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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The  
Conflict of Conscience,

By NATHANIEL WOODES

*Date of the first known edition, . . . . 1581*  
*(British Museum. 162. e. 24.)*

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[VOL. 146]

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

The  
**Conflict of Conscience,**

By NATHANIEL WOODES

1581

*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*  
THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS  
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# The Conflict of Conscience,

By NATHANIEL WOODES

1581

*The original of this facsimile reprint is in the British Museum (Press-mark, 162. e. 24.); two leaves, A. iii. and A. iv., are wanting, being there supplied by a typographical reprint: see the volumes "Dramatic Fragments," s.v. "Conflict of Conscience," where facsimiles of these four pages, in their original state, from another copy, will be found.*

*No other edition is known. It was reprinted for the Roxburghe Club in 1851.*

*Nothing is known of the author save what is stated on the title-page. The D.N.B. makes no mention of him.*

*Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, says:— "An excellent facsimile. The only fault is exaggeration of the printing often showing through from the other side of the leaf." An explanation of this defect—insuperable under existing mechanical conditions, I fear—will be found in the earliest issues of this series.*

JOHN S. FARMER.



An excellent new Commedie,  
Intituled:

# The Conflict of Conscience.

CONTAYNINGE,

A most lamentable example, of the dole-  
full desperation of a miserable world,  
linge, termed, by the name of

PHILOLOGUS, who forsooke the  
truth of Gods Gospel, for  
fear of the loss of  
lyfe, & worldly  
goods.

Compiled, by Nathaniell  
Woodes, Minister, in  
Norwich.

The Actors names, addeled into six partes, most con-  
uenient for such as be disposed, either to shew this Comedie in  
private houses, or otherwise.

Prologue.	Sathan.	Auarice.
Mathetes.	Tyrranye.	Suggestion.
Conscience.	for one.	Gisbertus.
Paphinitius.	Spirit.	for one.
Hypocrisie.	Horror.	Nuntius.
Theologus.	Eusebius.	
	Cardinal.	
	Cacon.	Philologus for one.

AT LONDON

Printed, by Richarde Bradocke

dwelling in Aldermanburie, a little aboue the  
Conduict. Anno 1581.

Armenian College

in Paris

# The Conference of Conciliation

Book V

of the Conference of Conciliation

between the Armenian Church and the Roman Catholic Church

on the subject of the Union of the Churches

and the other subjects of the Conference



Armenian College  
in Paris  
Book V

Armenian	Latin	Armenian	Latin
Տաղաւորութիւն	Imperium	Առաջնորդութիւն	Principatus
Տաղաւորութիւն	Imperium	Առաջնորդութիւն	Principatus
Տաղաւորութիւն	Imperium	Առաջնորդութիւն	Principatus
Տաղաւորութիւն	Imperium	Առաջնորդութիւն	Principatus

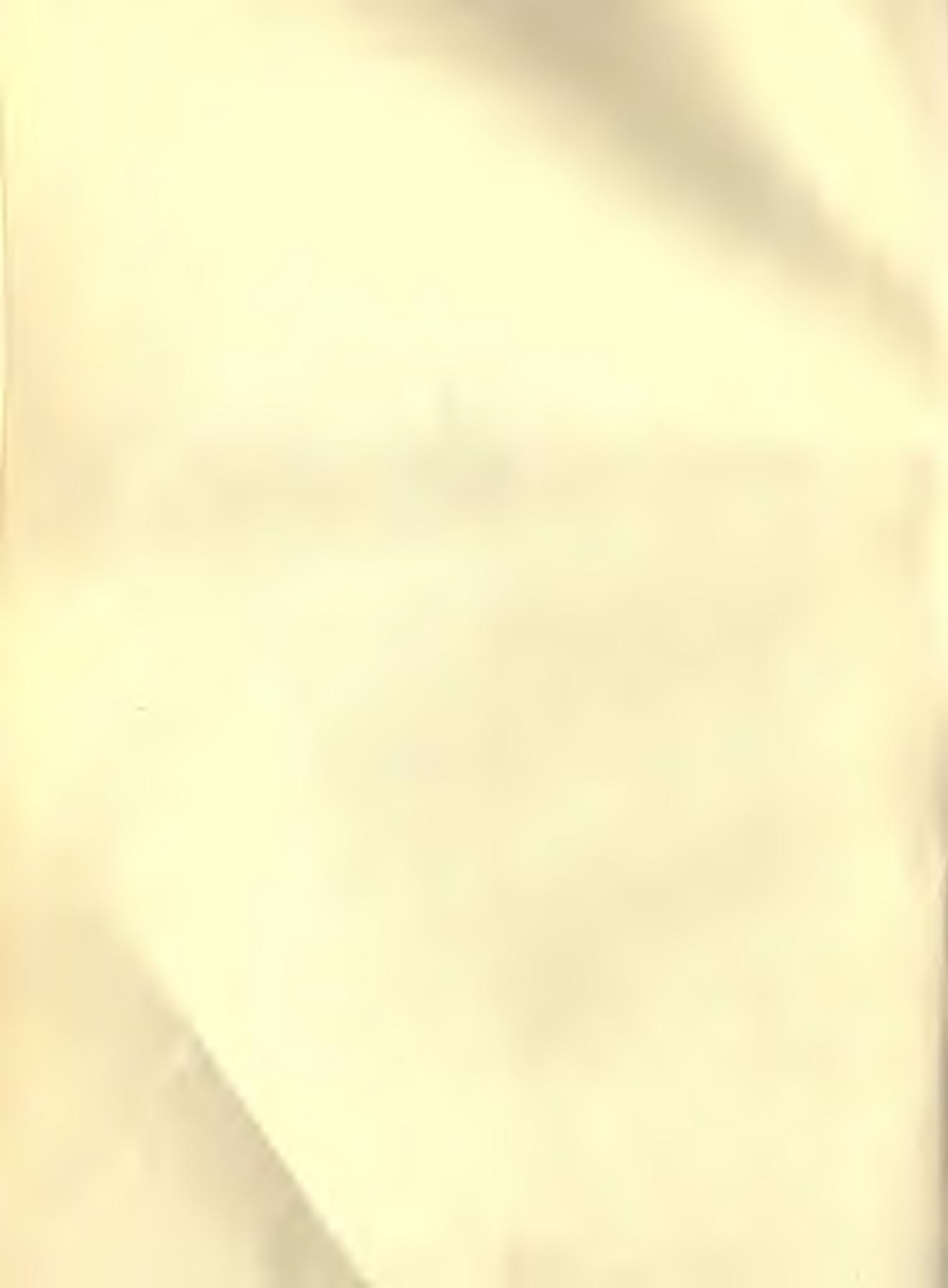
AT SECOND

# Prince of Richmond Bridge

of the Conference of Conciliation

of the Conference of Conciliation





# The Prologue.

**W**hen whirling windes which blowe with blist'ing blast,  
Shall cease their course, and not the Ayre twoue,  
But still vnstirred it doth stand, it chaunceth at the last,  
To be infect, the trueth hereof euен day by day we prooue:  
For deepe within the Caues of earth, of force it doth behoue,  
Sith that no windes do come thereto, the Ayre out to beate,  
By standing stil the closed ayre, doth breed infections great;

¶ The stremme or flood, which runneth vp and downe,  
Is far more sweete, then is the standing brooke.  
If long vnworne, you leauue a Cloake or Gowne,  
Moathes will it marre, vnlesse you thereto looke:  
Againe, if that vpon a shelfe, you place, or set a booke,  
And suffer it there still to stand, the wormes will soone it eate:  
A Knife likewise, in sheath layde vp, the rust will marre and freat.

¶ The good road horsse, if still at rackinge he stand,  
To resty lade will soone transformed be,  
If long vntid, you leauue a fertile lande,  
From strecke, and weede, no place wilbe left free:  
By these examples, and such like, approoue then well may wee,  
That idlenes more euills doth bring, into the minde of man,  
Then labour great in longer tyme, againe expell out can.

¶ Which thing our Author marking well, when weried was his minde,  
From reading graue and auncient workes, yet loth his time to loose,  
Bethought him selfe, to ease his heart, some recreance to fynde  
And as he mused in his minde, immediately arose,  
A straunge example done of late, which might as he suppose,  
Stirre vp their mindes to godlines, which shoulde it see or heare,  
And therefore humbly doth you pray, to geue attentiuue eare.

¶ The argument or ground wheron our Author chefely stayed,  
Is (sure) a Hystory straunge and true, to many men well knowne,  
Of one through loue of worldly wealth, and feare of death dismaide,  
Because he would his lyfe and goods, haue kept still as his owne,  
From state of grace wherein he stooode, was almost ouerthrowne:  
So that he had no power at all, in heart firme fayth to haue,  
Tyll at the last, God chaungd his mynde his mercies for to craue.

A.ij.

And

### The Prologue.

¶ And here, our Author, thought it meete, the true name to omit,  
And at this time, imagine him PHILOLOGVS to be,  
First, for because, a Comedie, will hardly him permit,  
The vices of one priuate man, to touch particularly,  
Againe, nowe shall it stirre them more, who shall it heare or see,  
For if this worldling had ben namde, we wold straight deeme in minde,  
That all by him then spoken were, our sculues we would not finde.

¶ But syth PHILOLOGVS is nought else, but one that loues to talke,  
And common of the worde of God, but hath no further care,  
According as it teacheth them, in Gods feare for to walke,  
If that we practise this in deede, PHILOLOGI we are,  
And so by his deserved fault, we may in time beware,  
Nowe, if as Author first it meant, you heare it with this gayne,  
In good behalfe he will esteeme, that he bestowed his payne.

¶ And for because we see by prooife, that men do soone forget,  
Those thinges for which to call them by, no name at all they knowe,  
Our Author for to helpe short wittes, did thinke it very meete,  
Some name for this his Comedy, in preface for to shewe,  
Nowe names to natures must agree, as every man do knowe,  
A fitter name he could in mynde, no where excogitate,  
Then, THE CONFLICT OF CONSCIENCE, the same to nominate.

A cruell Conflict certainly, where Conscience takes the foyle,  
And is constrained by the flesh, to yelde to deadly sinne,  
Whereby the grace and loue of God, from him, his sinne doeth spoyle,  
Then (wretch accurst) small power hath, repentance to beginne,  
This Hystorie here, example shewes, of one fast wrapt therein,  
As in discourse before your eyes, shall plainly prooued be,  
Yet (at the last) God him restoarde, euen of his mercie free.

¶ And though the Hystorie of it selfe, be too too dolorous,  
And would constraine a man with teares of blood, his cheeke to wett,  
Yet to refresh the myndes of them that be the Auditors,  
Our Author intermixed hath, in places fitt and meete,  
Some honest mirth, yet alwaies ware, DISCOURSE, to exceede  
But lest, I heare the players prest, in presence foorth to come,  
I therefore cease, and take my leaue, my Message I have done.

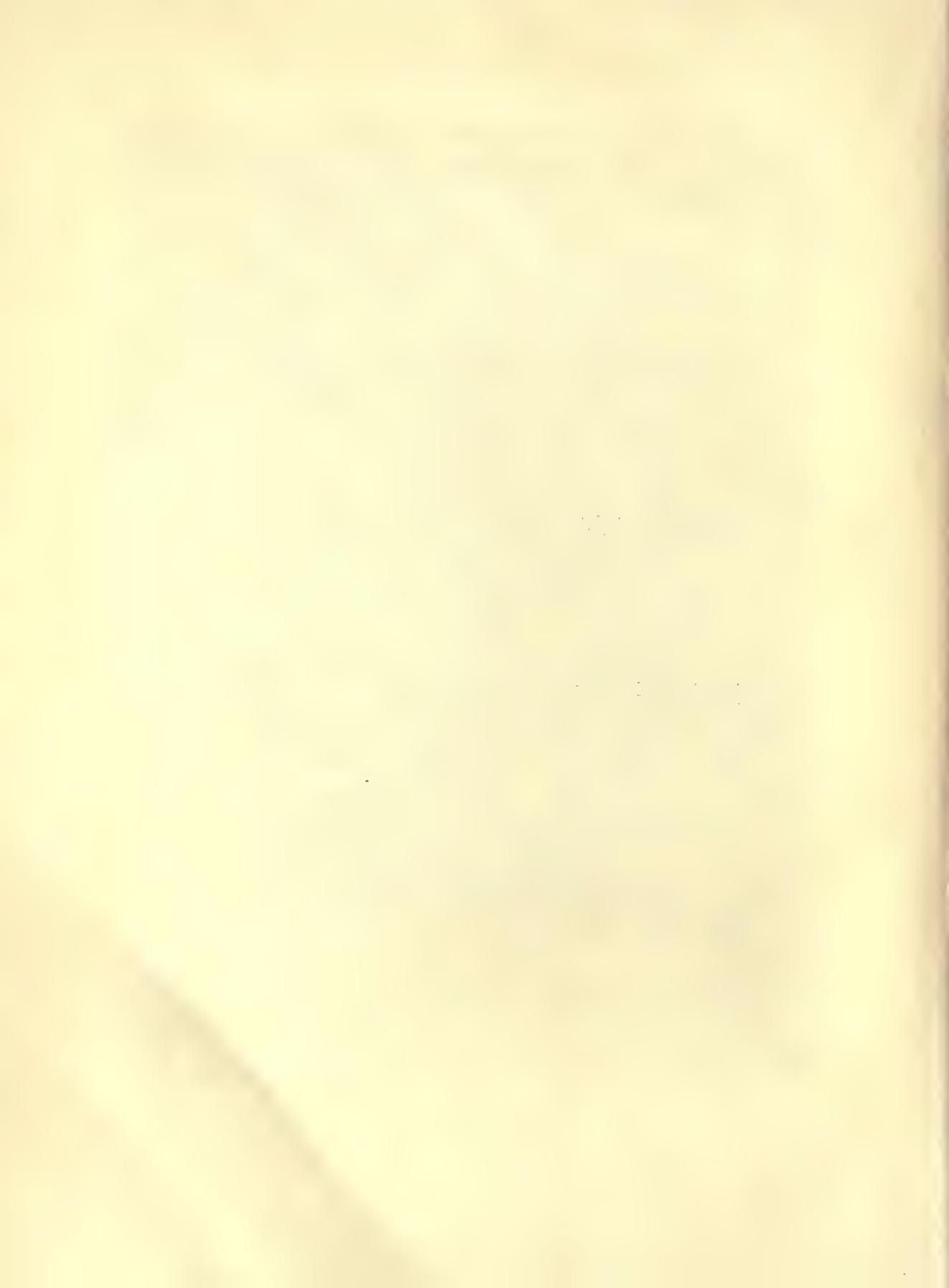
Exh.

FINIS.

AG.

L.L.





The Conflict of Conscience.

Acte first. Sceane 1.

S A T H A N.

H igh time it is for mee to stirre about,  
And doo my bess, my kingdom to maintaine :  
For why ? I see of enemies a rought :  
Whiche all my lawes, and Statutes doo disdaine :  
Against my state, doo fight and strive amaine  
Whome, in time if I doo not dissipate,  
I shall repent it, when it is to late.

By mortall foe, the Carpenters poore sonne,  
Against my Children, the Phartles I meane,  
Upbraiding them, did vse this comparison,  
As in the storie of his lyfe, may be seene,  
There was a man, which had a vinyard greene :  
Who letting it to husbandmen unkinde,  
In steade of fruite, vnhankfulnesse did finde.

So that his seruantes, firstly they did beate,  
His Sonne lykewise, they afterward did kill,  
And heereupon that man in furie great :  
With souldiers send, these Husbandmen to spill,  
Their Towne to burne, he did them also will.  
But out alas, alas, for woe I crie,  
To vse the same, farre iuster cause have I.

For where the Kingdome, of this worlde is myne,  
And his, on whom I will the same bestow,  
As Prince heeresol, I did myselfe assigne :  
My darling deare, whose faithfull love I know,  
Shall never saile from mee, but daylie now :  
But who that is : perhaps some man may doubt,  
I will therfore in breeke, portrait and paine him out.

The mortall man by natures rule is bound  
That Child to favour, more than all the rest,  
Whiche to himselfe in face, is lykest found :  
So that he shall with all his goodes be blest :

Cuen

### The Conflict of Conscience.

Euen so doo I esteeme and lyke him best,  
Whiche doeth most neare my dealyngs imitate,  
And doth pursue Gods lawes, with deadly hate.

As therefore I, when once in Angels state,  
I was, did thinke myselfe, with God as mate to bee,  
So doeth my sonne himselfe, now eluate,  
Aboue mans nature, in rule and dignitie.  
So that in terris Deus sum, saith he :  
In earth I am a God, with lynes for to dispence,  
And for rewardes, I will forgyve eche maner of offence.

I saide to Eve, tush, tush, thou shalt not die,  
But rather shalt as God, know euerie thing :  
My sonne li<sup>e</sup>twise, to maintaine Idolatrie,  
Saith tush, what hurt, can earued Idols bring ?  
Wispise this Law of God, the heauenly King :  
And set them in the Churche, for men thereon to looke,  
An Idoll doth much good, it is a laymans booke.

Nembroth that Tyrant, fearing Gods hande,  
By mee was persuaded to builde up high Babell :  
Wherby he presumed Gods wrath to withstande :  
So hath my boy, deuised very well,  
Many pretye toyes, to keepe mens soule from hell :  
Like they never so euill heere, and wickedly  
As spasses, trentalles, pardons, and Scala coeli.

I egged on Pharao of Egyp the king  
The Israelite to kill, so soone as they were borne :  
My darling likewise, doeth the selfe same thing :  
And therefore cause Kinges, and Princes to be storne,  
That with might and maine, they shal keepe vs his horn.  
And shall destroy with fire. Axe and sworde,  
Such as against him, shall speake but one worde.

And even as I was somewhat to slow,  
So that notwithstanding, the Israelite did augment :  
So for lack of murthering, Gods people doo grow,  
And dazly increase, at this time present :  
Whiche my sonne shall feele incontinent,  
Yet an other practise, this euill to withstand,  
He learned of mee, which now he takes in hand.





### The Conflict of Conscience.

For when as Moses, I might not destroy,  
Because that he was of the Lord appointed,  
To bring the people from thralldome to ioy :  
I did not cease, whilst I had inuented,  
An other meanes to haue him presented :  
By accompting himselfe the sonne of Pharao,  
To make him loth Egyp to forgoe.

The same advise I also attempted,  
Against the sonne of God, when he was incarnate,  
Hoping there by, to haue him relented :  
And for promotion sake, himselfe to prostrate,  
Before my feete when I did demonstrate,  
The whole worlde unto him, and all the glory,  
As it is recorded in Matheus Histroye.

So hath the Pope, who is my darlyng deare,  
My eldest boy, in whom I doo delight :  
Least he shoulde fall, which thing he greatly feare,  
Out of his seat, of honor pompe and might,  
Hath got to him, on his behalfe to fight :  
Two Champions stout, of which the one is Auarice,  
The other is called Tyrannicall practise.

For as I saide, although I claime by right,  
The kingdome of this earthly worlde so rounde :  
And in my stead to rule with force and might,  
I haue assigned the Pope, whose match I no wher found,  
His hart with loue, to mee, so much abournde :  
Yet diuers men of late, of mallice most unkinde,  
Wo study to displace my son, some waywarde meanes to find,  
Wherfor I maruell much, what cause of let there is,  
That hethereto, they haue not their office put in ure,  
I will go see, for why, I feare that somewhat is amiss,  
If not, to raunge abroad, the worlde, I will them straight procure,  
But needes they must, haue one to help, mens harts for to allure :  
Unto their traine, who that should bee, I cannot yet espie,  
No meeter match I can finde out, then is Hypocrisie.

Who can full well in time and place, dissemble eithers parte,  
No man shall easely perceiue, with which side he dooth beare,  
But when once fauour he hath got, and credit in mans hart :

The Conflict of Conscience.

He will not slack in mine affaires, I doo him nothig feare;  
But time doth runne, too fast away, for me to tarie heere,  
For none will be enamoured, of my shape I doo know,  
I will therfore, myne imps send out, from hell their shapes to shew.

Acte fyfth. Scene 2.

M A T H E T E S. P H I L O L O G V S.

**M**y nrynde doeth thirft deare sciende Philologus,  
Of former talkie to make a finall ende:  
And where before we gan for to discus;  
The cause why God doth such afflictions sende,  
Into his Church, you would some more time spende.  
In the same cause, that thereby you mighle learne,  
Betwixt the wrath and loue of God, a right for to discern.

Philologus.

With right good will, to your request, heerin I doo consent,  
As well because, as I perceiue, you take therin delight,  
As also for because, it is most chiesely pertinent,  
Unto mine office, to instruct, and teach eche Christian wight,  
True godlynesse, and shew to them, the path that leadeth right,  
Unto Gods kingdome, where we shall, inherite our salvation,  
Gauen unto us from God, by Christ our true propitiation.

But that a better ordered course, heerin we may obserue,  
And may directly to the first, apply that which insue,  
To speake that hath bene saide, before, I wil a time reserve:  
And so proceede, from whence we left, by course and order due,  
Unto the ende: At first therfore, you did lament and tue,  
The miserie of these our daies, and great calamytie,  
Whiche those sultaine, who dare gainsay, the Romish Hypocrisie.

Mathetes.

I have iust cause, as hath eche Christian hart,  
To waile and weepe, to shed our teares of bloud:  
Wheren as I call to minde, the tormentes and the smart,  
Whiche those have borne, who honest be and good,  
For nought els, but because, their errors they withslood:  
They ioyed I much, to see how paciently  
They boare the crole of Christ, with constancie.

Phil.





## The Conflict of Conscience.

### Philologus.

So many of vs, as into one bodye bee,  
Incorporate, wherof Christ is the lively heade,  
As members of our bodies which we see :  
With ioyntes of loue together bee conioyned:  
And must needes suffer, vntesse that they be dead :  
Some part of griefe in mynde which other feele,  
In bodie though not so much by a great deale.

Wherfore by this it is most apparent,  
That those two into one bodie are not vnyted,  
Of the which, the one doth suffer, the other doth torment :  
And in the woundes of his Brother is delighted :  
Now which is Christes bodie, may easely be decided :  
For the Lambe is deuonred of the Wolfe alway,  
Not the Wolfe of the Lambe as Chisostom doth say.

Agayne of vnrighteous Cayne murthered was Abell,  
By whom the Church of God was figured :  
Isaac lykewise was persecuted of Ismaell,  
As in the Booke of Genesis is mentioned :  
Iraell of Pharao was also terrifyed,  
Dauid the Saint, was afflicted by his Donne,  
And put from his kingdome I meane by Absolon.

Elias the Thesbit, for feare of Iezabell,  
Did fly to Horeb, and hid him in a Cauue :  
Micheas the Prophet, as the Story doth tell,  
Did hardly his lyfe from Baalles Priests saue :  
Ieremy of that sawce tasted haue :  
So did Esay, Daniell, and the Children thre,  
And thousandes more, which in stories we may see.

### Mathetes.

In the newe Testament, we may also reede,  
That our Sauour Christ, even in his Infancy,  
Of Herod the King might stand in great dread :  
Who sought to destroy him, such was his insolency :  
Afterward of the Pharises, he did with constancy,  
Suffer shamefull death, his Apostles also,  
For testimonie of the trueth, did their crosses vnder go.

W.

Philo-

## The Conflict of Conscience.

Philologus.

James vnder Herod, was heade with the sworde,  
The rest of the Apostles, did suffer much turmoyle :  
God Paul was murthered by Nero his worde :  
Domitian deuised a Barrell full of Oyle,  
The body of Iohn the Euangelist to boile :  
The Pope at this instant sondrie tormentes procure,  
For such as by Gods holy word will indure.

By these former storie, two thinges we may learne,  
And profitably recorde in our remembraunce :  
The fyrt is Gods Church from the Diuels to discerne :  
The second to marke, what manyfesto resistaunce ,  
The Trueth of God hath, and what incombraunce:  
It bringeth vpon them that will it professe,  
Wherfore, they must arme them selues, to suffer distresse.

Mathetes.

It is no new thing, I do now perceiue,  
That Christes Church do suffer tribulation,  
But that the same crosse I might better receive:  
I request you to shew me for my consolation:  
What is the cause, by your estimation :  
That God doth suffer, his people be in thrall ;  
Yet helpe them so sone as they to him call.

Philologus.

The chiefeſt thing, which might vs cauſe or moane,  
With conſtant mindeſ, Christes crosse to ſuſtaine :  
Is to conceiue of Heauen, a faithfull loue :  
Wherto we may not come, as Paul doth prone it plaine :  
Unleſſe with Chrift we ſuffer, that with him we may raine :  
Againe ſith that it is our heauenly fathers will,  
By worldy woes our carnall luſts to kill.

Poreouer, we do vſe to loath that thing we alway haue,  
And do delight the more in that which moſtly we doe want,  
Affliction vrgeth vs also, moze earnestly to craue :  
And when we once reſeuened be, truse faſth in vs it plant,  
So that to call in eche diſtreſſe on God we will not faint :

Fox.





### The Conflict of Conscience.

For trouble bring forth patience, from pacience doth issue  
Experience, from experience Hope, of health the ankor true.

Againe, oftymes, God doth prouide affliction for our gaine,  
As Job who after losse of godes had twice so much theresoer :  
Sometime affliction is a meanes, to honoer to attaine :  
As you may see, if Iosephes lyfe, you set your eyes before :  
Continually it doth vs warne, from sinning any more :  
When as we see the iudgements iust, which God our heauenly king,  
Upon offenders here in earth, for their offences bringe.

Sometime God doth it vs to proue, if constant we will be.  
As he did vnto Abraham : sometime his whole intent,  
Is to declare his heauenly might, as in Iohn we may see :  
When the Disciples did aske Christ, why God the bloudnesse sent  
Unto that man that was borne blinde ? to whom incontinent,  
Christ saide : neither for Parenthes sinnes, nor for his owne offence,  
Was he borne blinde, but that God might shew his magnificencie.

Mathetes.

This is the summe of all your falke, if that I gesse aright,  
That God doth pumish his elect to keepe their faith in vre,  
Or least that is continuall easse, and rest enjoy they might :  
God to forget through hautinesse, fraile nature should procure :  
Or els by feeling punishment, our sinnes for to abiure :  
Or els to proue our constancy, or lastly that we may,  
Be instruments in whom his might, God may abroad display.

Now must I nedes confesse, to you my former ignozaunce,  
Which knew no cause at all, why God should trouble his elect,  
But thought afflictions all, to be rewardes for our offence :  
And to procede from wrathfull Judge, did alway it suspect :  
As doe the common sort of men, who will straightway direct  
And point their fingers at such men, as God doth chastise here,  
Esteeming them by iust desert, their punishment to beare.

Philologus.

Such is the nature of mankind, himselfe to iustifie,  
And to condemne all other men, wheras we ought of right :  
Accuse our selues especiall, and God to magnifie :  
Who in his mercy doth vs spare, whereas he also might,  
Sith that we doo the selfe same things, with like plagues vs requight.

A.1.

B.ij.

Which

### The Conflict of Conscience.

Whiche thing our Saviour Ch<sup>r</sup>ist doth teach, as testifieth Luke,  
The thirteenth Chapter, where he doth baine glorious men rebuke :

But for this time let this suffice, now lets homeward goe,  
And further talke in privat place, if neede be, we will haue :

Mathetes,

With right god will, I will attend on you, your house vnto:  
Or els goe you with me to mine, the longer iourney saue :  
For it is now high dinner time, my stomach meat doth craue :

Philologus.

I am sone bidden to my fronde, come on let vs departe,

Mathetes.

Goe you before, and I will come behinde with all my harte.

### Akte second. Scene fyfth.

#### H Y P O C R I T E .

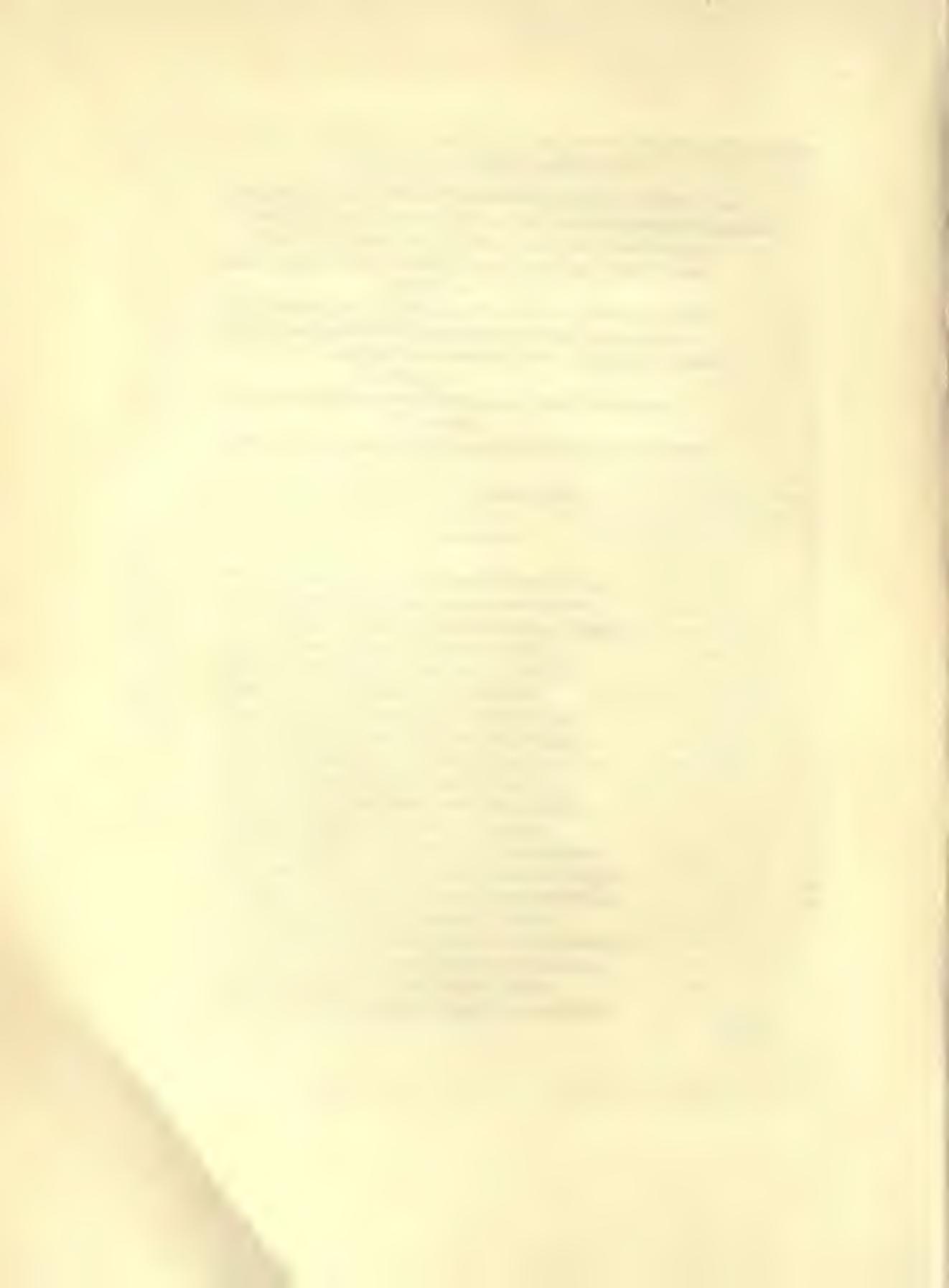
God speede you all, that be of Gods belife,  
The mightie Ichouah protec<sup>t</sup> you from ill :  
I beseeche the lyuing God, that he woulde gine,  
To ech of you present, a harty god will,  
With flesh to contende, your lust soz to kyll :  
That by the aide of spypituall assistance,  
You may subdue your carnall concupisence.

God graunt you all soz his mercyes sake,  
The lyght of his word to your hartes ioy :  
I humbly beseeche him a confusione to make  
Of erronious sectes, whiche might you annoy :  
Earnestly requiring eche one to imploye,  
His whole indeuour Gods word to maintaine,  
And from straunge doctrine your hartes to restraine.

Grant Lord I pray thee, such preachers to bee,  
In thy congregacion, thy people to learne :  
As may for Conscience sake, and of mere sincerite,  
Being able twixt Coxen and Cockle to discerne.  
Apply their studie to replenish the Werne.  
That is thy Church, by their doctrines increase,

Acte





The Conflict of Conscience.

And make many heires of thine eternall peace. Amen. Amen.

But soft let me see, who doth me aspect,  
First sluggish Saturn of nature so colde :  
Being placed in TAURO, my beames do reiet,  
And Luna in CANCRO in sextile he behould :  
I will the effect hereafter unsoulde.  
Now Iupiter the gentil, of temperature meane,  
Pore Mercury the turncote, ha so stroke cleane.

Now murthering Mars retrogarde in Libra,  
With amiable tryne, apply to my beame,  
And splendant Sol the ruler of the day :  
After his Eclips to Iupiter will leane,  
The Goddesse of pleasure, Dame VENUS I meane,  
To me her pore seruaunt seme friendly to be,  
So also doth Luna other wise called Phebe.  
But now I speake mischeuously, I would say, in a mistery  
Wherfore to interpret it, I holde it best done,  
For heire be a god soft I believe in this company :  
That know not my meetyng, as this man soz one,  
What? blush not at it, you are not alone :  
Heire is an other that know not my mynde,  
Soz he in my wordes, great sauour can synd.

The Planet Mercurius, is neither whot nor colde,  
Neither god nor yet verie bad of his owne nature,  
But doth alter his qualytis, with them which doo holde:  
Amy friendly aspect to him, even so I assure :  
The Mercurialists I meane Hypocrits cannot long endure  
In one condicion, but doo alter our mynde,  
To theirs that talke with vs, thereby friendship to synde.

The little Camelyon by Nature can chaunge  
Her selfe, to that colour, the which she beholde :  
Why shold it then to any seme straunge ?  
That we do thus alter, why are we controulde ?  
With onely the rule of nature we holde :  
We sike to please all men, yet most doo vs hate,  
And we are rewarded for friendship debate.

Saturnus is envious, how then can hee loue ?

B. ix.

Adulation

### The Conflict of Conscience,

Adulation or Hipocrisie to him most contrarie,  
The louists being god do looke high aboue:  
And do not regard the rest of the companye:  
Now Mars being retrogard, foretelleth miserie:  
To tyrannicall practise, to happen eftstone,  
As shalbe apparent before all be done.

Which Tirannie with flatterie is easely pacifyed,  
Wheras Tom tell troth shall feele of his Sword,  
So that with such men is fully verifyed,  
That olde laid law, and common by word:  
Obsequium amicos, by flateries friends are prepared:  
But veritas odium parit, as commonly is seene,  
For speaking the trueth, many hated haue beene.

By Sol understand, Popish principalytie,  
With whom full highly I am entertained,  
But being eclipsed shall shew forth his qualytie:  
Then shall Hipocrisie be vterly disdained:  
Whose wretched exile though greatly complayned:  
And wept for of many, shalbe without hope,  
That in such pompe shall ever be Pope.

By Venus the riotous, by Luna the variable,  
Betwixt whom and Mercury no variance can fall,  
For they which in wordes be most vnstable:  
Would be thought faithfull, and the riotous liberal:  
So that Hipocrisie their doings cloake shall:  
But whist not a word, for yonder come some,  
While I know what they are, I will be dombe.

Step aside.

### Aete second. Sceane 2.

#### TIRANNY. AVARICE.

Put me before for I wyll shifte for one,  
So long as strength remaineth in this Arme,  
And pluck vp thy hart thou faint herted momie,  
As long as I lyue, thou shalt take no harme:  
Such as controll vs, I will their tongues charme,

push Auarice  
backwarde

By





### The Conflict of Conscience.

By fire or sword or other like torment,  
So that euer they did it they shall it repent,  
Hast thou forgotten what sathan did saye,  
That the K. Hipocrisie our doings should hide,  
So that vnder his Cldake our partes we should playe,  
And of the rude people should never be spide,  
O, if the worst shold happ or betide,  
That I by Tiranny shold both you desend,  
Agaynst such as mischife to you shold pretend.

HYP. Ambo

Auarice.

Indeed such words our Welthe did speake,  
Which being remembred doth make my heart glad,  
But yet one thing my courage doth breake,  
And when I thinke of it, it makes me full sad,  
I meane the euil lucke which Hipocrisie had,  
When he was expelled out of this land  
For then with me the matter euill did stand.

HYP. tut Fa-  
ther lotsam.

For I by him so shadowed was from light,  
That almost no man could me out espye,  
But he being gon to every mans sight,  
I was apparent ech man did descrye,  
My pilling and poling so that glad was I,  
From my nature to cease a thing most merueilous,  
And live in secret the tyme was so daungerous.

HYP. a little k  
to hide so  
great a lub-  
ber.

Tiranny.

Thus Auarice thou fearest a thing that is dayne,  
For by me alone both you shalbe stayed,  
And if thou marke well thou shalt perceiue playne,  
That if I Tyranny my parte had well played,  
And from killing of Heretikes my hand had not stayed,  
They had never growen to such a great rowt,  
Neither should haue bene able to haue banisht him out :

HYP. he fear  
eth nothig he  
thinketh  
the hangman  
is dead.  
HYP. he can  
play too parts  
the foole and  
the K.

But sero sapiunt Phriges, at length I will take heede,  
And with bloud enough this euill will preuent,  
For if I here of any that in word or in deed,  
Pea if it be possible to knowe their intent,  
If I can proue that in thought they it ment :

HYP. a popish  
policye.

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### The Conflict of Conscience,

To impaire our estates, no prayer shall serue,  
But will paie them their hire, as eche one deserue.

HYP. Antichir-  
stian charitie.

Auarice.

The Fish once taken, and scaped from baught,  
Will euer heareafter, beware of the hooke,  
Such as vse hunting will spie the Hare straught,  
Though other discerne her not, yet on her shall looke:  
Againe, the learned can read in a Booke,  
Though the vnskilfull seeing equall with them,  
Cannot discerne an F from an M.

So those which hane tasted, the fruite that we beare  
And finde it so sower, will not vs implant:

Tyranny.

Cush Auarice, I warrant theſe thou needſt not feare,  
In the cleargy I know, no friends we ſhal want:  
Which for hope of gaine, the trueth will recant:  
And give them ſelues wholy to let out Hypocrifie,  
Being egd on with Auarice, and defended by Tiranny.

Volitas facit  
eſte Deos.

Auarice.

Wel may the Clergie on our ſide holde,  
For they by vs no ſmall gaine did reape,  
But all the temporaltie, I dare be boulde,  
To venture in wager of Golde a god heape,  
At our preſermentes will mourne waile and wepe.

Tyranny.

Though indeede no iuft cauſe of ioy they can finde,  
Yet for feare of my ſword, they will alter their minde.

But I maruell much, where Hypocrifie is,  
Myrke think it is long ſince, from vs he did goe,

Auarice.

I doubt that of his purpose he miſſe:  
And therefore hath hanged him ſelſe for woe.  
How layſt thou Tyranny doest not thiſke ſo  
In faith if I thought that he miſt bee ſpared,  
And we haue our purpose belyew me if I cared.

HYP. This is  
sharp argu-  
mentes.

HYP. Praye for  
your ſelfe.

HYP. your kind  
hart ſhal aſt me  
a couple of rul-  
thes.

Tyranny





## The Conflict of Conscience.

### Tyranny.

How you ener the lyke of this doubting doult:  
It grieves me to heare how saint harted he is,  
A little would cause me to kill thee, thou Ascoulte:  
See, see, soz woe he is lyke soz to pisse:

To give an attempt, what a fellow were this?  
But this is the god that commeth of Covetousnesse

He liueth alway in feare to lose his riches.

Againe, marke how he regardeth the death of his friend  
So he hath his purpose, he cares soz no moe,  
A perfect patterne of a covetous mynd,  
Whiche neither esteemeth his friend nor his foe,  
But rather Auarice might I haue saideso:  
Whiche if he were gone, my selfe could defende,  
Wher thou by his absence wert lone at an ende.

HYP. Not I  
the lyke of  
such a cut-  
throte Coult.

### Acte second. Sceanc 3.

#### HYPOCRISIE. TIRANNY. AVARICE.

O Loring Father and mercifull God,  
We through our sinnes thy punishment deserue,  
And haue prouoked to beat with thy rod:  
Us stubborne Children, which from thee do swerne:  
We loathed thy worde, but now we shall sterue:  
For Hypocrisie is placed againe in this lande,  
And thy true Gospell as exile doth stande.

This is thy iust judgement for our offence,  
Who hauyng the light, in darknesse did straie,  
But now if thou wouldest of thy fathery benevolence:  
Thy purposed iudgements in wrath soz to stay:  
The part of the prodigall Sonne we would play:  
And with bitter teares before thee wold fall,  
And in true repentaunce soz mercy wold call.  
In our prosperitie we woulde not regard,  
The wordes of the Preacher's, who threatned the same,  
But flattering our selues, thought y wouldest haue spared

C.

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### The Conflict of Conscience,

Us in thy mercy, and never vs blame:  
But so much prouoked thee, by blasphemynge thy name :  
Indede to deny, that in words we mayntaine,  
That from thy Justice thou couldst not refraine.

So that Romish Pharao a Tirant most cruell,  
Hath brought vs againe into captiuytie,  
And instead of the pure fload of thy Gospell :  
Hath poysoned our soules with diuelish Hypocrisie :  
Unable to maintaine it, but by murthering Tirany :  
Slaughtering rather the flocks, then the health of the shēpe,  
Whiche are appointed for him for to keape.

#### Tiranny.

Loe Auarice, harke what a Traitor is here,  
Against our holy Father this language to vse :  
I might haue harde more if I would him forbear :  
But for greese my eares burne to heare him abuse  
His tongue in this maner: wherfore no excuse,  
Shall purchase fauour but that with all spedē,  
By Sword I will render, to him his due meide.

Wherfore, thou miscreant, while thou hast time,  
Pray to the Sainentes, thy spokesmen to bē,  
That at Gods hand, from this thy great crime:  
By their intercession, thou may be let frē :

#### Auarice.

Pay hearest thou Tyranny, be ruled by me :  
First cut of his head, and then let him pray,  
So shall he be sure, vs not to bewray.

#### Hypocrisie.

O wicked Tyranny, thou impe of the Deuill,  
Too ioyfull tidinges, to thee haue I brought,  
For now thou art imboldened, to practise all euill.

#### Tiranny.

Marry thou shalt not gue me thy seruice for nought:  
But for thy paines to please thee I thought.

#### Hypocrisie.

Thou art nothing so ready to do any god,  
As thou art to shed pore Innocents bloud.

HYP. he spea  
keth to you  
syra.

Auarice





## The Conflict of Conscience.

Auarice.

Pay Tyranny suffer this raskall to prate,  
Till some man come by, and then he is gone,  
Then wilt thou repent it, when it is to late :  
Dispatch him therfore, while we are alone :

Hypocrisie.

Well may the Couetous be lykened to a drone,  
Which of the Bees labours, will spoile and wast make,  
And yet to get honys, no labour will take.

The Couetous lykewise, from pore men extort,  
Their gaines to encrase, they onely do seeke :  
And so they may haue it of them a great sorte :  
What meanes they vse for it, they care not a leake :  
Yet will these mylers scarce once a weeke :  
Haue one god meale, at their owne table,  
So by Auarice, to help them selues they are vnable.

Auarice to a Fire may well compared bee,  
To the which the more you adde, the more still it craveth,  
So lykewise the Couetous minde we do see :  
Though riches abound, do wish still more to haue  
And to be short, your reverences to saue :  
To a filthy swyne, such mylers are comparable,  
Which while they be dead are nothing profitable.

Auarice.

Pay farewe !! Tyranny, I came hither too lone,  
I perceiue already, I am too well knowne :  
I were not best in their clawes for to come :  
Unlesse I were willing to be cleane overthowne :

Tyranny.

By the preaching of Gods word, al this mischife is growne  
Which if Hypocrisie might happily expell, (en:  
All we in safetie and pleasure might dwelle.

Stay therefore, while from Hypocrisie we heare,

Auarice.

Dispatch then this Marchant, least our counsell he tell,

Hypocrisie.

I am content for Gods cause, this crosse for to beare.

C.ij.

Tyran-

The Conflict of Conscience,

Tyranny.

It is best killynge him, now his mynde is set well.

Hypocrisie.

Your scolding and mocking God seith eche deal :

Tyranny.

Pe, doest thou perfist, vs will thus to check,  
Thy speach I will hinder, by cutting of thy neck.

Hypocrisie.

Say holde thy hand Cadby, thou hast kilde me enough  
What never the sooner for a mery wodre:  
I meant not god earnest, to your malship I bode:  
I dyd but iest, and spake but in word:  
Therefore of friendship, put vp agayne thy sword:

Tyranny.

Say caytiffe presume not, that thou shalt goe scotfree,  
Therefore hold still and I will sone dispatch the.

Hypocrisie.

What? I pray the Tyranny know syll who I am,  
Pe purblindre soles, do your lyps blinde your eyes?  
Why, I was in place long before you came:  
But you could not see the wood for the trees:  
But in faith father Auarice I will pay you your laist;  
For the great godwill which you to mee beare,  
And in time wyll requight it againe do not feare.

HYP. figh-  
teib.

Auarice.

Content your selfe, god master Hypocrisie.  
The wordes which I speake I speake vnaware.

Tyranny.

Holde thy hand Hypocrisie, I pray thee hartely:  
So lyke a mad man with thy friendes do not fare.

Hypocrisie.

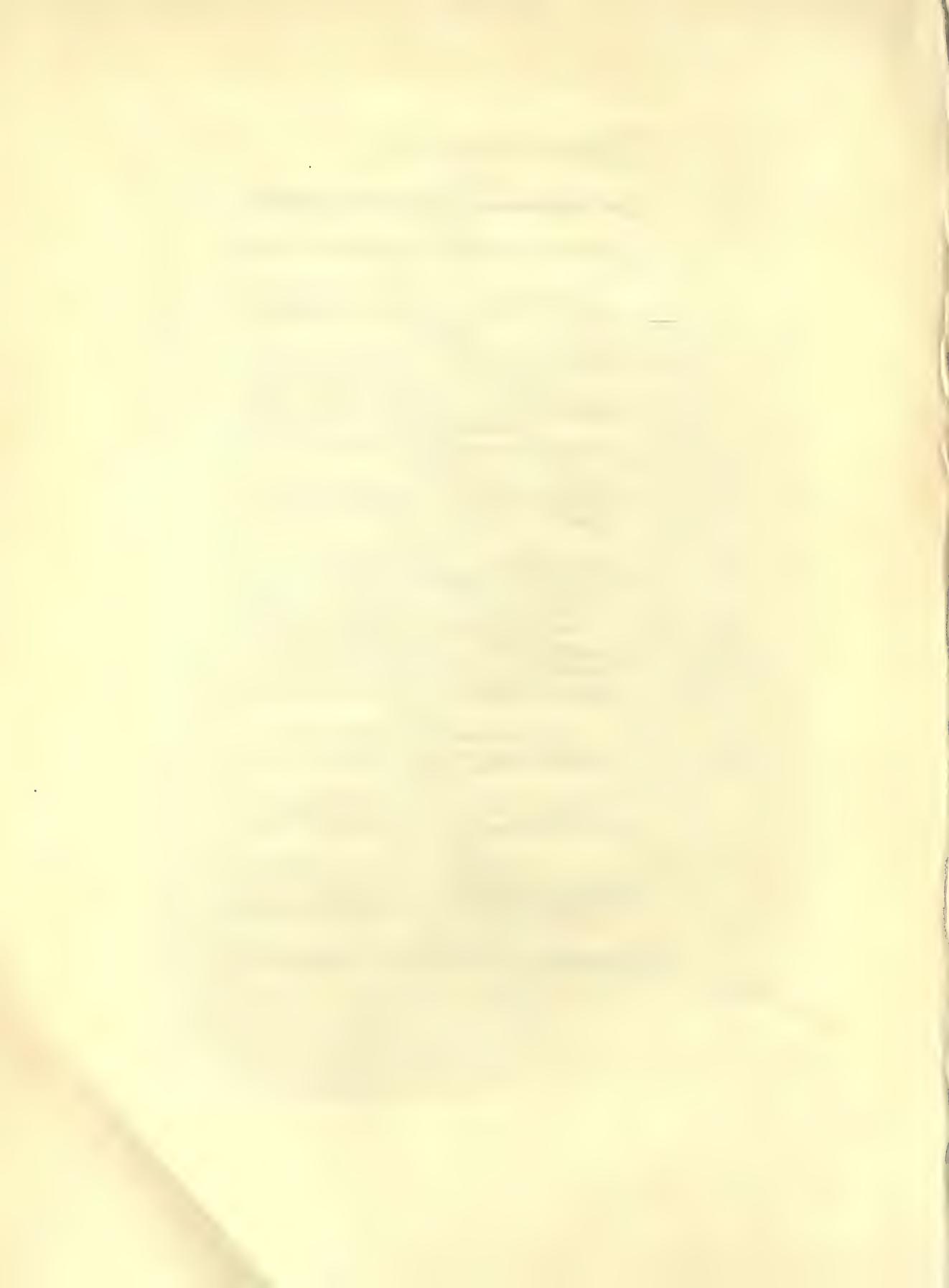
For nether of you both, a pin do I care:  
Goe shake your ears both, like slaves as you be,  
And loke not in your neede to be holpen of mee.

Tyranny.

What Master Hypocrisie, will you take snuffe so sone?

Sparry





The Conflict of Conscience.

Harry then you had narde to be kept very warme,  
Auarice.

I sweare to your maistership, by the man in the Moone,  
That to your person I intended no harme:  
Hypocrisie.

But that I am wearie, I would both your tongs charme  
Soe how to my face they do me deride,  
I will not therfore in your companies abide.

Auarice.  
Why master Hypocrisie, what would you that I do?  
For my offence, of mercie I you praye.

Hypocrisie.  
With thec I am at one, but of that Marchant to,  
I loke for some amendes, or els I will away:

Tyranny.  
The presumptuous soles parte herrein thou doest play,  
What e of thy Master, doest thou loke for obaysance,  
I will not once intreate thec, if thou wilt get thec hence.

Hypocrisie.  
Nimia familiaritas parit contemptum,  
The olde prouerbe by me is veresied,  
By too much famyliaritie contemned be some:  
Euen so at this present to me it betide:  
For of long time Hypocrisie hath ruled as guide:  
While now of later daies through Heretikes resistaunce  
I retained Tyranny to yeld me assaunce.  
But through ouer much lemytie, he thinks himself chek  
With me his god patron, Master Hypocrisie,

Tyranny.  
Lyf I pray thec Auarice, how this rascall can prate:  
And with me Tyranny doth chalenge equaltie:  
Where hec of himselfe hath neither strength nor habillity  
But thou to him riches, and I Strength do giue,  
So that I must be his master, though it doth hym greue.

Auarice.  
Two Dogges oftentimes one bone would faine catch,  
C.ij. But

## The Conflict of Conscience.

But yet the thirde do both them deceiue,  
Euen so Hypocrisie for the preheminence dooth snatch :  
Whiche Tiranny gapes for, ye may perceive :  
But I must obtaine it, for of me they retaine  
All kinde of riches, their states to mayntaine,  
So yelde to me therfore they must be both faine.

### Hypocrisie.

Was Iudas Christes master, because he bare the purs  
Pay rather of all, he was least regarded,  
Hauie not men of hono<sup>r</sup>, Stewaros to disburse :  
All such summes of mony, wherwith they be charged :  
Yet aboue their maister their hono<sup>r</sup> is not enlarged ;  
Euen so, ther Auarice, my steward I account,  
To pay that whereto my charges amount.

And to the Tiranny, this one word I object,  
Whether was Ioab or Dauid the King ?  
Whilen Ioab was glad his ease to reiect :  
The Ammonys in Rabah, to confusione to bring :  
Whilen Dauid with Bethseba at home was sleeping :  
Was not Ioab his servant, in warfare to fight,  
And so art thou mine, mine enimies to quight.

### Tiranny.

Say then at the hole godgine you god night :  
Shall Tiranny to Hypocrisie in any point yelde ?

### Hypocrisie.

With this one word I will vanquish the quight :  
That thou shalt be glad to giue me the serde ;  
The ende to be preferred all learned men wild :  
With therfore Hypocrisie of Tiranny is ende,  
I must haue the preferment, for which I contende.

### Tiranny.

I will make you both graunt that I am the chiefe,  
Or els with my sword your sides I will pearce,

### Hypocrisie.

That were sharp reasonyng indeede, with a mischiese :

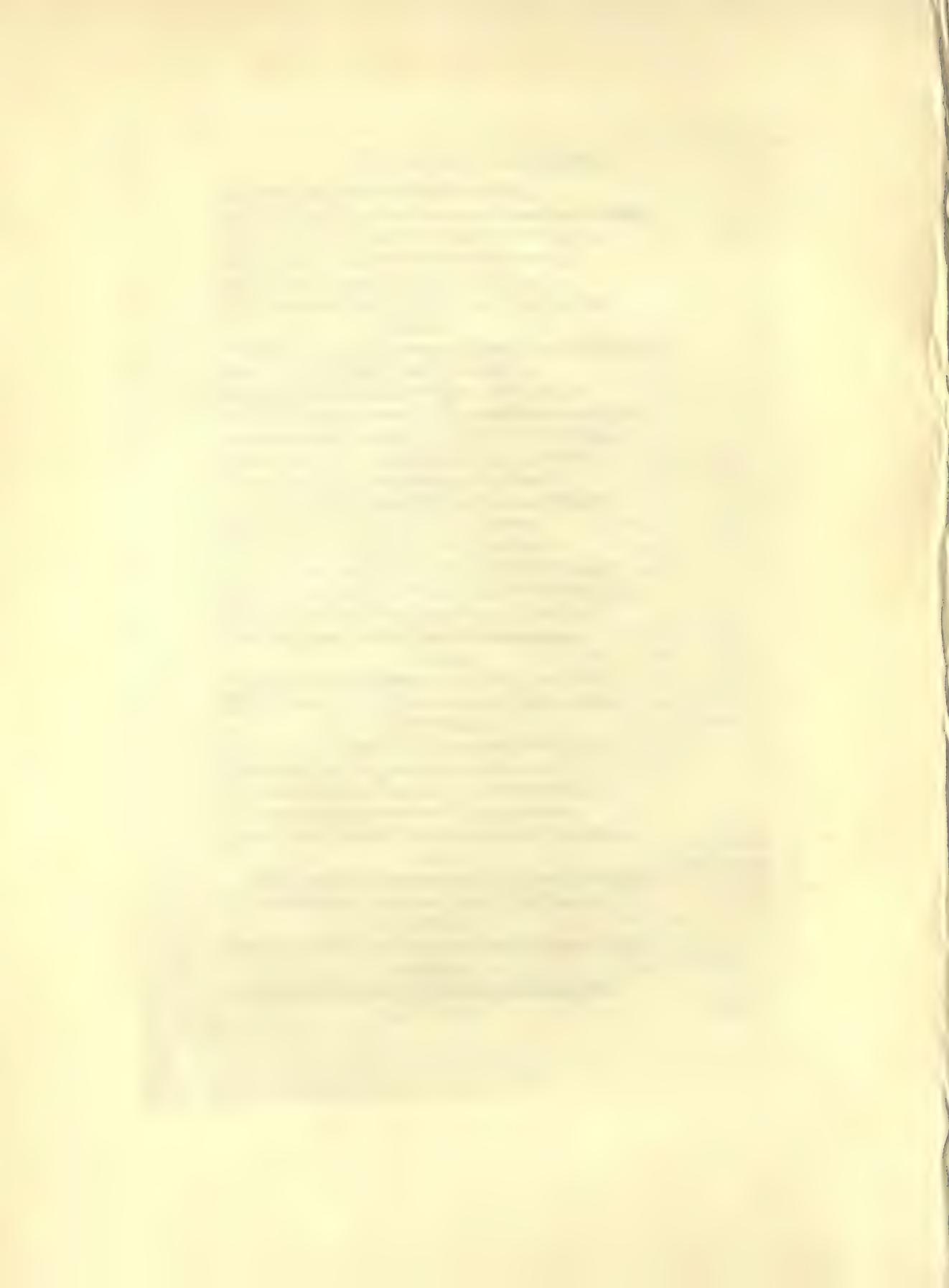
### Auarice.

I wyl yelde him my right if that he be so scarce,

A.V.A. indeede  
you say wroth.

### Hypo-





The Consili of Conscience.

Hypocrysie.

The nature of Hypocrites, herein we rehearce :  
Which being conuincid by the text of Gods worde,  
The ende of their spowting is Syre and Sword.  
But if you wil needs be chise, God sped wel þ plough  
I will be none that shall follow your traine,  
For if I shold, I know well inough :  
That to fly the Countrie, we all shold be faine :  
Then were my labour done but in vaine,  
You know not so much as I do Tiranny,  
Therefore I aduise you be ruled by me.

Tiranny.

Inter amicos omnia sunt communia they say,  
Among friendes there is reckoned no propertie,  
But what the one hath of his owne, thother may :  
Haue the vse of the same, at his owne lybertie :  
Euen so among vs it is of a suretie :  
For what the one hath of his owne proper right,  
It is thine to vse by day or by night.

Auarice.

Indede you say trueth, the ende is worth all,  
Such thinges as to get the ende are referred,  
And by this reason to you I proue shall :  
That I before Hypocrisie must be preferred :  
The conclusion of my reason is this inferred :  
With Hypocrisie was invented to augment privat gaine,  
I am the end of Hypocrisie, this is plaine.

Hypocrisie.

Aetum est de Amicitia, the bargin is dispached,  
And we two in friendship, are united as one.

Auarice,

In the same knot, with you let mee also be matched :  
And of mony I warrant you, you shall want none :

Hypocrisie.

I agree, what say you ? shall he be one ?

Tyran. I judge him needfull in our company to bee : HYP friend-  
And therfore, for my part, he is welcome to me, ship for gaine

Let vs now spedely on our busynesse attende,

And

The Conflict of Conscience.

And labour eche one to bring it about.

Hypocrisie.

That is already by me brought to ende:  
So that of your p[re]ferment you neede not to doubt:  
And my comming hether was to finde you out:  
That at my elbow you might be in readinesse,  
To help if neede were in this waughtie busynesse.

To tell you the storie it were but to tedious,  
How the Pope and I together haue denied,  
Firstly to inuegle the people religous:  
For grædinelle of gaine, who will be sone prezed:  
And so feare least hereafter they shold be despised:  
Of their owne freewill, will maintaine Hypocrisie  
So that Auarice alone, shall conquerre the Cleargie.

Now of the chiefeſt of his carnall Cardinals,  
He doth appoint certaine, and givē them anthozitie,  
To ride abrode in their pontificalles:  
To ſee if with Auarice, they may winne the Laytie:  
If not, then to threaten them with open Tyranny:  
Wherby doubt not but many will forſake,  
The trueth of the Cōſpell, and our parties take.

Tyranny.

This deuice is praise worthy, how ſaileſt thou Auarice!

Auarice.

I lyke it well if it were put in vse,  
Yet little gaine to me, ſhall this whole practise:  
Moore then I had before time procure:

Hypocrisie.

The Legates are ready to ride I am ſure:  
Wherfore we had neede to make no ſmall delaye,  
They ſay for my comming alone, I dare ſay,

Howbeit the Laytie would greatly miſlike,  
If they ſhoulde know all our purpose and intent,  
Yea and perhaps ſome meaneſs they would ſeeke:  
But forſaide busynesse in time to prevent:

Tyranny.

Will you then be ruled by my arbitrement?

Leat





The Conflict of Conscience.

Least the people should sodenly dissolve tranquillytie,  
For the Legates defence, let hym bse me Tyranny:

Hypocrisie.

Herein your counsell is not muche vnwise,  
Haue that in one thing, we had neede to beware,  
Least you be knownen, we wyll you disguise,  
And some graue Apparell for you wyll prepare,  
But your name Tyranny, I feare all wyll marre:  
Let me alone, and I wyll invent,  
A name to your nature, whiche shalbe conuenient:

Zeale shall your name be, how lyke you by that?  
And therfore, in office, you must deale zealously :

Tyranny.

Let me alone, I wyll pay them home pat:  
Though they call me Zeale, they shall feele me Tyranny

Hypocrisie.

Loe, here is a Garment, come dresse you handsonly:  
I mary (quoth he) I lyke this very well:  
Now, to the Devyls Grace, you may seeme to gene counsell  
Now must I apply al my Invention,  
That I may deuice Auarice to hide:  
Thy name shalbe called Carefull prouision,  
And every man for his Houshold may lawfully prouide,  
Thus shalt thou go cloaked, and never be spide:

Auarice.

Thy counsell Hipocrisie, I very well allow,  
And will recompence thee, if euer I know how.

Tiranny.

Now, on a boon voyage, let vs depart,  
For I well lothe any time to delaye,

Hypocrisie.

Pay, yet in signe of a mery hart,  
Let vs singe before we go awaie.

Auarice.

I am content, begyn I you pray,  
But to singe the Treble, we must needes haue one.

D.i.

Hypocrisie

The Conflict of Conscience,  
Hypocrisie.  
If you say so, let it euen alone.      Exeunt.

Acte thyrd. Scene i.

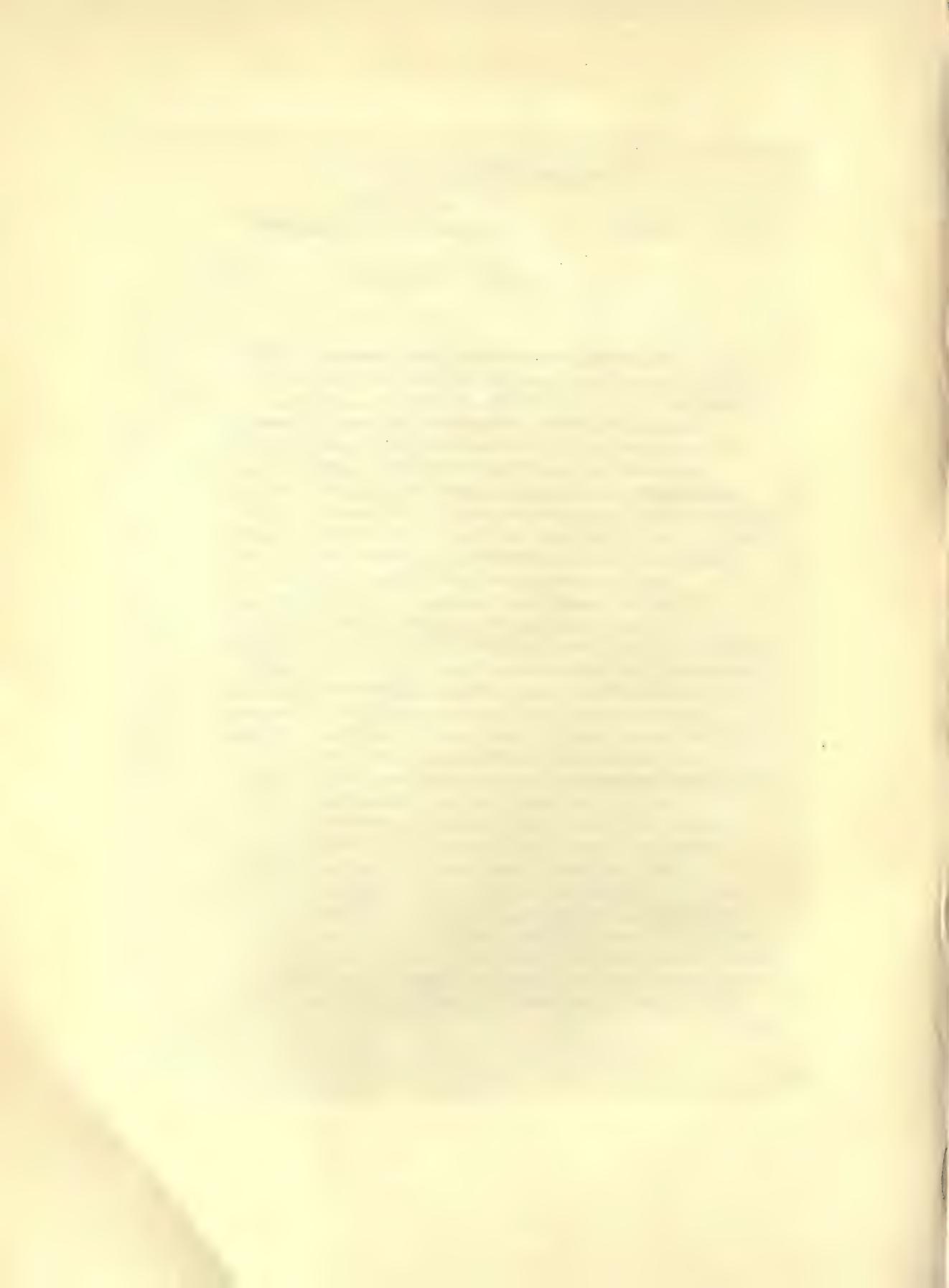
PHILOLOGVS.

TOD true(alas) too true I say, was our Divination,  
The whiche Mathates did soreset, when last we were in place,  
For now(in diese) we feele the smart and horrible vexation,  
Whiche Romysl power vnto vs did threaten and manace:  
Wherfore, great neede we have, to call to God alway for grace:  
For stible flesh is farre too weake, those paynes to undergo:  
The whiche all they that feare the Lord, are now appointed to:  
The Legate from the Pope of Rome, is come into our Coastes,  
Who doth the haines of God eche where, with Tiranny oppresse,  
And in the same most gloriousty himselfe he dwalnt and boast,  
The more one mourneth vnto him, he pittith the leste,  
Out of his cruell Tyranny, the Lorde of Heaven me blesse:  
For hitherto, in blessed state, my whole lyfe I have spent:  
With health of body, wealth in Goodes, and minde alway content.  
Besides, of friender, I have great store, who do me firmly loue,  
A faithfull wife and children sayre, of wooddes and pasture stoe,  
And diuers other thinges, whiche I have got for my behoef,  
Whiche nowe to be depraved off, would grieue my hart full sore:  
And if I come once in their claves, I shall get out no more.  
Unlesse I wyll renounce my fayth, and to their minde fulfyllyng ent.  
Whiche if I do, without all doubt, my soule for ay I spyl.

For sith I have received once the first fruictes of my fayth,  
And have begon to ronne the corsle, that leadeth to saluation,  
If in the midst therof, I stay or cease, the Scripture sayth,  
It boodeth not that I began with so god preparation  
But rather, maketh muche the more, vnto my condempnation.  
For he alone shall have the Palme, whiche to the ene doth ronne,  
And he which plucks his hand fr<sup>e</sup>m Plough, in Heavne shal never com.

Those Labourers which hyred were in Vineard for to moyle,  
And had their Penny for their payne, they taried all whyle night,





### The Conflict of Conscience.

For if they ceassed had, when summe their flesh with heat did broule,  
And had departed from their worke, they shoulde haue lost by right,  
Their wages verry. I likewise, shalbe depryued quight  
Of that same Crowne, the whiche I haue in sayth longe looked for,  
But for this time, I wyll depart, I dare here say no more. Exit.

Acte thyrde. Sceane.2.

### HYPOCRISIE.

**H**a,ha,ha,mary now the Game beginne,  
Hypocrisie throughout this Realme is had in admiration,  
And by my meanes, both Auarice and Tiranny crept in,  
Who in short space, wyll make men ronne the way to desolation,  
What did I say? my tongue dyd tryp, I shoulde say, consolac[i]on.  
For now (for sooth) the Clergie must into my bosome crepe,  
Or els, they know not, by what meanes, them selues alwaye to keepe.

On the other syde, the Laietie, be they exther riche or pore,  
If riche, then Auarice strangle them, because they wyll not lese  
The worldly wealth: or els we haue one subtile p[ro]agle moe,  
That is, that sensuall suggestion, their outwarde man shall pose,  
Who can full finely in eche cause, his minde to them discloise,  
But if that neither of these twayne, can to my trayne them wynde,  
Then, at his Cne (to play his parte, doth Tiranny begynne.

As for the pore knaves, such a one as this is,  
We do not esteeme hym, but make short adm,  
If he wyll not come on, we do hym not mysse,  
But to the Pot, he is sure to goe:  
Tiranny deales with hym and no moe.  
But I meruayle, what doth hym from hence so longe stay?  
Somer named, sooner come, as comon Prouerbes say. Sep aside.

Acte. thyrde. Sceane.3:

### TYRRANNY, AVARICE. HYPOCRYSIE.

**B**y his woundes, I feare nott, but it is cocke sure now, H[er]e he hath  
Under the Legates Heale, in Office I am placed: goodly graec  
D.y, Therfore in swaryng.

### The Conflict of Conscience,

Wherefore who so resist me I will make him to how,  
Who can make Tyranny now be disgraced?  
With a head of brasse I will not be out faced,  
But will execute mine office with extreme crueltie,  
So that all men shall knowe me to be playne Tyranny.

HIP. he is  
cruelle alredy.

Auarice.

Say Master Zeale be ruled by me,  
So such as resist, such rigor you may shew,  
Tyranny.

Zeale nay, no Zeale, my name is Tyranny,  
Neither am I ashamed who doth my name knowe,  
For in my dealings the same I will shewe,  
None dare reprove me of that I am sure,  
So long as Authority on my side endure,  
But to thy wordes a while I will list,  
Therefore in briese saye on what you will.

HIP. he is  
keit carcresse.

Auarice.

I would haue you shew rigor to such as resist.  
And such as be obstinate spare not to kill,  
But those that be willing your hestes to fulfil,  
If they offend and not of obstinacie,  
For money excuse them though they use villanie,  
Thus shall you performe your office aright,  
For favour o<sup>r</sup> money to spare the offendent.

HIP. harkes  
the practis of  
spiteful Sum-  
mers.

Tyranny.

So maye I also of malice o<sup>r</sup> spight,  
Or ranckes of myne punitish the innocent,  
But I wilbe ruled by thine arbitrament,  
And will favour such as will my hand greaze,  
The devill is a god fellow if one can him please,  
But to follow our busnes great paynes we do take,  
On an hastie message we were fit to be sent.

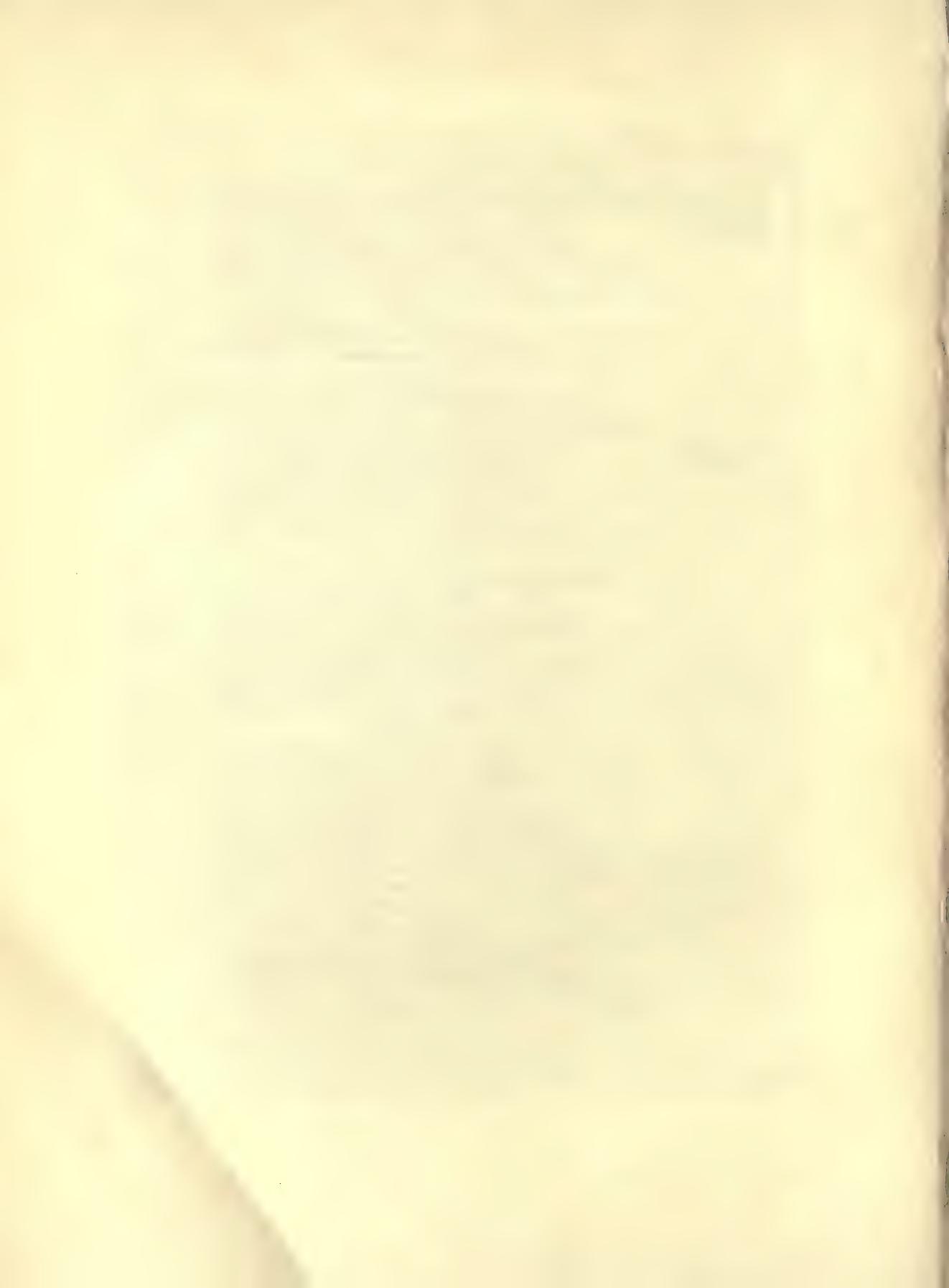
HIP. land you  
are one of his  
sonnes mee  
think by your  
bead.

Hypocrisie.

When I lye a dying I will you messengers make,  
You plye you so fast you are too to diligent,  
Hope how, Master Zeale whether are ye bent?

Auarice.





The Conflict of Conscience.

Auarice. Hark me thought one hallowed & called you by name.  
Hark me thought one hallowed & called you by name.

Tyranny.

I would it were Hypocrisie, Aua. It is the very same,  
What Master Hypocrisie for you I haue sought,  
This howre or two but could you not finde.

Hypocrisie.

That is no meruaille it is not for nought,  
For I am but little and you two are blinde,  
Neither haue you eyes to see with behinde,  
Yet may the learned note herein a mystery,  
That neither Tyran. nor Auar. can finde out Hypocrisie,  
But what earnest busines haue you in charge,  
That with so great spedee must presently be finished.

Tyranny.

Mary see here. Hip. what is it? Tyran. a commission largē  
From my Lord Legate him selfe authorized,  
The effect whereof must presently be practised.

Hypocrisie.

What is the tenure I pray you let me know.

Tyranny.

Auarice hath red it, not I, let him shewe.

Auarice.

He hath firstly in charge to make inquisition,  
Whether Aulters be reedified whether chalice and booke,  
Wessments for Mass, sacraments and prolesion,  
Be prepared againe: if not he must looke,  
And finde out such fellowes as these cannot brooke:  
And to my Lord Legate such Marchants present,  
That for their offence they may haue condign punishment:

If any we take tardy Tyranny them threat,  
That for their neglygence he will them present,  
And I desirous some money to get,  
If ought they will give me, their euill will preuent,  
Pea somtyme, of purpose, such shiffts we inuent.

Hypocrisie.

Peace, yonder comes one (me thinke) it is a prest,

D.ij.

By hyg

The Conflict of Conscience.

By his gowne cap and tippet, made of a lill,

Ate.third,Sceane 4.

CACONOS. HY P. TIRANNY. AVARICE.

I<sup>n</sup> gude seth sir, this newis de gar me lope,  
Ay is as light as ay me wend,gif that yo wol me troth,  
Far new ayen within awer lond installed is the Pope,  
Whese Legat w<sup>t</sup> authoritie tharaualint aw<sup>t</sup> clyt<sup>r</sup> goth,  
And charge besare him far te com, vs Prells end lemen bash,  
Far te spay aw<sup>t</sup> gif that he mea, these newo sprang Arataykes,  
Whilk de disturb aw<sup>t</sup> hally Kirke,laik a fart of lassimataykes.

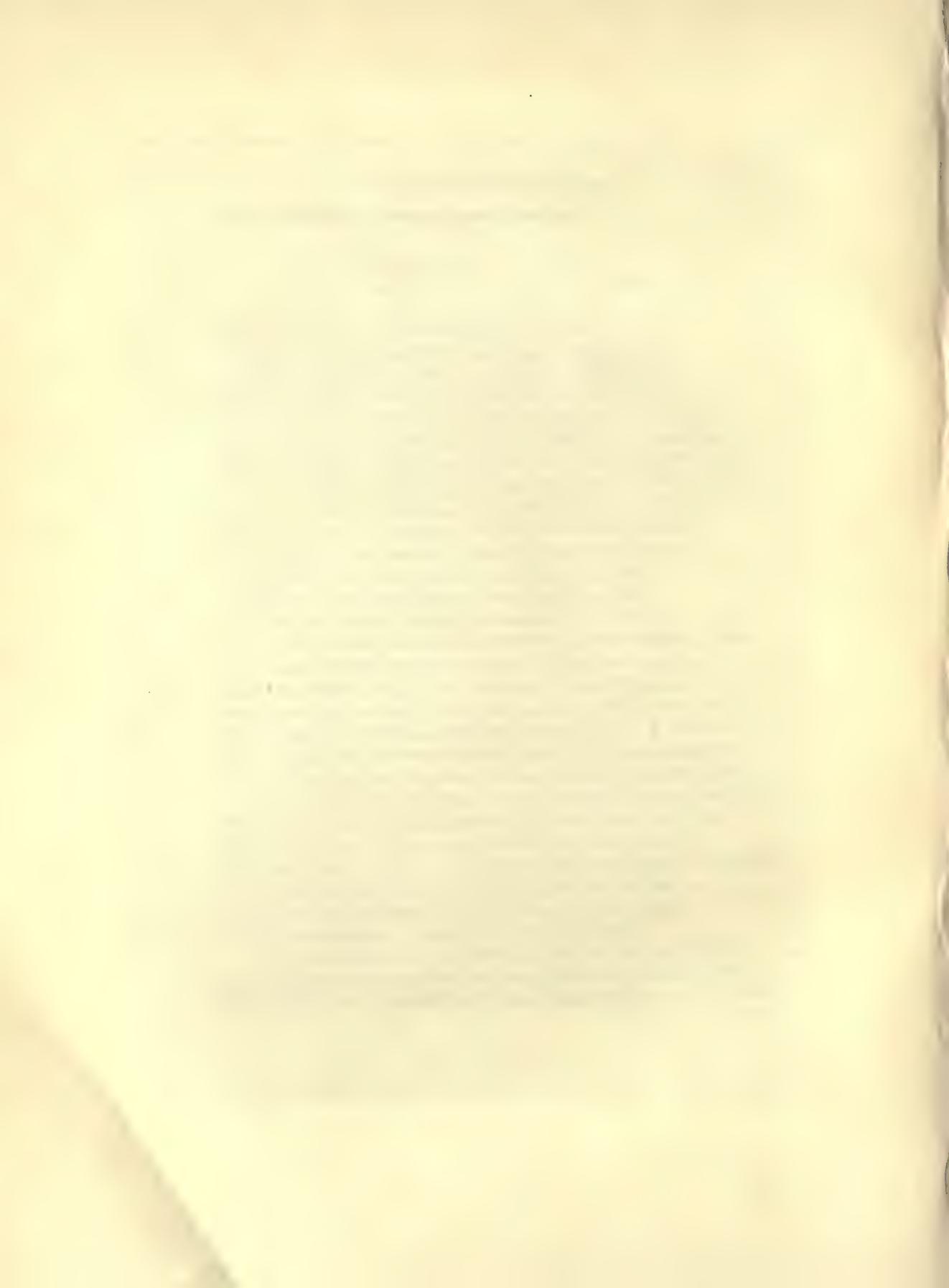
Aw<sup>t</sup> gilden Gods ar brought ayen intea aw<sup>t</sup> Kirks ilk whare,  
That vnt<sup>e</sup> them aw<sup>t</sup> Parishioner,ma asser that gudewill,  
Far hally Mass<sup>e</sup> in ilke place,new thea auters de prepare,  
Hally watter,Par,Crosse,Banner,Censour and Cardill,  
Cream,Crisunator<sup>y</sup>,hally Bred, the rest omitt ay will,  
Whilt hally Fathers did inuent fre awd Antiquitie,  
We new receued int<sup>e</sup> aw<sup>t</sup> Kirks,with great solemnitte.

Bay thele thaugh lemen benc apprest, the Clargy fall het gean,  
Far te aw<sup>t</sup> hents theis asser yis<sup>t</sup> a<sup>t</sup> whilk we fall receyue,  
Aw<sup>t</sup> hally Mass<sup>e</sup>, thaw thea bay vere, thea de it but in dayne,  
Far thaw ther frends frea Purgator<sup>y</sup>, te help thea dea beleue,  
Pet af ther hope,gif nebe rewhayre it walud theam all deceue,  
Sea walde aw<sup>t</sup> Pilgrimage,Reliques,Trentals and Pardons,  
Whilk far aw<sup>t</sup> geyn int<sup>e</sup> aw<sup>t</sup> Kirk ar branght in far the nones.

Far well a nere what war aw<sup>t</sup> tenths & taythes that gro in sild,  
What gif we han of glebed lond ene plawwark bay the yeare,  
Aw<sup>t</sup> affring deas de vara laytell ar nething te vs yeld,  
Aw<sup>t</sup> Beadroll geanes,aw<sup>t</sup> chrisom clethes de laytle mend aw<sup>t</sup> fare  
Gif aw<sup>t</sup> af this we pea far vale,we laytle mare can spare,  
Saw<sup>t</sup> Masses,Diriges,Monethmayndes and Buryinges,  
Allsouliday,Kirkings,Baneasking and weddings.

The Sacraments,gif we mobot sell,war better then thea all,  
Far gif the Jewes gaue tharby pence,te hang Chryst<sup>e</sup> on a tre,  
Gude christia folk thayle tharby pence walud cou<sup>t</sup> a price but smal  
Sea





## The Conflict of Conscience.

Sea that te ete him with ther teeth delayuered he maiwght be,  
New of this thing delayuerance, ne man can mak but we,  
Se that the market in this punt, we Preestis lawd han at will,  
And with the money we sowd yet, awr poches we sowd fill,

Hypocrisie.

I will goe and salowt him, god morrow sir John,

Cacon.

Pat bay may Preest have God giue ye ten far eue,

and well Hypocrisie.

Do you Master Parson in this Parish singe?

Cacon.

Yai sir that ay de, gif yowll giue me trothing,

Tyranny.

I haue a comission your house am Church to seke,  
To search if you any seditious Bookeis do keepe.

Cacon.

Whe ay? well a neare ay over bay the Sacrament,  
Ay had rather han a cup as nale then a Testament.

Hypocrisie.

How can you without it your office discharge?

Cacon.

It is the leall thing ay car far bay may charge;  
Far se lang as thea han Images wharon te luke,  
What neve thea be distructed awt as a Wuke,

Hypocrisie.

Unsh that will nodisile them all well enolue,  
As well a dead Image as a dumb Idoole I make God above,

Cacon.

Yai, ay my sen, bay experience that con showe,  
Far in may Portace the tongue ay de nat knowe,  
Pet when ay see the great gilded letter,  
Ay ken it sea well, as nea man ken better,  
As far Example, on the day of Chraistes Matyritie,  
Ay see a Bab in a Panger, and two Beastes standing by  
The Seruice whilk to Newyeares day is assaygned,  
Bay the Paiture of the Circumcisyon ay saynd,  
The Seruice, whilk on Twalifthe day mun be don;

Ay

### The Conflict of Conscience.

By seke bay the marke of the thre kynges of Colon.  
Bay the Devill tentynge Chraist, ay fained whadragesima,  
Bay Chraist on the Crosse, ay leich out gude frayday:  
Pasch for his marke, hath the Resurrection,  
Avenst Hally Thursday, is pented Chraistes Assencion,  
Thus in mayn owne buke, ay is a gude Clarke,  
But gyf the Sents war gone, the Cat had eate my mark  
Se the sandry mairacles, whilk ilk Sent haue done,  
Bay the Pictures on the walles sal appere to them sons  
Bay the whilk thea ar lerned in every distresse,  
What Sent thea mun prea te far succour doubtles:  
Sea that all Lepers te Syluester must prea,  
That he wawd free them, ther disease take away.  
Laykwais, thea that han the fallyng latches,  
Te be eased therfre, thea mun prea to St. Cornelius  
In contagious aier, as in plague or pestilence,  
Te hally Sent Ruke, thea mun call for assistance.  
Fra parill of drafawning, Sent Carp kepe the Maryners  
Fra dayng in warfare, Sent George gard the soldiery,  
Sent Iob heale the Poore, the Agey, Sent Germayne,  
Far to ease the toothache, call te Sent Appollyne,  
Gif that a woman be barren and chidores,  
Te helpe her herein, she must prea te Sent Nicolas.  
Far wemen in travayle, call to Sent Magdalene  
Far lawlynes of minde, call te Sent Katheryne,  
Sent Loy sauve your Horse, Sent Anthony your Hidynge.

Tyranny,

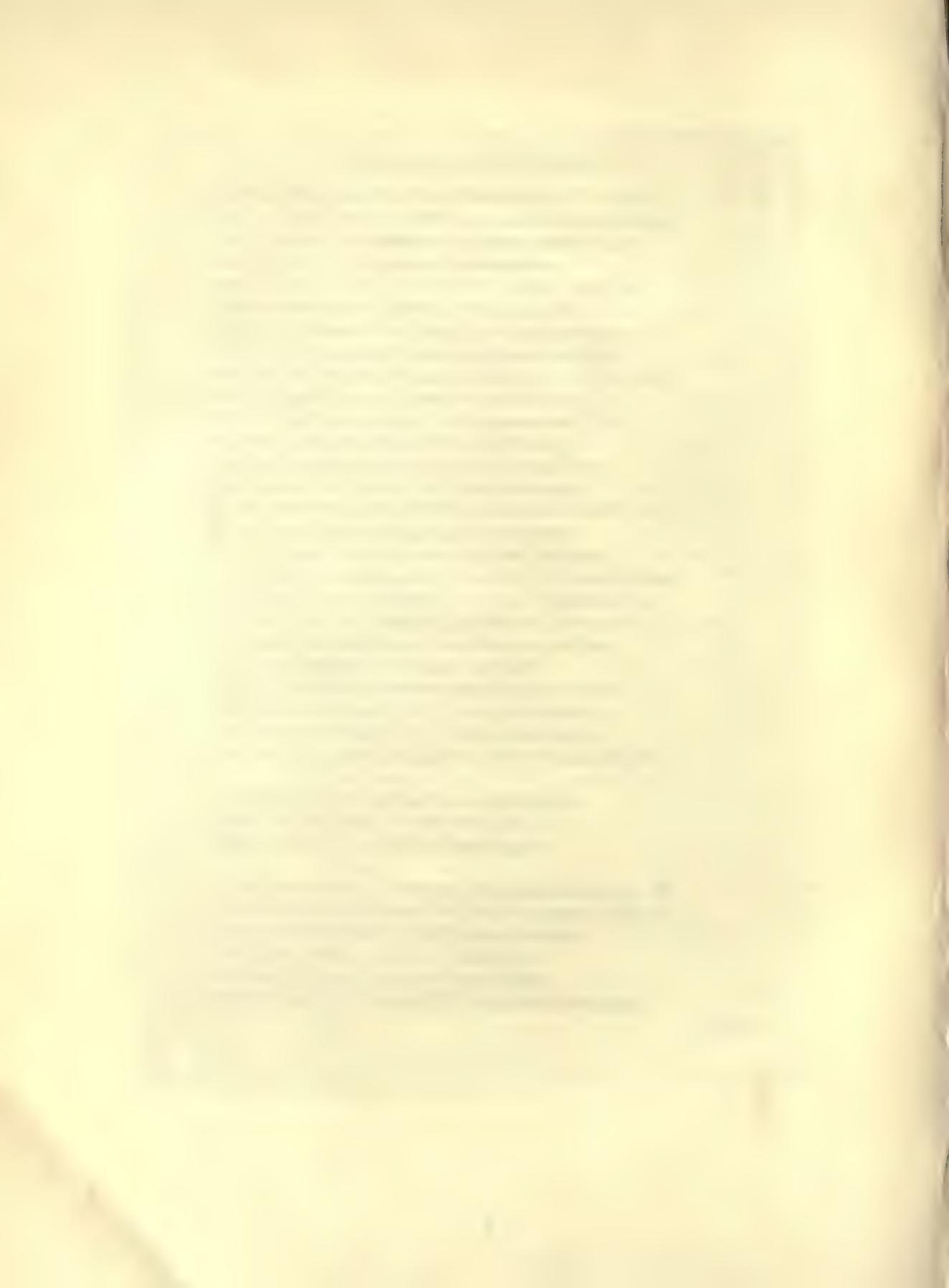
What this Parson, setteth connyng to be,  
And as farre as I see, in a god bnsomystie:  
Pea, he is well red, in that golden Legend.

Cacon.

Bay may trouth, in readyng any other, me taym do I  
Far that ay ken, bay general causell, is canonized (Spens)  
And bay the hely Pope hymselfe is authorized:  
That Duke farther, is wholly permytted,  
Wharas, rye Bayble in part is prohibited.  
And therfore, gif it be lawfull to biter my conscience,

Before





The Conflict of Conscience

Before the new Testament ay give it credence.

Hypocrisie.

I allow his Judgement before Ambrose & Austin,

And for Hypocrisie, a more conuenient Chaplynn,

Auarice.

It greeveth me much that no fault we can spye,

For now of some bryte disappoyned am I,

Pet happily he may tell vs of some Heretykes.

Tiranny.

Is there M. Parson in your parish no Heisimatisches?

Cacon.

Yai mara is ther a vara busy bodye,  
Wher will test with me and call me fule and nobodye,  
And sets his Lads te spowt latin ayenst me,  
But ay spouse then with Deparfundis Clam aui,  
And oftentimes he wil reson with me of the Sacarment,  
And say he can proue bay the new Testament,  
That Chayrss body is in Heaven placed,  
But ays not belue him, ay woll not be awt sacerd,  
He says besayd that the Pope is Anticrafft,  
Fugerid of Iohn bay the seven hedded beast,  
And all awore religion is but mons inuention,  
And with Gods ward is at vter dissention,  
And a plaguy deel mare as sayk layk talke,  
That ay dar not far may nars bay his yate walke,  
But ay walwd he wer brynt that ay malwight be whalet,

Tiranny.

He must haue a cooler his tongue runnes at riat.

Auarice.

What is his name sir Iohn, canst thou tell vs?

Cacon.

Yai sir that ay ken he is cleped Phailegoos.

Tyranny.

Willst thou go show his house where he dwelleth?

Cacon.

Yai o; els ay walwd may lawl war in Hell,  
Le de hym a plesure ay walwd gang a whole yeare,

E.

Gif

The Conflict of Conscience

If it war but to make him a Jadocke to heare.

Tyranny.

Go with vs Aunrice and beare vs companye.

Aunrice.

Pay, if you go hence I will not here tary.

Hypocrisie.

Alway sirs in your busines in a corner do not lurke,  
That my Lord Legate, when he comes may haue woorke.

Tyranny.

Come on let vs go together sir John.

Cacon.

Ay shall follow after God boy you good Gentleman.

Hypocrisie.

Farewell, thre falle knaues, as betwene this and London.

Tyranny.

What sayst thou? Hip. As honest men as h thre Kings of Colon.  
This gearre goes round if that we had a fiddle:  
Pay, I must sing too, heigh dery dery dery,  
I can do but laugh my hart is so merry,  
I wilbe minstrele my selfe heigh didle didle didle,  
But lay there a strawe I began to be wory :  
But harke I heare a trampling of steete,  
It is my Lord Legate I will him go meete.

Excuse Tyr.

Aun, Cacon.

Acte fourth. Sceane 1.

CAR. HYPO. AVA. TYR. PHIL.

God to Master Zeale, bring forth that Heretike,  
Which doth thus disturbowre religion Catholike.

Hypocrisie.

Nowm for my Lords grace: what no maner reverence,  
But Cap on head Hodge, and that in a Lords presence.

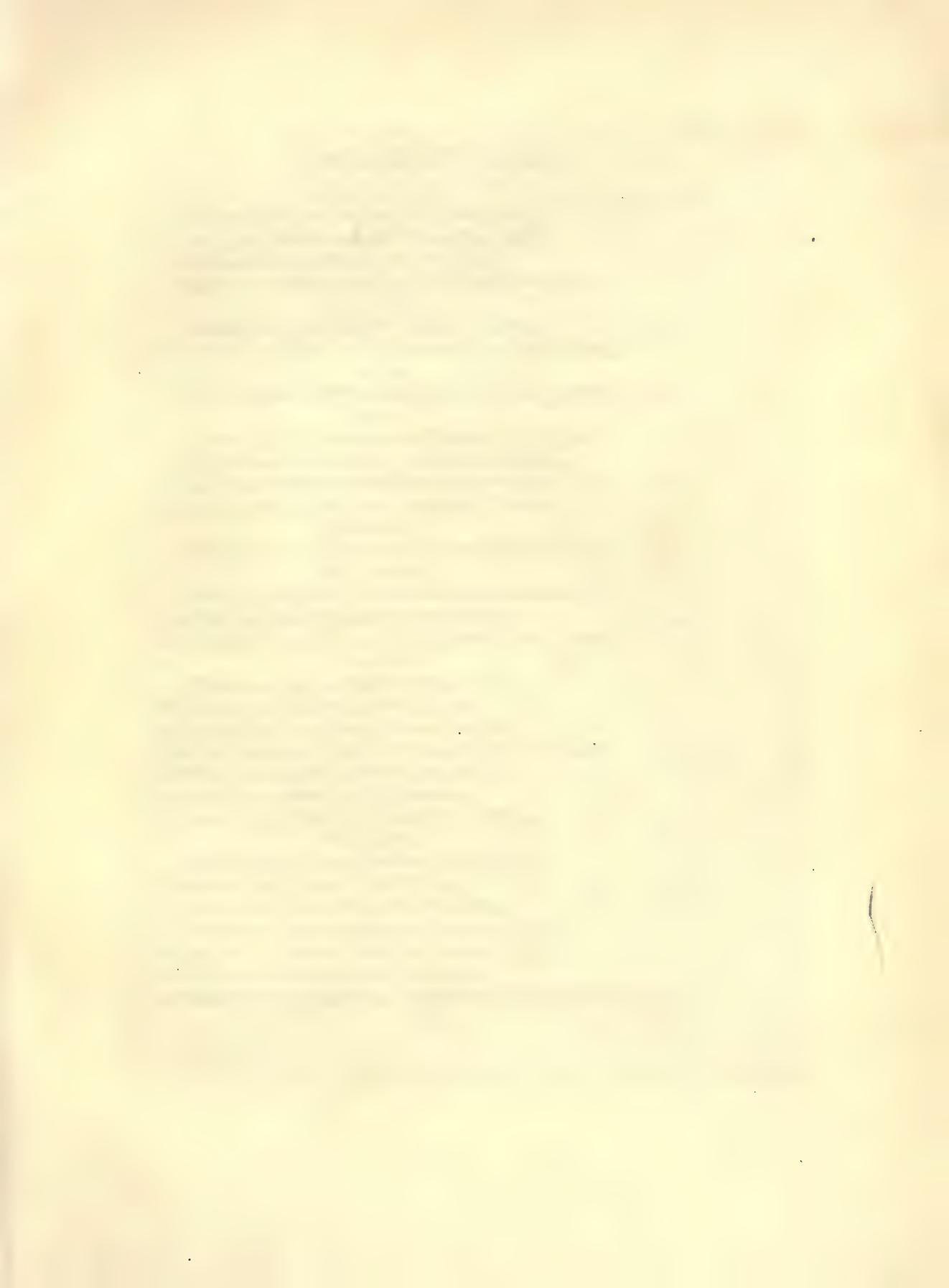
Cardinall.

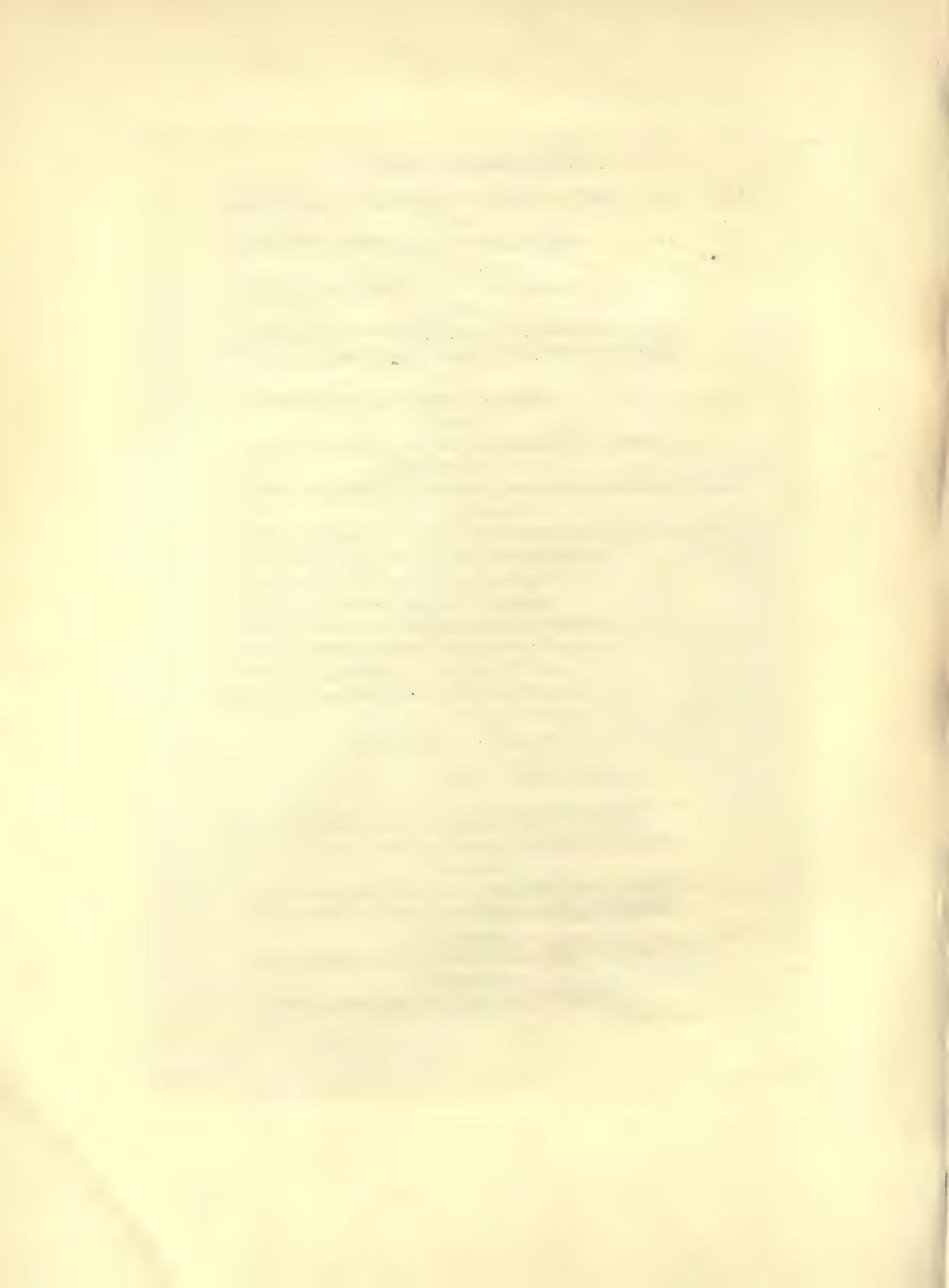
What Master Hypocrisie I haue stayed for you long.

Hypocrisie.

You were best crowed in and play vs amoninge.

Cardinall.





The Conflict of Conscience.

Cardinall.

Where haue you ben from me so long absent,  
I appoynted to haue ben here thre howres ago,  
In my consistorie to haue set in Judgement,  
Of that wretched Scismatike that doth trouble vs so.

Hypocrisie.

What haue you caught but one and no moe?  
In fayth fater Auarice, you haue plied your chaps well.

Auarice.

I must needs confesse that I am payd for my travell.

Tyranny.

Rowme for the prisoner, what rowme on ech hand,  
Or I shall make some out of the way for to stand.  
Lo here(my Lord)is that seditious Scismatike,  
That we haue layd waite for, an arrant Heretike.

Cardinall.

Sit downe Master Hypocrisie to yeld me assilance.

Hypocrisie.

I thank your Lordship for your courteous beneuolence,  
I wilbe the Puddie, I shoulde say the Notary,  
To wright before my Lord Legate which is Commissary.

Cardinall.

Ah serra, be you he that doeth thus distract,  
The whole estate of our fayth Catholike?  
Art thou so expert in Gods lawes and word,  
That no man may learne thee? thou arrant Heretike:  
But this is the nature of every Scismatike:  
We his errors never so false Doctrine,  
He will say, by Gods word, he dare it examine.

Philologus.

With humble submision to your authozitie,  
I pardon craye if ought amisse I saye,  
For being thus set in perill and extreamitie,  
To me unaquainted, my tongue lone trip maye,  
Wherfore excuse me, I do your Lordship praye,  
And I will answeare to every demaund,  
According to my conscience, Goddes worde being my warrand.

C.y.

Cardinall.

## The Conflict of Conscience,

Cardinall.

To begin therfore orderly, how saist thou Philologus?  
Hane I authoritie to call the me beforez?  
Or to be short, I will object it thus :  
Whether hath the Pope which is Peters successor ;  
Then all other Bisshops preheminence more ?  
If not, then it followe that neither he,  
Nor I which am his Legate, to accompts may call thee.

Philologus.

The question is perillous for me to determine,  
Chescely when the party is Judge in the caule,  
Yet if the wholl course of scripture ye examine,  
And wilbe tryed by Gods holy lawes,  
Somall help shall you finde to defend the same cause,  
But the contrary may be proued manifekly :  
As I in short wordes will proue to you brefely.

The surest ground wheron your Pope doth stand:  
Is of Peters being at Rome a strong imagination,  
And the same Peter you do understand,  
Of all the Disciples had the gubernation,  
Surmising both without god approbation :  
Unlesse you will by the name of Babylon,  
From whence Peter wrote is understanded Rome;

As indeed diuers of your writers haue affirmed,  
Reciting Ieromy, Auſtine, Primalius and Ambrose,  
Who by their severall writinges haue confirmed:  
That Rome is new Babylon I may it not glose,  
But it were better for you they were dumbe I suppose,  
For they labour to proue Rome by that acceptation :  
The whore of Babilon spoke of in the Reuelation,

But graunt that Peter in Rome settled was,  
Yet that he was cheſe, it remayns you to proue:  
For in my Judgement it is a playne case,  
That if any amongst them to rule it did behoue,  
He shold be cheſe whom Christ most did loue :  
To whom he bequethed his mother most dāre,  
To whom in reuelation Christ did also appere.

¶.L.iiij.

I mean





The Conflict of Conscience. II

I meane Iohn Euangelist (by birth) Cossin germaine,  
To our Sauour Christ as so; yes do vs tell,  
From whose succession if that you shoulde clayme  
Superioritie, you shoulde mend your cause well,  
For then of soms likelihod of truth it shoulde smell,  
Where none so often as Peeter was reprooued,  
Nor from stedsalt sayth so often tymes remoued,

But graunt all were true herein you do sayne,  
Marke one proper lesson of a Greeke Dratour:  
As a good childe of his fathers welth is inheritor,  
So of his fathers vertues he must be possessor,  
Now Peter foloweth Christ and al worldly gods forsakes.  
But the Pope leaueth Christ, & himselfe to glory takes:

And to be thozt Christ himselfe refusid to be a Kinge,  
And the servant abone the Master may not be,  
Whiche being both true it is a strange thing,  
How the Pope can receive this pompe and dignite,  
And yet professe himselfe Christes servant to be,  
Christ wilbe no King, the Pope wilbe more,  
The Pope is Christes Master not his servant therefore.

Cardinall.

Ah thou arrant Heretike I will the remembre,  
I am glad I know so much as I do,  
I hane wayed thy resonis and hane found them so slender  
That I thinke them not worthy to be answereyd.  
How say you Master Hypocrify? HIP. I also thinke so,  
But let him go forwarde and biter his conscience,  
And we will awhile longer here him with patience.

Cardinall.

Say on thou Heretike of the holy Sacrament,  
Of the body and bloud of Christ what is thine opinion?

Philologus.

I haue not yet finished my former argument.

Cardinall.

Say on as I bid the, thou art a stoute opinion:

Philologus.

I shall then gladly; it is a signe of vnioun,

The

### The Confessio of Conscience

The which shalld remaine vs Christianis among,  
That one shal loue another all our life long:

For as the bread is of many Cornells compouned,  
And the Wine from the Iuce of many Graps do discend,  
So we which into Christ our Roche are ingrouned,  
As into one Temple, shalde coake to contend :  
Least by our contention the Church we offend,  
This was not the least cause among many more,  
Which are now omitted that this Sacrament was genen soz,

The cheefest cause why this Sacrament was ordained,  
Was the infirmitie of our outwardre man :  
Whereas Salvacion to all men was proclaymed,  
That with true sayth apprehend the same can,  
By the death of Iesus Christ that immaculate Lambe,  
That the same might the rather of all men be beleved,  
To the word to ad a Sacrament, it Christ nothing gred.

And as we the sower beleue that thing true,  
For the tryall whereof moze witnesles we finde,  
So by the meanes of the Sacrament many grue  
Belieuing creatnres where before they were blynde, (Cardinal) 172  
For our sensis some sauour of our sayth now do finde,  
Because in the Sacrament there is this Analogy :  
That Christ feedes our soules as the bread doth our body.

Cardinal. Ah thou soul Heretike, is there bread in the Sacraments?  
Whare is Christes body then whiche he did vs giue?

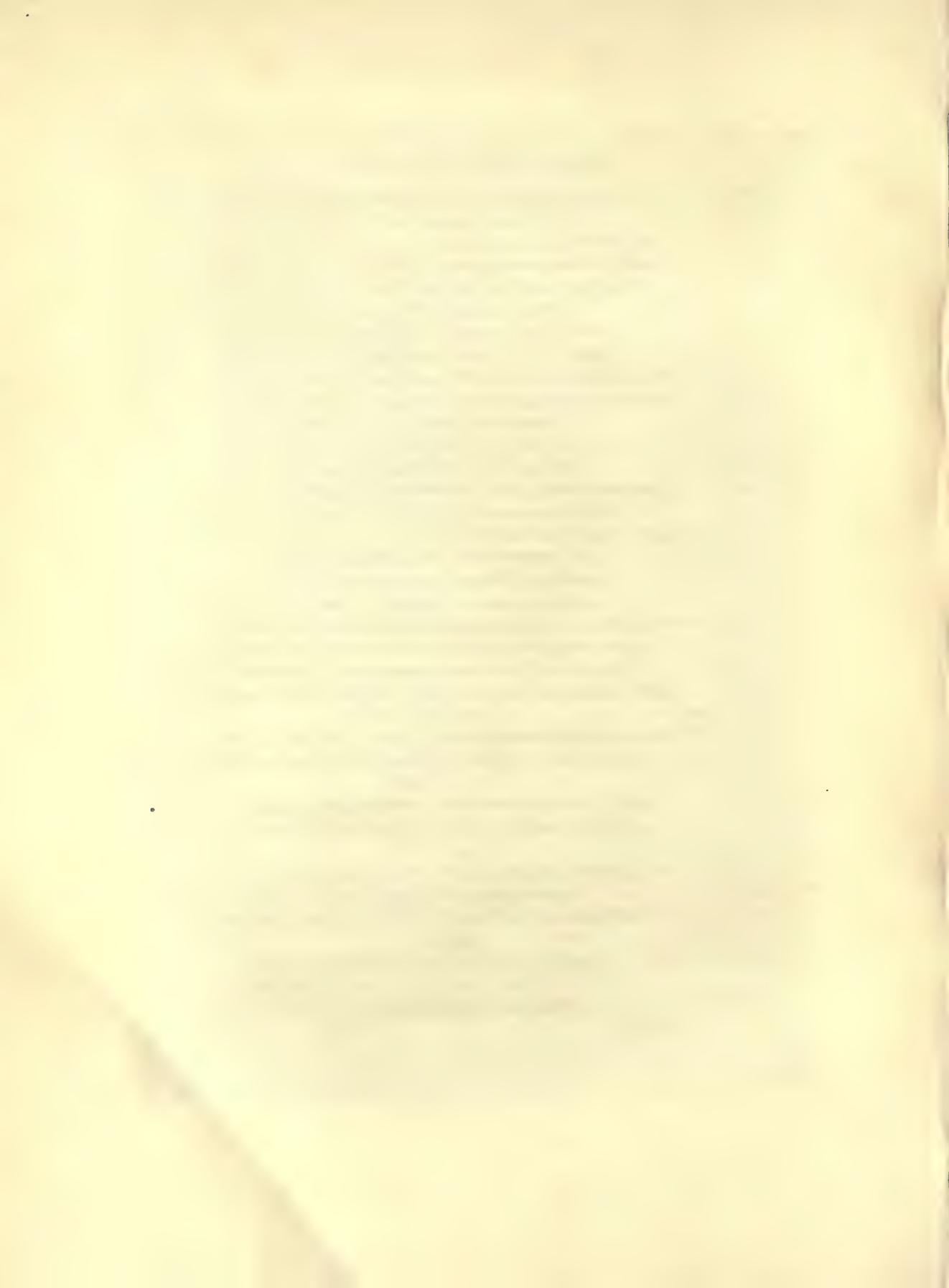
Philologus. I know to the saythfull receiver it is there present :  
But yet the bread remaineth stil I stedfastly beleue,

Cardinal. To here these his errore it doth me greath greene :  
But that we may shortly to some issue come,  
In what sence sayd Christ, Hoc est Corpus meum.

Philologus. Even in the same sence that he sayd before :  
Vos estis sal terræ, vos estis Lux mundi:  
Ego sum ostium : and a hundredeth such more,

If tyme





The Capitall of Conscience. I.

If tyme would permit to alleadga than severally, I will do so.  
But that I may the simple sorte eddite: boq. H

You aske me in what sense these wordes I saye therunder vñ i. 12  
Wher Christ of the bread sayd: thens my body shal come to you.

For answere herein, I aske you this question, I saye therunder vñ i. 12  
Were Chirstes disciples into salt transformed: boq. H  
When he sayd: ye are the salt of the earth every one he did in you. 12  
D. when the light of the world he them affirmeded he wyl saye 12  
D. himselfe to be a poore when he confirmed; if not that ou h wyl  
D. to be a Vine did his body then change? 12

If not then, why nowe this somme scetteth stranges, saye therunder vñ i. 12  
Cardinall. boq. H

Why doest thou doubt of Chirst his omnipotentnesse god  
But what so he willeth doth to come to passe god. boq. H

Philologus, vñ i. 12  
God keepe me and almen from such a frenche, i. h. alman may ne  
As to thinke any thyng Chirstes power to surpass, vñ i. 12

When his will to his power ioyned was, vñ i. 12

But where his will volunteth his power is bwesteall boq. H

As Christ can be no kyng, God cannot be mortals, vñ i. 12

Set downe therefore some proesse of his will, vñ i. 12

That he wold he made bread, and then I recollect vñ i. 12

Cardinall, vñ i. 12 and dñe ihes us, and dñe nre s̄r i. 12  
This Captif, myne care with wnde he dothfull:

His wordes both truthe and venson deth want; vñ i. 12

Chirstes word is his will, this must thou medes graunt vñ i. 12

Philologus, vñ i. 12  
He spake the swerd like christ, when he said: I am the doore, vñ i. 12

Was his body transformed into thyng therrefore? vñ i. 12

Cardinall, vñ i. 12 dñe ihesus haue high h. vñ i. 12

Say if thou beest obstatine I will say no more.

Hauie him hence to prison and kepe him fullfoure vñ i. 12

I will make him set by my frindship more stote, vñ i. 12

But herest thou Zeale, go forth and porcure; vñ i. 12

Some kinde of new torment whiche he may not endure dñe ihesus vñ i. 12

Tiransty, dñe ihesus vñ i. 12

I am here in redines to do your comandement vñ i. 12

And

The Conflict of Conscience.

And will returne hither agayne incontinent.

Hypocrisie,

At thy returne, bryng hether Sensuall Suggestion.

That if neede be, he may vs assit;

Least that both I, and Carefull prouision,

The zeale of Philologus, may not fully resist.

But he in his obstinacie doth syll persist,

To put him to death, would accuse vs of Tyranny:

But if we could win him, he shoud do vs much honeste.

Tyranny,

I heare you, and wyll fulfill your wordes spedely.

Hypocrisie.

Exit Tyrann.

Good Maister Philologus, I pittie your case,

To see you so swlysh, your selfe to vndow:

I durst yet promys to purchase you grace,

If you woulde (at length) your errours forgoe:

Therefore, I pray you, be not your owne foe.

Philologus.

Call you those Errours, whiche the Gospell defendes,

I know not then, whence true Marke descends.

Cardinall.

Say, Maister Hypocrisie, you spend tyme in vaine.

To reason with him, he will not be remoued,

Auarice.

Had I so much to lye by as he hath certayne,

I would not loose that which I so well loued.

Cardinall.

He stands in his reputation, he will not be reproued:

And that is the cause that he is so obstatte,

But I shall well enough thy corage abate.

Philologus.

I humbly beseeche you of Christian charitie,

You seeke not of purpose my bloud for to spill,

For if I haue displeased your authoritie,

In reasonable causes redresse it I will,

But in this respect I feare I shoud kill

My soull for euer; if against my conscience

I shold





The Conflict of Conscience

I shold to the Popes lawes acknowledge Obedience.

Hypocrisie.

Cease from those wordes, if your fasseſſe you loue:  
As though no man had a ſoule more then you:  
Suche nips (perchance) my Lordes patience wyll moue:  
Then would you please him, if that you will hote:  
But, if you wyll be ruled, (by my honestie) I vow,  
I will do the beſt herein that I can:  
Because you ſeme to be a god Gentleman.

Auarice.

Were it not better for you to lyue at eafe?  
And ſpend that merely, whiche earleſt you haue got,  
Then by your owne follie, your ſelſe to diſeaſe?  
And bring you to trouble, whiche other men ſeeke not.

Hypocrisie.

In faith, Philologus, your zeale is too hote,  
Whiche wyll not be quenched, but with your hart blood,  
If I were ſo zealous, I would thinkie my ſelſe wood.

Cardinall.

Tush, it wyll not be, he thinkes we do but ieff,  
Wherfore, that ſome tryall of my minde, he may hane,  
That Carefull Prouiſion, ſhould goe, I thinke best,  
Into the towne, and there, aſſiſtance craue,  
His Houſe for to enter, and his Gods for me ſauē:  
Leaſt, when his wife know, that they be conſiſcate,  
Into other mens kepyng, the ſame ſhe doth diſſipate.

Hypocrisie.

You ſpeakē very wiſely, in my ſimple Judgement,  
Wherfore, you were beſt to ſende him away.

Cardinall.

Go to, Carefull Prouiſion, depart incontinent,  
And fulfiill the wordes, whiche I to you ſay,

Auarice.

Of pardon herein, I do your Lordshyp pray,  
You doubt not I truſt, of my wylling minde,  
Whiche herein moſt redy, you alway ſhall finde.

For who is moſe redy, by fraude to purloyne,

F.i.

Other

The Confessio[n] of Conscience.

Other mens godes there I am eche wheres, al vnyt[er] of churche  
But least some man at me shoulde chaunce to faine,  
And kill me at once I greatly do feare, and vnto my selfe I say  
I had rather perswade him his folys to sydeare.

Cardinall.

Proue then if thou canst do hym any god, and if he doest not  
He shall not say that we seeke his bloud.

Auarice.

Ah maister Philologus, you see your owne case,  
That both life and godes are in my Lords will,  
Therefore you were best to sue for some grace,  
And be content his wordes to fulfill:  
If you neglect this, hence straight way I wylle,  
And all your godes I will sure confiscate,  
Then will you repent, it when it is to late.

Philologus.

My case indepp[re]d, I see most miserable,  
As was Susanna betwixt two eyys placed,  
Either to consent to sime most abominable:  
Or els in the worldes sight to be utterly disgraced:  
But as she her chalitie at that time imbraced,  
So will I now spirytuall whordom resist,  
And keepe me a true Virgin to my louing spouse Christ.

Auarice.

Wilt thou then neglect the prouision of thy household?  
Thou art therfore worse then an Infydell is.

Philologus.

That you abuse Gods word, to say I dare be bold:  
And the saying of Paule you interpret amisse

Cardinall.

I neuer saw the like heretick that this is:  
Away Carefull Prouision, about your busynesse,

Auarice.

Sith there is no remedie, I am here in redinesse.

Philologus. Exit Aua.

I beseeche your Lordship even from the hart roote,  
That you would vouchsafe for my contentation,

To





The Conflict of Conscience

To approue vnto me by Gods holy helpe yow and certaynly next h[er]e  
Some one of the questionys of our disputacion, vngest n[on] other than v[n]g

For I will heare you with hartes delectation: T

Because I would gladly to your doctrine consent, v[n]g alredy am alredy a[re]

If that I could so my conscience content, v[n]g in the nexte of them to C

But my Conscience crieth out and dieth me take hardely v[n]g encl

To loue my lord God aboue all earthly gaine, v[n]g comandement by v[n]g

Wherby all this while, I stande in great drede, v[n]g if I shal le

That if I shoulde Gods statutes vnsainte, v[n]g alredy v[n]g alredy

In wretched state then, I shoulde remaigne v[n]g alredy v[n]g alredy

Thus crieth my Conscience, to mee continually,

Which if you can say, I will yelde to you gladly.

Cardinall. I will yelde to you gladly.

I can say nomore, then I haue done already,

Thou heardest that I calld the heretick and soule; / I say n[on] to C

If thou wilst not content to me, and that spedily v[n]g alredy v[n]g alredy

With a new maister, thou shalt goe to schole, H

Hypocrisie come that noyseth you? v[n]g alredy

Thou hast no more wit, I see then this strok, v[n]g alredy v[n]g alredy

Farre vnsit to dispute, or reason with my Lorde, v[n]g alredy v[n]g alredy

He can subdue thee, with fire & sword, quightw[ith] one word

Tyranny, v[n]g alredy v[n]g alredy v[n]g alredy

Come, follow apace, sensually Suggestion, v[n]g godly blissem

O; els I will leave you to come all alone, v[n]g alredy v[n]g alredy

Suggestion, v[n]g alredy v[n]g alredy v[n]g alredy

You go in hast, you make expidition, what canst thou do v[n]g alredy

Pay, if you runne so fast I wil none: v[n]g alredy v[n]g alredy v[n]g alredy

This little iournay, will make mes to groan; v[n]g alredy v[n]g alredy

I vse not to trouble my selfe in this wise, v[n]g alredy

And now to beginne, I do not advise: v[n]g alredy v[n]g alredy v[n]g alredy

Tiranny, v[n]g alredy v[n]g alredy v[n]g alredy

Hane not I pleyed mee, which am come againe so sone,

And yet haue finished such sundry busynesse v[n]g alredy v[n]g alredy

I haue caused many pretie toxes to be done: v[n]g alredy v[n]g alredy

So that now I haue eche thing in readinesse, v[n]g alredy v[n]g alredy

Cardinall. v[n]g alredy

What maister Zcale, you are ympeccably doubtless, v[n]g alredy

no f[or]rester. F. g. Art

The Conflict of Conscience.

Art thou prepared this gentleman to receyue  
He will roste a Fagot, or else he me deceiue.

Tyranny.

In simple manner I will him entertaine,  
Yet must he take it all in god parte :  
And though his diet be small, he may not disdaine,  
Nor yet contemne the kindenes of my heart,  
For though I lacke instruments, to put him to smart,  
Yet shall he abide in a hellish blacke dungeon :  
As for blocks,stocks & irons, I warrant him want none.

Hypocrisie.

Well, farewell Philogus, you heare of your lodging,  
I would yet do you god, if that I will holwe.

Cardinall.

Let him go Hypocrisie, stand not all day dodging,  
You haue don to much for him, I make God above.

Hypocrisie.

Staye, so; Suggestion doth come yonder nowe,  
Come on lasy Lubber, you make but small haste,  
Had you staid a while longer, your comynge had ben walle.

Suggestion.

You know of my selfe, I am not very quicke,  
Because that my body I do so much tender,  
For Sensuall Suggestion, will quickly be sickle  
If that his owne easse he shold not remember :  
Thus one cause of my tartaures to you I do render,  
Another I had, as I came by the waye :  
Whiche did me the longer from your company staye.

Hypocrisie.

What was that Suggestion, I praye thee to be bitter,  
For I am with childe, till that I do it heare.

Suggestion.

A certaine gentlewoman, did murme, and mutter,  
And for greese of minde, her hayre she did teare :  
Shee will at last kill her selfe, I greatly do feare.

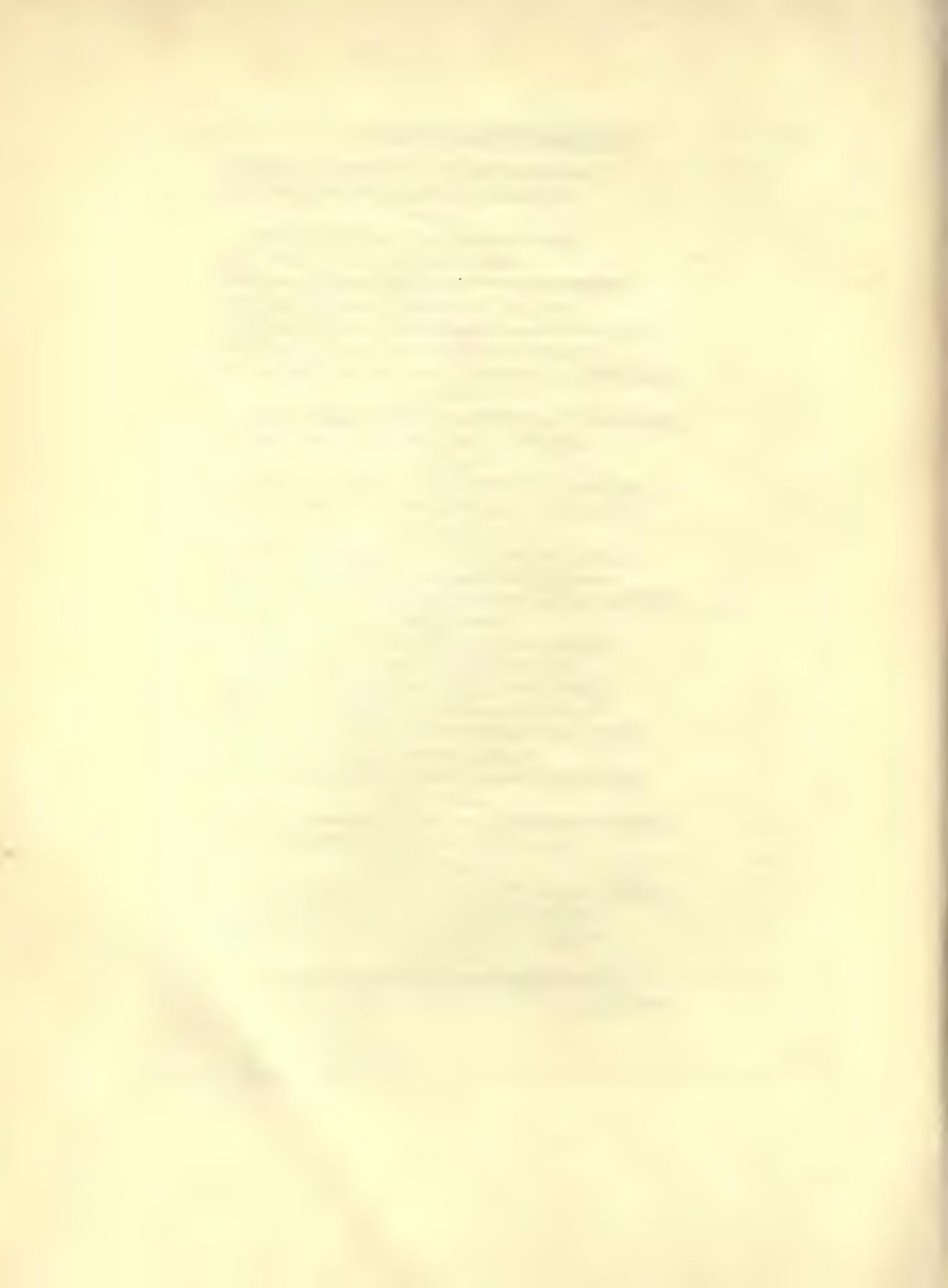
Hypocrisie.

What is the cause why this greene Eye did take

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Suggestion.





## The Conflict of Conscience.

Suggestion.

Because her Husband her company did forsake :  
Her children also about her did stand,  
Sobbing, and sighing, and made lamentation :  
Knocking their brestes, and wringing their hand :  
Saying, they are brought to vtter dessolation,  
By the meanes of their fathers wilfull protestation,  
Whose goodes they saye, are already confiscate,  
Because he doth the Popes lawes violate,  
And indeed I sawe Auarice standing at the doore,  
And a company of Russlans assaulting him there.

Philologus.

Alas alas, this pincheth my heart full sore,  
Myne euills he doth declare, myne owne wo, I do heare,  
Wherefore from teares, I cannot forbeare.

Hypocrisie.

Ha ha, doth this touch you, Master Philologus,  
You neede not haue had it, being culde by vs.

Suggestion.

Why? what is he, thus, Master Hypocrisie,  
That taketh such sorrow at the wordes which I speake.

Hypocrisie.

One that is taken, and commynced of Heresie,  
And I feare me much, will burne at a Stake,  
Yet to reclayme him, much paynes would I take,  
And haue don already, howbeit in vayne,  
I would craue thine assistance, were it not to thy payne,

Suggestion.

I will do the best herein that I can,  
Yet go thou with me, to helpe at a neede,  
With all my heart, God saue you, god gentleman,  
To see your great sorrow, my heart doeth welnigh blide ;  
But what is the cause of your trouble and dyede?  
Disdaine not to me your secrets to tell :  
A wise man sometime, or a fool may take counsell,

Philologus.

Myne estate (alas) is now most lamentable,

## The Conflict of Conscience. T

For I am but deade, which ever side I take,

Neither to determine herein am I able; And so I stand  
With god aduise mine election to make: And so I stand  
The worse to reuse, and the best for to take; And so I stand  
By Spirit couites heone, but alas since your presence, And so I stand  
By flesh leades my spirit therfro by violence.

For at this time, I being in great extremite,  
Either my Lord God in hart to reject,  
Or els to be oppressed by the Legates anthonytie:  
And in this world to be counted an abiet: And so I stand  
By Landes, wife and Children also to neglect:  
This later part to take, my Spirit is in readinelle,  
But my flesh doth subdue, my spirit doubtlesse.

Suggestion. Your estate perhaps, seemeth to you dangerous,  
The rather because you have not bene vsed to incurre before time, such troubles perdition: But to your power such euils have refusid,  
Howbeit of two euils, the least must be chused:  
Now which is the least euill, wee will shortlye examine,  
That which part to take, your selfe may determine.

On y right hand you say, you see gods iust judgment,  
His wrath and displeasure, on you for to fall,  
And in steede of the ioyes of Heauen, ever permanent,  
You see for your stipend, the tormentes infernall:

Philologus. That is it indeede, which I feare most of all? For Christ said, fear not them, which the body can annoy,  
For Christ said, fear not them, which the body and soule can destroy: But fear him, which the body and soule can destroy.

Suggestion. Well, let that ley aside, awhile as it is,  
And on the other side make the lyke inquisition,  
If on the left side you fall, then shall you not misse,  
But to bring your body, to utter perdition:  
For at mans hand, you know there is no remission: And man is R  
Beside your Children fatherlesse, your wife desolate,  
Your goddes and possessions, to other men confiscate. I. Cor. viiiij. p  
Phi.





## The Conflict of Conscience.

Philologus. Saint Paul to the Romaries, hath this worthy sentence. I accompt the afflictions of this world transitory; Be they never so many, in full equinolence: Cannot counteruaile those, heavenly glorie: Which we shal have through Christ his propitiatory bane. I also accompt the rebukes of our Saviour, Greater gainer to me, then this house full of treasure.

### Suggestion.

You haue spoken reasonably, but yet as they say, One Birde in the hande, is worth two in the bush, you will reueue So you now inioyng these worldy joyes may, Extreme the other, as light as a rush: Thus may you scape this pernicious pusher.

Philologus.

Yea, but my salvation to mee is most certaine, Neither doubt I, that I shall suffer this in vaine.

### Suggestion.

Is your death meritorious, then in Gods sight? That you are so sure, to attaine to salvation,

Philologus. I do not think so, but my faith is full pight: In the mercies of God, by Christs mediation: By whom I am sure of my preseruation.

### Suggestion.

Then to the faithfull, no hurt can accrew, But what so he worketh, god end shall insue.

Philologus.

Our Saviour Christ, did say to the tempter, When he did perswade him, from the Pinnacle to fall, And saide, he might safely, that danger aduenture: Because that Gods Angels, from hurt him sauue shall: See that thy Lord God, thou tempt not at all: So I, though perswaded, of my sinnes free remission, May not commit sin, vpon this presumption,

Cardinall.

What haue you not yet done, your soulysh tatteling?

Whith

### The Conflict of Conscience.

With that frowarde heretick, I will then away,  
If you will tarie to heare all his prattelyng:  
He would surely keepe you most part of the day :  
It is now high dinner time my stomack doth say:  
And I will not lose one meale of my diet,  
Though thereon did hang an hundred mens quiet.

Suggestion.

By your Lordships pacience, one word with him more,  
And then if he will not, I geue him to Tyranny.

Hypocrisie.

I never saw my Lord so patient before,  
To suffe one to speake for himselfe so quietly,  
But you were not best to trust to his curtesie :  
It is euill waking of a Dog that doth sleepe,  
While you haue his friendship, you were best it to keepe.

Cardinall.

I promise thee Philologus, by my bowed chastitie,  
If thou wilt be ruled by thy friendes that be here,  
Thou shalt abound in wealth and prosperitie :  
And in the Countrie chiese rule thou shalt haue,  
And a hundred pounds more thou shalt haue in the yeere:  
If thou will this curtesie refuse,  
Thou shalt die incontinent, the one of these chuse.

Suggestion.

Well sith it is no time, for vs to debate,  
In former maner what is in my minde:  
I will at once to ther straight demonstrate,  
Those woldly ioyes, which here thou shalt finde :  
And for hecause thou art partly blinde,  
In this respect leke through this mirzour,  
And thou shalt behold an unspeakable pleasure.

Philologus.

Oh peerelesse pleasures, oh ioyes unspeakable,  
Oh woldy wealth, oh pallaces gorgious,  
Oh faire Children, oh wife most amyable:  
Oh pleasant pastime, oh pompe so glorioius,  
Oh delicate diet, oh lyse lasciuious:

Ob





## The Conflict of Conscience.

Oh dolourous death which would me betray,

And my felicitie from me take away;

I am fully resolved without further bemeanoing,

In these delightes to take my whole solace,

And what paine so euer hereby I incurre;

Whether heauen or hell, whether Gods wrath or grace;

This glasse of delight I will euer imbrace;

But one thing most chiefly doth trouble me here,

My neigbors unconstant will compt me I feare.

### Hypocrisie.

He that will sike erhe man to content,

Shall proue him selfe at last most vnwise,

Your selfe to saue harmlesse think it sufficient;

And waigh not the peoples clamorous outrage,

Yet there mouthes to stop I can some devise;

Say that the reading of the workes of S. Hellstone,

And doctor Ambition did your errours remoue.

And harke in myne eare delay no more time,

The sooner the better in ende you will say,

We haue now caught him as Birde is in lime.

### Tyranny.

Come on sirs haue ye done, I would saine alway.

### Hypocrisie.

Goe even when you will, we do you not stale,

Philologus hath drunke such a draught of Hypocrisie,

That he minds not to die yet, he wil master this malady.

### Cardinall.

Come on master Philologus, are you yronclad to a stee

I am glad to heare that you become tractable.

### Philologus.

If it please your Lordship, I say even what you say

And confess your religyon to be most allowable,

Neither will I gainsay your customes lawdable:

My former follyes I utterly renowne,

That my selfe was an Heretick I do heere pronouunce.

### Car.

With as full a gaine as I haue I haue set forth to

SA

The Conflict of Conscience,

Cardinall.

Say Master Philologus, goe with mee to my Pallace  
And I shall set downe the forme of recantation,  
Whiche you shall reade on Sonday next, in open place:  
This done, you shall satisfie our expectation,  
And shall be set free, from all molestation:  
Into the bosome of the Church, we will you take,  
And some high officer, therein will you make.

Philologus.

I must first request your Lordships favour,  
That I may goe home, my wife for to see,  
And I will attend on you, within this howre.

Cardinall.

Say I may not suffer, you alone to goe free,  
Unlesse one of these, your suretie wil bee:

Suggestion.

I sensuall Suggestion, for him will undertake,

Cardinall.

Cleric well take him to you, your prisoner I him make.  
Come you maister Hypocrisie, and beare mee company,  
Or els I am sure no meate I should eate,  
And goe before Zeale, to see ech thing ready:  
That when we once come, we stay not for meate:

Hypocrisie.

With small site hereto, you shall mee intreate.

Cardinall.

Exit Tyr.

Farewell Philologus, and make small delay,  
Perhaps of our dinners, for you I will staine, Exit

Suggestion.

Car. & Hyp

Had not you bene a wise man, your selfe to haue lost,  
And brought your whole family to wretched estate,  
Where now of your blessednesse, your selfe you may haue:  
And of all the countrie, accompt your selfe fortunate,

Philologus.

Such was the wit of my foolish pate,  
But what doe we stay, so long in this place,  
I shall not be well, whilste I am with my Lordes grace.

Acte





## The Conflict of Conscience.

Acte fourth. Sceane 4.

S.P.I.R.I.T. P.H.I.L.O.G.U.S. S.U.G.G.E.S.T.

P Hilologus, Philologus, Philologus, I say,  
In time take heede, goe not to farre, looke well thy stepps vnto,  
Let not Suggestion of thy flesh, thy Conscience thee betray,  
Who doth conduct thee in the path, that leadeth to all woe:  
Waigh well this warning gluen from God, before thou further goe:  
And sell not everlasting joyes, for pleasures temporall,  
From which thou sone shal goe, or they from thee bereaned shall.

Philologus,

Glas, what voice is this I here, so dolefully to sounde,  
Into mine eares, and warneth me, in time yet to beware,  
Why haue not I the pleasant path, of worldy pleasures sounde,  
To walk therein for my delight, no man shall me debarre.

Suggestion.

Looke in this Glasse Philologus, for wrought els do thou dare,  
What doest thou see within the same: is not the Coast all cleare?

Philologus.

Wrought els but pleasure, pompe, and wealth, herein to me appeare.

Suggestion.

Give me thy hande, I will be guide, and leade thee in the way,  
What doest thou shynke Philologus: where I dare goe before?

Spirit.

Pea, shynke so still Philologus, no tyme turne back I say,  
In sensuall Suggestions steppes, see that thou tread no more:  
And though the frailtie of the flesh, hath made the fall full sore:  
And to denye with outward lyps, thy Lord and God most deare,  
The same to stablish with consent, of Conscience, stand in feare:  
Thou art yet free Philologus, all tormentts thou maist scape,  
Onely the pleasures of the wold, thou shalt awhile forbear,  
Renowne thy crime, and sue for grace, and do not captiuate  
Thy Conscience vnto mortall sinne, the yoke of Christ do beare,  
Shut vp these wordes within thy brest, which sound so in thine eare:  
The outwarde man hath caused thee, this enterprise to take,

G.y.

Beware

The Conflict of Conscience,  
Beware least wickednesse of spirit, the same do perfect make.

Philologus.

My hart doth tremble for distres, my conscience pricks mee soore  
And bid mee cease that course in time, which I would gladly runne  
The wrath of God it doth mee tell, doth stand my face before:  
Wherfore, I hold it best to cease that race I haue begun.

Suggestion.

These are but fancies certaynly, for this way thou shalt shun  
All worldly woes: looke in thy Glasse and tell me what it shew,  
Thou wilst not credit other men, before thy selfe I trow.

Philologus.

Oh gladsome Glasse, oh mirrour bright, oh cristall cleare as sun,  
The ioyes cannot be vttered, which herein I beholde,  
Wherfore I will not thee forsake: what euill so ever come.

Spirit.

If needes thou wilst thy selfe vndow, say not, but thou arte tolde:

Philologus.

Hap, what hap wyll, I will not lose these pleasures manyfolde  
Wherfore condic me once againe, here take mee by the hande.

Suggestion.

That sensuall Suggestion doth leade him vnderstand.

Acte fourth. Scene .c.

CONSCI. PHILO. SUGGES.

A Las alas, thou wofull wight, what furie doth thee mone?  
So willingly to cast thy selfe into consuming fyre,  
What Circes hath bewitched thee, thy worldly wealth to lome  
More then the blessed state of Soule, this one thing I desyre:  
Claign wel the cause with sincere hart, thy Conscience thee require  
And sell not everlasting ioyes; for pleasures temporall,  
Resist Suggestion of the flesh, who seekes thee so to spoile:  
From which thou sone shalt goe, or they from thee bereaued shall:  
And take from thee which God elect, true everlasting soyle.

See





The Conflict of Conscience.

See where confusion doth attend, to catch thee in his snare,  
Whose handes, if that thou goest on still, thou shalt no way eschew  
Philologus.

What wight art thou? which for my health, dost take such ear-  
Conscience. (nest care?  
Thy erased Conscience, which forsee, the plagues & torments due,  
Which from iust Judge, whom thou denyest shal by and by insue:  
Suggestion.

Thou hast god triall of the faith, which I to thee do beare,  
Commit thy safetie to my charge, there is no daunger nere.  
Conscience.

Such is the blindnesse of the flesh, that it may not descrie,  
Or see the perills which the Soule, is ready to incurre:  
And much the lesse, our owne estates, we can our selues espie:  
Because Suggestion in our hartes, such fancies often stirre:  
Wherby to worldly vanities, we cleave as fast as burre:  
Esteeming them with heavenly ioyes, in godnesse comparable,  
Yet be they mostly very prickes, to sinne abhomynable.

For profe we neede no further goe, then to this present man,  
Who by the blessing of the Lorde, of riches having store,  
When with his hart to fancy them, this worldlyng once began:  
And had this Glasse of vanities espied, his eyes before,  
He God forsooke, whereas he ought haue loued him the moze:  
And choseth rather with his godes, to be throwne downe to hell,  
Then by refusing of the same, with God in heauen to dwell.

Suggestion.

Pay harke Philologus, how thy conscience can teache,  
And would deteyne thee with glossinges vntrue:  
But hearest thou Conscience, thou maiest long inough preache,  
Care wordes, from whence reason or trueth none ensue,  
Shall make Philologus to bid me adue.  
What shall there no rich man dwell in Gods kingdome?  
Where is then Abraham, Job, and David become?

Conscience.

I speake not largelye of all them, which haue this worldly wealth,  
For why, I know that riches are the creatures of the Lorde:

G.ij.

Which

## The Conflict of Conscience.

Whiche of themselves, are god ech one, as Salomon vs telles,  
And are appoynted to do god withall, by Gods owne word,  
But when they let vs from the Lord, then ought they be abhord :  
Whiche caused Christ himselfe to say, that with much lesser payne,  
Should Camel passe through needles ey, then rich men Heauē obtain,  
Hereby Rich men, Christ did not mean, ech one which welth enjoy  
But those which fastned haue their loue vpon this worldly dust,  
Wherefore another cryes, and sayth, oh death, how great annoy  
Doest thou procure vnto that man, which in his goddes doth trust?  
That thou doest this Philologus, thou naedes acknowledge must,  
Whereby ech one may easly see, thou takest more delight,  
In Mundian ioyes, then thou esteemest to be with Angels bright,

Philologus.

This toucheth y quicke, I feele y wound, which if thou canst not cure,  
As maimed in limmes I must retyre, I can no further go.

Suggestion.

This is the greef which Conscience takes against thee I am sure,  
Because thou vsest those delights, which Conscience may not do,  
And therefore he perswadeth thee, to leaue the same also :  
As did the ffore, which caught in snare, and scapt with losse of tayle,  
To cut off theirs, as burthenous, did all the rest counsayll.

Conscience.

In dede I cannot vse, those sond and foolish vanities  
In which the outward part of man doth take so great delight,  
No, neither would I, though to me were geuen that liberty,  
But rather would consume them all to nought, if that I might,  
For if I shoulde delight therein, it were as god a lyght,  
As if a man of perfect age, shoulde ride vpon a sliche :  
Or playe with competers in the street, which pastime children lyke,

But all my ioyes in Heauen remaynes, wheras I long to be,  
And so wouldest thou, if that on Christ thy sayth full fastned were,  
For that affection, was in Paull the apostle, we may see,  
The first to the Philippians doth witnes herein heare,  
His words be these : oh woulde to God disoluued that I were,  
And were with Christ, another place his mynde in those words tell,  
We are but straungers all from God, while in this world we dwell:

Pow





### The Conflict of Conscience.

Now marke, how far from his request, dissenting is thy mynde,  
He wylt for death, but more then hell, thou doest the same detest.  
Suggestion.

The cause why Paul did loth his lyfe, may easly be assynde :  
Because the Iewes in euerte place, did seke him to molest,  
But those which in this world, obtainc securitie and rest :  
Do take delight to liue therein, yea nature doth indue,  
Ech lyuing creature with a feare, least death shold them accrue.  
Yea the same Paul at Antioche, dissembled to be dead,  
While they were gone who sought his lyfe, with stones for to destroy  
Elias for to sauie his lyfe, to Horeb likewise fled,  
So did king Dauid flee, when Saul did seeke him to annoy :  
Yea Christ himselfe, whom in our deedes, to follow we may ioy,  
Did secretly conuaigh himselfe, from Iewes so full of hate,  
When they thought from the top of hil, him to precipitate.

Wherefore, it is no sinne at all, a man for to defende,  
And kepe himselfe from death, so long as nature giues him leaue.

#### Conscience.

The same whom you recited haue, conceiued a further end:  
Then to them selues to liue alone, as ech man may perceiue,  
For when that Paul had run his course, he did at last receive:  
With hartes consent, the sinal death, which was him put unto,  
So when Christ had perfourmed his work, he did death vndergoe:  
And would to god, thou wouldest do y, which these men were contēt,  
For they despised worldly pomp, their flesh they did subdue,  
And brought it under, that to spirit, it mostly did consent :  
Whereby they seeking God to please, did bid the world adue:  
Wife, Children, and possessions forslaking, for they knew  
That enealassing treasures were, appointed them at last,  
The which they thirsing, did from them, al worldly pleasures cast.

But thou O wretch doest life prolong, not that thou wouldest gods  
As dutie binds vs all to do, most chiefly gloriſhy, (name)  
But rather by thy liuing still, wilt Gods renoune desame,  
And more and more dishonor him, this is thy dixit I spy.

#### Philologus.

I meane to liue in worldly ioyes, I can it not denye.

Con-

## The Conflict of Conscience.

Conscience.

What are those ioyes, which thou dōst meane, but pleasures straing  
By vsing of the whiche, thou shalt pronoke his heauy rod: (frō god:

Suggestion.

Tush knowest thou what Philologus, be wise thy selfe vnto,  
And listen not to these sond wordes which Conscience to thee tell,  
For thy defence I wyl alleadge one worthy lesson moe:  
Unto the whiche I am right sure, he cannot answere well:  
When David by vaine trust in men of warre, from God soze fell,  
And was appointed of thre plagues, the easiest for to chuse,  
He saide Gods mercy easier is to get, then mans as I suppose.

Againe he sayeth among the Psalmes, it better is to trust  
In God, then that our confidence we sette should in man,  
Wherfore, to this whiche I now say of forre consent thou must:  
That when two euils before vs plaste, no way avoide we can:  
Into the hand of God to fal by choyce is lawfull than,  
Because that God is mercyfull, when man no mercy shew,  
Thus haue I pleaded in this cause, sufficiently I trow.

Conscience.

How can you say, you trust in God, when as you him forlaken,  
And of the wicked Hammon heare, do make your fained frende,  
No, no, these wordes which you recite against you mostly make:  
For thus he thinks in his destresse, God cannot me defende,  
And therfore by Suggestion fraile, to mans helpe he hath leande.  
Marke who say trueth of hym or mee, and doo him best belieue.

Philologus.

I lyke thy wordes, but that to lose these ioyes it woulde mee greene.

Conscience.

And where Suggestion, telleth thee, that God in mercies flow,  
Yet is he iust sinnes to correct, and true in that he speake,  
Wherfore he sayeth, who so my name, before men shall not know,  
I shall not know hym, when as Judge I shall sit in my seate.  
This if you call to minde, it wil your proude presumption breake,  
Againe he sayeth, who so his lyfe or goodes, will seke to sauie,  
Shal loose them all: but who for Christ wil lose them, gaine shall

Suggestion.

What did not Peter Christ deny, yet mercy did obtaine.

(haue

Where





## The Conflict of Conscience.

Where if he had not, of the Iewes, he shoulde haue fasse[n]t death:

Philologus.

Euen so shall I in tract of time, with bitter teares complaine.

Suggestion.

Nea[n] time inough, though thou deſterſt, vntill thy lateſt b[re]ath,

Conſcience.

So laieth Suggestion vnto theſe, but Conſcience it beſyeth,

And in the ende what ſo I ſay, ſor trueth thou ſhalt eſpye,

And that moſt falſe, which Conſcience thal in ſecret hart beſy.

Philologus.

Ah iwtched man, what ſhall I do? which do ſo playnly ſie,

My fleſh and ſpirit to contende, and that in no ſmall thing,

But as concerneyng the event, of extreme miserie:

Whiche either ſtudie to auoyde, or els vpon me bring,

And whiche of them I ſhould beſt truſt, it is a doubtfull thing.

My Conſcience ſpeaketh trueth me think, but yet because I feare,

By his aduice to ſuffer death, I do his wordes forbeare,

And therfore pacfy thy ſelſe, and do not ſo torment,

Thy ſelſe, in vaine I muſt ſeke ſome meanes for to eſchew,

Thels griping greſles, which vnto me, I ſee now iuiminent.

And therfore will no longer stay, but bid theſe now adue.

Conſcience.

Oh ſay I ſay Philologus, or els thou wilt it rue.

Philologus.

It is leſſe labour that thou doest, I will be at a point,

And to inioye theſe worldy ioyes, I leoparde will a ioint.

Exit

Conſcience.

Phil. & Sug.

Oh curſed creature, O fraile fleſh, O meat for wormes, O duff,

O blather puffed full of wind, O vainer then theſe all,

What cauſe haſt thou in thyne owne wit, to haue ſo great a truſt:

Whiche of thy ſelſe canſt not eſpye, the euils whiche on thee fall,

The blindonneſſe of the outward man, Philologus ſhe w ſhall

At his returne, vnielleſſe I can at laſt, make him reſent,

For why the Lord him to correet, in furious wrath is bent.

Exit Conſciencia.

# The Conflict of Conscience, IT

Acte. fyfth. Scene. 3:

## HYPOCRISIE.

**S**tich chopping cheare, as we haue made, the like hath not bin seene  
And who so pleasant with my Lorde, as is Philologus;  
His recantacion, he hath made, and is dispatched cleane,  
Of all the grieses which vnto him, did seeme so danger quoniam  
Whiche thing you know, was brought to passe especially by vs,  
So that Hypocrisie hath done that, whiche he thah did intende,  
That men for worldly wealth, should ceale the Gospell to defende;  
What shall become of foolish Rose, I meane Philologus; as in  
In actuall maner to your eyes, shall represented bee,  
For though as now, he semes to be, in state most gloriouse,  
He shall not long continue so, eche one of you shall see.  
But needes I must be packing hence, my fellowes say for me,  
Shake handes before we do depart, you shall see me no more  
And though Hypocrisie goe away, of hypocrits here is gone shew.

Acte. fyfth. Scene. 4: And vpon this entred Hypocrisie.

## PHILO. G IS B E R T. P A P H L.

**C**ome on my Children deare to me, and let vs talk awhile,  
Of worldly goodes, whiche I haue got and of my pleasant state,  
Whiche fortune hath installed me, who on me chearely smyle.  
So hat into the top of whiche, she doth me elevate:  
I haue escaped all mishaps, of whiche my Conscience did prate,  
And where before I ruled was, as is the common sayre,  
Now as a Judge within this land, I haue a Ruylers poore.

Gisbertus.  
Indeede god father, we haue cause to thank your grauntie,  
Who did both lame your selfe strok woe, and us from begging state,  
Where if you had persecuted still, as we did feare greatly:  
Your gods from vs, your Children shoule, to Legate bene confiscate  
Our gloriouse pounces, then, shoule we haue bene glad to abate.

Paph.





## The Conflict of Conscience

But now, not onely that you has so; but also has yet that you  
Sach offices, wherby more gaines, you years by yeare shall saue.

I was at point, once, very neare, to haue beene quite forlorn,  
Had not Suggestion of the flesh, from folly intreated me  
And set this Glasse of worldly ioyes, my sight and eyes before me:  
The sight wherof did cause all thinges, of me to be disdauned,

I thought I had felicitie, when it I had obtainede;

And to say truthe, I do not care, what to my loule betide,

So long as this prosperitie, and wealth by me abide.

Wherof let me homewarde gae againe, some pastime there to make,

My whole delight in sport and games, of pleasure I repaireme.

May stay thy tourney here awhile, I do thee prisone take,

I shall abate the pleasures song, yea, to loun them in it lappole.

Philologus.

What is the name? whence comest thou? wherfore to me disclese?

My name is calke Confusion and horror of the mynde, and my  
And to correct impenitents, of God I am assignd.

And for because thou dost despise, Gods mercy and his grace,  
And wouldest no admonyng take, by them that did the warne,  
Neither when Conscience comsailed the, thou wouldest his wordes  
who wouldest haue had the into god, obediencie tru to learned imbrace  
Nor couldst betweene Suggestions trash, Conscience truth discerne  
Beholde therfore, thou shalt of me another lesson heare,

Which wil thou, nil thou, w torment of Conscience, thou shalt beare

And where fayn hast artinguisched, the holy Spirit of God,  
And made him wery with thy sinnes, which dayly thou hast done,  
He wyl no lenger in thy soule, and spirit make abode:  
But with the Graces, whid he gave to the, now is he gone,  
So that to Godward, by Christes death, rejoycing thou hast none,  
The peage of Conscience faded is, in dead wherof, I bring  
The Spirit of Sathan, blasphemy, confusyon and cursing.

The Glasse likewise of vanities, which is thine drolly ioy.

What is the name? whence comest thou? I will  
disclese

### The Conflict of Conscience,

I will transforme into the Glasse of deadly desperation,  
By looking in the whiche, thou shalt conceiue a great armoy :  
Thus have I caught thee in thy pride, and brought thee to damnac[i]on:  
So that thou art a patterne true, of Gods iust indignation:  
Wherby eche man may warned be, the like sinnes to eschew,  
Least the same torments they incurre, which in thee they shall view.

Philologus.

O painfull paine of deepe disdaine, oh griping grefe of hell,  
Oh horro; huge, oh soule supprest, and slaine with desperation,  
Oh heape of sinnes, the sum wherof, no man can number well:  
Oh death, oh furious flames of hell, my iust recompensation,  
Oh wretched wight, oh creature curst, oh childe of condempnac[i]on,  
Oh argrie God, and mercilesse, most fearesfull to beholde,  
Oh Christ thou art no Lambe to mee, but Lion feare and bouldre.

Gisbertus.

Alas deare Father, what doth moue and cause you to lament?

Philologus.

My sinnes (alas) which in this Glasse, appeare innumerable,  
For; which I shall no pardon get, for; God is fully bent :  
In furie for to punish me, with paines intollerable :  
Neither to call to him for grace, or; pardon am I able,  
My sinne is unto death, I feare Christes death doth me no god,  
Neither for my behoove, did Christ shed his most precious bloud.

Paphinitius.

Alas deare Father (alas I say) what sodaine chaunge is this?

Philologus.

I am condemned into hell, these torments to sustaine.

Gisbertus.

Oh say not so my Father deare, Gods mercy mighty is,

Philologus.

The sentence of the righteous Judge, cannot be cald againe,  
Who hath already iudged mee to everlasting payne :  
Oh that my bodie buried were, that it at rest might bee,  
Though soule were put in Iudas place, or; Caines extremitie.

Gisbertus.

Oh Brother hast you to the Towne, and fel Theologus,

What sodaine plague and punishment, my Father hath besell,

Paphi-





The Conflict of Conscience.

Paphinitus.

I run in hast, and will request him so to come with vs.  
Gisbertus.

Oh Father, rest your selfe in God, and all thing shalbe well,  
Philologus.

Ah dredfull name, which when I haire, to sigh it me compell:  
God is against mee I perceiue, he is none of my God,  
Unlesse in this, that he will beat, and plague mee with his rod.

And though his mercy doth surpasle, the sinnes of all the worlde,  
Yet shall it not once profit me, or pardon mine offence,  
I am resuled vitterly, I quite from God am whord:  
My name within the Booke of lyfe, had never residence,  
Christ prayed not, Christ suffered not, my sinnes to recompence;  
But only for the Lordes elect, of whiche soyt I am none,  
I scelle his iustice towardes me, his mercy all is gone:

And to be shorȝt, within shorȝt space, my small end shall bee,  
Then shall my soule incurre the paines, of bitter desolation,  
And I shall be a present, most horriblie to see:  
To Gods elec, that they may see, the price of abiuration.

Gisbertus.

To haire my Fathers dolefull plaints, it bringeth perturbation,  
Unto my soule, but vnder comes, that god Theologus:  
Oh welcome sir, and welcome you god master Eusebius.

Acte. fyfth. Scene. 2.

THEO. PH. EVSE. GIS. PAPHI.

Good sirne you god Philologus, how dwy you by Gods grace,  
Philologus,  
You welcome are, but I (alas) vyle wretch, am haire euill sound  
Eusebius.  
What is the chieffest cause (tell vs) of this your dolorous case?

Philologus.  
Oh would my soule were sunke in hell, so body were in grounde  
That angrye God, now hath his will who sought me to confounde.

V.ij.

Theo.

## The Conflicte of Conscience.

Philologus.

Oh say not to Phisologus, for God is gracie, and mercy,  
And so to forgive the penitent, his mercy is plentious.  
Do you not know that all the earth with mercy doth abound,  
And though the sinnes of all the world vpon one man were layde,  
If he eke only sparke of gracie or mercy once had founed,  
His wickednes could not haue harme: wherefore be not dismayed,  
Christs death alone for all your sinnes, a perfect ransome payde:  
God doth not couet sinners death, but rather that he may  
By lusing still, bewill his sinnes, and so them put awaye.  
Consider Peeter who thys tyme his Maister did denye:  
Pea, with an bath, and that although Christ did han watzing giue,  
Wher whome before tyme he had lyured so long familiarly,  
Of whome so many benefites of loue he did receiue,  
Yet when once Peeter his owne fault, did at the last perceiue,  
And disbe waile his former cryme, with salt and bitter teares,  
Christ by and by did pardon him, the Gospell witnes berae.

The thesse lykewise, and murtherer, which never had don god,  
But had in mischase spent his dayes, yea, during all his lyfe,  
With lattest breth when he his sinnes and wickednes withstode,  
And with iniquitez of flesh, his spirit was at wille,  
Thowle that one motion of his heart, and pouer of true beliefe,  
He was received into grace, and all his sinnes defaced,  
Christ saying, sone in Paradice with me thou shalt be placed.

The hand of God is not abridged, but still he is of myght,  
To pardon them that call to him unsafainedly for grace,  
Againe, it is Gods properte, to pardon sinnes myght:  
Pray therefore with thy heart to God, here in this open place,  
And from the very roote of heart bewaile to hym thy case:  
And I assure thes, God will, on this his mercy shew,  
Through Iesus Christ, who is with him our advocate you knolle.

Philologus.

I haue no sayth, the wordes you speake my hart doth not beleue,  
I must confesse that I for sinne, am wylly throwte to hell.

Eusebius.

His monstrous incredulite, the very heart doth greate,  
Abdere Philologus, I haue agowle by face and vilage well,

A sorte





The Conflict of Conscience.

A sort of men which haue beng vert, with Diuels and spiritis fell,  
In farre worse stafe then you are yet, brought unto desperation.  
Yet in the ende haue bene reclaunde, by godly exhortation.

Such are the mercies of the Lorde, he will throw downe to hell:  
And yet call backe againe from thence, as holy Dauid wrightes.  
What should then let your trust in God? I pray you to vs tel,  
Sith to forgive, and do vs god, if chiesely him delightes.  
What would not you, that of your sins, he shold you cleane acquite?  
How can he once denie to you, one thyng you do request?  
Whiche hath already geuen to you, his best beloued Christ.

Lift vp your hart in hope therfore, a while be of god cheare,  
And make accesse, unto his seate of grace, by earnest prayer,  
And God will surely you releue with grace, stand not in feare:

Philologus.

I do beleue that out from God, procede these comfortes faire,  
So do the Diuels, yet of their health, they alway dee dispaire.  
They are not written vnto me, for I woulde faime attaine,  
The mercy, and the loue of God, but he doth me disdaine.  
How would you haue that man to lyus, which hath no mouth to catt  
No more can I lyus in my soule, which haue no faith at all:  
And where you say, that Peter did, of Christ sone pardon get,  
Who in the selfe same sinne, with me, from God did greatly fall,  
Why? I cannot, obtaine ths same, to you I open shall:  
God had respect to him alwaies, and did me firmly loue,  
But I alas, am reyndate, God doth my soule reproue.

Moreover, I will say with tongue, what so you wyll require,  
My harte I falle with blasphemynge, and cursing is replete.

Theologus.

Then pray with vs, as Christ vs taught, we do you all desire.

Philologus.

To pray with lips, unto your God, you shall me sone mitreate,  
My spirit, to Sathan is in thrall, I can it not thence get:

Eusebius.

God shall renue your spirit againe, pray onely as you can,  
And to all: If you in the same, we pray eth Christian man.

Philologus.

O God, which dweltest in the Heauen, and art our father deare:  
Thy

### The Conflict of Conscience.

Thy holy name throughout the world be ever sanctified,  
The kingdome of thy word and spirit, vpon vs rule might beare,  
Thy will in earth, as by thy saintes in heauen be ratified,  
Our dayly bread, we thee beseech, O Lord for vs prouide,  
Our sinnes remit (Lord vnto vs) as we ech man forgiue,  
Let not tentation vs assayle, in all euill vs releeue, Amen.

Theologus.

The Lord be prayed, who hath at length thy spirit mollified,  
These are not tokenes vnto vs of your reprobation,  
You moane with teares, and sue for grace, wherfore be certified,  
That God in mercy giueth eare, vnto your supplication,  
Wherfore dispayre not thou at all of thy soules preseruation,  
And say not with a desperat heart, that God against thee is,  
He will no doubt, these paynes once past receive you into blisse,

Philologus.

No, no, my friends, you only heare and see the outward part,  
Whiche though you thinke they haue don wel, it boteth not at all,  
My lyppes haue spooke the wordes in deede, but yet I feele my heart,  
With cursing is replenished, with rancor, spight, and gall,  
Neither do I your Lord and God, in hart my fatter call,  
But rather seke his holy name for to blasphemē and curse,  
My state therfore doth not amend, but ware still worse and worse,  
I am secluded cleane from grace, my heart is hardened quight,  
Wherfore you do your labour lose, and spend your brest in baynes.

Eusebius.

Oh say not so Philologus, but let your heart be pight,  
Vpon the mercyes of the Lord, and I you assayne,  
Remission of your former sinnes, you shall at last obtayne:  
God hath it sayde (who cannot lye) at whatsoeuer tyme  
A sinner shall from heart repente, I will remitt his cryme.

Philologus.

You cannot say so much to me, as herein I do knowe,  
That by the mercyes of the Lord, all sinnes are don awaie,  
And vnto them that haue true sayth, abundantly it flowe,  
But whence do this true sayth procede to vs, I do you pray,  
It is the only gift of God, from him it comes awaie,  
I wold therefore he wold bouchsafe, one sparke of sayth to plant,  
Within





### The Conflict of Conscience.

Within my breast, then of his grace, I know I shold not want.

But it as easly may be done, as you may with one spoone,  
At once take vp the water cleane, which in the seas abide :  
And at one draught, then drinx it vp, this shall ye doe as sone,  
As to my brest of true belefe, one sparkle shall betide:  
Lush, you which are in prosperous state, & my paines haue not tried  
Doe think it but an easie thing, a sinner to repent  
Him of his sinnes, and by true faith, damnation to prevent.

The healthfull neede not phisichis art, and ye which are all haile,  
Can give god counsell to the sick, their sicknesse to eschew:  
But here alas, confusion, and hell, doth me assayle,  
And that all grace, from me is rest, I finde it to be true.  
My hart is steele, so that no faith, can from the same insue.  
I can conceine no hope at all, of pardon or of grace,  
But out alas, Confusion is alway before my face.

And certainly, euuen at his time, I do most playnly see,  
The devils to be about me rounde, which make great preparation,  
And keepe a stirre here in this place, which only is for mee.  
Neither doe I conceine, these thinges, by vaine imagination,  
But euuen as truly, as mine eyes beholde your shape and fashon,  
Wherefore, desired Death dipatch, my body bring to rest,  
Though that my soule, in furious flames of fire, be supprest.

Theologus.

Your minde corrupted doth present, to you, this false illusion,  
But turne awhile, onto the spirit of trueth, in your distresse,  
And it shall cast out from your eies, all horror and confusion:  
And of this your affliction, it will you sone redresse.

Eusebius.

We haue good hope Philologus, of your saluation doubtlesse.

Philologus.

What your hope is concerning me, I utterly contempne,  
My Conscience, which for thousands stand, as guiltie me condonne.

Eusebius.

When did this horror first you take, what think you is the causer?

Philologus.

Euen shortly, after I did make, mine open abiuracion,  
For that I did prefer my gods, before Gods holy lawes.

I.

Thero

### The Conflict of Conscience,

Therefore in wrath he did me sende, this horrible veration,  
And hath me wounded in the soule, with greevous tribulation:  
That I may be a president, in whom all men may view,  
Those tormentes, which to them, that wil forsake the Lord, are due.

Theologus.

Pet let me bouldly aske one thing of you, without offence,  
What was your former faith in Christ, which you before did holde?  
For it is saie of holy Paule, in these same wordes in sentence:  
It cannot be that utterly, in faith he shold bee colde,  
Who so he be, which perfectly, true faith in hart once holde:  
Wherfore rehearce in short discourse, the sum of your belefe,  
In those pointes chiefly, which for health of soule, are thought most

Philologus. (cheue.)

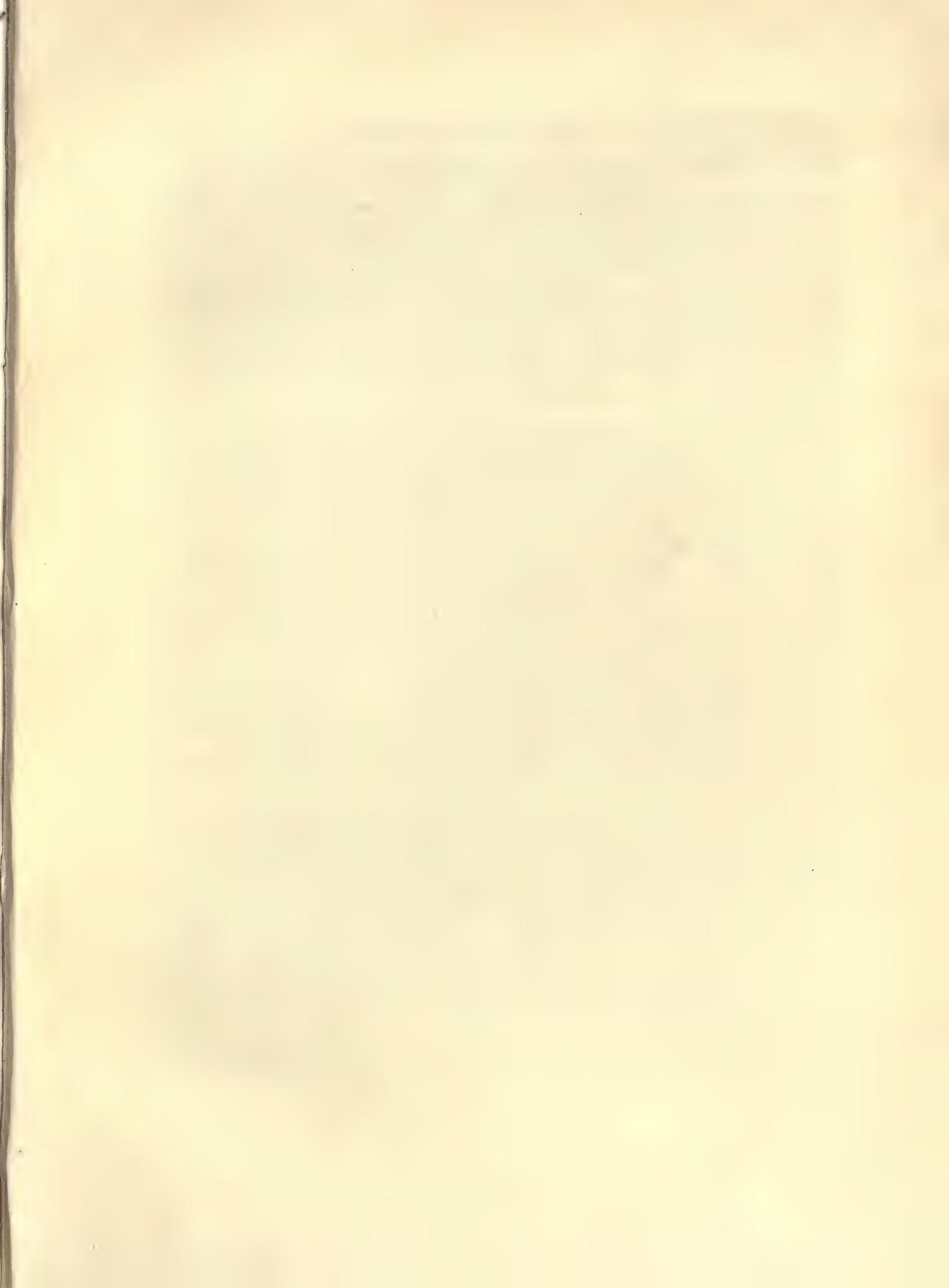
I did beleue in hart, that Christ was that true sacrifice,  
Which dyd appease the fathers wrath, and that by him alone  
We were made iust and sanctified; I dyd beleue lykewise,  
That without him, heauen to attaine, sufficient meanes were none,  
But to renowle this againe, alas, all grace was gone:  
I never loued him againe, with right and sincere harte,  
Neither was thankfull for the same, as was eth godmans part.

But rather tooke the faith of Christ, for libertie to sinne,  
And did abuse his graces great, to further carnall lust,  
What wickednesse I did comitt, I cared not a pinne:  
For that, that Christ discharged had, my ransome, I dyd trust in:  
Wherfore the Lord doth now correct, the same with tormentes iust:  
My sonnes, my sonnes, I speake to you, my counself powder well,  
And practise that in dedes, which I in wordes shall to you tell.

I speake not this, that I would ought the Gospell derogate,  
Which is most true in every part, I mull it needes confesse,  
But this I say, that of vaine faith alone, you shold not prate:  
But also by your holy lyfe, you shold your faith experesse,  
Believe me lyre, for by god profe, these trippes I do expresse  
Peruse the writinge of S. Iames, and first of Peters too,  
Which all Gods people, holynesse of lyfe exhort vnto.

By sundrie reasons, as so: firste, because we strangers are,  
Againe, saine from the flesh procede, but we are of the spirit;  
The third, because the flesh alway, against the spirit do warres.

The





### The Conflict of Conscience.

The fourth, þ we may stop the mouthes of such as would backbight,  
The fift, þat other by one lyues, to God reduce we might ;  
Againe, they sing a pleasant song, which sing in deede and word,  
But where euill life insue god words, there is a soule discorde :

But I alas, most wretched wight, whereas I did presume,  
That I had got a perfect faith, did holy life disdaine :  
And though I did to other preach, god lyse. Yde consume me,  
My lyse in wickednesse and sinne, in spost and pleasures daimen.  
No, neither did I once contende, from them selfe to restraine,  
Beholde therfore, the iudgements ful, of God doth mee annoy,  
Not for amendment of my lyse, but mee sor to destroy.

Eusebius.

We do not altogether like of this your exhortation,  
Whereas you warne vs not to trust, so much vnto our faith,  
But that god workes we shold prepare, vnto our preseruation,  
There are two kindes of rightcousnesse, as Paul to Romanes saith:  
The one dependeth of god workes, the other hangs of faith:  
The former which the world allowes, god counts it least of swaine,  
As by god profe, it shall to you, in words be pured playne.

For Socrates and Cato both, did purchase great rehōwhe,  
And Aristides surnamed Just, this righteousnesse fulfilled,  
Wherfore he was as lustest man, expelde his native towne,  
Yet are their soules with Infydelis, in hall for euer spilled,  
Because they sought not rightcousnes, that way that God the willed  
The other righteousnes comes from faithe; which God regardeth alone,  
And makes vs seeme immaculate, before his heavenly thron.

Wherfore, there is no cause you shold, sende vs to outwarde act,  
As to the ancor or refuge, of our preseruation.

Theologus.

The meaning of Philologus, is not here so erred,  
As do his worder make it to seeme, by your allegation,  
He doth not meant betwene god workes, and faith to make relation  
As though workes were equinolent, saluation to attaine.  
As is true faith, but what he ment, I will set dwrie more playne,  
He did exhort the yongmen here, by him sor to beware,  
Least as he did, so they abuse, Gods gospell pure,  
And without god advice, blury of faith the gift so rare :

Wtherby

### The Conflict of Conscience,

Wherby they think, what so they do, the selues from torments free;  
And by this proud presumption, Gods anger should procure:  
And where they boast and vaunt, the selues, god faithfull men to bē,  
Yet in their lyues, they do deny their faith in ech degree :

Wherfore he saith, as Peter saide, see that you do make knowne,  
Your owne election by your workes: againe, & James doth say,  
Shew me thy faith, and by my works, my faith shall thee be shown,  
And wherupon his owne offence, he doth to them bewray,  
Wheras he did vainegloriously, vpon a dead faith stay:  
Which for the inwarde righteousness, he alway did suspect,  
And hereupon all godlynes of lyfe, he did neglect.

Philologus.

That was the meaning of my wordes, how ever I them spake,  
The truth (alas) vile wretch, my soule and Conscience to true seelē.

Theologus.

What do you not Philologus, with vs no comfort take,  
When all these thinges, so godlyly, to you I do reueale,  
Especially, sith that your selfe, in them are scene so well:  
Some hope vnto vs of your health, and safetie yet is left,  
We do not think that all Gods grace, from you is wholly rest.

Philologus.

Alas, what comfort can betide, vnto a damned wretch?  
What so I heere, see, seele, tast, speake, is turned all to woe.

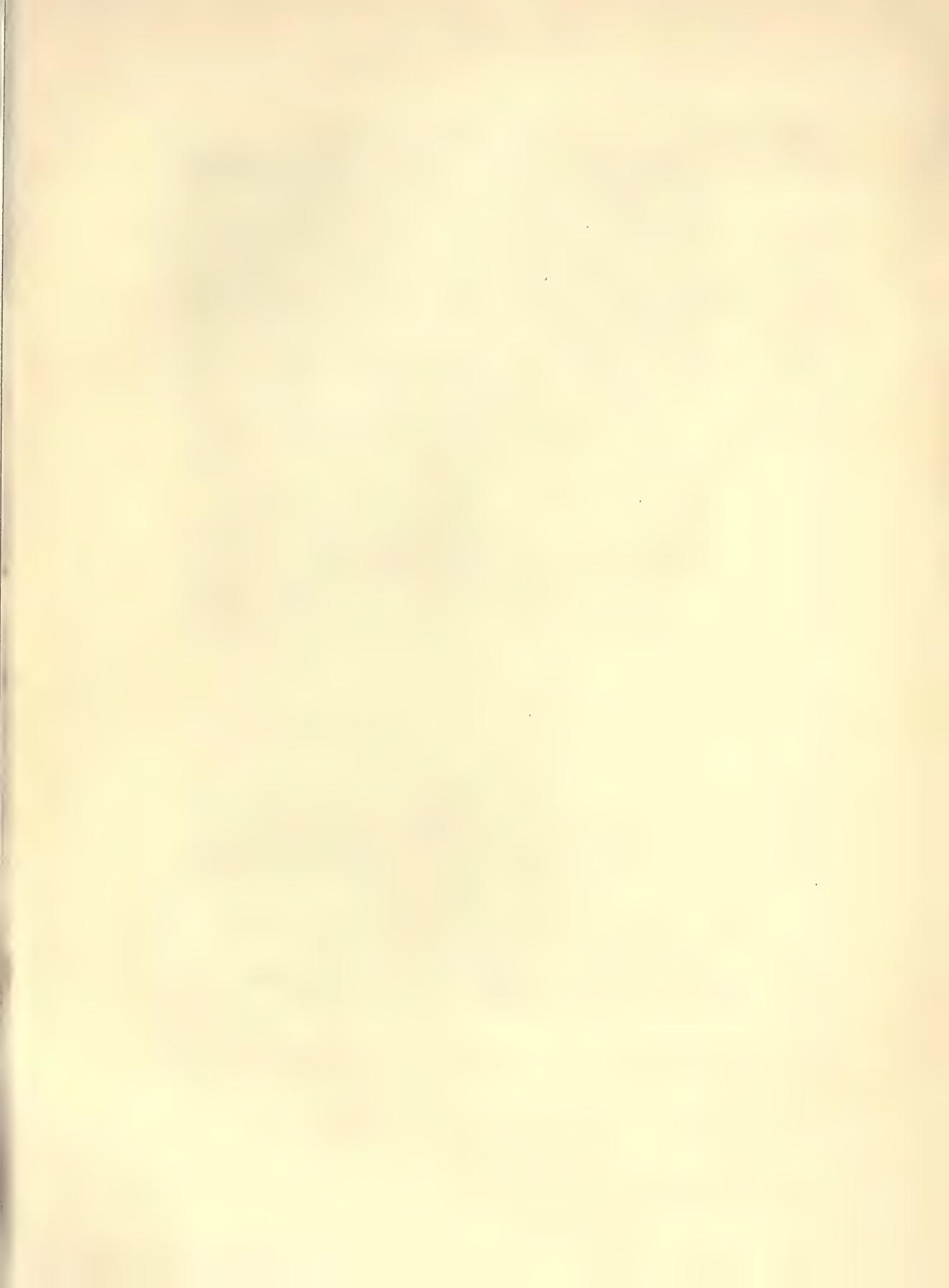
Eusebius.

Ah deare Philologus, think not, y ought can Gods grace outreache,  
Consider Dauid which did sinne in lust, and murther too:  
Yet was he pardoned of his sinnes, and so shalt thou also.  
Phil. King Dauid alwaies, was elect, but I am reprobate,  
And therefore I can finde small ease, by waighing his estate.

He also prayed vnto God, which I shall never doe,  
His prayer was that God would not, his spirit take away:  
But it is gone from mee long since, and shall be giuen no moe.  
But what became of Cayne, of Cam, of Saul, I do you pray?  
Of Iudas, and Barehu, these must my Conscience lay.  
Of Iulyan Apostata, with other of that crue,  
The same torments must I abide, which these men did insue:

Theologus.

Alas my friend, take in god part, the chastiment of y Lorde  
Who





The Conflict of Conscience.

Who doth correct you in this world, that in the lyfe to come,  
Ye might you save, for of the like, the Scripture beraes record.

Philologus.

That is not Gods intent with mee though it be so with some,  
Who after bodies punishment, haue into fauour come:  
But I (alas) in spirit and soule, these greeuous tormentes beare,  
God hath condemned my Conscience, to perpetuall greife and feare.  
I would most gladly chuse to lyue, a thousand, thousande yeare.  
In all the tormentes and the griefe that damned soules sustaine,  
So that at length I might haue ease, it would me greatly cheare.  
But I alas, shall in this lyfe, in tormentes still remaine,  
While Gods iust anger, vpon mee, shall be revealed plaine:  
And I example made to all, of Gods iust indignation,  
By that my body were at rest, and soule in condemnation.

Eusebius.

I pray you answer me herein, where you by deepe dispaire,  
Say, you are worse here in this lyfe, then if you were in hell,  
And for because to haue death come, you alway make your prayer,  
As though your soule and body both, in tormentes great did dwelle;  
If that a man shoulde give to you a sword, I pray you tell,  
Would you destroy your selfe there with? as doe the desperate,  
Which hange or kill, or into clouds, themselues precipitate.

Philologus.

Give me a sworde, then shall you know, what is in mine intent.

Eusebius.

Not so my friend, I onely aske, what herein were your will;

Philologus.

I cannot, neither will I tell, wherto I would be bent.

Theologus.

These wordes doe nothing edifye, but rather fancies fill,  
Which we would gladly if we could, indeuour so to kill.  
Wherefore, I once againe request, together let vs pray:  
And so we will leaue you to God, and send you hence away.

Philologus.

I cannot pray, my spirit is dead, no faith in me remayne

Theologus.

Doe as you can, no more then might, we can ask at your hand,

I.ij.

Philo-

The Conflict of Conscience.

Philologus.

My prayers turned is to stane, for God doth it disdaine,  
Eusebius.

It is the falle hood of the spirit, which doth your health withstande,  
That teach you this, wherfore in time, reject his filthy bande.

Theologus.

Come kneele by me, and let vs pray, the Lord of Heauen vnto:  
Philologus.

With as god will as did the Druell, out of the deasse man goe.

O God which dwellest in the heauens, &c. (come,

With sirs, you doth your labours loose, see where Belzabub doth  
And doth invite me to a feast, you therefore speake in vaine,  
Hea if you aske ought more of me, in answer I will be dumbe,  
I wil not wast my tong for naught, as soone shall one small grayne  
Of Mulerdsse, all all the world, as I true faith attaine.

Theologus.

We will no lenger stay you now, but let you hence depart.

Eusebius.

Pet will we pray continually, that God woulde you conuert.

Theologus.

Gisbertus and Paphinitius, conduct him to his place,  
But see he haue good company, let him not be alone :

Ambo.

We shall so do, God vs assist, with his most holy grace.

Gisbertus.

Come Father do you not think god, that we from hence begone?

Philologus.

Let go my handes at lybertie, assistance I crave none :  
Oh that I had a sworde awhile, I shold soone eas'd bee.

Ambo.

Alas deare father, what do you ? Euseb. His wil we may now see

Theologus. Exeunt Phi, Gis. Paph.

O gloriouſ God, how wonderfull, thole iudgements are of thine  
Thou doſt beholde the ſecret hart, naught doth thy eyes beguile,  
Oh what occaſion is vs giuen, to feare thy might deuine,  
And from our hartes to hate and lothe, iniquities ſo vile,  
Leaſt for the ſame, thou in thy wrath, doſt graue from vs exile.

The





### The Conflict of Conscience.

The outwarde man doeth thee not please, nor yet, the minde alone,  
But thou requirest both of vs, or else regardest none.

Eusebius.

Here may the worlslinges haue a glasse, their states so to behold,  
And learne in time, so to escape, the iudgements of the Lorde,  
Whille they by flattering of them selues, of faith both dead and cold  
Do sell their soules to wickednes, of all god men abhorde:  
But godlynes doth not depend, in knowing of the woorde:  
But in fullfilling of the same, as in this man we see,  
Who though he did to others preach, his lyfe did not agree.

Theologus.

Againe Philologus witnesseth, which is the trueth of Chist,  
For that consenting to the Pope, he did the Lorde abure,  
Wherby he teacht the wauering fayth, on which side to persist:  
And those which haue the trueth of God, that stell they may indure,  
The Tyrants, which delight in blode, he likewise doth assuré,  
In whose affayres, they spende their time: but let vs homewarde goe.

Eusebius.

I am content, that after meate, we maye resorte him to.      Exiunt.

Theo. & Euse.

Acte sixe.      Scane last.

### N V N T I V S.

O lyffull newes, which I report, and bring into your eares,  
Philologus, that would haue hangde himselfe with coard,  
Is nowe converted vnto God, with manie bitter teares,  
By godly councell he was won, all prayse be to the Lorde,  
His errours all, he did renounce, his blasphemies he abhorde:  
And being converted, leſt his lyfe, exhorting foe and friend,  
That do professe the fayth of Chist, to be constant to the ende,  
Full thyrtie weekes, in lyffull wise, afflited he had bene,  
All which long time, he tooke no ſode, but forſt againſt his will,  
Euen with a ſpōne to poure ſome hroath, his teeth betwene,  
And though they ſought by force, thiſ wiſe to ſēde him ſtill,  
He alwayes strove with all his might, the lame on ground to ſpilt,  
So that no ſuſtenaunce he receiu'de, ne ſlēpe could he attayne,  
And nowe the Lorde, in mercy great hath easde him of his payne.

FINIS.      N.      W.

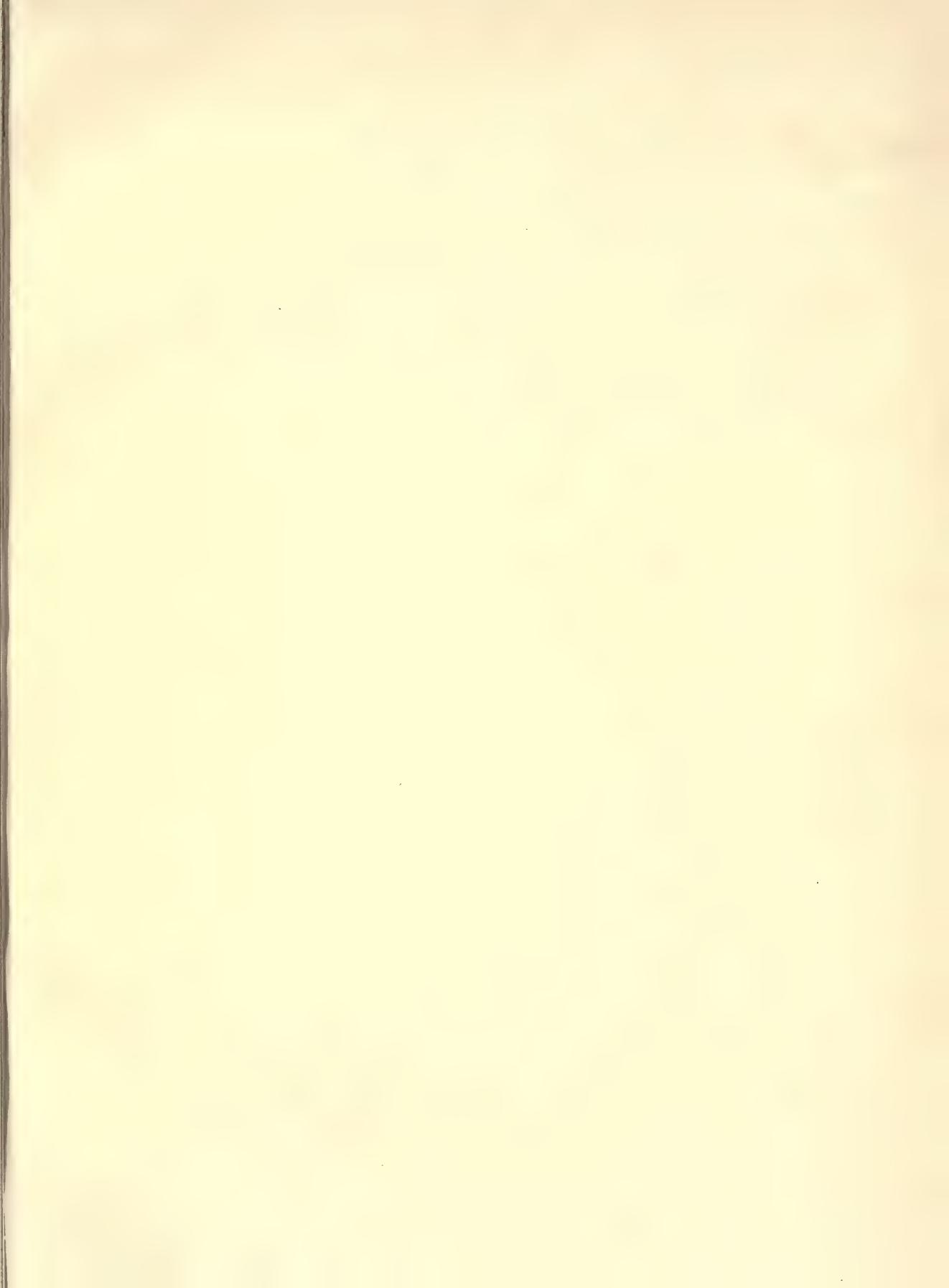








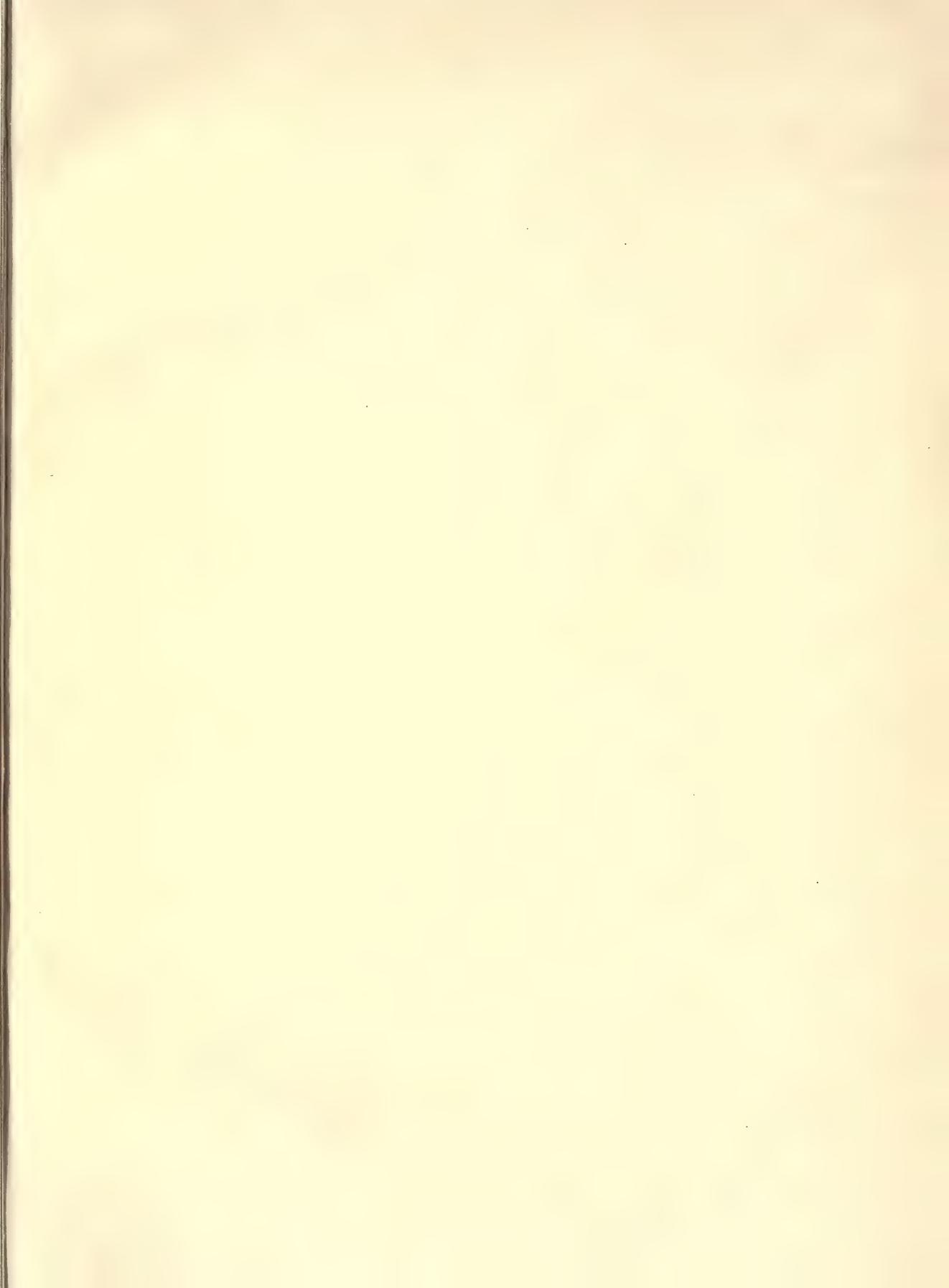








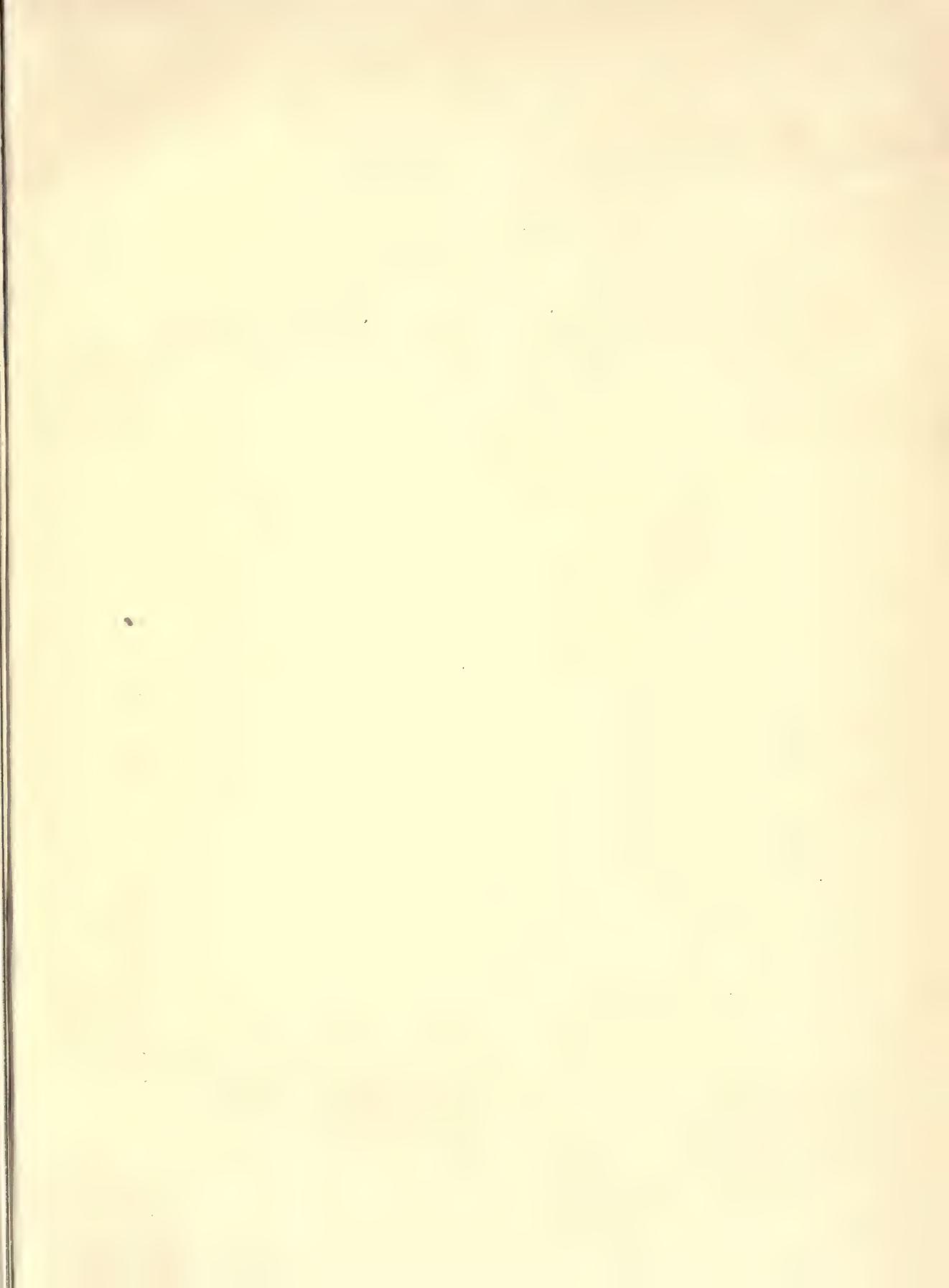




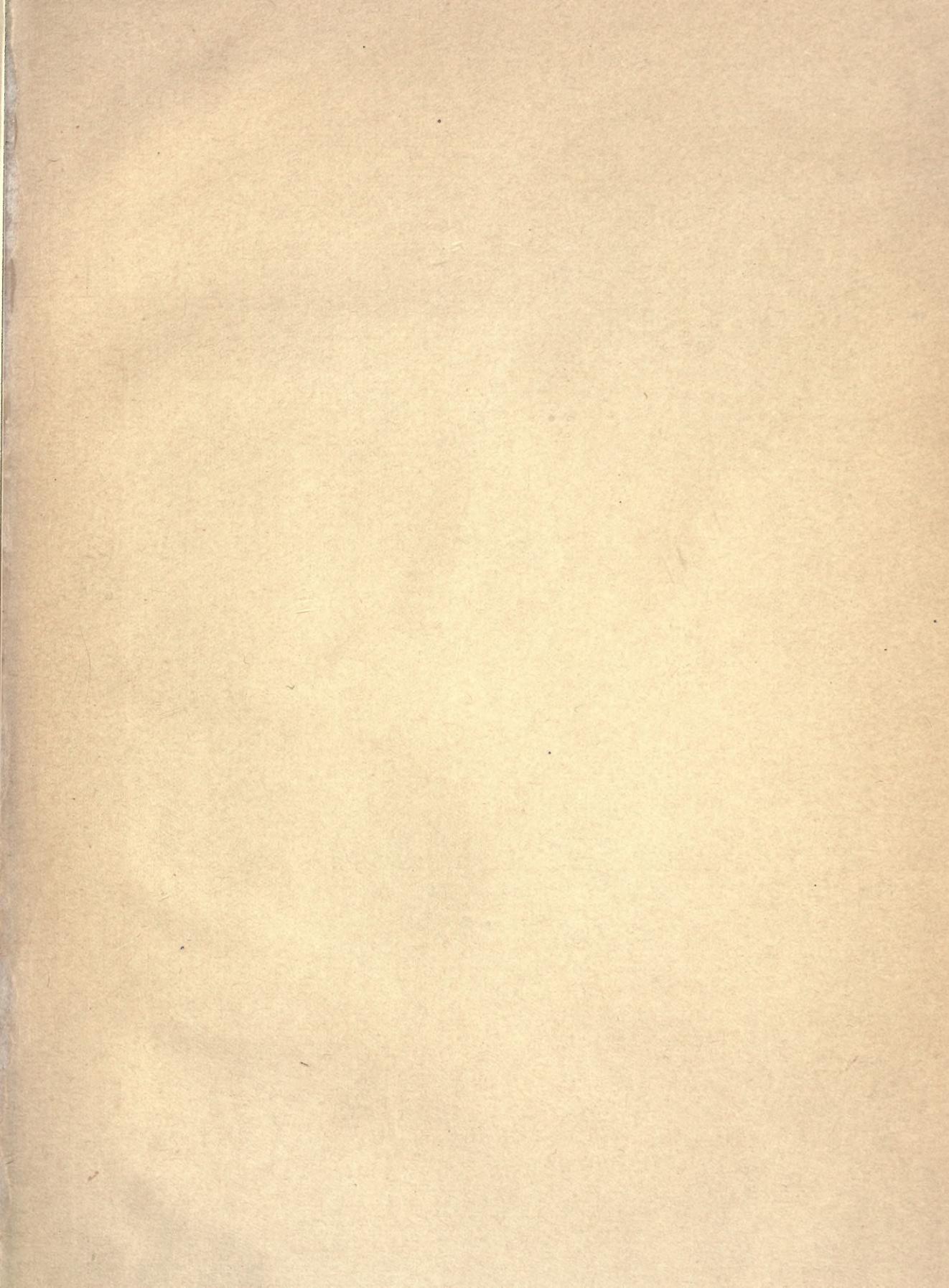


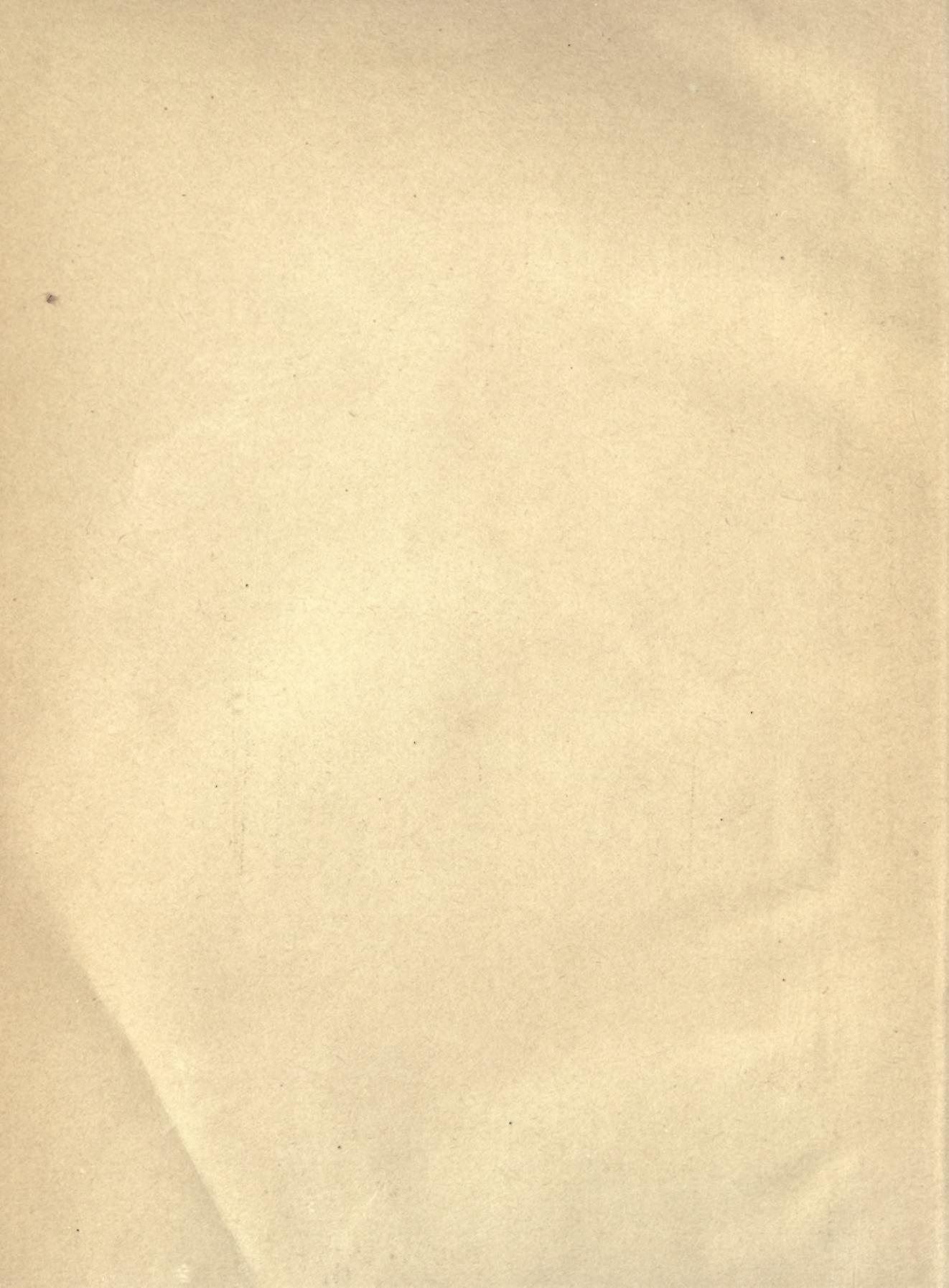












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