than to enhant mekle cumpany.

Finis.

XCVI.

[*Be gracious Ground and Gate to Sapience.*]

BE gracious ground and gate to sapience, Fol. 86. a.
 As fayis Sanct Daud in his prophecy:
 Off God is dredour and intelligence,
 Ane verrye way to lyfe eternallic,
 Quhilk all of nocht hes maid ws marvelouffie 5
 To his ymage and hevinlye portratour,
 Geving ws reafoun, fre will and libertie
 To regne abone all carnall creatour.

All thing in erd to mannis nurifing,
 Fyre, the watter, the tre, the bestiall, 10
 The fische in flude, the fould in air fleing,
 Is ordanit be the Lord celestiall;
 Syne finallie, his gloir perpetuall,
 Off quhilk the man fall haif fruitioun,
 Clerelye feand, be his eyne spirituall, 15
 His God by fructuall contemplatioun.

Sen God maid man, and hes him gevin his grace,
 Hes ordanit all to his felicitie,
 Quhy fuld that man, blunderit in wardlynes,
 Misken his God throw vaine prosperitie? 20
 Blyndit be fortoun, fuliche felicitie,
 Men trowis thair lyfe falbe perpetuall;
 Throw wardlye gloir to God thay haif nane e,
 Bound in boundage of bailfull Baliall.

Sen gracious God is ground of all guidnes, 25
 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, 30
The to obey hes ordanit les and mair;
Thow fuld him loue abone all vthir thing.

In God thre thingis scriptione dois declare,
Hie power, sapience and hie bonyte,
Quhilk thing to everye king ar necessare; 35
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 fuld iustice leid. 40

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 fuld be godlye in entent;
The lynning quhyte presentis the innocent, 45
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 trinitye; 50
Thy riall lordis richelye cled in weid,
Off hevin ministeris dois heir signifie,
Quhilkis fuld do iustice respondent to the;
And thow to God fall answer for thame all,
Becaus he is the king of hevin so hie, 55 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 fett,
Swa wantis vertew and eruditioun; 60

The pure than tholis grit oppreffion;
 The lord for vertew takis volupte,
 No difference puttis betuix reif and reafoun;
 How fould ane blind man colouris eſtemie?

Quhat is the caus of the abhominable ſtate 65
 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; 70
 It war far beſt that ſculis war cryit down,
 And vertew rebell exilit the cuntre.

Sen vertew is the pretious propyne
 And hevinlye gift of grite God eternall,
 Licht of the faule be purveyaunce devyne, 75
 Cheif capitane in battall ſpiritual,
 Be quhilk men differris fra brute beſtial,
 Cauſs vertew rewill thi ryall regioun,
 Juſtice triumphe in pece continuall,
 Or thy realme thole deſolatioun. 80

Walk now in tyme and but delay addreſs;
 Haue ſum feir of infernall affliction;
 Tak pairt of pane trefpaſſouris to reprefs;
 Lat nocht thy realme go to perdition;
 With vertewous vyfement counfall gude reafoun; 85
 Cauſs profound men of ſcience and prudence;
 Juſtice put charp to executioun;
 Off pure ay haifand reuthfull remembrance.

Knaw thow the ſubiect to the King of glore,
 Ane ſubiect ay fuld do commandment; 90
 Quhilk do thow nocht, thow fall reſpond thairfore,
 Vpoun the day of ferefull juſt iugement,

Quhair everye mannis werkis and intent
 Sall cleirlic kervit be befoir his e;
 For word, for werk, for deid and als consent, 95
 Befoir grit God thow fall accufit be.

Dreid God, be iust, beiftlye blindnes affuage;
 King is bot man and man is ay mortall;
 Constent, faythfull, bening without outrage;
 Brydill broukilnes; glaid of guid counfall; 100
 Ryn nocht but reafoun; hate wordis criminall;
 Rewle thow by rycht thy regalle maiestie,
 Thy realme beis riche and iustice triumphale,
 And eterne God fall 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 vigilant; Fol. 87. a.
 Be war for tinfale; to keip be diligent; 5
 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 fall repent it foir; 10

Be verric ficker 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. 15

Aganis Inrye.

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; 20
 Be mirroure heir fen 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 reafoun wirk that wit ourfett thy will; 25
 Be nocht malicious, nor crewell of defyre;
 Be no occasioun of mannis blude to spill;
 Be sufferance thy purpois thow fulfill;
 Be wyis counfall tak ay thy gouernall;
 Be red for blame with schame to hald the still; 30
 Be reddye ay quhen evir the iuge will call.

Aganis Sucirnes.

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 fittis abone; 35

Be reddye ay to win the hevinlye throne,
 Be Adam forfalt by fyn originall,
 Be him offendit, amend it I rede sone;
 Be reddye ay quhen evir the iuge will call.

Aganis Auarice.

Be nevir inclynit to wretchit awarice, 40
 Be foull desyre the pepill to oppres;
 Be liberall; ay abhore with everye vyce;
 Be iust to pure, thy fame fall weill incres;
 Be reuthfull ay quhair thow feis grit distres;
 Be lytill proude of guidis temporall; 45
 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 sensuall lust thi silly faule to fla;
 Be temperans refrane thy appetyte; 50
 Be chaste of lyfe, our sett thy mortall fa;
 Bethink the als of dreidfull domifda,
 Befoir the world quhair suffer schame thay fall,
 Be moment fyn to win eternall wa;
 Be reddye ay quhen evir the iuge will call. 55

Aganis Gluttonye.

Fol. 87. b.

Be mcfoure ay thy daylie fude thow tak,
 Be honest dyett thy croce to modesyfe;
 Be countenance thy custum vse to mak
 Be clene fude leif, exerce no gluttonye;

Be rewlit thus, heir is bot fantafye; 60
 Be ferme to him and constant as ane wall;
 Be thow be deid, but pleid may magnefy
 Thy faull in blis quhen evir he list to call.

Finis. Contra septem Peccata mortalia.

XCVIII.

[*Be Governour baith guid and gracious.*]

BE governour baith guid and gracious;
 Be leill and luifand to thy liegis all;
 Be large of fredome and no thing defyrus;
 Be iust to pure for ony thing may fall;
 Be ferme of faith and constant as ane wall; 5
 Be reddye evir to stanche evill and discord;
 Be cheretabill and fickerlye thow fall
 Be bowfum ay to knaw thy God and Lord.

Be nocht to proud of wardlie guidis heir,
 Be weill be thocht thai will remane na tyde; 10
 Be ficker als that thow man die but weir;
 Be war thairwith the tyme will no man byde;
 Be vertewus and sett all vyce on fyde;
 Be patient, lawlie and misericord;
 Be rewlit so quhair evir thow go or byde; 15
 Be bowfum ay to knaw thy God and Lord.

Be weill awyfit of quhome thow counfale tais;
 Be fever of thame that thai be leill and trew;
 Be think the als quhidder thai be freindis or fais
 Be to thy faull, thair fawis or thow perfew; 20

Be nevir our haiftye to wirk and fyne to rew;
 Be nocht thair freind that makis the fals record;
 Be reddye evir all guid workis to renew;
 Be bowfum ay to know thy God and Lord.

Be traift and conquese thy awin heretage, 25
 Be ennemyes of auld now occupyit
 Be ftreth and force; thow fobir thair man fwage
 Be law of God, thair may no man denyid;
 Be nocht as lantern in mirknes vnspyit;
 Be thow in rycht thi landis fuld be reftord; 30
 Be wirfchop fo thy name beis magneseit;
 Be bowfum ay to know thy God and Lord.

Be to rebellis strong as lyoun eik;
 Be ferce to follow thame quhair evir thair [are] found;
 Be to thy liege men bayth foft and meik, 35
 Be thair fuccour and help thame haill and found;
 Be know thy cure and caus quhy thow was cround;
 Be befye evir that iuftice be nocht fmord;
 Be blyith in hart; thir wordis oft expound,
 Be bowfum ay to know thy God and Lord. 40

Finis. Quod Henrye Stewart.

XCIX.

[*This hindir Nycht, neir by the Hour of Nynce.*]

THIS hindir nycht, neir by the hour of nyne,
 To bed I went as is my confuetud;
 I fanyt me and fone I flepit fyne,
 And, as I thocht, ane lady be my ftud,

Fol. 88. a.

Plefand, but peir of port and pulcritud, 5
 With cristall corpis tranfluent as a glafs,
 Of alkin clething nakit and denud,
 Bair, vnabulyeit, as fcho borne wafs.

Hir body bair wes bricht as beriall,
 And thruch the famyn, as femit to my ficht, 10
 I mycht weill reffones on the wall,
 Als weill as mony lampis had bene licht.
 I faw fcho wes fo wondirfull a wicht,
 I askit of hir name for cherite ;
 Debonerly fcho answereit me that bricht, 15
 And faid, “Thay call me lady Varite,

“Quhilk fra thir bowndis lang hes benefit bene,
 Nor heir mycht haif no rest nor residence ;
 Quhairthrow my freindis ar confundit clene
 Off the fell falsheid throw thy offence. 20
 Thy felf is ane that oft in myne abfence
 Hes tholit pane, becaus thow tuk my pairte ;
 Bot I fall mak the rychtous recompence,
 Quhen fals folk fall forthink it at thair hairte.”

And quhen that I perfauit in to plane 25
 Dame Verite my prefens appeir,
 I faluft hir as lady fouerane,
 And hir befocht, in maift hummill maneir,
 This caus obscure to mak vnto me cleir ;
 Quhen fall the kyth the cuntre of Scotland, 30
 In peax and rest and plenty perfeueir,
 With sic ordour as vvis in vthir land?

Than faid this bird of beuty maift benigne,
 “Sone, thow fall haif folutioun sufficient,
 Quhen thir bairnis ar baneift fra your king, 35
 Fro counfale, fessioun and parliament,

Off quhome the names schortly subsequnt
 I fall declair dewly with diligence,
 Or I departe furth of this place present,
 And thow thairto gife thy audience. 40

Firft wilfull wrang in ane widdy mon waif,
 And hid hatreit be hangeit by the heid,
 And yung counsale that dois yow all diffaisf,
 And singular proffeit stolling of the steid;
 Diffimvlance that dois your lawis leid; 45
 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 treffone mon be tronit to ane tre,
 And murthour merkit for his grit mischeif, 50
 And the foull feid that ye call symone
 Mon planely be depryvit without repreif;
 Quhill this be done ye fall haif no releif,
 Bot schamefull flawtir, derth and indigens;
 And tak this for thy answer in to breif, 55
 Quhilk, I the pray, present vnto thy prence.

Fol. 88. b.

For all this fort with schame mon be exylit,
 Or than demanit as I haif deuyfit,
 And vthir personis in to thair placis stylit,
 The quhilk, sen Flowdoun feild, hes bene difpyfit 60
 In this cuntre and in all vthiris pryfit;
 Quhois names I fall caufs the for to knaw,
 That thow may sleip thairwith and be awyfit,
 Syne bayth the fortis to thy fouerane schaw.

Firft iustice, prudens, forfs and temperans, 65
 With commounweill and auld experience,
 Concord, correctioun, cunningg and constans,
 Lufe, lawty, science and obedience,

Gud confcience, trewth and intelligence,
 Mercy, mefour, fayth, houp and cherite, 70
 Thir in his court mon mak refidence,
 Or ye gett plenty and prosperite.

This being faid, this lady lumynofs
 Fra my prefens hir perfoun did depairt,
 And I awaikit and suddanly vproifs, 75
 Syne tuk my pen and put all in report,
 As ye haif hard; thairfoir, I yow exhort,
 My fouerane lord, vnto this taile attend,
 And yow to ferue feik suddanly this fort,
 Sen verite this counfale to yow fend. 80

And lat thir falty folk that scho refufit
 Be flemit fra thair infelicite,
 For ye with thame to lang hes bene abufit,
 And your peple put to penurite.
 Schaip fum remeid for Godis deite, 85
 And lat no moir the weid ourga the corne;
 Do ye nocht fa, ye fall 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 region to ring,
 I the befeik aganis thy luft to ftryue,
 And loufe thy God aboif all maner of thing;

And him imploir, now in thy yeiris ying, 5
 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 fo tendir aige,
 That natur to the yit wofdome denyis, 10
 Thairfoir submit the to thy counfale feige,
 And in all wayfs wirk as thay devyifs: Fol. 89. a.
 Bot ovir all thing keip the fra cuvatyifs,
 To princely honour gife thow wald pretend;
 Be liberall, than fall thy fame vpryifs, 15
 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. 20
 He aw me nocht that sayis me fchortly nay,
 Bot he that hechtis and cauffis 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: 25
 The falt of feit with horfs thow may support;
 Bot, quhen thyn handis ar bundin in with bandis,
 Na furrigiane may cure thame nor confort;
 Bot thow thame oppin, payntit as a port,
 And frely gife sic gudis as God the fend; 30
 Than may thay mend within ane fessone fchort,
 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 ourfe, 35
 Thocht fulis roun and flatter in thyne eir;

Gife nocht to thame that dois thy fawis fueir;
 Gife to thame that ar trew and constant kend,
 Than our all quhair thay fall thy fame furth beir,
 And win the honour to thy lyvis end. 40

Sen thow art heid, thy leges memberis all,
 Gevin be God to thy governance,
 Luke that thow rewill the rute originall,
 Thatt in thy falt no member mak vtheris grevance.
 For quha can nocht him felf gyd nor awance, 45
 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 counsale; off thy leiges leill
 Rewaird gud deid; puncifs all wrang and vice; 50
 Se¹ that thy faw be sicker as thy feill;
 Fleme frawd and be defender of justyce;
 Honour all tyme thy noble genetryce;
 Obey the kirk; gif thow dois mis amend;
 Sa fall thow win ane place in paradyce, 55
 And mak in erd ane honourable end.

Finis quod W. Stewart.

CI.

[*Suppoiss I war in Court most he.*]

SUPPOISS I war in court most he,
 Tresting my stait wer evir fure,
 Tresting my felicite
 Mycht wex and wrang all creature,

¹ MS. has *The*.

Tresting in my nobilite,
 Tresting my will fuld evir indure,
 Syne lukis nocht to equite,
 Bot thame defend that dois iniure;
 Than war my wit blind and obscure,
 To haif fa prydfull ane confate;
 Althocht I had the realme in cure,
 I mycht haif truble in myne estate.

5 Fol. 89. b.

10

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, fum heid, fum hang,
 Sum to deid put with fals diffait;
 And all this yit induris nocht lang,
 Bot thair wer wext in thair estate.

15

20

God grant your myndis to be fet,
 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,
 Chryft is of mycht als mekle this yeir,
 As he befoir, pryd to ourfet;
 For he is Lord haif ye no weir.
 Thairfoir do rycht and perseucir,
 For vthir hes bene als fortunate
 As ye, and stud with kingis als neir,
 Yit tint thair landis for falsfate.

25

30

35

Finis.

CII.

[*Quhen Doctouris prechit to win the Joy eternall.*]

QUHEN doctouris prechit to win the joy eternall
 Vnto the hevin, eftir our Lordis affense,
 Thay caufit iuftice, but bud or fauour carnall;
 Thay caufit be pvnift flefchly vyle offense;
 Gaif banyfice to clerkis of confcience;¹ 5
 And fa the feind had fic invy thairon,
 Gart fakraip away of confcience the con,
 And fa behind wes levit bot science.

Than wer all clerkis for science² promovit,
 And thay that wald to ftudy maift apply; 10
 Bot yit the feind at science wes commovit,
 Gart fakraip away of science³ the fci,
 And fa levit ens be his fals fle invy;
 Quhilk fuld be for gold or geir exponit,
 Quhairby benifce ar now of dayis difponit, 15
 But science or confcience for to fell and by.

O fouerane lord and moft excellynt king! Fol. 90. a.
 Gar put the con and fci agane till ens,
 And rewill thy realme with iuftice in thy ring;
 Gife benifce to clerkis of confciens, 20
 Off wifdome and honour to ftand at thy defens;
 Se in thy court that confcience ay be clene,
 For corruptioun befor thy deysis hes bene
 Aganis iuftice, with vthir grit offens.

Finis.

¹ On the margin is written *confciens*.

² *Ib.—ficiens*.

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 thriffill with the Lorane grene!
 Welcum, our rubent rois vpoun the ryce! 5
 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; 10
 This yeir fall rycht and reffone rewle the rod,
 Quhilk fa lang seasoun hes bene soir supprest;
 This yeir ferme fayth fall frelie be confest,
 And all erronius questionis put areir;
 To lauboure that this lyfe amang ws left, 15
 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 gofpell gett experience; 20
 Caus his trew kirk be had in reuerence,
 So fall 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, 25
 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; 30
 To temper tyme with trew continuance
 God gife the grace aganis this guid new yeir.

Cast thy confate, be counfale of the fage,
 And cleif to Christ hes keptit the in cure,
 Attingent now to twentye yeir of aige, 35
 Prefervand the fra all misaventure.
 Wald thow be servit, and thy cuntre fure,
 Still on the commoun weill haif e and eir;
 Preis ay to be protectrix of the pure,
 So God fall gyde thy grace this gude new yeir. 40

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, 45
 And lat perverfit prelettis leif perqueir;
 To do the best befekand 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 50
 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, preift and freir;
 To dantoun this thow hes aneuch to do, 55
 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 fa proud in thair prerogatyvis; 60

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, 65
To blande thair blude with barrownis be ambitioum;
Thai purchest pithles pardonis fra the Paip,
To caus fond folis confyde he hes fruitioun,
As God, to gif for synnis full remiffioun,
And faulis to faif frome suffering sorowis feir; 70
To sett asyde sic fortis of superstitioun
God gife the grace aganis this gude new yeir.

Thai loft baith benefice and pentioun that mareit,
And quha eit flesch on Frydayis was fyrefangit;
It maid na mis quhat madinnis thai miscareit 75
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. 80

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, fyne faif thair kin;
Pilgrimes and palmaris past with thame betuene 85
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 daifit him with daylie dargeis, 90
With owklike abitis to augment thair rentalis,
Mantand mort nymplingis, mixt with monye leis:

Sic fanctitude was Sathanis forcereis,
 Christis fillie schein and sobir flok to smeir;
 To ceis all findrye sectis of herefeis 95
 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 fell,
 And lelalie on lawtie layis thair lyne; 100
 Downtis 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 walk and honye of the floure, 105
 So dois the faythfull of Goddis word tak frute;
 As waspis reffauis of the same bot foure,
 So reprobatis Christis buke dois rebute;
 Wordis without werkis availyeis nocht a cute;
 To seis thy subiectis so in lufe and feir, 110
 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 fophistrie or ceremoneis vane;
 Thy pepill, maist pairt, trewlie now ar techit 115
 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. 120

For sum ar sene at sermonis seme fa halye,
 Singand Sanct Daudis psalter on thair bukis,
 And ar bot bibliftis fairfing full thair bellie,
 Bakbytant nyctbouris, noyand thame in nwikis,

Ruging and raifand vp kirk rentis lyke ruikis; 125
 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; 130
 The grittest ay the grediar, I ges,
 To plant quhair preiftis and perfonis wer posseffouris;
 Teindis ar vptane be testament tranfgressouris;
 Credence is past, off promis thocht thai fweir;
 To punisch papiftis and reproche oppressouris 135
 God gif the grace aganis this gude new yeir.

Pure folk ar famist with thir fassionis new,
 Thai fail for falt that had befoir at fouth;
 Leill labouraris lamentis, and tennentis trew,
 That thai ar hurt and hareit north and fouth; 140
 The heidifmen hes cor mundum in thair mouth,
 Bot nevir with mynd to gif the man his meir;
 To quenche thir quent calamiteis fo cowth
 God gife the grace aganis this gude new yeir.

Protestandis takis the freiris auld antetewme, 145
 Reddie reffauaris, bot to rander nocht;
 So lairdis vpliftis mennis leifing our thy rewme,
 And ar rycht crabit quhen thai crave thame ocht;
 Be thai vnpayit, thy pursevandis ar focht Fol. 91. b.
 To pund pure communis corne and cattell keir; 150
 To wify all thir wrangus workis ar wrocht
 God gife the grace aganis this gude new yeir.

Paul bidis nocht deill with thingis idolatheit,
 Nor quhair hypocrafie hes bene committit;
 Bot kirk mennis cursit substance semis sweit 155
 Till laud men, with that leud burd lyme ar byttit¹;

¹ Lord Hailes and Dr. David Laing read *kyttit*.

Giff thow perfave fun fenyeour it hes smittit,
 Solift thame softlie nocht to perfeveir;
 Hurt nocht thair honour, thocht thy hienes wittit,
 Bot gratiouſlie forgife thame this gude yeir. 160

Foirgifanis grant with glaidnes and gude will
 Gratis till all into your parliament;
 Syne ſtabill ſtatutis, ſteidfaſt to ſtand ſtill,
 That barrone, clerk and burges be content:
 Thy nobillis, erlis and lordis conſequent, 165
 Treit tendir, to obtene thair hartis inteir,
 That thai may ſerve and be obedient
 Vnto thy grace aganis this gude new yeir.

Sen fo thow fittis in faitt ſuperlatywe,
 Caus everye ſtait to thair vocatioun go, 170
 Scolaftik men the ſcriptouris to deſcrywe,
 And maieſtratis to vſe the ſverd alfo,
 Merchandis to trafique and travell to and fro,
 Mechanikis wirk, huſbandis to ſaw and ſcheir;
 So falbe welth and weilfaire without wo, 175
 Be grace of God, aganis this guid new yeir.

Latt all thy realme be now in reddines
 With coiftlie clething to decoir thy cors;
 Yung gentilmen for danſing thame addres,
 With courtlie ladyes cuplit in confors; 180
 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 falbe imbaffattis heir belyffe, 185
 For mariage, frome princes, dukis and kingis;
 This yeir, within thy regioun, fall aryfe
 Rowtis of the rankeſt that in Europ ringis;

This yeir bayth blythnes and abundance bringis,
 Naveis of schippis outthrocht the fea to fneir 190
 With riches, raymentis and all royall thingis,
 Agane thy grace get ane gude man this yeir.

Giffe sawis be futh to schaw thy celfitude,
 Quhat berne fould bruke all Bretane be the fee?
 The prophecie exprellie dois conclude 195
 The Frensch wyfe of the Brucis blude fuld be;
 Thow art be lyne fra him the nynte degree,
 And wes king Frances pairty maik and peir;
 So, be discence, the fame fowld spring of the,
 By grace of God, agane this gude new yeir. 200

Schortlie to conclud, on Chrif cast thy confort,
 And chereis thame that thow hes vnder charge;
 Suppone maift fure he fall the fend support, Fol. 92. a.
 And len the lustie liberos at large;
 Beleif that Lord may harbary fo thy bairge 205
 To mak braid Britane blyth as bird on breir,
 And the extoll, with his triumphand targe,
 Wiictoriufflie agane this guid new yeir.

L'envoy.

Prudent, maift gent, tak tent, and prent the wordis
 Intill this bill; with will, thame still to face, 210
 Quhilkis ar nocht fkar to bar on far fra bawrdis,
 Bot leale, but feale, may haell, avaeill thy grace;
 Sen lo! thow scho this to now do hes place,
 Refaif, fwaif and haif, ingraif it heir;
 This now, for prow; that yow, sveit dow, may brace 215
 Lang fpace with grace, folace and peace, this yeir.

Lcflori.

Frefch, fulgent, flurift, fragrant flour formois,
 Lantern to lufe of ladeis lamp and lot,
 Cherie maift chaift, cheif charbucle and chois, 220
 Smaill fweft fmaragde, fmelling bot fmit of fmot,
 Nobleft natour, nurice to nurtour not,
 This dull indyte, dulce, dowble, dafy deir;
 Send be thy fempill fervand 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 fapience
 Wyfe Salamone in his prowerbis previs;
 Ane potent prince of fuperne excellence,
 Off iuftice homege is quhair cuir he beis;
 In the quhilk homoge ilk man hes maner feis, 5
 Conformyng thame vnto his gyding all;
 Is faid in ftoreis of antiquiteis
 The heid the membiris followis grit and fmall.

Be he of vertew and eruditioun,
 Full of prudens and magnanimitie, 10
 Inclynit hail to iuftice and reffoun,
 Ilk man will preifs quha can moft 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, 15
 His subiectis all beis wyle and vicius.

Sen fa it is, rycht potent prince preclair,
 Of this haill realme the weilfair is in the;
 Thow art so neidfull and so neccessair
 That it out the can nocht rewlit be; 20
 Arme the with vertew, proudens and reffone all thre,
 Defend thy realme, be reddy at all houris
 To ryd, to rin, that wickit men puneift be,
 As befor 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 fuld haif be natour;
 Pleifs thow him nocht, quhilk putis the in fait so he 30
 As equall iuge both to rich and pure,
 Befoir grit God thow fall accusid be.

All morall vertew ar neidfull in to a king;
 Fortitud but prudens is verry tירrany;
 Prudens but iustice is reput for no thing; 35
 Justice but temperance is bot crudelite;
 Temperans is nocht bot liberalite.
 Amang all vertew iustice is lawreat,
 And prince of iustice the verry image fuld be,
 The quhilk but vertew is blind and obfecat. 40

Ane ryell prince, that all hes vndir cure,
 Firft fuld confiddir quhay iust is and prudent;
 Quha of ingyne, quha can him do plesure;
 Quhay of knowlege, and quhay is ignorant;

Quhay fcharp in word and in deid negligent; 45
 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, 50
 Than of law the adminiftratioun
 To prudent men committ in gouernance,
 Quhilkis ar kend and knawin of confcience,
 And with budis will nocht corruptit be;
 For Plato fayis, ane perrelus pestilens 55
 Ane fowkand iuge, off vthir menis geir grede.

Thow feis ane fuerd in ane wod mans hand,
 Quhilk for the tyme wantis vfage and reffoun,
 Nowdir gud nor evill spairis but demand,
 Juft and iniuft putis to confufioun; 60
 So is ane iuge withowt intellectioun,
 Quhilk in his hand beiris the fuerd of iuftice,
 Quhen he fuld frek hes no cognitioun,
 Bot as ane blind man wauerand on the yfe.

Nobillis of vertew and eruditioun 65
 Ane ryell prince fuld ay maift magnife,
 Nocht be affectuall cognitioun
 Owdir be blud or confanguinite,
 Bot quhome he knavis of wifdome and bonte;
 For ane noble of blud that hes no vertoufnes, 70
 Drownand in vice and perniciofite,
 Is evin bot as a fchaddow in a glafs.

Thy paftyme fuld oft be in commonyng
 With profound clerkis of science and prudens;
 For cunnyng termes afferis in a king, 75 Fol. 93. a.
 Quhilk fuld be polyt and of eloquence.

In hering wyfmen men gettis fapience,
 Without the quhilk is no ftabilite,
 Thairfoir in tyme thow get intelligence,
 Or ellis thy wifdome fall in feiking be. 80

Eftir thi meit, of instrumentis muifcicall
 Thow fuld be fed with plesand armony,
 Quhilk is exercitioun moft regall;
 Lichtis the mynd plesand to heir and fe
 Attour all thing in mufik cunnand be; 85
 Quhilk ornat Homeir, decoir of difcepling,
 Ane kendill of curage, off rankour inneme,
 Mufik callit wirthy for ony king.

Dreid God; be iuft and ferme in cherite;
 Vile luft refrene; constant but variance; 90
 Faythfull but fictioun; full of benignite;
 Plane in thy wordis; vfe no diffimulance;
 Patient; prudent; vfe all magnificence;
 Gyd thow with counfale thy ryall maiefte;
 Off wardly gudis fall thow haif haboundance, 95
 And gratius God fall ay thy gyder be.

Finis quod Mr. Alexr. Kid.

CV.

[*Jefu Chryft that deit on Tre!*]

JESU Chryft that deit on tre!
 Send ws thy grace down frome the hevin;
 As thow was borne of a virgin fre,
 Keip ws fra deidly fynnis fevin.

We ar ay wauerand od and evin; 5
 Suddanly flane with speir and scheild,
 We haif no man the law to nevin;
 Allace! our king is nocht of eild.

Lord God eternall and fader moft deir!
 That maid this warld and ws of nocht, 10
 Ye heir the prayer of the pure,
 That fittis and fichis with forrow focht.
 The leill men, that for thair levingis wrocht,
 Ar ranfonit rudly euery deill,
 Tane and prefont, flane and brocht, 15
 For faik our king is nocht of eild.

We haif no man to pleny to bot yow,
 For it wes thow that coft ws deir;
 Thay leif ws nowdir cow nor yow,
 Stirk nor staig, horfs nor meir. 20
 The lordis will nocht our complaint heir;
 Our barnis lysis nakit on the feild;
 The commonis makis ane hiddous beir,
 Becaus our king is nocht of eild.

I call that counfall nocht worth a prene, 25
 That to thair kinryk makis no correctioun;
 Thocht we ws help, it is no wene,
 Thay will nocht fit to heir our aetioun;
 Saifgaird nor thair grit protektioun
 To ws is nowdir help nor beild; 30
 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 findre diuers,
 We wait nocht quhome to we fall complene, 35
 Quhen thevis and reveris ws difpryfis.

The leill men all in sic perrell lysis,
 That thay ar lofit and chefit our feild,
 Gart thig thair meit bayth barnis and wyffis,
 For faik our king is nocht of eild. 40

This kinryk wantis bot a man,
 That held ws ay in rest and pefe;
 That wareit feild we may fair ban,
 Quhair did our wirthy prince decefe.
 The lordis all ar full of cuvatyfe, 45
 That cauffis ws for to be keild,
 Thocht thay anuch of riches hefs,
 Allace! our king is nocht of eild.

The chancellor and the chalmirlane,
 The regent and the protectouris, 50
 The mekle deill be of thame fane,
 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 fesit as tratouris, 55
 Becaus our king is nocht of eild.

I byd to mak no langar procefs;
 Bot herkin to the indirend:
 Quha coppeis this with findre vocifs
 And makis this wret for to be kend, 60
 Quha takis budis thame to defend
 And cauffis falsheid to be heild,
 Thay fall murne quhen thay ma nocht mend,
 Quhen evir God fendis our king to eild.

Finis.

CVI.

[*Now is our King in tendir Aige.*]

NOW is our king in tendir aige;
 Chryft conferf him in his eild
 To do iuftice, bath to man and pege,
 That garris our land ly lang onteild,
 Thocht we do dowble pay thair wege. 5
 Pur commonis prefently now ar peild;
 Thay ryd about in fic a rege,
 Be firth, forreft and feild,
 With bow, buklar and brand.
 Lo! quhair thay ryd in till our ry, 10
 The diuill mot fane yone company,
 I pray fro may hairt trewly:
 Thus faid Jok vpalland.

He that wes wont to beir the barrowis,
 Betuix the baikhoufs and the brewhoufs, 15
 On twenty fchilling now he tarrowis,
 To ryd the he gait by the plewis;
 Bot wer I king, bynd haif gud fallowis,
 In Norroway thay fuld heir of newis;
 I fuld him tak and all his marrowis 20
 And hing thame heich vpoun yone hewis,
 And tharto plichtis my hand;
 Thir lordis and barronis grit
 Vpoun ane gallowis fuld I knit,
 That thus doun treddit hes our quhit: 25
 This faid Johnne vponland.

Wald the lordis the lawis that leidis
 To hufbandis do gud reffone and fkill,
 To chaftanis thir chiftanis be the heidis

And hing thame heich vpoun ane hill; 30
 Than nicht hufbandis lawbor thair feidis,
 And preiftis mycht pattir and pray thair fill;
 For hufbandis fuld nocht haif sic pleidis;
 Bayth fcheip and nolt mycht ly full still,
 And ftakis still mycht stand; 35
 For fen thay red amang our durris,
 With splent on fpald and roufty fpurris,
 Thair grew no fruct in till our furris:
 Thus faid Johnne vp on land.

Tak a pure man a fcheip or two, 40
 For hungir or for falt of fude,
 To fyve or fex 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, 45
 Full falfly may he ryd or go.
 I wait nocht gif thir lawis be gud,
 I fchrew thame firft thame fand.
 Jefu! for thy holy paffioun,
 Thow grant him grace that weiris the croun 50
 To ding thir mony kingis down:
 Thus faid Johnne vponland.

Finis.

CVII.

[*Rolling in my Remembrance.*]

ROLLING in my remembrance
 Of court the daylie variance,

Me think he fuld be callit wife
 That firft maid this allegence:
 Bettir hap to court nor gud feruifs. 5

For fum man to the court pretendis,
 And that his freindis wan he fpendis,
 Howping in honour to vprifs,
 Sync wrechitly but guerdoun wendis:
 Bettir hap to court nor gud feruifs. 10

And fum dois to the court repair,
 With empty purfs and clethis full bair;
 Yit he in riches multeplyfs,
 That he levis thowfandis to his air:
 Bettir hap to court nor gud feruifs. 15

Sum feruifs weill and haldis him ftill, Fol. 94. b.
 Putting all in his maifteris will;
 Bot sic vnferuit ar oft fyifs,
 Quhen grokaris gettis that thay ferue ill,
 Throw hap, and for no gud feruifs. 20

Sum takis reward at thair awin handis
 Off king and quenis proper landis;
 Bot faft for thame the galloufs cryifs,
 That our lang foliter it ftandis,
 But thame that dois sic feruifs. 25

Sum gettis giftis and guerdoun greit,
 That nevir did for gud feruice fueit;
 Sum gettis buddis; fum benifyifs;
 And fum dois foly conterfeit,
 And wynnys mare nor gud feruifs. 30

Sum gettis at Yule; fum gettis at Pefs;
 Sum tynys fyifs and wynnys bot efs;

Sum to the diuill givis the dyifs,
That he can nevir win na grace,
Nowdir throw hap nor gud feruifs. 35

Rewaird in court is delt fo evin,
Sum gettis that nicht sufficeis fevin;
And vthir fum in langour lyifs,
Makand ane murmour to the hevin,
That thay get nocht for gud feruyifs. 40

The nycht the court fum gydis clene,
Thairin the morne dar nocht be fene,
Mair than the deuill in paradyifs;
Nor speik ane word with king nor quene,
Thocht he maid nevir fo gud feruyifs. 45

Chryft! bring our king to perfytt ege,
With wit, fra yowthis fellow rege,
To help thame that in him affyifs,
And pay ilk man thair conding wege,
According to thair gud feruyifs. 50

Finis.

CVIII.

[*Schir, yit remembr as of befoir.*]

SCHIR, yit remembr as of befoir,
SHow that my yowth I done forloir
In your feruice, with pane and greif;
Gud consciens cryis reward thairfoir;
Exces of thocht dois me mischeif.

5

Your clerkis ar feruit all about,
 And I do lyk ane reid halk schout,
 To cum to lure that hes no leif,
 Quhair my plummys begynis to brek out:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 10

Forfett is ay the falconis kynd, Fol. 95. a.
 Bot cuir the mittane is hard in mynd,
 Of quhome the gled dois prectikis preif;
 The gentill goishalk gois¹ vnkynd:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 15

The pyet with hir pretty cot
 Fenyeis to fing the nyctingalis not;
 Bot scho can nevir the corchat cleif,
 For harknes of hir carlich throt:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 20

Ay fareft faderis hes farrest fowlis;
 Suppois thay haif no fang bot youlis,
 In filuer caigis thai fit at cheif;
 Kynd natyve nest dois clek bot owlis:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 25

O gentill egill! how may this be?
 That of all fowlis dois heest fle,
 Your legis quhy will ye nocht releif,
 And chereifs eftir thair degre?
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 30

Quhen feruit is all vdir man,
 Gentill and femple of euery clan,
 Kyne of Rauf Colyard and Johnne the Reif,
 Na thing I get na conquest chan:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 35

¹ The first two letters of *gois* seem as if intended to be deleted.

Thocht I in court be maid refus,
 And haif few vertewis for to ruf,
 Yit am I cumin of Adame and Eif,
 And fane wald leif as vderis doifs:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 40

Or I fuld leif in sic mifchance,
 Gife it to God war no grevance,
 To be a pykthank I wald preif,
 For thay in warld wantis no plefans:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 45

In fum parte on my felf I plenye,
 Quhen vdir folkis dois flattir and fenye;
 Allace! I can bot ballattis breif,
 Sic bairneheid biddis my brydill renye:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 50

I grant my feruice is bot licht;
 Thairfoir of mercy, and nocht of richt,
 I ask yow, fchir, no man to greif,
 Sum medecyne gife that ye nicht:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 55

May nane remeid my melady
 Sa weill as ye, fchir, veraly;
 For with a benifice ye may preif,
 And gif I mend nocht heftely:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 60

I wes in yowth on nureifs kne,
 Dandely, bifchop, dandely, Fol. 95. b.
 And quhen that ege now dois me greif,
 Ane femple vicar I can nocht be:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 65

FIRST LERGES THE KING MY CHEIFE.

Jok, that wes wont to keep the stirkis,
 Can now draw him ane cleik of kirkis,
 With ane fals cairt in to his fleif,
 Worth all my ballattis vnder the birkis:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 70

Twa curis or thre hes vpolandis Michell,
 With dispenfationis bund in a knitchell,
 Thocht he fra nolt had new tane leif;
 He playis with totum and I with nichell:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 75

How fuld I leif that is nocht landit,
 Nor yit with benifice am I blandit?
 I fay nocht, schir, yow to reпреif;
 Bot doutles I ga rycht neir hand it:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 80

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:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 85

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 schillingis tway,
 To put his lergnes to preif,
 For lerges of this New Yeirday. 5

Syne lerges of my lord chancellor,
 Quhen I to him ane ballat bare,
 He sonyeit nocht nor faid me nay,
 Bot gaif me, quhill I wad had mair,
 For lergenes of this New Yeirday. 10

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. 15

Off [Haly] croce the abbot ying,
 I did to him ane ballat bring;
 Bot or I past far him fray,
 I gat na les, nor deill a thing,
 For lerges of this New Yeirday. 20

The secretar, bayth war and wyfe,
 Hecht me ane kast of his offyse;
 And for to reid my bill alfway,
 He faid for him that nicht suffyfe
 For lerges of this New Yeirday. 25

The thesaur [ar] and compttrollar,
 Thay bad me cum, I wait nocht quhair,
 And thay suld gar, I wait nocht quhay,
 Gif me I wat nocht quhat, full fair,
 For lerges of this New Yeirday. 30

Now lerges of my lordis all,
 Bayth temporall stait and spirituall,

My felf fall euir fing and fay
 I haif thame found fo liberall
 O lerges of this New Yeirday! 35

Fowll fall this frost that is fo fell,
 It hes the wyt, the trewth to tell,
 Baith handis and purfs it bindis fway,
 Thay may gife ne thing by thame fell
 For lerges of this New Yeirday. 40

Now lerges of my lord Bothwell,
 The quhilk in fredome dois excell;
 He gaif to me ane curfour gray,
 Worth all this fort that I with mell,
 For lerges of this New Yeirday. 45

Grit God releif Margaret our quene,
 For, and scho war as scho hes bene,
 Scho wald be lerges of luf-ray
 Than all the laif that I of mene,
 For lerges of this New Yeirday. 50

Quod Stewart.

CX.

[*Schir, sen of Men ar diuerfs Sortis.*]

SCHIR, sen of men ar diuerfs fortis,
 And diuerfs pastymes and difportis
 According ar for ilk degre;
 All thy trew lieges the exortis
 To know thy ryall maicstie. 5

And mark in thy memoriall
Thy predeceffouris parentall,
Quhais fructoufs fatis and deidis he
Makis thair fame perpetuall,
Throw potent, princely maieftie. 10

Sen throw the erd, in lenth and breid,
Thow art the moft illuftir leid,
And moft preclair of progenie;
Think thairvpoun, and caufs thy deid
Appreif thy princely maieftie. 15

And play nocht bot at honeft playis,
As princis vfit afoir thy dayis,
Halking, hunting and archery,
Jufting, and cheifs, that none gane fayis
Vnto thi princely maieftie, 20

To play with dyce nor cairtis accordis
To the, bot with thy noble lordis, 25
Or with the quene thy moder fre;
To play with pure men difaccordis
And maris thy ryall maieftie. Fol. 96. b.

Bot gif thow think, quhen tho[w] begynnis,
To gif agane all that thow wynniss
To thame abowt that ferwis the,
To hald sic wyunning schame and fyn is,
And far fra princely maieftie. 30

Ane prudent prince eik fuld be war,
And for no play the tyme diffar,
Quhen he fuld Godis fervice fe;
And, gif he dois, weill fay I dar,
He hurtis his ryall maieftie. 35

To princis eik it is ane vice
 Till vfe playing for cuvatyce;
 To ryd or rin our rekleffie,
 Or flyd with ladis vpoun the yce,
 Accordis nocht for thair maieftie. 40

Think that thair is ane King of kingis,
 Our heving, erd and hell that ringis;
 Quhilk, with the twynking of ane e,
 Ma do and vndo all kyn thingis;
 So mervellus is his maieftie. 45

Se thow pray to that famyne King,
 Going to bed and vpryng,
 Thy gyd and gouernour ay to be;
 Quha grant the grace to ryfs and ring,
 With micht to ryall maieftie. 50

Finis quod Stewart to the Kingis Grace.

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, honeft and vertewous,
For that fuffis to anger the inyous.

BE mirry, man! and tak nocht far in mynd
The wawering of this wrechit warld of forrow;
To God be hvmill, and to thy freynd be kynd,
And with thy nyctbouris glaidly len and borrow;
His chance to nyct it may be thyne to morrow.
Be blyth in hairt for ony aventure,
For oft with wyfmen it hes bene faid, a forrow
Without glaidnes awailis no treffour.

Fol. 98. a.

5

Mak the gud cheir of it that God the fendis,
For warldis wrak but weilfair nocht awailis;
Na gude is thyne faif only bot thow fpendis
Remenant all thow brukis bot with bailis;

10

¹ On the page containing this title a Scottish paraphrase of George Wither's well-known song, *Shall I waisting in difpair?* has been written by a later hand—three stanzas above, and two below the title. It will be found in the Appendix.

Seik to folace quhen sadnes the affailis,
 In dolour lang thy lyfe ma nocht indure;
 Quhairfoir of confort fet vp all thy failis: 15
 Without glaidnes availis no trefour.

Follow on petie, fle truble and debait;
 With famows folkis hald thy cumpany;
 Be charitabill and humyll in thyne estait,
 For worldly honour leftis bot a cry; 20
 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 trefour.

Thow feis thir wrechis fett with forrow and cair, 25
 To gaddir gudis in all thair lyvis space,
 And quhen thair baggis ar full thair felfis ar bair,
 And of thair richefs bot the keping hefs;
 Quhill vthiris cum to spend it that hes grace,
 Quhilk of thy wyning no labour had nor cure; 30
 Tak thow example and spend with mirrinefs:
 Without glaidnes availis no trefour.

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 ficht, 35
 Yit to the iuge thow fall gif compt of all;
 Ane raknyng rycht cumis of ane ragment small;
 Be iust and joyws and do to non ingure,
 And trewth fall mak the strang as ony wall: Fol. 98. b.
 Without glaidnes availis no trefure. 40

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 degeft;
 And quhen I haif my mynd all focht,
 For to be blyth me think it best. 5

This warld evir dois flicht and wary,
 Fortoun fa fast hir quheill dois cary;
 Na tyme bot turne can tak rest;
 For quhois fals change fuld none be fary;
 For to blyth me think it best. 10

Wald men confiddir in mynd richt weill,
 Or fortoun on him turn hir quheill,
 That erdly honour may nocht lest,
 His fall lefs panefull he fuld feill;
 For to be blyth me think it best. 15

Quha with this warld dois warfill and stryfe,
 And dois his dayis in colour dryfe,
 Thocht he in lordschip be possesset,
 He levis bot ane wrechit lyfe;
 For to be blyth me think it best. 20

Off warldis gud and grit riches,
 Quhat fruct hes man but mirines?
 Thocht he this warld had eist and west,
 All wer pouertie but glaidnes;
 For to be blyth me think it best. 25

Quho fuld for tynfall drowp or de
 For thyng that is bot vanitie,

Sen to the lyfe that evir dois left
 Heir is bot twynklyng of ane ce;
 For to be blyth me think it best. 30

Had I for warldis vnkyndnefs
 In hairt tane ony havinefs,
 Or fro my plefans bene opprest,
 I had bene deid langfyne dowlfeis;
 For to be blyth me think it best. 35

How evir this warld do change and vary,
 Lat ws in hairt nevir moir be fary,
 Bot evir be reddy and addrest
 To pafs out of this frawfull fary;
 For to be blyth me think it best. 40

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, 5
 At Chryft kirk on ane day:
 Thair come our kitteis weschin clene,
 In thair new kirtillis of gray, full gay,
 At Chryftis kirk of the grene.
 To dans thir damyfellis thame dicht, 10
 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: 15
 Thay wer so nyfs quhen men thame nicht,
 Thay squeilit lyk ony gaitis, so lowd,
 At Chryftis kirk of the grene that day.

Off all thir madynis myld as meid
 Wes nane so gymbt as Gillie, 20
 As ony rofs hir rude wes reid,
 Hir lyre wes lyk the lillie:
 Fow yellow yellow wes hir heid,
 Bot scho of lufe wes fillie;
 Thocht all hir kin had sworn hir deid, 25
 Scho wald haif bot sweit Willie, allone,
 At Chryftis 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, 30
 For all his yalow loikkis:
 He chereift hir, scho bad ga chat him,
 Scho compt him nocht twa clokkis;
 So schamefully his schort gown fet him,
 His lymmis wes lyk twa rokkis, scho faid, 35
 At Chryftis kirk of the grene.

Thome Lular wes thair menstrall meit,
 O Lord! as he cowd lanfs;
 He playit so schill and fang so sweit,
 Quhill Towfy tuke a trans: 40
 Auld Lychtfute thair he did forleit,
 And counterfutip Franfs;
 He vse him self as man discreit,

And vp tuk moreifs danfs, full lowd,
At Chryftis kirk of the grene. 45

Than Stevin come stoppand in with ftendis, Fol. 99. b.
No rynk mycht him arreift;
Platfute he bobbit vp with bendis,
For Mald he maid requeift:
He lap quhill he lay on his lendis, 50
Bot ryfand he wes preift,
Quhill that he oiftit at bath the endis,
For honour of the feift, that day,
At Chryftis kirk of the grene.

Syne Robene Roy begowth to revell, 55
And Dwny till him druggit;
“Lat be,” quo Jok, and cawd him javell,
And be the taill him tuggit:
The kenfy cleikit to the cavell,
Bot Lord! than gif thay luggit, 60
Thay pairtit hir manly with a nevell,
God wait gif hair wes ruggit, betuix thame,
At Chryftis kirk of the grene.

Ane bent a bow sic fturt cowd fteir him,
Grit skayth wefd to haif skard him, 65
He chefit a flane as did affeir him,
The toder faid “Dirdum dardum:”
Throwch baith the cheikis he thocht to cheir him,
Or throw the erfs haif chard him,
Bot be ane akerbraid it come nocht neir him, 70
I can nocht tell quhat mard him, thair,
At Chryftis kirk of the grene.

With that a freynd of his cryd Fy!
And vp ane arrow drew;

He forgit it fo fowrioufly, 75
The bow in flenderis flew;
Sa wes the will of God, trow I,
For had the tre bene trew,
Men faid that kend his archery,
That he had flane anew, that day, 80
At Chryftis kirk on the grene.

Ane haifty henfure callit Hary,
Quha wes ane archer heynd,
Tilt vp a taikle withowttin tary,
That torment fo him teynd; 85
I wait nocht quhiddir his hand coud wary,
Or the man wes his freynd,
For he efchaipit throw nichtis of Mary,
As man that no ill meynd, bot gud,
At Chryftis kirk of the grene. 90

Than Lowry as ane lyon lap,
And fone a flane coud fedder;
He hecht to perfs him at the pap, Fol. 100. a.
Thair on to wed a weddir;
He hit him on the wame a wap, 95
It buft lyk ony bledder,
Bot fwa his fortoun wes and hap,
His dowblet wes maid of ledder, and faift him,
At Chryftis kirk of the grene.

A yaip yung man, that ftude him neift, 100
Lowfd of a fchot with yre,
He ettlit the bern in at the breift,
The bolt flew our the byre:
Ane cryit Fy! he had flane a preift,
A myll beyond ane myre, 105
Than bow and bag fra him he keift,

And fled als ferfs as fyre, of flynt,
At Chryftis kirk of the grene.

With forkis and flailis thay lait grit flappis,
And flang togiddir lyk friggis; 110
With bowgaris of barnis thay beft blew kappis,
Quhill thay of bernis maid briggis:
The reird raifs rudly with the rappis,
Quhen rungis wes layd on riggis,
Thy wyffis come furth with cryis and clappis, 115
"Lo! quhair my lyking liggis?" quo thay,
At Chryft kirk of the grene.

Thay girit and lait gird with granis,
Ilk goffep vder grevit;
Sum fraik with ftingis, fum gaderit stanis, 120
Sum fled and evill mifchevit:
The menstrall wan within twa wanis,
That day full weill he previt,
For he come hame with vnbirfd banis,
Quhair fechtaris wer mifchevit, for evir, 125
At Chryftis kirk of the grene.

Heich Huchcoun, with a hiffill ryfs,
To red can throw thame rummill;
He mudlet thame doun lyk ony myfs,
He wes no barty bummill: 130
Thocht he wes wicht he wes nocht wyfs,
With sic jangleris to jummill,
For fra his thowme thay dang a fklyfs,
Quhill he cryd "Barla fummyll! I am flane,"
At Chryftis kirk of the grene. 135

Quhen that he faw his blude fo reid,
To fle nicht no man lat him;

He wend it bene for auld done feid, Fol. 100. b.
The far^r farar it fet him.

He gart his feit defend his heid, 140
He thocht ane cryd haif at him,
Quhill he west past out of all pleid,
He fuld bene fwift that gat him, throw fpeid,
At Chryft kirk of the grene.

The toun fowtar in greif wes bowdin, 145
His wyfe hang in his waift;
His body wes with blud all browdin,
He granit lyk ony gaift.
Hir glitterand hair that wes full goldin,
So hard in lufe him left, 150
That for hir faik he wes nocht yoldin,
Sevin myll quhill he wes cheft, and mair,
At Christis kirk of the grene.

The millar wes of manly mak,
To meit him wes na mowis, 155
Thair durst nocht ten cum him to tak,
So nowit he thair nowis.
The buschment haill about him brak,
And bikkerit him with bowis,
Synce tratourly behind his bak, 160
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, 165
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, maift lyk, 170
At Chryft kirk of the grene that day.

The wyvis keft vp ane hiddoufs yell,
Quhen all thir yunkeris yokkit,
Als ferfs as ony fyr flawcht fell,
Freikis to the feild thay flokkit. 175
Tha cairlis with clubbis cowd vder quell,
Quhill blud at breiftis out bokkit;
So rudly rang the commoun bell,
Quhill all the ftepill rokkit, for reid,
At Chryftis kirk of the grene. 180

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 fantnes tha forfochin fulis 185
Fell down lyk flawchtir failis,
And freschmen come in and held thair dulis,
And dang thame down in dailis, be dene,
At Chryft kirk on the grene.

Quhen all wes done, Dik with ane aix 190
Come furth to fell a fiddler.
Quod he "Quhair ar yone hangit fmaix
Rycht now wald flane my bruder?"
His wyfe bad him ga hame Gub Glaikis
And fa did Meg his muder: 195
He turnd and gaif thame bayth thair paikis,
For he durst ding nane vdir, for feir,
At Chryft 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 rest and had in extasye,
 My heid lay laich into this dreme but dout;
 At my foirtop my fyve wittis flew out,
 I murnit and I maid anc felloun mane. 5
 Me thoct the King of Farye had me tane,
 And band me in anc presoun, fute and hand,
 Withoutin reuth in anc lang raip of sand.
 To pers the presoun wall it wes nocht cith
 For it wes mingit and maid with muffill teith, 10
 And in the middis of it ane myir of flynt:
 I fank thairin quhill I was neir hand tynt,
 And quhen I saw thair was none vthir remeid,
 I flychterit vp with ane seddrene¹ of leid,
 For that² I thoct me³ ferye of my youth. 15
 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 thoct into my dullie dreme,
 I brak my heid vpoun anc know of reme. 20
 That I fuld hurt my self I had dispyte,
 And in all tene I turnit vp⁴ full tyte,
 Drank of ane well that wes gane drye fevin yeir,
 Syne loop⁵ thre lowpis and I was haill and feir.
 Syne efter that⁶ I had eschapit this cace, 25
 Me thoct I wes in monye diuers place,
 Quhilk wer to lang to have in perfyte mynd,
 In Egipt, Ireland, Arragone and Ynd, Fol. 101. b.

¹ Perhaps *seddrem*. ² *That* inferted after the line was written.
³ *Me* do. ⁴ The words *in dyte* have been erased here. ⁵ Possibly *laf*.
⁶ *That* inferted afterwards.

In Burgonye, Burdeaux and in Bethleem,
 In Jurye land and in Jerufalem, 30
 In France, in Freisland and in Cowpland fellis,
 Quhair clokkis elekkis crawburdis in cokkill schellis,
 In Poill, Pertik, Peblis and¹ Portiafe,
 And thair I schippit into ane barge of drafe;
 We pullit vp failis and² culd our ankeris wey, 35
 And suddanelye out thruch the throfin fey,
 We failit in storme, but steir, gyde or glas,
 To Paradise the place quhair Adame was.
 Be we approachit into that port in hye,
 We ware weill ware of Enoch and Elye, 40
 Sittand on Yule evin in ane fresch grene schaw,
 Rostand straberries at ane fyre of snaw.
 I thoct I wald nocht skar thame in that place,
 Quhill thaj had drawin the burd and said the grace;
 Than suddanelie I wolk out throw the plane 45
 To see mae farleis that I mycht tell agane.
 Me thoct that³ I happinnit on ane montane fone,
 I wanderit vp and was wer of the mone,
 And had nocht bene I lowtit in the steid,
 I had strukkin ane lump out of my heid. 50
 Quhen I was weill me thoct 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 busk of mynt; 55
 I focht my self and I was sevin yeir tynt;
 Yit in ane mist I fand me on the morne.
 I hard ane pundler blaw ane elrich horne,
 And fyne befyde me, in ane⁴ medow grene,
 I saw thre quhyte quhailis femelie to be fene, 60
 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 filkin schakillis and fowlis of quhyte faip.
 This pundler ran fast, faynand¹ for to find 65
 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 wyifs Fol. 102. a.
 Of emmot skynis with mony fketh and plyifs, 70
 Ane pair of hoifs maid of ane auld myll hopper,
 Ane pair of courtly schone of gude reid copper,
 Ane heklit hud maid of the wyld wode sege
 Treft weill this pundlar thocht him no manis pege.
 He bure ane club, maid mony ane carle coy, 75
 Maid of ane auld burd of the ark of Noy.
 He draif thir thre quhailis vnto ane lie,
 Ane him fwelleit and bair him to the sie,
 And thair he leuit on lempettis in hir wame,
 Quhill harvist tyme that hirdis draif thame hame; 80
 Be this wes done the toder twa returnit
 To fuallow me, grit dule I maid and murnit.
 Me thocht I fled and throcht a park coud pafs,
 And walknit syne. Quhair, trow ye, that I wafs?
 Doun in ane henflaik and gat ane fellon fall, 85
 And lay betuix ane picher and the wall.
 As wyffis commandis, this dreame 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 caufs of dremes. 90

Explicit 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 mirrines, 5
To yow of Striuilling in distrefs,
Quhair nowdir plesance nor delyt is,
For pety thus ane Apostill wrytis.
O! ye heremeitis and hankerfaidilis, 10
That takis your pennance at your tablis,
And eitis nocht meit restoratiue,
Nor drynkis no wyn comfortatiue,
Bot aill and that is thyn and small;
With few courfis into your hall,
But cumpany of lordis and knychtis, 15
Or ony vder gudly wichtis,
Solitar walkand your allone,
Seing no thing bot stok and stone;
Out of your panefull purgatory,
To bring yow to the blifs of glory, 20
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, 25
And bring yow sone to Edinburgh joy,
For to be mirry amang ws;
And sa the dergy begynis thus.

Lectio prima.

The Fader, the Sone and Haly Gaiſt,
 The mirthfull Mary virgene chaiſt, 30
 Of angellis all the ordouris nyne,
 And all the hevinly court devync,
 Sone bring yow fra the pyne and wo
 Of Striuilling, every court manis fo,
 Agane to Edinburghis joy and blifs, 35
 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, 40
 Out of vexatioun cum hame agane,
 Tak conſolatioun in your pane.

Fube Domine benedicite.

Oute of diſtrefs of Strivilling toun
 To Edinburcht blifs, God mak yow boun.

Lectio ſecunda.

Patriarchis, profeitis and appoſtillis deir, 45
 Confeffouris, virgynis and marteris cleir,
 And all the faitt celeſtiall,
 Devotely we vpoun thame call,
 That ſone out of your panis fell,
 Ye may in hevin heir with ws dwell, 50
 To eit ſvan, 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, 55
 Of Angerfs and of Orliance,
 With mony ane cours of grit dyntic:
 Say ye amen, for cheritie.

Responsorium tu autem Domine.

God and Sanct Jeill heir yow convoy Fol.103.a.
 Baith fone and weil, God and Sanct Jeill 60
 To fonce and feill, folace and joy,
 God and Sanct Geill heir yow convoy.
 Out of¹ Striuilling panis fell,
 In Edinburght joy fone mot ye dwell.

Leçtio tertia.

We pray to all the Sanctis of hevin, 65
 That ar aboif the sterris fevin,
 Yow to deliuer out of your pennance,
 That ye may fone play, fing and dance
 Heir in to Edinburcht and mak gud cheir,
 Quhair welth and weilfair is but weir; 70
 And I that dois your panis difcryve
 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 75
 To thame that ar in purgatory,
 And in thair tribulatioun
 To gif thame consolatioun,
 And schaw thame quhen thair panis ar paf,

¹ *Edinburgh* deleted here.

Thay fall till hevin cum at laft; 80
 And how nane fervis to haif fweithnefs
 That nevir taiftit bittirnefs.
 And thairfoir how fuld ye confiddir,
 Of Edinburcht blifs, quhen ye cum hiddir,
 Bot gif ye taiftit had befoir 85
 Of Striuilling toun the panis foir;
 And thairfoir tak in patience
 Your pennance and your abftinence,
 And ye fall cum, or Yule begyn,
 Into the blifs that we ar in; 90
 Quhilk grant the glorius Trinitie!
 Say ye amen, for cheritic.

Refponforium.

Cum hame and dwell no moir in Striuilling;
 Frome hiddoufs hell cum hame and dwell,
 Quhair fifche to fell is non bot fpirling; 95
 Cum hame and dwell no moir in Striuilling.

Et ne nos inducas in temptationem de Striuilling;
 Sed libera nos a malo illius. Fol. 103. b.
 Requiam Edinburgi dona eijs, Domine,
 Et lux ipfius luceat eijs. 100
 A porta trifticie de Striuilling,
 Orna, Domine, animas eorum.
 Credo guftare ftatim vinum Edinburgi,
 In villa viuentium.¹
 Requiefcant Edinburgi, amen. 105

Deus qui iuftos et corde humiles
 Ex omni eorum tribulatione liberare dignatus es,
 Libera famulos tuos apud villam de Stirling verfantes
 A penis et triftitijs eiufdem,

¹ May be read *viuentium*.

Et ad Edinburgi gaudia eos perducas, 110
 Vt requiescat Striuilling, amen.

Heir endis Dunbaris Dergy to the King,
 bydand to lang in Stirling.

 CXVI.

[*In secreit Place this hindir Nycht.*]

IN secreit 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; 5
 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; 10
 He clappit fast, 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, sweit as the hunny, 15
 Sen that I born wes of my mynny,
 I wowit nevir ane vder bot yow;
 My wame is of your lufe so fow,
 That as ane gaift I glour and grane,
 I trymmill fa, ye will not trow; 20
 Ye brek my hairt, my bony ane!

To hie! quod fcho, and gaif ane gawf,
 Be still my cowffyne and my cawf,
 My new spaind howphyn fra the fowk,
 And all the blythnes of my bowk; 25 Fol. 104. a.
 My fweit fwanky, faif yow allane,
 Na leid I luvit all this owk;
 Fow leis me that graceles gane.

Qo^t he, My claver, my curledoddy,
 My hony foppis, my fweit poffoddy, 30
 Be nocht our buftious to your billie,
 Be warme hartit and nocht illwillie;
 Your halfs, quhyt as quhalis bane,
 Garfs ryfs on loft my quhillylillie;
 Ye brek my hairt, my bony ane! 35

Qo^t fcho, My clip, my vnspaynd jyane,
 With mvderis milk yit in your michane,
 My belly huddroun, my fweit hurle bawfy,
 My honygukkis, my flafy gawfy;
 Your mvfing wald perfs ane hairt of ftane, 40
 Sa tak gud confort, my gritheidit gawfy;
 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, 45
 My tirly mirly, my towdy mowdy;
 Quhen that our mowthis dois meit at ane,
 My ftang dois torkin with your towdy;
 Ye brek my hairt, my bony ane.

Qo^t fcho, Tak me by the hand, 50
 Wylcum! my golk of maryland,
 My chirry and my maikles mynyeoun,

My fucker fweit as ony vnyeoun,
 My strummill stirk, yit new to spane,
 I am applyid to your opinyoun; 55
 Fow leis me that graceles gane.

He gaif till hir ane appill ruby;
 Gramercy! quod scho, my fweit cowhuby.
 Syne tha twa till ane play began,
 Quhilk that thay call the dirrydan; 60
 Quhill bayth thair bewis did meit in ane.
 Fow wo! quod scho, quhair will ye, man?
 Full leis me that graceles gane.

*Finis etc. quod Clerk.*¹

CXVII.

*Heir followis the Cursing of S^r Johine Rowlis
 vpon the Steilaris of his Fowelis.* Fol. 104. b.

DEVYNE power of nichtis maift;
 Of Fadir, Sone and Haly Ghait;
 Jesu Chryft and his appostillis;
 Petir, Paule, and his discipillis;
 And all the power vndir God; 5
 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, 10
 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 S^r Johine Rowlis,
 With caponis, henis and vthir fowlis;
 Baith the halderis and conceilaris, 15
 Reffettaris and the preve steilaris;
 And he that faulis faifis and dammis
 Beceich¹ the devill thair guttis and gammis,
 Thair tounge, thair teith, thair handis, thair feit,
 And all thair body haill compleit; 20
 That brak his yaird and ftall his frutt,
 And raif his erbis vp be the rute,
 His quhejt, his aitiss, his peiffis, his beir,
 In ftowk, or ftak, to do him deir;
 In barne, in houffs, in kill, or mill, 25
 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, 30
 Kirland hay, or gerfs to awaill
 Be thair fupport, bed, or counfall.
 Now curffit and wareit be thair werd,
 Quhill thay be levand on this erd;
 Hungir, fturt and tribulatioun, 35
 And nevir to be without vexatioun,
 Of vengance, forrow, fturt and² cair;
 Gracelefs, thirtles and threid bair;
 All tymes in thair legafie,
 Fyre, fword, watter and woddie, 40
 Or ane of thir infirmeteis;
 Off warldly fcherp aduerfeteis, Fol. 105. a
 Pouertie, peftilence or poplecy,
 Dum deif or edropofy,
 Maigram, madnefs or miffilry, 45
 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, feiftir or feveris,
 Brukis, bylis, blobbis and bleiftiris, 50
 Emeroidefe or the fair halves,
 The pokkis, the fpaving in the halves,
 The panefull gravell and the gutt,
 The gulfoch that thay nevir be but
 Seattica and arrattica, 55
 The cruke, the cramp, the colica,
 The worme, the wareit wedonynpha,¹
 Rumburfin, rippllis or bellythra,
 The choikis that haldis the chaftis fra chowing,
 Golkgaliter at the hairt growing, 60
 The ftane wring, ftane and ftane blind,
 The bernebed and morbehind,
 The stranyelour and grit glengoir,
 The harchatt in the lippis befoir,
 The mowlis and thair fleip the mair, 65
 The kanker and the kattair
 Mott fall vpoun thair kankart corfs,
 With all the evill that evir had horfs,
 Fifche, fowll, beift or man,
 In erd fen firft the warld began, 70
 Till thay remember or thay de,
 Repentand thair iniquitie,
 And draw thair inclinatioun
 Fra ftowth to contemplatioun,
 Fra feyndis fell fubieftioun 75
 To haly kirkis correctioun.
 Sua thay mak plane confeffioun
 Thair gud will and contritioun,
 Confessand thame to thair curatt,
 That in thair hairtis is evill indurat. 80
 Na vthir preift hes power, nor freir,
 And thay that daly will perfeveir,

¹ Or *wedonynpha*.

Nocht dreidand God in work nor word,
Nor yit of haly kirk the fuord;
Bot in thair curfit and finfull wayis, 85
Levand and dryvand our thair dayis,
Nor ask God mercy nor repent,
Than this falbe thair sacrament. Fol. 105. b.
Fra God, our Lady and all thair hallowis
To the feynd thair faulis, thair craig the gallowis 90
I gif, and Cerberus thair banis fall know,
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, 95
 Julius appoftata,
Prince Pluto and Quene Cokatrice,
Devetinus the devill that maid the dyce,
Cokadame and Semiamis,
Fyremouth and Tutivillus, 100
And Brownyn als that can play kow
Behind the claith, with mony mow.
All thir about the beir falbe,
Singand ane dolorus dergie,
And vthiris devillis thair falbe fene, 105
Als thik as mot in sonis beme.
Thair fall thay kary in thair clukis,
Sum libberlais and sum hell crukis,
Sum with Kamis and sum with Kardis,
Sum with quhippis of leddrin tardis, 110
Sum with clubbis and mellis of leid,
Sum with brandrathis birnand reid,
Sum with rumpillis lyk a skait,
And geifs and caponis roffit hait,
That falbe lafchit on thair lippis. 115
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; 120
 For thow art he and thow art scho
 That Rowlis blak Robene put in bro,
 And thow art scho that ftall the hen,
 And put hir in the pot thair ben.
 Lo! this is he that with his hairt 125
 Wald nevir gif the vicar his pairt,
 Bot ay abowt for to diffaif
 The haly kirk that it fowld haif."
 Than ruffy Tarker with his flail
 Sall beit thame all fra top to taill; 130
 And ruffy Ragmen with his taggis
 Sall ryfe thair sinfull faule in raggis;
 And quhen the devillis hes thame tirvit,
 All thair faulis falbe transformit;
 Sum in bichis and fum in beiris, 135
 Sum in mylis and fum in meiris,
 Aganis the scalour that thay wer in,
 For vengeance of thair deidly sin,
 To ryd and tak possessioun,
 Throw all hell vp and doun, 140
 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 145
 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 perpetually,
 For to remane in mefary. 150
 Deip Acheron your faulis invoid,
 Als blak, as ruch as ony taid:

Swaikis, ferpentis and edderis
 Mott stuf your bellyis and your bledderis,
 In hellis hoill quhair nevir is licht, 155
 Nor nevir is day bot evir nicht;
 Quhair nevir is joy evin and morrow,
 Bot endles pane, dule and forrow;
 Quhair nevir is petie nor concord,
 Nor amitie bot discord, 160
 Malice, rancour and invy,
 With magry and malancoly.”
 Than fra the sentence be on thame said,
 Grit Baliaall fall gif a braid,
 And bakwart leip vpoun a beir, 165
 Sum on ane mvle, sum on a meir,
 Sum on wolffis and sum on wichis,
 Sum on brodfowis, sum on bichis.
 Than is thair nocht bot sadill and brydill,
 Thir outtit meiris hes lang gane ydill; 170
 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, 175
 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, 180
 That all the court of hevin may knaw
 Thay war the thevis that Rowlis geifs staw.
 For quhy! grit God, our hieft juge,
 He gais decreit but refuge,
 That all pykaris of pultre 185
 Gais nocht to hevin bot thay fall fle
 To hell without redemptioun,

Quhair is no remiffioun.
 The forme of thir vgly devillis,
 Thay hafe lang tailis on thair heilis, 190
 And rumpillis hingand on thair tailis,¹
 Dragoun heidis and warwolf nalis,
 With glowrane evne as glitterand glafs,
 With bowgillis and hornis maid of brafs,
 And dyverfs facis repleit with yre 195
 Spowand vemmen and sparkis of fyre;
 And fum with teith and tegir tungis,
 Attour thair chin with bludy dungis,² Fol. 106. b.
 Spottit and sprinklit vp and doun,
 Reid attray lyk a fcorpion. 200
 And fum ar smeith and fum ar ruch,
 And fum ar lyk ane ferpentis fluch,
 With prik mule eiris fum ar lyk
 Thair eiris neifs ar lyk ane midding tyk,
 With gaipand mowth richt yaip to fwelly 205
 The mair the lefs devill in his belly.
 Of thair fowle fegouris na man can tell,
 Thocht thay wer fevin yeiris in hell,
 To leir to paynt portour or blasoun,
 Thair forme and thayr feyndly fassoun 210
 Thair vgfum horribiliteis;
 Nor yit na that fchaipis with fcheiris
 Thocht infineit he be of yeiris
 Maift principaly to fchaip thair graith
 In hell for steiling heir of claith 215
 Can conterfit nor mak it meit
 Ane gabart for a deill compleit,
 And yit in hell ar mony ane
 That faid thai war als trew as ftane.
 Gif thair be ony in this houfs, 220
 That beiris the nedill gorrit the lowfs,
 I thame befeik 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 feik the caufs and leif the deid,
 And blame the scheiris that raif the skreid; 225
 And quha that steilis and on stowth levis,
 Curfit mot thay be amang thir thevis.
 Now to the effect ga will I,
 And speik of feyndis phantefy,
 In court nocht with the Quene of Fary, 230
 But heltaris, heidtailis, fonkis or fadillis,
 But butis or spurris, crukis¹ or ladillis,
 With full berdis blafand in the wind,
 And hett speitis in thair tail behind.
 Than infar Tasy with his jaggis, 235
 And belly Baffy with his baggis,
 At hellis yettis fall mak sic reirding
 On thir steilaris of geifs fall ding,
 That it beis hard in middilerd
 Tha grit flappis with sic faird. 240
 Thunder blastis and fyre fall blaw,
 That na devill may ane vthir knaw
 For reik stynk and bryntftane birnand,
 Devillis yelpand, gaipand and girnand;
 Than fall bla Baliall gif ane brattill, 245
 And all the thevis in Hell fall stattill.²
 Lyk to ane gaid of yrne or steill,
 That doun war sinkand in ane weell,
 Sa fall thay ga to endles pane,
 And nevir to cum hame agane. 250
 Now, Jesu! for thy passiou, n,
 That deit for our redemptioun,
 Of mankynd haif mercy sone.
 Latt nevir this sentence fall thame vpone,
 Bot grant thame grace ay till forbeir 255
 Refsett or stowth of vthir menis geir;
 And als agane the geir restoir

¹ MS. repeats *crukis*. ² Possibly *stattill*.

Till Rowle, as I hafe said befor;
 And to repent thay may in tyme,
 Pray we to God. Thus endis the ryme. 260
 This tragedy is callit, but dreid,
 Rowlis curfing, quha will it reid?

Finis quod Rowll.

CXVIII.

Quhy fowld 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 fowld nocht Allane honorit be? 5

His fostir faider fure of the toun,
 To viffy Allane he maid him boun;
 He saw him lyane, allace! in fwoun,
 For falt of help, and lyk to de:
 Quhy fowld nocht Allane honorit be? 10

Thay saw his heid begin to ryfe,
 Syne for ane nvreifs thay fend belyfe,
 Quha brocht with hir fyfty and fyve
 Of men of war full prevely:
 Quhy fowld nocht Allane honorit be? 15

Thay rufchit 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 fowld nocht Allane honorit be? 20

Thay brocht him invart in the land,
Syne every freynd maid him his band,
Quhill thay nicht owdir gang or stand,
Nevir ane fute fra him to fle:
Quhy fowld nocht Allane honorit be? 25

The gritteft cowart in this land,
Fra he with Allane entir in band,
Thocht he may nowdir gang nor stand,
Yit fowrty fall nocht gar him fle:
Quhy fowld nocht Allane honorit be? 30

Schir Allanis hewmond is ane cop,
With ane fege feddir in his top;
Fra hand till hand fo dois he hop,
Quhill fum may nowdir speik nor fe:
Quhy fold nocht Allane honorit be? 35

In Yule, quhen ilk man fingis his carrell,
Gud Allane lysis in to ane barrell;
Quhen he is thair, he dows no parrell
To cum on him be land or fe:
Quhy fowld nocht Allane honorit be? 40

Yit wes thair nevir fa gay a gallane,
Fra he meit with our maiftir Schir Allane,
Bot gif he hald him by the hallane,
Bak wart on the flure fallis he:
Quhy fowld nocht Allane honorit be? 45

My maiftir Allane grew fo stark,
Quhill he maid mony cunning clerk,
Vpoun thair faifs he fettis his mark,

I. THAT IN HEILL WES AND GLAIDNESS.

A blud reid noifs befyd thair e:
 Quhy fowld nocht Allane honorit be? 50

My maiftir Allane I may fair curfs,
 He levis no mony in my purfs,
 At his command I mon deburfs
 Moir nor the twa pairt of my fe:
 Quhy fowld nocht Allane honorit be? 55

And laft, of Allane to conclude,
 He is bening, courtafs and gude,
 And fervis ws of our daly fvde,
 And that with liberalitie:
 Quhy fowld nocht Allane honorit be? 60

Finis quod Allane Matfonis fuddartis.

[A folio of the MS., 108, feems to be miffing here.]

CXIX.

[*I, that in Heill wes and Glaidnefs.*]

I THAT in heill wes and glaidnefs, Fol. 109.a.
 ,Am trublit now with grit feiknefs,
 And feblit with infirmitie:
 Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

Our plefans heir is all vane glory, 5
 This fals warld is bot tranfitory,
 The flefche is brukle, the Feynd¹ is fle:
 Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

The ftait of man dois change and vary,
 Now found, now feik, now blyth, now fary, 10

¹ MS. has *Feyind*.

Now danfand mirry, now lyk to die:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

No stait in Erd heir standis ficker;
As with the wind wavis the wicker,
So wannis this warldis vanitie: 15
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, 20

He taikis the knyghtis in to the feild,
Enarmit vndir helme and scheid;
Victor he is at all mellie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

That strang, vnvynfable tirrand 25
Takis on the muderis breift fowkand
The bab, full of benignitie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

He taikis the campioun in the stour,
The captane clofit in the tour, 30
The lady in bour full of bewtie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

He spairis no lord for his pifcens,
Nor clerk for his intelligens;
His awfull straik may no man fle: 35
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

Art, magicianis and astrologis,
Rethoris, logicianis and theologis,
Thame helpis no conclusioonis fle:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me. 40

In madecyne the moft practitianis,
 Leichis, furrigianis and phecicianis,
 Thame felf fra Deth ma nocht fupple;
 Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

I fe the makkaris amangis the laif 45
 Playis heir thair padyanis, fyne gois to graif;
 Sparit is nocht thair facultie: Fol. 109. b.
 Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes done petoufflie devoir
 The noble Chawfer of makaris flour, 50
 The Munk of Berry, and Gowyir, all thre:
 Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

The gud Schir Hew of Eglington,
 Ettrik, Heriot, and Wintoun,
 He hes tane out of this cuntre: 55
 Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

That fkorpioun fell hes done infek
 Maifter Johine Clerk and James Afflek,
 Fra ballat makking and tragedy:
 Tymor Mortis conturbat me. 60

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, 65
 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 fchot of mortall haill, 70

Quhilk Patrik Johinfoun mycht nocht fie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes reft Merfar his indyte,
That did in luve so lyfly wryte,
So schort, so quick, of fentens hie: 75
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. 80

In Dumfarmeling he hes tane Broun,
With gud Maiftir Robert Henryfoun;
Schir Johine the Rofs imbraift hes hie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

And he hes now tane, laft of aw,
Gud gentill Stobo and Quintene Schaw, 85
Of quhome all wichtis hes pitie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

And Maiftir Walter Kennedy
In poyntt of deth lysis verely,
Grit rewth it wer that so fuld be: 90
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

Sen he hes all my brether tane,
He will nocht lat me leif allane,
On forfs I mon his nixt pray be: 95 Fol. 110. a.
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

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. 100

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 saw baith Hevin and Hell:
 Me thocht, amangis the feyndis fell, 5
 Mahoun gart cry ane dance
 Off schrewis that wer nevir schrevin,
 Aganis the feift of Fafternis evin,
 To mak thair obfervance;
 He bad gallandis ga graith a gyifs, 10
 And kaft vp gamountis in the fkyifs,
 That laft came out of France.

Lat fe, quod he, Now quha begynnis;
 With that the fowll Sevin Deidly Synnis
 Begowth to leip at anis. 15

Pryd. And firft of all in dance wes Pryd,
 With bair wyld bak and bonet on fyd,
 Lyk to mak vaiftie wanis;
 And round about him, as a quheill,
 Hang all in rumpillis to the heill 20
 His kethat for the nanis:
 Mony proud trumpour with him trippit
 Throw skaldand fyre, ay as thay fkipplit
 Thay gyrnd with hiddoufs granis.

Heilie harlottis on hawtane wyifs 25
 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 Bawfy Brown. 30

Yre. Than Yre come in with sturt and stryfe :
His hand wes ay vpoun his knyfe,
He brandeift lyk a beir :
Boftaris, braggaris, and barganeris,
Eftir him paffit in to pairis, 35
All bodin in feir of weir ;
In jakkis, and fcruppyis¹ and bonettis of fteill,
Thair leggis wer chenyeit to the heill,
Frawart wes thair affeir : Fol. 110. b.
Sum vpoun vdir with brandis beft, 40
Sum jaggit vthiris to the heft,
With knyvis that fcherp coud fcheir.

Invy. Nixt in the dance followit Invy,
Fild full of feid and felony,
Hid malyce and difpyte; 45
For pryvie hatrent that tratour trymlit.
Him followit mony freik diffymlit,
With fenyeit wurdis quhyte;
And flattereris in to menis facis;
And bakbyttaris of findry racis, 50
To ley that had delyte;
And rownaris of fals lefingis;
Allace! that courtis of noble kingis
Of thame can nevir be quyte.

Auaryce. Nixt him in dans come Cuvatyce, 55
Rute of all evill and grund of vyce,
That nevir coud be content;
Catyvis, wrechis and olkeraris,
Hud pykis, hurdaris and gadderaris,
All with that warlo went: 60

¹ May be read *stryppis*.

- Out of thair throttis thay fchot on vdder
 Hett moltin gold, me thocht a fudder,
 As fyreflawcht maift fervent;
 Ay as thay tomit thame of fchot,
 Feyndis fild thame new vp to the thrott
 With gold of allkin prent. 65
- Sweirnes. Syne Sweirnes, at the fecound bidding,
 Come lyk a fow out of a midding,
 Full flepy wes his grunyie:
 Mony fweir bumbard belly huddroun,
 Mony flute daw and flepy duddroun. 70
 Him ferwit ay with founyie;
 He drew thame furth in till a chenye,
 And Belliall, with a brydill renyie,
 Evir lascht thame on the lunnyie: 75
 In dance thay war fo flaw of feit,
 Thay gaif thame in the fyre a heit,
 And maid thame quicker of counyie.
- Lichery. Than Lichery, that lathly corfs,
 Berand lyk a bagit horfs, 80
 And Ydilnefs did him leid;
 Thair wes with him ane vgly fort,
 And mony ftynkand fowll tramort,
 That had in fyn bene deid.
 Quhen thay wer entrit in the dance, 85 Fol. III. a.
 Thay wer full ftrenge of countenance,
 Lyk turkafs birnand reid;
 All led thay vthir by the terfis,
 Suppoifs thay fycket with thair erfis,
 It mycht¹ be na remeid. 90
- Gluttony. Than the fowll monftir Gluttony,
 Off wame vnfaifable and gredy,

¹ MS. has *mycht*.

To dance he did him drefs:
 Him followit mony fowll drunckart,
 With can and collep, cop and quart, 95
 In fuffet and excefs;
 Full mony a waiftlefs wallydrag,
 With wamifs vnweildable, did furth wag,
 In creifche that did increfs:
 Drynk! ay thay cryit, with mony a gaip, 100
 The feyndis gaif thame hait leid to laip,
 Thair lovery wes na lefs.

Na menstrallis playit to thame but dowl,
 For glemen thair wer haldin owt,
 Be day, and eik by nycht; 105
 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, 110
 Far north wart in a nuke;
 Be he the correnoch had done fchout,
 Erfchemen fo gadderit him abowt,
 In Hell grit rowme thay tuke.
 Thae tarmegantis, with tag and tatter, 115
 Full lowd in Erfche begowth to clatter,
 And rowp lyk revin and ruke:
 The Devill fa devit wes with thair yell,
 That in the depeft pot of Hell
 He fmorit thame with fmvke. 120

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, 5
 The barrefs wes maid boun.
 The tailyeour, baith with speir and fcheild,
 Convoyit wes vnto the feild,
 With mony lymmar loun,
 Off feme byttaris and beift knapparais, 10 Fol. III. b.
 Off stomok steillaris and clayth takkaris,
 A gracelefs garifoun.

 His baner born wes him befoir,
 Quhairin wes clowttis ane hundreth fcoir,
 Ilk ane of diuerfs hew; 15
 And all ftovin out of findry webbis,
 For, quhill the Greik fie flowis and ebbis,
 Telyouris will nevir be trew.
 The tailyour on the barrowis blent,
 Allais! he tynt all hardyment, 20
 For feir he chaingit hew:
 Mahoun come furth and maid him knycht,
 Na ferly thocht his hart wes licht,
 That to sic honor grew.

 The tailyeour hecht hely befoir Mahoun, 25
 That he fuld ding the fowtar doun,
 Thocht he wer strang as maft;
 Bot quhen he on the barrowis blenkit,
 The telyouris hairt a littill schrenkit,

His hairt did all ourcast. 30
 Quhen to the fowtar he did cum,
 Off all sic wurdis he wes full dum,
 So foir he wes agaft;
 In harte he take yit sic ane scunnir,
 Ane rak of fartis lyk ony thunner, 35
 Went fra him, blaft for blaft.

The fowtar to the feild him drest,
 He wes convoyid out of the west,
 As ane defender stout:
 Suppoifs he had na lusty varlot, 40
 He had full mony lowfy harlott,
 Round rynnand him aboute.
 His baner wes of barkit hyd,
 Quhairin Sanct Girnega did glyd,
 Befoir that rebald rowt: 45
 Full fowttarlyk he wes of laitis,
 For ay betuix the harnes plaitis
 The vly birflit out.

Quhen on the telyour he did luke,
 His hairt a littill dwamyng take, 50
 He mycht nocht rycht vpfit;
 In to his stommok wes sic ane steir,
 Off all his dennar quhilk he coft deir
 His breift held deill a bitt. Fol. 112. a.
 To comfort him, or he raid forder, 55
 The Devill off knyghtheid gaif him order;
 For fair syne he did spitt;
 And he about the Devillis nek
 Did spew agane ane quart of blek,
 Thus knyghtly he him quitt. 60

Than forty tymis the Feynd cryd, Fy!
 The fowtar rycht effeirtily

Vnto the feild he focht:
 Quhen thay wer ferwit of thair speiris,
 Folk had ane feill be thair effeiris, 65
 Thair hairtis wer baith on flocht.
 Thay spurrit thair horfs on adir fyd,
 Syne thay attour the grund coud glyd,
 Than thame togidder brocht;
 The tailyeour that wes nocht weill fittin, 70
 He left his fadill all beschittin,
 And to the grund he focht.

His harnafs brak and maid ane brattill,
 The fowtaris horfs scart with the rattill,
 And round about coud reill; 75
 The beift that frayit wes rycht evill,
 Ran with the fowtar to the Devill,
 And he rewardit him weill.
 Sum thing frome him the Feynd efchewit,
 He went agane to bene bespewit, 80
 So stern he wes in steill:
 He thocht he wald agane debait him,
 He turnd his ers and all bedret him,
 Evin quyte from nek till heill.

He lowfit it of with sic a reird, 85
 Baith horfs and man he fraik till cird,
 He fartit with sic ane feir;
 "Now haif I quittit the," quod Mahoun;
 Thir new maid knychtis lay bayth in fwoun,
 And did all armes mensweir. 90
 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, 95
 Nor ony armes beir.

I had mair of thair werkis writtin, Fol. 112. b.
 Had nocht the fowtar bene beſchittin,
 With Belliallis erfs vnblift;
 Bot that fa gud ane bourd me thoct, 100
 Sic folace to my hairt it rocht,
 For lawchtir neir I brift;
 Quhairthrow I walknit of my trance.
 To put this in remembrance,
 Mycht no man me reſiſt, 105
 For this ſaid juſting it befell
 Befoir Mahoun, the air of hell:
 Now trow thifs gif ye liſt.

Heir endis the¹ fowtar 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 fayand on hie,
 Telyouris and Sowtaris, bliſt be ye.

In Hevin hie ordand is your place, 5
 Aboif all fanctis in grit folace,
 Nixt God, gritteſt in dignitie:
 Tailyouris and Sowtaris, bliſt be ye.

The caufs to yow is nocht vnkend,
 That God miſmakkis ye do amend, 10

¹ The words *inſling and the war* deleted in MS.

Be craft and grit agilitie:
Tailyouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Sowtaris, with schone weill maid and meit,
Ye mend the faltis of illmaid feit,
Quhairfoir to Hevin your faulis will fle; 15
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. 20

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, 25
Ye can him all schaip new agane,
And fassoun him bettir be sic thre:
Telyouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Thocht a man haif a brokin bak, Fol. 113. a.
Haif he a gude crafty telyour, quhattrak, 30
That can it caver with craftis slic:
Telyouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Off God grit kyndnes may ye clame,
That helpis his peple fra cruke and lame,
Supportand faltis with your supple: 35
Tailyouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

In Erd ye kyth sic mirakillis heir,
In Hevin ye falbe sanctis full cleir,

Thocht ye be knavis in this cuntre:
Telyouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye. 40

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 fend,
Quhen catyvis fall haif cair;
Thairfoir pretend weill for to spend 5
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 schein at heid and feit, 10
For all his wreke 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! 15
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 haifs:
With ane O, and ane I, quhill we haif tyme and space, 20
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, 25
 For dule thay fuld be dround;
 Quha findis ane dring, owdir auld or ying,
 Gar hoy him owt and hound.
 Now lat ws sing with Chryftis bliffing,
 Be glaid and mak gude found: 30
 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 fuld haif his gude,
 Or he wer clofd in clay; 35
 Sum in thair mude thay wald go wid,
 And de lang or thair day;
 Nocht wirth ane hude, or ane auld fnvd,
 Thow fall beir hyne away;
 Wreche! be the Rude, for to conclude, 40
 Full few will for the pray:
 With ane O, and ane I, gud fallowis quhill we may,
 Be mirry and fre, fyne blyth we be,
 And sing on twa and tway.

Quod Johne Blyth.

CXXIV.

[*Sanct Saluatour! send siluer Sorrow.*]

SANCT Saluatour! fend filuer forrow;
 It grevis me both evin and morrow,
 Chafing fra me all cheritie;

It makis me all blythnefs to borrow;
My panefull purfs fo priclifs me. 5

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 purfs fo prikillis me. 1

Quhen I fett me to fing or dance,
Or go to plesand pastance,
Than panfing of penuritie
Revis that fra my remembrance;
My panefull purfs fo prikillis me. 15

Quhen men that hes purffis in tone,
Passis to drynk or to difione,
Than mon I keip ane grauetie,
And fay, that I will fast quhill none;
My panefull purfs fo priclifs me. 20

My purfs is maid of sic ane skyn,
Thair will na corfs byd it within;
Fra it as fra the Feynd thay fle,
Quha evir tyne, quha evir win;
My panefull purfs fo priclifs me. 25

Had I ane man of ony natioun
Culd mak on it ane coniuratioun,
To gar filuer ay in it be,
The Devill fuld haif no dominatioun,
With pyne to gar it prickill me. Fol. 114, a
30

I haif inquiryt in mony a place,
For help and confort in this cace,
And all men fayis, My Lord, that ye

Can best remeid for this malice,
That with sic panis prickillis me. 35

Quod Dumbar to the King.

CXXV.

[*Listis Lordis, I fall yow tell.*]

LISTIS lordis, I fall yow tell
 LOff ane verry grit mervell,
 Off Lord Fergus gair,
 How mekle Schir Andro it cheft
 Vnto Beittokis bour, 5
 The filly fawle to succour:
 And he hes writtin vnto me,
 Auld storeifs for to se,
 Gif it appinis him to meit,
 How he fall coniuere the spreit: 10
 And I haif red mony quarfs,
 Bath the Donet, and Dominus que parfs;
 Ryme maid, and als reiddin,
 Baith Inglis and Latene:
 And ane ftory haif I to reid 15
 Passis Bonitatem in the creid.
 To coniuere the littill gairt ye mon haif
 Off tod tailis ten thraif,
 And kast the grit haly watter,
 With pater nofter, patter patter; 20
 And ye man sitt in ane compafs,
 And cry, Harbert tuthlefs,
 Drug thow and thifs draw,

And sitt thair quhill cok craw.
 The compafs mon hallowit be 25
 With Aspergis me Domine;
 The haly writt schawis als
 Thair man be hung abowt your hals,
 Pricket in ane woll poik,
 Off neifs powder ane grit loik. 30
 Thir thingis mon ye beir,
 Brynt in ane doggis eir,
 Ane pluche, ane paiddill, and ane palme corfs,
 Thre tuskis of ane awld deid horfs,
 And of ane yallow wob the warp, 35
 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 fow,
 And ane bait of blew wow, 40
 Ane botene, and ane brechame,
 And ane quhorle maid of lame,
 To luke owt at the littill boir,
 And cry, Chryftis crofs! yow befoir.
 And quhen ye fe the littill gaift 45
 Cumand to yow in all haift,
 Cry lowd, Chryfte eleifone!
 And speir quhat law it levis on?
 And gif it sayis on Godis ley,
 Than to the littill gaift ye fay, 50
 With brede benedicitie;
 Littill gaift, I coniure the,
 With lerie and larie,
 Bayth fra God, and Sanct Marie,
 Firlt with ane fifschis mowth, 55
 And fyne with ane fowlis towth,
 With ten pertane tais,
 And nyne knokis of windil ftrais,

With thre heidis of curle doddy;
 And bid the gaift turn in a boddy. 60
 Than eftir this coniuratioun,
 The littill gaift will fall in foun,
 And thaireftir doun ly,
 Cryand mercy petoufly;
 Than with your left heill it fane, 65
 And it will nevir cum agane.
 Als mekle as ane mige amaift,
 He had ane littill rod leg,
 And it wes cant as ony cleg,
 It wes wynd in ane wyndinfcheit, 70
 Baythe the handis and the feit.
 Suppois this gaift wes littill
 Yit it ftall Godis quhittill;
 It ftall fra peteoufs Abrahamme,
 Ane quhorle and ane quhum quhame; 75
 It ftall fra the carle of the mone
 Ane pair of auld yrn fchone;
 It ran to Pencaitlane,
 And wirreit ane auld chaplane.
 This littill gaste did na mair ill, 80
 Bot klok lyk a corne myll;
 And it wald play and hop
 Aboutt the heid ane ftre ftrop; 85
 And it wald fng and it wald dance
 Oure fute, and Orliance.
 Quha coniurit the littill gaste, fa ye?
 Nane bot the littill Spenyie fle,
 That with hir wit and ingyne,
 Gart the gaift leif agane;
 And fyne marcid the gaift the fle, 90
 And cround him kyng of Kandelie;
 And thay gat thame betwene,
 Orpheus king and Elpha quene.

To reid quha will this gentill geift,
 Ye hard it nocht at Cokilbys feift. 95

Explicitus.

CXXVI.

*Followis how Dumbar wes desyrd to be
 ane Freir.*

THIS nycht befor the dawning cleir,
 Me thocht Sanct Francis did to me appeir,
 With ane religioufs abbeit in his hand,
 And said, In this go cleith the my serwand;
 Reffufs the warld, for thow mon be a freir. 5

With him and with his abbeit bayth I skarrit,
 Lyk to ane man that with a gaift wes marrit:
 Me thocht on bed he layid it me abone,
 Bot on the flure delyuerly and fone
 I lap thairfra, and nevir wald cum nar it. 10

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. 15

Quod I, Sanct Francis, loving be the till,
 And thankit mot thow be of thy gude will
 To me, that of thy clayis ar fo kynd;
 Bot thame to weir it nevir come in my mynd;
 Sweit Confessour, thow tak it nocht in ill. 20

In haly legendis haif I hard alleuin,
 Ma sanctis of bishoppis, nor freiris, be sic fevin;
 Off full few freiris that hes bene sanctis I reid;
 Quhairfoir ga bring to me ane bishopis weid, Fol. 115. b.
 Gife evir thow wald my fawle gaid vnto Hevin. 25

My brethir oft hes maid the supplicationis,
 Be epistillis, sermonis, and relationis,
 To tak the abyte, bot thow did postpone;
 But ony procefs, cum on thairfoir annone,
 All circumstance put by and excufationis. 30

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. 35

In freiris weid full fairly haif I fleichit,
 In it haif I in pulpet gon and preichit
 In Derntoun kirk, and eik in Canterbury;
 In it I past at Dover our the ferry
 Throw Piccardy, and thair the peple teichit. 40

Als lang as I did beir the freiris style,
 In me, God wait, wes mony wrink and wyle;
 In me wes falsset with every wicht to flatter,
 Quhillk mycht be flemit with na haly watter;
 I wes ay reddy all men to begyle. 45

This freir that did Sanct Francis thair appeir,
 Ane seind he wes in liknes of ane freir;
 He vaneist away with stynk and fyrie smowk;
 With him me thocht all the houfhend he towk,
 And I awoik as wy that wes in weir. 50

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 degeft;
 And quhen I haif my mynd all socht,
 For to be blyth me think it best.

5

This warld dois evir fleit and vary,
 Fortoun fa fast hir quheill dois kary;
 Na tyme bot turne can tak rest,
 For quhais fals change¹

CXXVIII.

[*He that hes Gold and grit Richefs.*]

HE that hes gold and grit richefs,
 And may be into mirrynefs,
 And dois glaidnefs fra him expell,
 And levis in to wrechitnefs,
 He wirkis sorrow to him fell.

Fol. 116. a.

5

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 fell.

10

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 schuttis fyne at ane vncow fchell,
 And is forfairn with the fleis of Spenyie,
 He wirkis forrow to him fell. 15

And he that with gud lyfe and trewth,
 But varians or vder flewth,
 Dois evir mair with ane maifter dwell,
 That neur of him will haif no rewth,
 He wirkis forrow to him fell. 20

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. 25

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, 5
 And wald haif riddin hir lyk ane rame:
 And that me thoct ane ferly cace.

He braifit hir bony body fweit,
 And halfit hir with fordir feit;
 Syne schuk his taill, with quhinge and yelp, 10
 And todlit with hir lyk ane quhelp;
 Syne lowrit on growfe and alkit grace;
 And ay the lame cryd, Lady, help!
 And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

The tod wes nowder lene nor skowry, 15
 He wes ane lufty reid haird lowry,
 Ane lang taid beift and grit with all;
 The filly lame wes all to small
 To sic ane tribbill to hald ane bace:
 Scho fled him nocht; fair mot hir fall! 20
 And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

The tod wes reid, the lame wes quhyte, Fol. 116. b.
 Scho wes ane morfall of delyte;
 He lovit na yowis auld, twch and sklender:
 Becaus this lame wes yung and tender, 25
 He ran vpoun hir with a race,
 And scho schup nevir for till defend hir:
 And thifs me thocht ane ferly cace.

He grippit hir abowt the weft,
 And handlit hir as he had heft; 30
 This innocent that nevir trespassit,
 Tuke hert that scho wes handlit fast,
 And lute him kifs hir lufty face;
 His girmand gamis hir nocht agaft:
 And that me thocht ane ferly cace. 35

He held him till hir be the hals,
 And fpak full fair thocht he wes fals;

Syne faid and fwoir to hir be God,
 That he fuld nocht twich hir prenecod;
 The filly thing trowd him, allace! 40
 The lame gaif credence to the tod:
 And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

I will no lefingis put in verfs,
 Lyk as thir jangleris dois reherfs,
 Bot be quhat maner thay war mard, 45
 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 maift far, 50
 Sone cumis wo or thay be war;
 Quhen carpand wer thir two moft crowfs,
 The wolf he ombefett the houfs,
 Vpoun the tod to mak ane chace;
 The lamb than cheipit lyk a mowfs: 55
 And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

Throw hiddowis yowling of the wowf,
 This wylie tod plat doun on growf,
 And in the filly lambis skin,
 He crap als far as he nicht win, 60
 And hid him thair ane weill lang fpace;
 The yowis befyd 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 fleip; 65
 And quhill the tod had strikkin ten,
 The wowf hes drest him to his den,
 Proteftand for the fecound place:

And this report I with my pen,
How at Dumfermling fell the cace. 70

Quod Dumbar.

CXXX.

Ane Ballat of the fenyeit Freir of Tungland, how he Fol. 117.a.
fell in the Myre fcaand to Turkiland.

A S yung Awrora, with cristall haile,
In orient schew hir vifage paile,
A fwenyng fwyth did me affaile,
Off fonis of Sathanis feid ;
Me thocht a Turk of Tartary 5
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 flew, 10
And cled him in his abeit new,
For he cowth wryte and reid.
Quhen kend was his diffimvlance,
And all his curfit govirnance,
For feir he fled and come in France, 15
With littill of Lumbard leid.

To be a leiche he fenyt him thair,
Quhilk mony a man nicht rew evirmair ;
For he left nowthir feik nor fair
Vnflane, or he hyne yeid. 20

Vane organis he full clenely carvit,
 Quhen of his straik fo mony starvit,
 Dreid he had gottin that he defarvit,
 He fled away gud speid.

In Scotland than, the narrest way 25
 He come, his cunningg till affay ;
 To fum man thair it was no play
 The preving of his sciens.

In pottingry he wrocht grit pyne,
 He murdreift mony in medecyne; 30
 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, 35
 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. 40

He cowth gif cure for laxatyve;
 To gar a wicht hors want his lyve,
 Quha evir affay wald, man or wyve,
 Thair hippis yeid hiddy gidly.

His practikis nevir war put to preif, 45
 Bot fuddane deid, or grit mischeif;
 He had purgatioun to mak a theif
 To dee without a widdy.

Vnto no mefs preffit this prelat,
 For found of sacring bell nor skellat; 50
 As blakmyth bruikit was his pallatt,
 For battering at the study.

Thocht he come hame a new maid channoun,
He had dispenfit with matynnis channoun,
On him come nowthir stole nor fannoun, 55
For smowking of the fmydy.

Me thocht feir fassonis he affailyeit,
To mak the quinteffance, and failyeit;
And quhen he saw that nocht availyeit,
A fedrem on he tuke, 60
And schupe in Turkey for to fle;
And quhen that he did mont on he,
All fowill ferleit quhat he fowld be,
That evir did on him luke.

Sum held he had bene Dedalus, 65
Sum the Menatair marvelous,
Sum Mactis fmyth Wlcanus,
And sum Saturnus kuke.

And evir the cuschettis at him tuggit,
The rukis him rent, the ravynis him druggit, 70
The hudit crawis his hair furth ruggit,
The Hevin he nicht not bruke.

The myttane, and Sanct Martynis fowle,
Wend he had bene the hornit howle,
Thay fet avpone him with a yowle, 75Fol.118.a.
And gaif him dynt for dynt.

The golk, the gormaw, and the gled,
Best him with buffettis quhill he bled;
The sparhalk to the spring him sped,
Als fers as fyre of flynt. 80

The tarfall gaif him tug for tug,
A stanchell hang in ilka lug,
The pyot furth his pennis did rug,
The stork straik ay but flynt.

The biffart, biffy but rebuik, 85
 Scho was fo cleverus of hir clvik,
 His bawis he nicht not langer bruik,
 Scho held thame at ane hint.

Thik was the clud of kayis and crawis,
 Of marleyonis, mittanis, and of mawis, 90
 That bikkrit at his berd with blawis
 In battill him abowt.

Thay nybbillit him with noyis and cry,
 The rerd of thame raifs to the fky,
 And evir he cryit on Fortoun, Fy! 95
 His lyfe was in to dowt.

The ja him fkrippit with a fkryke,
 And fkornit him as it was lyk;
 The egill strong at him did ftryke,
 And rawcht him mony a rowt. 100
 For feir vncunnandly he cawkit,
 Quhill all his pennis war drownd and drawkit,
 He maid a hundreth nolt all hawkit
 Beneth him with a fpowt.

He fchewre his feddreme that was fchene, 105
 And flippit 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 monfter thame amang, 110
 Quhill all the pennis of it owfprang
 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 115
 In every fchaw befylde.

Had he reveild bene to the rwikis,
 Thay had him revin all with thair clwikis:
 Thre dayis in dub amang the dukis
 He did with dirt him hyde. Fol. 118. b.
120

The air was dirkit with the fowlis,
 That come with yawmeris and with yowlis,
 With fkryking, fkrymming and with fcowlis,
 To tak him in the tyde.
 I walknit with the noyis and schowte,
 So hiddowis beir was me abowte; 125
 Senfyne I curfs that cankerit rowte
 Quhair evir I go or ryde.

Finis quod Dumbar.

CXXXI.

*Ane littill Interlud of the Droichis Part of the
 [Play¹].*

HIRY, hary, hubbilschow!
 Se ye not quha is cum now,
 Bot yit wait I nevir how,
 With the quhirle wind?
 A fargeand out of Sowdown land, 5
 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, 10

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, 15
 And lycht as the lynd.

Quha is cum heir bot I,
 A bawld, bufteous bellomy,
 Amang yow all to cry a cry,
 With ane mighty foun? 20
 That generit am of gyanis kynd,
 Fra the strong Hercules be ftrynd,
 Off all the Occident and Ynd,
 My elderis wir the croun.

My foir grandschir, hecht Fyn Mackcowll, 25 Fol. 119. a.
 That dang the Devill and gart him yowll,
 The fkyis raird quhen he wald yowll,
 He trublit all the air:
 He gat my gudfchir Gog Magog;
 He, quhen he danfit, the warld wald fchog; 30
 Ten thowfand 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, 35
 His teith wes ten myle squair.
 He wald vpoun his tais vp fand,
 And tak the starnis doun with his hand,
 And fett thame in a gold garland
 Aboif his wyvis hair. 40

He had a wyf was mekle of clift,
 Hir heid wan heichar nor the lift;

The Hevin reirdit quhen fcho wald rift;
 The lafs was na thing sklendir:
 Scho fpatt Lochlomound with hir lippis; 45
 Thundir and fyreflawcht flaw fra hir hippis;
 Quhen fcho was crabbit the fone thold clippis;
 The Feynd durft nocht offend hir.

For cawld fcho tuke the fevir tartane,¹
 For all the claith in France and Bartane, 50
 Wald not be to hir leg a gartane,
 Thocht fcho was young and tendir;
 Vpoun a nicht heir in the north,
 Scho tuke the gravall and ftaild Craig Gorth,
 And pifchit the grit watter of Forth, 55
 Sic tyd ran eftir hend hir.

Yit ane thing writtin of hir I fynd,
 In Yrland quhen fcho blew behind,
 At Norway coift fcho raifit the wynd,
 And grit fchippis drownit thair. 60
 Scho fifchit all the Spanyie feyis,
 With hir fark lap betuix hir theyis;
 Thre dayis faling betuix hir kneysis
 It was eftemid and mair.

The hingand brayis on adir fyde 65 Fol. 119. b.
 Scho powtterit with hir lymmis wyde;
 Laffis nicht leir at hir to ftryde,
 Wald ga to luvaris lair.
 Scho markit to the land with mirth;
 Scho pifchit fyve quhailis in the Firth, 70
 That croppin war in hir geig for girth,
 Walterand amang the wair.

My fader, mekle Gow M^eMorne,
 Owt of his moderis wame was fchorne;

¹ May be read *cartane*.

For littilnes fcho was forlorne, 75
 Siche ane kemp to beir:
 Or he of aige was yeiris thre,
 He wald step over the occiane fie;
 The mone sprang nevir abone his kne,
 The hevins had of him feir. 80

Ane thowfand 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, 85
 And mony a bawld berne of Bartane,
 Ar deid and in the weiris ar flane,
 Sen I cowlde weild a speir.

Sophie and the Sowdown strang,
 With weiris that hes leftit lang, 90
 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 95
 Can nocht dwell baith perfyte.

Swadrik, Denmark, and Norraway,
 Nor in the Steiddis I dar nocht ga;
 Thair is nocht thair bot¹ and flae,
 Cutthroppillis and mak quyte. 100
 Yrland for evir I haif reffusit,
 All wyifmen will hald me excusit,
 For nevir in land quhair Eriche was vfit,
 To dwell had I dellyte.

I haif bene formeft evir in feild, 105 Fol. 120.a.
 And now fa lang I haif borne scheild,

¹ A word is evidently omitted here; Alloan MS. has *tak and flae*.

That I am crynit in for cild
 This littill, as ye may fie.
 I haif bene banest vndir the lynd
 This lang tyme, that nane cowld me fynd, 110
 Quhill now with this laft eiftin 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, 115
 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. 120

Now fen I am fuche quantetic
 Off gyanis cum, as ye may fie,
 Quhair wilbe gottin a wyfe to me
 Off siclyk breid and hicht?¹
 In all this boure is nocht a bryde 125
 Ane houre I wait dar me abyde,
 Yit trow ye ony heir besyde,
 Micht fuffir me all nicht.

Adow, fair weill! for now I go,
 Bot I will nocht lang byd yow fro; 130
 Chryft yow conserve fra every wo,
 Baith madin, wyf and man;
 God blifs thame, and the Haly Rude,
 Givis me a drink fa it be gude;
 And quha trowis best that I do lude, 135
 Skyнк first to me the can.

Finis off the Droichis Part of the Play.

¹ The next line *Yit quha wat gif ony heir besyde* has been deleted.

CXXXII.

The Wyf of Auchtirmwchty.

Fol. 120. b.

IN Auchtirmwchty 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.

5

He lowfit 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 elene,
 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.

10

15

Quboth he, Quhair is my horffis corne?
 My ox hes nathir hay nor stray;
 Dame, ye mon to the pluch to morne,
 I falbe huffy, 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 houfs baith in and owt.

20

Bot sen that ye will hufy fkep ken,
 First ye fall sift, and fyne fall kned;
 And ay as ye gang but and ben,
 Luk that the bairnis dryt not the bed.

25

Yeis lay ane soft wifp to the kill,
 We haif ane deir ferme on our heid ; 30
 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, 35
 And left the gudman bot the bledoch bair.
 Than in the mornyng vp scho gatt,
 And on hir hairt laid hir disiwne,
 Scho put alfmekle in hir lap,
 As nicht haif ferd thame baith at nwne. 40

Sayis, Jok, Will thow be maiftir of wark,
 And thow fall had and I fall kall ;
 Ife promeifs the ane gud new fark, Fol. 121. a.
 Athir of round claith or of small.
 Scho lowfit oxin aucht or nyne, 45
 And hynt ane gadstaff in hir hand ;
 And the gudman raifs eftir fyne,
 And saw the wyf had done command.

And cavd the gaislingis fwrth to feid,
 Thair was bot fevinfum of thame all, 50
 And by thair cumis the gredy gled,
 And likkit vp fyve, left him bot twa.
 Than owt he ran in all his mane,
 How fone he hard the gaislingis cry ;
 Bot than or he come in agane, 55
 The calfis brak lowfs and fowkit 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 buttock quhill that it bled. 60

Than hame he ran to ane rok of tow,
 And he fatt down to fay the spyning;
 I trow he lowtit our neir the low,
 Quod he, this wark hes ill begynning.

Than to the kyrn that he did stoure, 65
 And jwmlit at it quhill he swatt,
 Quhen he had jwmlit a full lang houre,
 The forow crap of butter he gatt.

Albeit na butter he cowld gett, 70
 Yit he wes cummerit with the kyrne,
 And fyne he het the milk our hett,
 And forrow spark of it wald yyrne.

Than ben thair come ane gredy fow,
 I trow he cund hir littill thank, 75
 And in scho schoth hir mekle mow,
 And ay scho winkit and scho drank.

He cleikit vp ane crukit club,
 And thocht to hitt the fow ane rowt,
 The twa gairlingis the gled had left, 80
 That fraik 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, 90
 It was all dirt vp to the eine;
 The Diuill cutt of thair handis, quod he,
 That fild yow all fa fow this strene.

He trailit the fowll fcheitis doun the gait,
 Thocht to haif wechft thame on ane ftane;
 The burne wes riffin grit of fpait, 95
 Away fra him the fcheitis hes tane.

Than vp he gat on ane know heid,
 On hir to cray, on hir to fchowt,
 Scho hard him, and fcho hard him not,
 Bot stowtly steird the ftottis abowt. 100
 Scho draif the day vnto the night,
 Scho lowifit the plwch and fyne come hame;
 Scho fand all wrang that fowld bene richt,
 I trow the man thocht richt grit fchame.

Quod he, My office I forfaik 105
 For all the dayis of my lyf,
 For I wald put ane howfs to wraik,
 Had I bene twenty dayis gudwyf.
 Quod fcho, Weill mot ye bruke the place.
 For trewlie I will nevir excep it; 110
 Quod he, Feind fall the lyaris face,
 Bot yit ye may be blyth to get it.

Than vp fcho gat ane mekle rung,
 And the gudman maid to the dur;
 Quod he, Deme, I fall hald my tung. 115
 For and we fecht I ill gett the woir.
 Quod he, Quhen I forfuk my plwche,
 I trow I bot forfuk my feill,
 And I will to my plwch agane,
 For I and this howfs will nevir do weill. 120

*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 lower, land [lefs;]
 Apperandlie, be Sanct Jeill, fall nevir ane of thir d[o weil;]
 Tak tyme in tyme, and no tyme diffar, quhen tyme is past ye . . . war.
 All mighty God, grant to our King, sic grace that he in vertew ring, 5
 Sa that this realme ay gydit be, with justice, pece and equitie.
 Bettir is to suffer and fortoun abyd,
 Than haistely to clym and fuddenlie to flyd,
 Quod quho to quhome.
 Quha in welth takis no heid, he fall hafe falt in tyme of neid; 10
 Quhen I len I am ane freind, and quhen I craif I am vnkynd;
 Thus of my freind I mak my fo,
 I schrew me and I moir do so.

CXXXIV.

The slicht Remeid of Luvv.

L UVARIS, lat be the frenneffy of luvv,
 And mvse nor mvrne no moir in till your mynd,
 Bot follace feik, and forrow ay remove.
 Cast yow to conqueifs luvv ane vthir kynd;
 For knew ye wemenis natur course and strynd, 5
 Ye wald nocht be so trew to thair vntrewh,
 Quhilkis hes no petie thocht your hairtis be pynd,
 Nor of your restlefs womenting no rewh.

¹ MS. is here imperfect. The words in brackets are from Ramfay's "Evergreen."

Bot wald ye rewill yow, keip this regiment ;
 Be subteill, secreit, sobir in thair sicht, 10
 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 preifs yow ay in preffens to repair ;
 Forvey no tyme, be reddy day and nicht 15
 Vpoun your kneis to ferve thame soletare.

Be prevy, part, in preffens play with fynis ;
 Be sicht or smyle, lat non knaw your intentis,
 Be verry war or that thay wit your myndis ;
 Be clenely cled in your abilyementis. 20 Fol. 122. b.
 Reufe nocht your self, latt vthiris preifs your rentis,
 Bot offir thame your daly obfervance
 Be tung, thocht nathir hairt nor mynd consentis
 Body and gudis to haif in govirnance.

Abuse bot brief, howbeid ye be said nay, 25
 And reckles nocht your eirand for the rane ;
 Bot cast yow for to cum anc vthir day,
 And petoufly complene your woles pane,
 Saying ye ar both secreit, trew and plane.
 With this pairt wreth and fremmit to but said, 30
 For cum the freindfchip of thair syd agane,
 I mak yow feur ye fall nocht misf remeid.

Hald thame in hand quhilkis may yow help at neid,
 And hecht thame giftis howbeid ye gif thame nocht,
 For thair gud word fall racheft¹ cause yow speid, 35
 And thrwth thair credence to your purpoifs brocht.
 Speik fair till ye haif gottin that ye focht ;
 Be wyifs and war and watt thame ay with wylis,
 For be the wy that all the world wrocht,
 Maift witt hes hie that monieft owrfylis. 40

¹ May be read *rathel*.

Meikly folist to meit in secreit place,
 Syne mak your mane quhen it may maift avelye;
 Be richt demvre and graif quhen ye ask grace,
 Bot be ye rank quhen thay begin to relye. 45
 Fleichie with fyiftene for feir fumpairt ye felyie,
 And swa but pane ye may lufe parramowris;
 Be foft of speiche, bot spair nocht till affelyie,
 Wyn anis the entrefs and the houfs is yowris.

Bot yit ye may mishaif yow in sum caice,
 And ye defend nocht damiffellis defame, 50
 For practik is to play, syne hald your peice,
 And counfale 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, 55
 I knaw no craft fall cause hir lufe yow bettir.

Finis quod Alexander Scott.

CXXXV.

*Followis the Ballat maid vpon Margret Fleming,
 callit the Flemying 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, 5
 With steirburd, baburd, luf and lie;
 Scho will fale all the wintir nicht,
 And nevir tak a telyevie.

With evin keill befor the wind
 Scho is richt fairdy with a fail, 10
 Bot at ane lufe scho lysis behind;
 Gar heifs hir quhill hir howbandis skaill.
 Draw weill the takill to hir tail,
 Scho will nocht mis to lay your mast;
 To pomp als oft as ye may haill 15
 Yeill nevir hald hir watterfast.

To calf¹ 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 howifs. 20
 For falt of hemp tak hary towis,
 With ftane balleft withowttin vder;
 In monelefs nichtis it is na mowis,
 Except ane stowt man fleir hir ruder.

A fair vesshell abone the watter, 25
 And is bot laity reikit to,
 Quhairto till deif yow with tome clatter,
 Ar nane fic in the floit as scho.
 Plvm weill the grund quhat evir ye doo,
 Haillon the sukfscheit and the blind; 30
 Scho will tak in at cap and koo,
 Withowt scho ballast be behind.

Na pedderis pak scho will reffaif,
 Althocht hir travell scho fowld tyne;
 Na coukcald karle nor carllingis pet 35
 That dois thair corne and caitell cryne.²
 Bot quhair scho findis a fallow fyne
 He wilbe frawecht fre for a soufs;
 Scho kareis nocht³ bot men and wyne
 And bulyoun to the counye houfs. 40

¹ Altered by another hand to *calft*. ² May be read *byne*.

³ *Naug* is here deleted.

For merchandmen I may haif mony,
 Bot nane sic as I wald defyre,
 And I am laith to mell with ony,
 To leif my mater in the myre.
 That man that wirkis best for his hyre, 45
 Syne he falbe my mariner,
 Bot nycht and day mon he nocht tyre,
 That failis my bony ballinger.

For ankerhald nane can be fund,
 I pray yow cast the leidlyne owt, 50
 And gif ye can nocht get the grund
 Steir be the compas and keip hir rowt.
 Syne treveifs still and lay a bowt,
 And gar hir top twiche wind and waw;
 Quhair anker dryvis thair is na dowl 55
 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. 60
 Scho will reffais na landwart Jok,
 Thocht he wald frawcht hir for a croun;
 Thus fair ye weill fayis gud Johine Cok,
 Ane nobill telycour in this toun.

Fol. 124. a.

Finis quod Sempill.

CXXXVI.

*Heir followis the Defence of Criffell Sandelandis,
For vsing hirsself contrair the Ten Commandis;
Being in ward for playing of the loun
With every ane list geif hir half a crown.
etc.*

PERNITIOUS peple, parciall in despyte,
Sufanis judges, faweris of feditioun,
Your cankert counsale is the caufs and wyte,
Bowstert with pryde and blindit with ambitioun,
Fyndand na cryme nor havand na commiffioun 5
To hurt Dame Venus virgenis as ye do;
Gif ye fa 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; 10
Grit foulis ye wer with fallowis to defeme hir,
Havand na caufs bot commoun voce and sklander;
Syne findand no man in the houfs neir hand hir,
Except ane clerk of godly conversatioun;¹
Quhat gif befyd Johine Dureis self ye fand hir, 15
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. 20
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 fubiectis gevin to greid,
 May nocht posses 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; 30
 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 defens it can nocht be reffut;
 Latt him that followis fecht it with the fword, 35
 Ane ancient law quhen ladeis ar accusit.
 Is ministeris sic men to be abusit,
 That knawis the Scriptor and the Ten Commandis?
 Albeit he and scho wor in ane houfs inclusit,
 He sew na feid in to hir Sandelandis. 40

As for the rest I knaw nocht thair vocatioun,
 Thair lyfe, thair maneris, bot I heir mony mence thame;
 Catholik virgenis of the holy congregatioun,
 Syn wer to tyne thame gif ye cowld obtene thame. 45
 Quhat can ye fay except that ye had sene thame
 With rem in ra all nakkit but adherance?
 Than tak a bowstring and draw it down betwene thame,
 And gif it stickis it hes ane evill apperance.

Catitois clerkis quhois college ye frequentit,
 Quhen ye wor wanleris of hir wantoun band, 50
 Now ye ar lamit fra labour I lamentit,
 Your pistolis twinit¹ and baksprent lyk a wand.
 Snapwark, adew, fra dagmen dow nocht stand,
 And worfs than that ye want your morfing powder;
 Than cumis confcencie with crukit staf in hand, 55
 Greitand for byganis, bowand bak and schowder.

¹ May be read *tumit*.

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, fend thame,
 Quhair Patrik Bannatyne hes promiseit to compeir,
 With lawfull reffonis reddy to defend thame.

60
 Fol. 125. a.

On caufs thair is thay can nocht be convic̄t,
 Ye had na power fra the sone wes fett;
 The Provest gaif na power to Gilbert Dick,
 The speciall thing that fowld nocht bene foryett.
 Thay war nocht theivis nor yit condempt in dett,
 Nor ridhand tane, quhilk was na caufs ye knaw;
 Bot ye latt rukis and ravynis rin throw the nett,
 And faikles dowis makis subiect to the law.

65

70

Your parciall juge we may declyne him to,
 Bot fett me doun the perfone 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 keipoure dyet Maister David Makgill.

75

80

Quhat cummer castis the formeit stane lat see
 At tha peure winschis ye wrangullie suspec̄t
 For sklenting bowttis; now better war lat bee
 Nor to begin to gett your selffis ane geck.
 The grittest falt I find in this effect̄,
 Ye baith tuke money and put thame selffis to schame,
 Bot quhen the court cumis to the toun, quhat reck,
 We fall restoir thame to thair stok agane.

85

In your tolbutth sic prefouneris to plant
 Wilbe reffaut weill, ye may confidder; 90
 Gud Captane Adamfone will nocht lat thame want
 Bedding, howbeit thay fowld lig all togidder.
 As for his wyf I wald ye fowld forbid hir,
 Hir eyndling toyis I trow thair be no denger,
 Becaus his lome is larbour groun and lidder, 95
 But vndirftanding now to treit ane strenger.

The gritteft greif I find, ye haif defamett Fol. 125. b.
 Thir leill trev luvaris, and done thair freindis bot lack;
 Becaus thair bandis wer reddy to be proclamit,
 The pairteis mett and maid a fair contrack, 100
 Bot now, allace! the men ar loppin aback,
 For oppin fklander callit ane fpeikand devill;
 In grit effairis ye had nocht bene fa frack,
 Concernyng the rewling of your commoun weill.

To pvneifs pairt is parcialitie, 105
 To pvneifs all is hard to do in deid;
 Bot fend thame heir to oure regalitie,
 And we fall fee gif we can ferve thair neid.
 This rurall ryme, quha fa lyk for to reid,
 To Diçt and Dury is directit plane; 110
 Quhair I offend thame in my landwart leid,
 I falbe reddy to reforme agane.

Finis quod Semple.

CXXXVII.

Followis the Ballat maid be Robert Semple of Jonet Reid, [ane¹] Violet and [ane¹] Quhyt; being slicht Wemen of Lyfe and Conversatioun, [and Tavernaris.¹]

OFF cullouris cleir quha lykis to weir,
 Ar findry fortis in to this toun,
 Grene, yellow, blew and mony hew,
 Bayth Pareifs blak and Inglis broun;
 Lundoun skey, quha lykis to by, 5
 Bot cullour derroy is clene laid down,
 Dundy gray this mony a day
 Is lychleit bayth with laid and loun.

Stanche my fyking and ftryd my lyking
 Ar femely hewis for fommer play, 10
 Dundippit in yello for mony gud fallo,
 As Will of Quhithawch bad me say;
 I will nocht dennyit till nane that will by it,
 For silver nane falbe faid nay;
 Yee nocht to plenyie my clayth will nocht stenyie, 15
 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 fall nocht failyie tak ye no feir. 20
 The Quhyt is gude and richt weill lwid,
 Bot yit the Reid is twyifs als deir;
 The Violet fyne, bayth frefche and fine,
 Sall ferve yow hofing for a yeir.

¹The words in brackets have been written in by a different hand.

The Quhyt is twiche and frefche ennewche, 25
 Soft as the filk as all men feis;
 The Reid is bony and focht of mony,
 Thay hyve abowt the houfs lyk beis.
 With Violet to, gif ye haif ado,
 It meitis lyk ftemmyne to your theis; 30
 Seure be my witting not brunt in the biting,
 Suppois baith laidis and lymmeris leis.

Off all thir thre hewis I haif left clewis
 To be oure courtmen wintter weid,
 Twynit and fmall, the beft of thame all 35
 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. 40

Yit it is weill walkit, cairdit and calkit,
 Als warme a weid as weir the deule;
 Weill wrocht in the lwmis with wobfter gwmis, Fol. 126. b.
 Bayth thik and nymmill gais the fpwle;
 Cottond and fchorne the mair it be worne, 45
 Ye find your felf the grittar fule;
 Bot bony forfuth cum byit in my bwth,
 To mak yow garmentis agane Yule.

Bot mixt thir togidder your felf may confidder
 Quhat fyner cullour can be fund, 50
 And namely of breikis, gif ony man feikis,
 Sall haif the pair ay for a pund.
 Howbeid it be fkant na wowaris fall want,
 That to my bidding wilbe bund;
 Weill may thay brukit thay neid nocht to lukit, 55
 Bot graip it marklynis be the grund.

Your courtmen heir hes maid my claith deir,
 And raifd it twell pennis of the ell;
 Yit is my claith feuver for fadillis to ceuver,
 Suppois the feffioun raid thame fell. 60
 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 wyiflie and schaip it precyflie, 65
 The elwand wald be grit and lang;
 Gif the byefs be wyd gar lay it on fyd,
 And fa ye can nocht weill ga wrang.
 And for the lang left it wald be schewid fast,
 And cair nocht by how deip ye gang; 70
 Bot want ye Quhyt threid ye can nocht cum speid,
 Blak walloway mon be your fang.

Bot thocht it be awld and twenty tymis sawld,
 Yit will the freprie mak yow fane,
 With vlis to renew it and mak it weill hewit, 75 Fol. 127. a.
 And gar it glans lyk Dummy grane.
 Syne with the sleik stanis that fervis for the nanis,
 Thay raifs the pyle I mak yow plane;
 With mony grit aith thay fell this fame claith
 To gar the byeris cum agane. 80

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 falbe at your command.
 The merkit is thrang and will nocht left lang, 85
 Thay by fast in the Bordour land;
 Albeid I haif tynfell yet mon I tak hanfell,
 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; 90
 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 afay of it,
 A wylie coit I will nocht lee,
 Quhilk did me no harme bot held my coft werme, 95
 A fymple merchante ye may see.

This far to releif me that na man repreif me,
 In Jedburgh at the Justice air;
 This fang of thre lassis was maid abone glaffis,
 That tyme that thay wer tapstaris thair. 100
 The first wes ane Quhyt a las of delyt,
 The Violet bayth gud and fair,
 Keip the Reid fra skaith scho is worth thame baith;
 Sa to be fchort I fay 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. 5
 Off greif and pane scho did complane,
 For scho certane cryid and maid mane,
 O Lord, my littill finger!

Heiring this maid fo lowd to cry
 In this hir wofull plicht, 10
 I drew me neir for till espy
 Quhat hurt hir body nicht;
 Scho had met with sum ftinger.
 It nicht fo be I fay to the,
 For I nicht fe how fwllin wes fche, 15
 Within hir littill finger.

The angweifs of hir body ran
 In to all pairtis allyk,
 For all hir body swellid than
 Als big as ony pyk; 20
 Me thoct it wes sum engir.
 For fo I gefs now till exprefs,
 Scho cryid dowtlefs in hir distrefs,
 O Lord, my littill finger!

I askid, as fcho mone did mak, 25
 Quhat wes caufe of hir wo,
 And fcho than curfit the mandrak,
 Quhilk had hir bittin fo;
 The mandrak wes a ftringer.
 Allaik! the maid wes foir arraid, 30
 Still in hir braid fcho cryid and faid,
 O Lord, my littill finger!

The mandrak had hir bittin fo foir,
 In this his vennemous rege,
 Scho swellit daylie moir and moir, 35
 That nothing cowld hir swege;
 This ferpent fo did thing her.
 Allake! the maid wes foir affraid,
 For still fcho cryid allace and sayid,
 The pane within my finger! 40

For medecynis fcho had furth focht, Fol. 128. a.
 As thay thairby me tawld;
 Thocht thay nevir so deir war bocht,
 Haif thame (thay fay) fcho wawld;
 Quhat than brocht thay that wringer? 45
 Sic as thay gat I knaw nocht quhat,
 Sum this fum that, bot to be flat,
 Scho cryd ffill, O my finger!

Sum bad hir tak erb pilliall,
 And fum ftalk ftand allone, 50
 Sum bad hir tak blaid ryfs and fall,
 And fum confervis of ftone.
 Sum bad Baldary bring her
 Long pepper chyce with nettill nyce;
 Yit ruttit ryce wes hir cheif spyce, 55
 To metegat hir finger.

The moir ftill that hir weft did fwell,
 The lenar wox hir cheikis,
 With quhiche diffeifs fcho fo did dwell
 The fpace of fourtie weikis. 60
 Quhill fcho cowlde beirit no lenger,
 A littill boy come furth with toy,
 Quhilk till hir ioy did hens convoy
 The angweifs of hir finger.

Than wes it knawin to awld and yung, 65
 Quhen this come owt to pafs,
 Quhair of the deidly angweifs fprong,
 Within hir finger wafs.
 Scho than become ane finger,
 And fo trewly left hir awld cry, 70
 And with nottis hye feng Lula ly,
 Weill eifit is my finger!

Ye maidis that with the ferfs mandrak
 Dois chance bittin to be,
 Your littill finger thus to aik 75
 It will caufs long ye fe.
 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. 80

Finis quod ane Inglifman.

CXXXIX.

*Ane Ballat maid to the Derisioun and Scorne of
 wantoun Wemen.* Fol. 128. b.

YE lufty ladyis! luke
 The rakles lyfe ye leid;
 Hant nocht in hoile or nuke
 To hurt your womanheid.
 I reid for best remeid, 5
 Forbeir all place prophane;
 Gife this be caus of feid,
 I fall not faid agane.

Quhat is sic luve bot lust,
 A lytill for delyte; 10
 To hant that game robuft
 And beiftly appetyte?
 I nowdir fleische nor flyte
 To tell the trewith certane;
 Taik ye this in despyte, 15
 I fall not faid agane.

The wyfest scho may sone
 Sedufit be and schent,
 Syne fra the deid be done
 Perchance fall soir repent. 20
 Ouirlait is till lament
 Fra belly dow not lane;
 To cry in tyme take tent,
 I fall not faid agane.

Lycht wynchis luvè will fawin, 25
 Evin lyk ane spanycollis lawchter;
 To lat hir wamb be clawin
 Be thame list geir betawecht hir.
 For conyie ye may chawecht hir
 To sched hir schankis in twane, 30
 And nevir speir quhais awecht hir:
 I fall not faid agane.

Thocht bruckill wemen hantis
 In lust to leid thair lyvis, Fol. 129. a.
 And wedow men that wantis 35
 To steill a pair of swyvis;
 Bot quhair that mareit wyvis
 Gois by thair husbandis bane,
 That houfhald nevir thryvis:
 I fall not faid agane. 40

It fettis not madynis als
 To latt men lowis thair laice,
 No clym abowt menis halves,
 To clap, to kifs, nor braice,
 Nor round in secreit place. 45
 Sic tretment is a trane
 To cleive thair quaver caice:
 I fall not faid agane.

Fairweill with chestetic
 Fra wenchis fall to chucking, 50
 Thair followis thingis thre
 To gar thame ga in gucking,
 Brafin, graping, and plucking;
 Thir foure the futh to fane
 Enforfis thame to fucking: 55
 I fall not faid agane.

Sum luvis new cum to toun
 With jeigis to mak thame joly;
 Sum luvis dance vp and down
 To meifs thair malancoy; 60
 Sum luvis lang trollie lolly,
 And sum of frigging fane,
 Lyk fillokis full of folly:
 I fall not faid agane.

Sum monebrunt madynis myld, 65
 At nonetyd of the nicht,
 Ar chappit vp with chyld,
 But coile or candill licht;
 Sua sum faid maidis hes flicht
 To play and tak no pane, Fol. 129. b.
 Syne chift thair feid fra ficht: 70
 I fall not faid agane.

Sum thinkis na schame to clap
 And kifs in opin wyifs;
 Sum can nocht keip hir gap 75
 Fra lanfing as scho lyifs;
 Sum gois so gymp in gyifs,
 Or scho war kiffit plane,
 Scho leir be japit thryifs:
 I fall not faid agane. 80

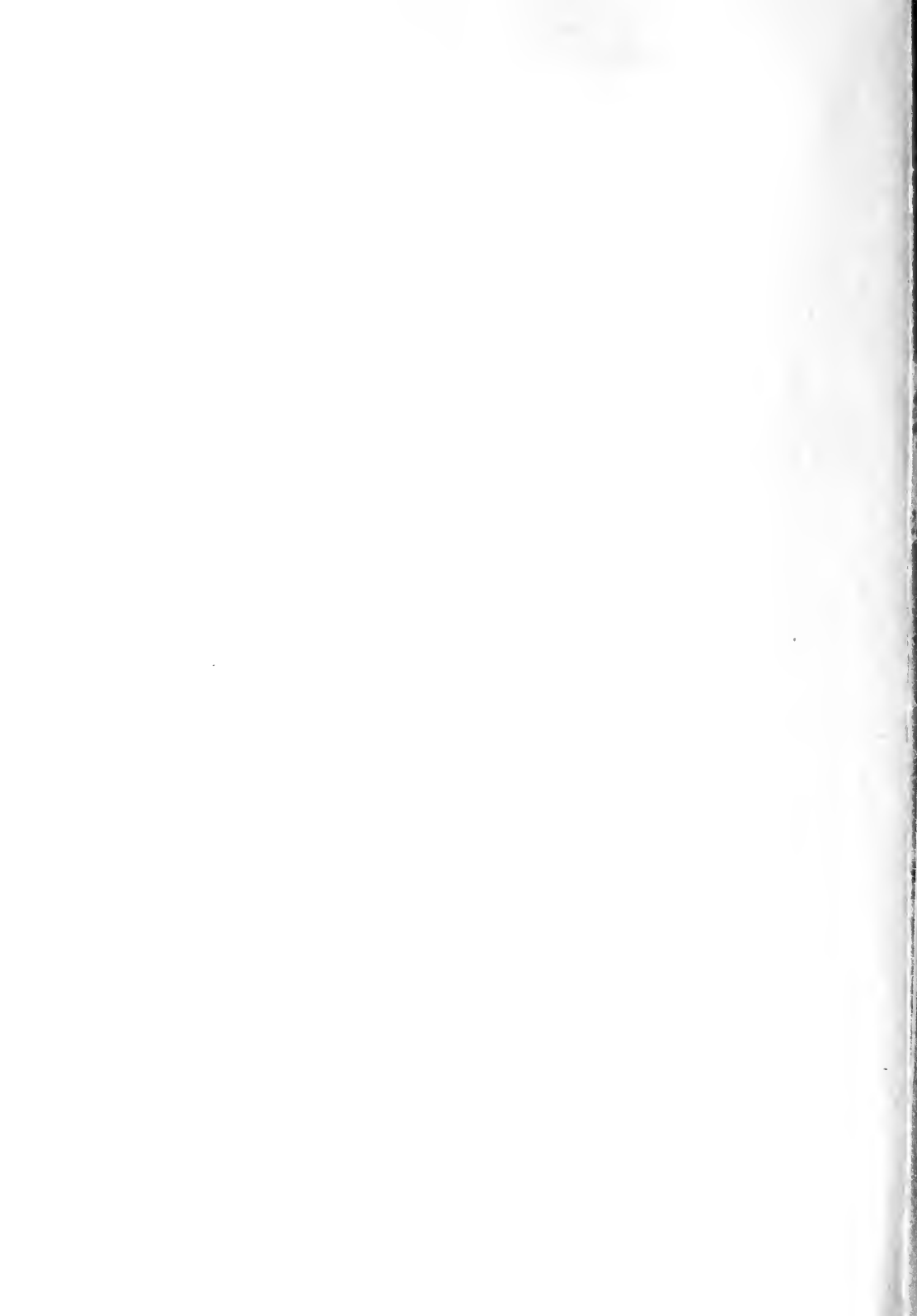
Moir gentrice is to jott
 Vndir ane filkin gown,
 Nor ane quhyt pittecott,
 And reddyar ay boun;
 The denkeft sounest down, 85
 The fareft but refrane,
 The gayest gritteft loun:
 I fall not faid agane.

The moir degeft and grave,
 The grydiar to grip it;
 The nyceft to reffave 90
 Vpoun the nynnis will nip it;
 The quhytief¹ will quhip it,
 And nocht hir hurdeis hane;
 The lefs the lurger hippit: 95
 I fall not faid agane.

Loe, ladeis! gif this bie,
 Ane gud counfale I geif yow,
 To faive your honestie,
 Fra sklander to releif yow; 100
 Bot ballattis ma to breif yow,
 I will nocht brek my brane;
 Suppois ye fowld mifcheif yow,
 I fall not faid agane.

Finis quod Scott.

¹ This word has been written *quhylieft*, but the *l* seems to be deleted.



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