

3 1761 03531 2461

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The World and the Child
otherwise
Mundus & Infans

Date of this the Earliest Known Edition, 1522

[Trinity College, Dublin]

Written (it is supposed) c. 1500-6

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1909

The World and the Child

The World and the Child

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The World and the Child
otherwise
Mundus & Infans

Date of this the Earliest Known Edition, 1522
[Trinity College, Dublin]

Written (it is supposed) c. 1500-6

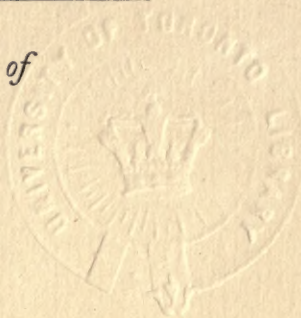
Reproduced in Facsimile, 1909

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 147]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER



The World and the Child otherwise

Mundus & Infans

1522

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET
LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

MCMIX

98762
30/9/59



PR
2411
W7
1522a

The World and the Child

otherwise

Mundus & Infans

1522

This is the first time "The World and the Child" has been reproduced in facsimile; and it may also be said, for the first time is a scholarly reprint text possible where access to the original is difficult. Hazlitt was woefully out of the running, and my own, in the "Early English Drama Series," was little, if anything, better. The value of the present re-issue is obvious.

Only a single copy of any edition whatsoever is known: that from which this facsimile has been taken, and which is now in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin.

As will be seen, this copy was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1522, but the date of composition is probably circa 1500-6.

Mr. Fleming, the technical photographer in charge of this series, is not directly responsible for the present volume. The reproduction was, however, carried out under his supervision, at a distance, and he informs me that under the circumstances the best that could be done has been done. The first set of plates was rejected, and the worst that can be said of the second set is detailed hereunder. To my mind the obvious deduction is that I personally, my publishers, and our

subscribers are under deep obligations for the care, skill, and technical knowledge which Mr. Fleming has brought to bear upon this series generally, now rapidly approaching completion.

And this reminds me that I, as the general editor, will esteem suggestions and criticisms with a view to another and more general selection to follow. By "more general" I mean rarities and desiderata not necessarily confined to our old drama, of which, however, there are many items that still require doing badly.

To return to Mr. Fleming's criticism of the reproduction of "The World and the Child": he reports that he sent proofs of the four worst pages to the Trinity Librarian, whose remarks I give infra. Generally speaking, Mr. Fleming says the proofs are wonderfully good, considering the negatives; and that, had the Librarian's report been unfavourable, he would have stopped the work. The "faults" are those inherent to old work of this character, which might have been remedied to some but not to an appreciable extent had he undertaken the actual manipulation of the plates.

The pages selected as the worst were as follows, and I give the Trinity Librarian's remarks verbatim:—

Title-page: "The definition is quite as good as in the original. The defective letters at top are all defective in original, owing to injury to paper. The contrast between second and third ornaments on right is exactly reproduced."

A. ij. verso and [A. iv. verso]: "The printing of the recto pages as seen through paper is stronger in the original. These are excellent prints. The blurring in letters is everywhere caused by yellow spots in original."

A. iij. recto : “ *The last half-dozen lines in this print are a little weak, but so is original in a slightly lesser degree. This page appears much cleaner owing to elimination of yellow spots. The printing of the verso is not visible here at all, but is quite plain in original.*”

Mr. Fleming remarks thereon : “ This refers to printing on other side, the result being due to negative being much over-exposed ; this also accounts for elimination of the yellow spots mentioned, which is perhaps an improvement.”

JOHN S. FARMER.

...etentym... Hu proprie uel Inmetu-
be of the worlde and the chylde / other wy-
se called [Mundus & Infans] & it sheweth
in the estate of Chyldehode and Manhode.
Mundus.



BIBLIOTHECA
COLL. SS. TRIN.
IEXTA DUBLIN.

Syz leace of your lawes what so befall
 And loke ye bow bonerly to my byddynge
 For I am ruler of realmes I warne you
 And ouer all sodys I am kynge (all
 For I am kynge and well knowen in these
 I haue also paleys pyght (realmes rounde
 I haue stedes in stable stal worthe and stronge
 Also stetes and strondes full strongely pyght
 For all the storlde wyde I woce wall is my name
 All rychele redely it renneth in me
 All pleasure worldely bothe myrthe and game
 My selfe semely in sale I lende wiche you to be
 For I am the worlde I warne you all
 Dynce of powere and of plente
 He that cometh not whan I do hym call
 I shall hym smyte wiche pouerte
 For pouerte I parte in many a place
 To them that wyll not obedynt be
 I am a kynge in euery case
 He thynketh I am a god of grace
 The flour of vertu foloweth me
 Lo here I sette semely in se
 I commaunde you all obedynt be
 And wiche fre wyll ye folowe me

Infans

Cryst our kynge graunte you clerly to knowe y case
 To meue of this mater that is in my mynde
 Clerely declare it cryst graunte me grace
 Now semely syz beholde on me
 How mankynde doth begynne
 I am a chyld as you may se
 Coten in game and in grete synne
 Cl. wekes my moder me founde

flesh and blode my lode was tho
Whan I was rypp from her to lounde
In peryll of dethe we stode bothe two
Dow to seke dethe I must begyn
Foz to passe that strayte passage
Foz body and soule that shall than twynne
And make a partynge of that maryage
Fourty wykes I was frely ledde
Within my moders possessyon
Full oft of dethe she was adzed
Whan that I shoyde parte her from
Now in to the worlde she hathe me sent
Dooze and naked as ye may se
I am not worthely wrapped nor went
But powterly pryched in pouerte
Now in to th. worlde wyll I wende
Some comfozte of hym foz to craue
All hapye comely crowned kynge
God that all made you se and saue

Mundus

Welcome saye chyld what is thy name

Infans

I wote not syz withouten blame
But ofte tyme my moder in her game
Called me dalpaunce

Mundus

Dalpaunce my swete chyld
It is a name that is ryght wyld
Foz whan thou waxest olde
It is a name of no substaunce
But my saye chyld what woldest thou haue

Infans

Syz of some comfozte I you craue
Dete and clothe my lyfe to saue

Mundus & Infans

And I your true seruaunt shall be

Wundus

Now sayre chyld I graunte the thyne askynge

I wyll the synde whyle thou art ynge

So thou wylte be obeydnt to my byddyng

These garmentes gaye I gyue to the

And also I gyue to the a name

And clepe the wanton in euery game

Coll. xiiij. yere be come and gone

And than come agayne to me

Wanton

Gramercy worlde for myne araye

For now I purpose me to playe

Wundus

Fare well sayre chyld and haue good daye

All rychelesnesse is kynde for the

Wanton

I ha wanton is my name

I can many a quaryte game

Lo my toppe I dyue in same

Se it to myneth rounde

I can with my scorge stycke

My felowe vpon the heed hytte

And wyghtly from hym make a skyppe

And blere on hym my tonge

If brother or syster do me chyde

I wyll scratche and also byte

I can crye and also kpe

And mocke them all be rewe

If fader or mother wyll me synpte

I wyll wyngge with my lyppe

And lyghtly from hym make a skyppe

And call my dame shryde

I ha a newe game haue I founde

Se this gynnne it renneth rounde
And here another haue I founde
And yet mo can I fynde
I can mowe on a man
And make a leynge well I can
And mayntayne it ryght well than
This connyng came me of kynde
Ye syz I can well gelde a snayle
And catche a cowe by the tayle
This is a fayre connyng
I can daunce and also skyppe
I can playe at the chery pytte
and I can wystell you a fycte
Syres in a whyltowe ryne
Ye syz and euery daye
Whan I to scole shall take the waye
Some good mannes gardyn I wyll assape
Pecrys and plommes so plucke
I can spye a sparowes nest
I wyll not go to scole but whan me lest
For there begynneth a soyr fest
Whan the mayster holde lyfte my docke
But syz whan I was leu nyere of age
I was sent to the worlde to take wage
And this seuen yere I haue ben his page
And kept his commaundment
Now I wyll wende to the worlde y worthy emperou
Hayle lorde of grette henour
This. vii. yere I haue serued you in hall & in boure
With all my trewe ement

Mundus

Now welcome wanton my derlyng here
A newe name I shal gyue the here
Leue lust lpyng in here

Mundus & Mars

A. 11.

These thy names they shall be
All game and gle and gladnes
All loue longynge in lewdnes
This seuen yere forsake all sadnes
And than come agayne to me.

Lust & Lykynge

A ha now lust and lykynge is my name
I am as fresh as flourys in maye
I am semely shapen in same
And proudly apperide in garments gaye
My lokes ben full louely to a ladyes eye
And in loue longynge my harte is sore sette
Myght I fynde a fode that were fayre and fre
To lye in hell till domysdaye for soue I wolde not let
My loue for to bynne

All game and gle

All myrthe and melodye

All reuell and rpotte

And of best wyll I neuer blynne

But sye now I am. xix. wynter olde

Thys I waxe wonder bolde

Now I will go to the worlde

A hegher science to assaye

For the worlde will me auaunce

I will kepe his gouernaunce

His plesynge will I praye

For he is a kynge in all substaunce

All hayle mayster full of myght

I haue you serued bothe day and nyght

Now I comen as I you behyght

One and twenty wynter is comen and gone

Mundus

Now welcome loue lust and lykynge
For thou hast ben obedyent to my byddyng

I encrease the in all thyng
And myghtly I make the a man
Manhode myghty shall be thy name
Were the prest in euery game
And wayte well that thou suffre no shame
Neyther for londe nor for rente
Yf any man welde wayte the with blame
With stonde hym with thy hole entent
Full sharpely thou bete hym to shame
With doughtynesse of dede
For of one thyng manhode I warne the
I am moost of bounte
For seuen kynges seuen me
Bothe by daye and nyght
One of them is the kyng of pryde
The kyng of enuy doughty in dede
The kyng of wrathe that boldely wylly abyde
For mykyl is his myght
The kyng of couetous is the fourte
The fyfte kyng he hyght slouche
The kyng of glotony hath no Jolyte
There pouerte is pyght
Lechery is the seuenth kyng
All men in hym haue grete delytynge
Therefore worshyp hym aboue all thyng
Manhode with all thy myght

Manhode

O yes for kyng without lesynge
It shall be wrought
Had I knowynge of the fyrst kyng without lesynge
Well Joyen I mought

Manodus

The fyrste kyng hyght pryde
Manhode

Alorde with hym sayne wolde I byde
Mundus

Oye but woldest thou serue hym truely in euery tyde
Manhode

Oye syz and therto my trouche I plyght
That I shall truely pryde present
I swere by saynt Thomas of kent
To serue hym truely is myn entent
With mayne and all my myght
Mundus

Now manhode I wyll araye the newe
In robes ryall ryght of good hewe
And I praye the pryncypally be trewe
And here I dubbe the a knyght
And haunte alwaye to chyualery
I gyue the grace and also beaute
Golde and syluer grete plente
Of the wronge to make the ryght
Manhode

Gramercy worlde and emperour
Gramercy worlde and gouernoure
Gramercy comfozte in all coloure
And now I take my leue fare well
Mundus

Farewell manhode my gentyll knyght
Fare well my sonc semely in syght
I gyue the alwerde I also strength and myght
In batayle boldly to bere the well
Manhode

Now I am dubbed a knyght hende
Wonder wyde shall waxe my fame
To seke aduencures now wyll I wende
To please the worlde in gle and game
Mundus

C Lo sye I am a prynce peryllous yprobrde
I preyd full peryllous and pethely I pyght
As a lozde in eche londe I am belouyd
Whyne eyen do shyne as lanterne byght
I am a creature comely out of care
Emperours and kynges they knle to my kne
Euery man is a ferde whan I do on hym stare
For all mery medell erthe maketh mencyon of me
Yet all is at my hande werke both by downe & by dale
Bothe the see and the lande and foules that fly
And I were ones moued I tell you in tale
There durst do sterre sterre that stondech in the sky
For I am lozde and leder so that in londe
All boweth to my byddyng bonerly aboute
Who þ styreth w ony stryfe oz waytech me with wyge
I shall myghtly make hym to stamer & stowpe
For I am rycheft in myne araye
I haue knyghtes and Coures
I haue ladyes byghtest in bourys
Now wyll I fare on these flourys
Lozdynges haue good daye.

Manhode

C Deas now peas ye felowes all aboute
Deas now and herken to my lawes
For I am lozde bothe stalwozthy and stowte
All londes are ledde by my lawes
Baron was there neuer bozne that so well hym bare
I better ne a bolde noz a byghter of ble
For I haue myght & mayne ouer countrees fare
And manhode myghty am I namcd in euery coultre
For Salerne and samers and ynde the loys
Caleyg kente & cornewayle I haue conquered clene
Bycarbye and Bountes and gentyll artopys
Florence Flaunders and Frauce & also Gascoyne

All I haue conquered as a knyght
There is no emperour so kene
That dare me i'ghtly tene
For lyues and lymmes I iene
So mykyl is my myght
For I haue boldely blode full pytcoufly dyspylde
There many hath lefte syngers / & fete both heed & face
I haue done harme on hedes & knyghtes haue I kyld
And many a lady for my loue hath sayd alas
Byggaunt Ermys I haue beten to backe & to bonys
And beten also many a grome to grounde
Bretplates I haue beten as Steuen was w' stonyng
So fell a fyghter in a felde was there neuer yfounde
To me no man is makyde
For manhode myghty that is my name
Many a lord haue I do lame
Wonder wyde walketh my fame
And many a kynges crowne haue I crakyd
I am worthy and wyght wytt and wyle
I am ryall arayde to reuen vnder the ryle
I am proude aparelde in purple and byle
As golde I glyster in gere
I am styffe stronge stalworthe and stoute
I am the rpallest redely that renneth in this route
There is no knyght so gryfly that I drede nor doue
For I am so doughtly dyght ther may no dint me dere
And y' kyng of pryde full prest w' all his proude plens
And y' kyng of lechery louely his letters hath me sent
And the kyng of wrathe full wordely w' all his entent
They wyll me mayntayne w' mayne & all theyr myght
The kyng of couetous and the kyng of glotony
The kyng of slouth and the kyng of Enuy
All thos: sende me theyr leuery
Where is now so worthy a wyght

A wyght
ye as a wyght wytt
Here in this sete lytte I
Foz no loues lette I
Here foz to lytte

Conscience

Cryst as he is crowned kynge
Saue all this comely company
And graunte you all his dere blessinge
That bonerly bought you on the roode tre
Now praye you prestly on enery syde
To god omnyppotent
To let our enemy sharply on syde
That is the deuyll and his couent
And all men to haue a clere knowynge
Of heuen blyssc that hye toure
We thynke it is a nestarpe thynge
Foz yonge and olde bothe ryche and pore
Dooze conscience foz to knowe
Foz conscience clere it is my name
Conscience counseyleth both hye and lowe
And conscience comenly bereth grete blame
Blame
Ye and oftentymes set in shame
Wherfore I rede you men bothe in earnest & in game
Conscience that ye knowe
Foz I knowe all the mysterys of man
They be as sylple as they can
And in euery company where I come
Conscience is out cast
All the worlde dothe conscience hate
Mankynde and conscience ben at debate
Foz yf mankynde myght conscience take
My body wolde they bralk

Hast ye and warke me moche wo

Manhode

Say ho to felowe who gaue the leue this way to go

What wenest thou I dare not come the to

Say thou harlot whyder in hast

Conscience

What let me go sy: I knowe you nought

Manhode

No bychydde brothell thou shalt be taught

For I am a knyght and I were sough

The worlde hath auanced me

Conscience

Why good sy: knyght what is your name

Manhode

Manhode myghty in myrthe and in game

All powere of pryde haue I tane

I am as gentyll as Iap on tre

Conscience

Sy: though the worlde haue you to manhode brought

To mayntayne maner ye were neuer taught

No conscience clere ye knowe ryght nought

And this longeth to a knyght

Manhode

Conscience what the deuill man is he

Conscience

Sy: a techer of the spyrytualety

Manhode

Spyrytualety what the deuill may that be

Conscience

Sy: all that be leders in to lpyght

Manhode

Lpyght ye but herke felowe yet lpyght fayne wolde I be

Conscience

Will ye so sy: knyght than do after me

Manhode

Cye and it to pydes pleasynge be
I wll take thy techynge

Conscyence

Say syz beware of pryde and you do well
for pryde iucyfer fell in to hell
Epl vom p'daye ther shall he dwell
withouten ony out comynge
for pryde bys but a vayne glorie

Manhode

Deas thou brothell and lette those wordes be
for the wolde and pryde hath auauiced me
to me men i wte full lowe

Conscyence

And to beware of pryde syz I wolde counsaill you
And thynke on kynge robert of cyteill
How he for pryde in grete pouerte fell
for he wolde not conscyence knowe

Manhode

Cye conscyence go forthe thy waye
for I loue pryde and wll go gaye
All thy techynge is not worthe a strape
for pryde clepe I my kynge

Conscyence

Syz there is no kynge but god alone
that bodely bought vs with payne and passyon
Bycause of mannes soule redeimpryon
In Scrypture thus we fynde

Manhode

Saye conscyence syth þ woldest haue pryde fro me
what sayest thou by the kynge of sechery
with all mankynde he must be
And with hym I loue to lynge

Conscyence

CRay manhode that may not be
From lechery fast you fle
For in combraunce it wyll bynge the
And all that to hym wyll lynde

Manhode

Saye conſcience of the kynge of ſlouth
He hath behyght me mykell trouthe
And I may not forſake hym for ruche
For with hym I thynke to reſt

Conſcience

Manhode in ſcripture thus we fynde
That ſlouth is a traytour to heuen kynge
Syz knyght yf pou wyll kepe your kynge
Frome ſlouthe clene you caſt

Manhode

Say conſcience the kynge of glotony
He ſayth he wyll not forſake me
And I purpoſe his ſaruaunt to be
With mayne and all my myght

Conſcience

Thynke manhode on ſubſtaunce
And put out glotonye for combraunce
And kepe with you good gouernaunce
For this longeth to a knyght

Manhode

What conſcience frome all my mayſters ſhouldel
But I wyll neuer forſake enuy
For he is kynge of company
Bothe with moze and laſſe

(hauc m

Conſcience

CRay manhode that may not be
And ye wyll cheryſſhe enuy
God wyll not well pleaſed be
To comforte you in that caſe

Manhode

Chyep from hye kynges thou hast counseyled me
But from the kyng of wrathe I wyll neuer fle
For he is in euery dede doughty
For hym dare no man rowce

Conscyence

Chay manhode beware of wrathe
For it is but superfluyte that cometh and goeth
Ye and all men his company hateth
For ofte they stonde in doubte

Manhode

Chyep on the falle flaterynge frere
Thou shalt rewe the tyme that thou came here
The deuyll mote set the on a hye
That euer I with the mete
For thou counseylest me from all gladnes
And wolde me set vnto all iadnes
But oz thou bynge me in this madnes
The deuyll bryke thy necke
But sye scere euyl mote thou thye
Frome. vi. kynges thou hast counseyled me
But that daye shall thou neuer se
To counsayll me frome couetous

Conscyence

Chose sye I wyll not you from couetous bynge
For couetous I clepe a kyng
Sye couetous in good doynge
Is good in all wyle
But sye knyght wyll ye do after me
And couetous your kyng shall be

Manhode

Chyep sye my trouthe I plyght to the
That I wyll warke at thy wyll

Conscyence

Manhode wyll ye by this worde stande

Manhode

Ye consyence here my hande

I wyll neuer from it fonge

Neither loude ne styl

Consyence

Manhode ye must loue god aboue all thyng

His name in ydelnes ye may not mynge

Kepe your holy dape from worldly doyng

Your fader and moder worshypp eue

Coueyte ye to sle no man

Ne do no lechery with no woman

Your neyhoures good take not be no waye

And all false wytnesse ye must denaye

Neither ye must not couete no mannes wyfe

Nor no good that hym be lythe

This couetyng shall kepe you out of stryfe

These ben the commaundementes ten

Manhynde and ye these commaundementes kepe

Heuen blysse I you behete

For crystes commaundementes all full swete

And full necessary to all men

Manhode

What consyence is this thy courtous

Consyence

Ye manhode in all wyse

And coueyte to crystes scrupse

Bothe to matyng and to masse

Ye must manhode with all your myght

Mayntayne holy chyrches ryght

For this longeth to a knyght

Blapnly in euery place

Manhode

What consyence sholde I leue all game and gle

Conscience

May manhode so mote I thye
All myrthe in measure is good for the
But syr measure is in all thyng

Manhode

Measure conscience what thyng may measure be

Conscience

Syr kepe pou in charyte
And from all euill company
For doubte of foly doynge

Manhode

Folye what thyng callest thou folye

Conscience

Syr it is Pryde Wrathe and Enuy
Slouth Couetous and Glotony
Lechery the seuento is
These seuen synnes I call folye

Manhode

What thou lyst to this

Seuen the worlde deliuered me
And sayd they were kynges of grete beaute
And most of mayne and myghtes
But yet I praye the syr tell me
Maye I not go arayde honestly

Conscience

Yes manhode hardely
In all maner of degre

Manhode

But I must haue sportynge of playe

Conscience

Sykerly manhode I say not naye
But good gouernaunce kepe bothe nyght and daye
And mayntayne mekenes and all mercy

Manhode

All mercy consyence what may that be
Consyence

Sy: all dyscrecyon that god gaue the
Manhode

Dyscrecyon I knowe not so mote I the
Consyence

Sy: it is all the wyttes that god hathe you sende
Manhode

A consyence / consyence now I knowe and se
Thy cunnyng is moche more than myne
But yet I praye the sy: tell me
What is moost necessary for man in euery tyme
Consyence

Sy: in euery tyme beware of folye
Folye is full of falsse flatteryng
In what occupacyon that cuer ye be
Alwaye or ye begyn thynke on the endyng
for blame
Now fare well manhode I must wende
Manhode

Now fare well consyence myne owne frende
Consyence

I praye you manhode haue god in mynde
And beware of folye and shame
Manhode

Yes / yes / ye come wynde and rayne
God let hym neuer come here agayne
Now he is forwarde I am ryght tayne
For in saythe sy: he had nere counsailed me all amys
Ia now I haue be thought me yf I shall heuen wyne
Consyence techyng I must begyn
And clene forsake the kynges of synne
That the worlde me taught
And consyence seruaunt wyll I be

And beleue as he hath taught me
Upon one god and persones thre
That made all thyng of nought
For consyence clere I clepe my knyng
And his knyght in good doyng
For ryght of reason as I fynde
Consyence techyng is trewe
The worlde is full of boost
And sayth he is of myghtes moost
All his techyng is not worth a coost
For consyence he dothe refuse
But yet wyll I hym not for ake
For mankynde he dothe mercy make
Thoughe the worlde and consyence be at debate
Yet the worlde wyll I not despyle
For bothe in chyche and in ch. pyng
And in other places bepage
The worlde fyndeth me all thyng
And dothe me grete scruple
Now here full prest
I thynke to rest
Now mythe is best

Folye

What hey how care awaye
My name is folye I am not gaye
Is here ony man that wyll saye naye
That rennetb in this route
I syz god gyue you good eue

Hanhode

Stonde bttce selowe where doest þy curtelþ pzeue

Folye

What I do but claue myne ars syz be your lue
I praye you syz ryue me this cloute

Hanhode

What stonde out thou sayned syrwe
Folpe

By by say the syr there the cocke crewe
For I take recorde of this rewe
My the dome is nere past

Manhode
Now trewely it may well be so
Folpe

By god syr yet haue I felowes mo
For in euey countre where I go
Some man his chyfite hath lost
Manhode

But herke felowe art thou ony craftes man
Folpe

Ye syr I can bynde a spue and tynke a pan
And therto a cozpous bukler playet I am
Arple felowe wylt thou assaye
Manhode

Now truely syr I crow thou canst but lytell skyl of
Folpe (playe

Yes by cockes bones that I can
I wylt neuer fle for no man
That walketh by the waye
Manhode

Felowe thoughe thou haue kumynge
I counsayll the leue thy bostynge
For here thou may thy felowe fynde
Whyder thou wylt at longe or shorte
Folpe

Come lobe and thou darcest arple and assaye
Manhode

Ye syr but yet consyence byddeth me naye
Folpe

No syr thou darcest not in good faye

For truely thou sayest no false herte

Manhode

What sayst thou haue I a false herte

Folpe

Ye syz in good fayre

Manhode

Manhode wpll not that I laye naye

Defende the folpe yf you maye

For in tere the I purpose to wete what thou art

How sayst thou now folpe hast thou not a touche

Folpe

No pwpys but a lytell on my pouche

On all this meyne I wpll me wouche

That stondeth here aboute

Manhode

And I take recozde on all this rewe

Thou hast two touches thoughe I laye but fewe

Folpe

Ye this place is not without a threwe

I do you all out of dewe

Manhode

But herke felowe by thy faythe where was thou boze

Folpe

By my faythe in englonde haue I dwelled yore

And all myne auncetters me besore

But syz in London is my chesc dwellynge

Manhode

In London where yf a man the sought

Folpe

Syz in holborne I was forthe brought

And with the courtiers I am beraught

To westmyenster I bled to wende

Manhode

Herke felowe why doost thou to westmyenster drawe

Folpe

Manhode

For I am a seruaunt of the lawe
Covetous is myne owne felowe
We twayne plete for the kyng
And poore men that come from bylande
We wyl take theyr mater in hande
Be it ryght or be it wronge
Theyr thyrre with vs shall wende

Manhode

Now here folowe I praye þ whyder wendest þ ths
folpe

By my feyth fyr into London I ran
To the tauerne to drynke the wyne
And than to the Junes I toke the waye
And there I was not welcome to the osteler
But I was welcome to the fayre tapster
And to all the houlholde I was ryght dere
For I haue dwelled with her many a daye

Manhode

Now I praye þ whyder toke þ than the waye
folpe

In feyth fyr ouer London byrdege I ran
And the streyght waye to the steres I came
And toke lodgyng for a nyght
And there I founde my bro. her lechery
There men and women dyde folpe
And euery man made of me as worthy
As thoughe I hadde ben a knyght

Manhode

I praye the yet tell me mo of thyrre aduentures
folpe

In feyth the euen streyght to all the steres
And with them I dwelled many yerres
And they crowned folpe a kyng

Manhode

CA praye the felowe whyder wendest thou the
folye

Syz all englande to and fro
In to abbeyes ano in to nonneryes also
And alwaye folye dothe felowes fynde

Manhode

Now herke felowe I praye the tell me thy name

folye

Iwys I hyght bothe folye and Game

Manhode

Wha thou arte he that conscyence dyd blame
Whan he me taught

I praye the folyc go hens and felowe not me

folye

Yes good syz let me your seruaunt be

Manhode

Saye so mote I thye

Foz than a shewe had I caught

folye

Why good syz what is your name

Manhode

Manhode myghty that bereth no blame

folye

Wy þ roode and manhode mystereth in eucry game

Somdelc to cherysse folye

Foz folyc is felowe wiche the worlde

And gretely belued wiche many a lord

And þye put me out of your warde

The worlde ryght wroth wyll be

Manhode

Ye syz yet had I leuee the worlde be wraith

Than lele the cunynge that Conscyence me gaue

folye

Cuckowe foz Conscyence he is but a dawde

Mundus & Infans

C.ii.

He can not elles but preche

Manhode

Ye I praye the leue thy lewde claterynge
No: Conscience is a counselet for a kynge

Folpe

I wolde not gyue a strawe for his techeynge
He dooth but make men worthe
But wotteit thou what I saye man
By that plae trouthe that god me gaue
Had I that bochpde Conscience in this place
I sholde so here hym with my staffe
That all his stownes sholde synke

Manhode

I praye the folpe go hens and solowe not me

Folpe

Yes sy so mote I thye
Your ieruaunt wyll I be
I axe but mete and dlynke

Manhode

Peace man I may not haue the for thy name
For thou sayst thy name is bothe folpe and shame

Folpe

Sy here in this cloute I knyt shame
And clype me but propre folpe

Manhode

Ye folpe wyll thou be my trewe ieruaunt

Folpe

Ye sy manhode here my bande

Manhode

Now let vs dlynke at this commaunt
For that is curtesy

Folpe

Mary mayster ye shall haue in hast
I ha lyg let the catte wyynke



For all ye wote not what I thynke
I shall drawe hym suche a draught of drynke
That conſcience he ſhall awaye caſt
Haue mayſter and drynke well
And let vs make reuell reuell
For I ſwere by the chyche of ſaynt myghell
I wolde we were at ſtewes
For there is nothyng but reuell route
And we were there I had no doubt
I ſholde be knowen all aboute
Where conſcience they wolde reſuſe

Manhode

Deas ſolpe my fayre ſcende
For by cryſte I wolde not þ conſcience ſholde me here

ſolpe

(ſynde

Cull the mayſter therof ſpeke no thyng
For conſcience cometh no tyme here

Manhode

CDeace ſolpe there is no man that knoweth me

ſolpe

C Syr here my trouche I plyght to the
And thou wylte go thyder with me
For knowlege haue thou no care

Manhode

CDeaſe but it is hens a grete waye

ſolpe

CParde ſyr we may be there on a daye
Ye and we ſhall be ryght welcome I dare well ſaye
In eſtchepe for to dyne
And than we wyl with lombardes at paſſage playe
And at the popes heed ſwete wyne allaye
We ſhall be lodged well a ſyne

Manhode

CWhat ſayest thou ſolpe is this the beſt

¶ Mundus & Infans

C.iii.

Folpe

Syz all this is manhode well thou knowest

Manhode

Now folpe go we hens in hast
But fayne wolde I chaunge my name
For well I wote of conscyence mere me in this tyde
Ryght well I wote he wolde me chyde

Folpe

Syz for fere of you his face he shall hyde
I shall clepe you shame

Manhode

Now gra mercy folpe my felowe in fere
So we hens tary no lenger here
Tyll we be gone me thynke it leuen yere
I haue golde and good to spende

Folpe

A ha mayster that is good chere
And of it be passed halfe a yere
I shall the there ryght a lewde frere
And hyther agayne the lende

Manhode

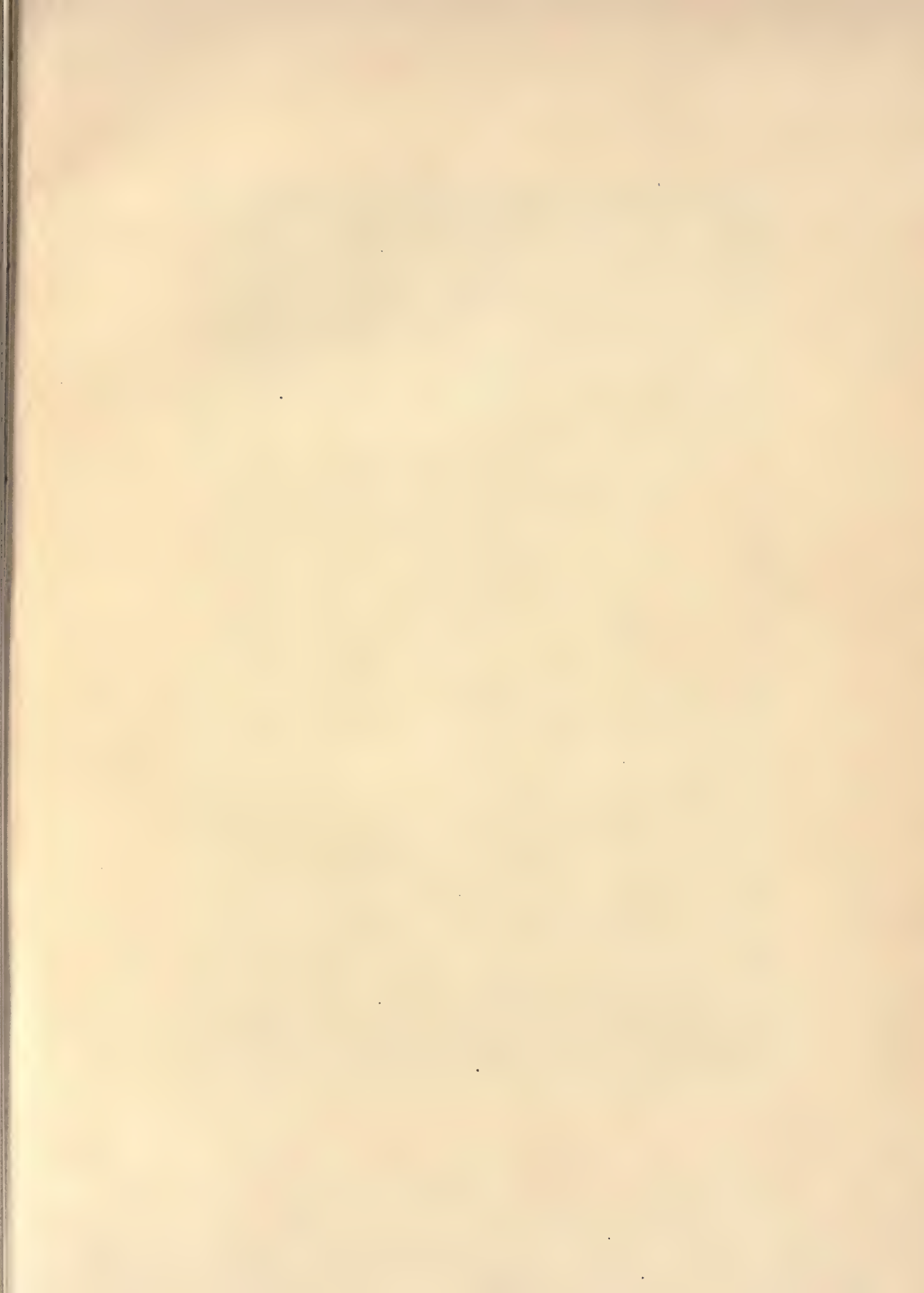
Folpe go before and teche me the waye

Folpe

Come after shame I the praye
And conscyence there ye cast awaye
Lo syz this folpe techerh aye
For where conscyence cometh with his cunnynge
Yet folpe full fetely shall make hym blynde
Folpe before and shame behynde
Lo syz thus fareth the world allwaye

Manhode

Now I wyll folowe folpe for folpe is my man
Ye folpe is my felowe and hath gruen me a name
Conscyence called me manhode folpe calleth me shame



Folpe wyll me lede to london to lerne reuel
ye and consyence is but a flaterynge brothell
For euer he is carpyng of care
The worlde and folpe counseylleth me to all gladnes
ye and consyence counseylleth me to all sadntys
ye to moche sadnes myght bynge me in to madnes
¶ now haue good dape lrys to london to seke folpe wyll

Consyence

(I fare

¶ Saye manhode frende whyder wyll ye go

Manhode

¶ Nay lry in faythe my name is not so
why scere what the deuyll hast thou to do
Whyder I go or abyde

Consyence

¶ Yes lry I myll counsell you for the best

Manhode

¶ I wyll none of thy counsell so haue I rest
I wyll go whyder my lest
For thou canst nought elles but chyde

Consyence

¶ Lo lrys a grete ensample you may se
The freylnes of mankynde
How oft he falleth in folpe
Throughe temptacyon of the fende
For whan the fende and the flesshe be at one assent
Than consyence clere is clene out cast
¶ Men thynke not on the grete Iugement
That the sely soule shall haue at the last
But wolde god all men wolde haue in mynde
Of the grete dape of dome
How he shall gyue a grete rekenyng
Of euyll dedes that he hathe done
But nedeles lry it is so
That manhode is forthe with folpe wende

¶ Mundus & Infans

To seche perseueraunce now wyll I go
With the grace of god on my potent
His counseyles ben in fete
Perseueraunce counsell is moost dere
Nerte to hym is consyence clere
From synnyng
Now in to this presence to cryst I praye
To spede me well in my Journaye
Face well lordynges and haue good daye
To seke perseueraunce wyll I wende
Perseueraunce

Now cryst our comely creature clere thā crystal clene
That craftly made euery creature by good recreacyon
Saue all this company that is gathered here bydene
And let all your soules in to good saluacyon
Now good god þ is moost wysest and weide of wyttes
This company / counsell / comforte and glad
And saue all this synnolytude that semely here syttes
Now good god for his mercy that all men made
Now mary moder mekest that I mene
Shelde all this company from euyl Inuetsacyon
And saue you from our enemy as she is bryght & clene
And at þ last day of dome delyuer you fro euerlastyng
Sy: s perseueraunce is my name (dampnacōn
Consyence bo:ne broder is
He sente me hyder mankynde to endoctryne
That they sholde to no byces enclpne
for ofte mankynde is gouerned amys
And throughe foly mankynde is set in shame
Therfoze in this presens to cryst I praye
Or that I hens wende awaye
Some good worde that I may saye
To bo:we mannes soule from blame

Age
Alas / alas / that me is wo
My lyle my lykynge I haue forlozne
My rentes my rycheſſe it is all ygo
Alas the daye that I was bozne
For I was bozne manhode moost of myght
Stryffe stronge both stalworthy and stoute
The worlde full worthely hath made me a knyght
All bowed to my byddyng bonerly aboute
Than conſcyence clere comely and kynde
Wekely he met me in ſete there I late
He lerned me a leſſon of his techynge
And the. viij. deedly ſynnes full lothely he dyde hate
Wyde wyathe and enuy and couetous in kynde
The worlde all theſe ſynnes delyuered me brytill
Slouthe couetous & lechery y is full of falſe flaterynge
All theſe conſcyence reprovoued both lowde and ſtyll
To conſcyence I helde by my hande
To kepe cryſtes commaundementes
He warned me of folye y traytour & bade me beware
And thus he went his waye
But I haue falſly me forſwozne
Alas the daye that I was bozne
For body and ſoule I haue tozlozne
I clynge as a clodde in claye
In london many a daye
At the paſſage I welde playe
I thought to bozowe and neuer paye
Than was I lought and ſet in ſtockes
In newgate I laye vnder lockes
If I ſaydought I caught many knockes
Alas where was manhode tho
Alas my lewdenes hath me loſt
Where is my body ſo proude and preſt.

I coughe and rought my body wyll brest
Age dothe folowe me so
I stare and stacker as I stonde
I gone glyssy bpon the grounde
Alas dethe why letttest thou me lyue so longe
I wander as a wyghe in wo
And care

Foz I haue done yll
Now wende I wyll
My selfe to spyll
I care not whyder noz where

Perseueraunce

Well ymet syz well ymet and whyder atwape
Age

Why good syz wherby do ye saye
Perseueraunce

Tell me syz I you praye
And I with you wyll wende
Age

Why good syz what is your name
Perseueraunce

Foz lothe syz perseueraunce the same
Age

Syz ye are consyence brother that me dyd blame
I may not with you lunge
Perseueraunce

Yes/yes Manhode my frende in fere
Age

Ray syz my name is in another maner
Foz folpe his owne selfe was here
And hath clepyd me shame
Perseueraunce

Shame
Ray Manhode let hym go



folye and his felowes also
For they wolde the byynge in to care and woo
And all that wyll folowe his game

Age

O ye game who so game
Folye hath gyuen me aname
So where euer I go
He clypped me shame
Now manhode is gone
Folye hath folowed me so
Whan I fyrst from my moder cam
The worlde made me a man
And fast in ryches I ran
Tyll I was dubbed a knyght
And than I met with conseyence cleere
And he me set in such manere
He thought his techynge was full dere
Bothe by daye and nyght
And than folye met me
And sharpely he beset me
And from conseyence he set me
He wolde not fro me go
Many a daye he keped me
And to all folkes he cleped me
fro shame
And vnto all synnes he set me
Alas that me is wo
For I haue falsely me forsworne
Alas that I was bozne
Body and soule I am but lozne
He lyketh neyther gle nor game
Perseueraunce
Nay nay manhode saye not so
Be ware of wanhode for he is a fo

And we name I shall gyue you to
I clepe you repentaunce
For and you here repente pour synne
Ye are possyble heuen to wyne
But with grete contryeyon ye must begynne
And take you to abstynence
For thoughe a man had do alone
The deed. y synnes euerychone
And he with contryeyon make his mone
To cryst our heuen kynge
God is also gladde of hym
As of the creature that neuer dyde syn

Age

How good syr how holde I contryeyon begyn
Perseueraunce

Syr in thyfte of mouthe without varyenge
And another enlample I shall shewe you to
Thynke on Peter and Poule and other mo
Thomas James and Johan also
And also mary Maudeleyn
For Poule dyde crystes people grete bylany
And Peter at the passyon forsoke cryst thyfes
And Maudeleyn luyed longe in lechery
And saynt thomas byleued not in the resurreccyon
And yet these to cryst are derlynges dere
And now be sayntes in heuen clere
And therfore thoughe ye haue trespased here
I hope ye be soyr for your synne

Age

O ye perseueraunce I you plyght
I am soyr for my synne bothe daye and nyght
I wolde fayne lerne with all my myght
How I holde heuen wyne

Perseueraunce



So to wyne heuen. v. necessary thynges there ben
That must be knowen to all mankynde
The. v. wyttes doth begynne
Syz bodely and spirytually

Age

Of the. v. wyttes I wolde haue knowynge
Perseueraunce

Forsoth syz herynge/seyng/and smellyng
The remenaunte talyng/and selyng
These ben the. v. wyttes bodely
And syz other. v. wyttes there ben

Age

Syz perseueraunce I knowe not them
Perseueraunce

How repentaunce I shall you ken
They are the power of the soule
Clere in mynde there is one
Imagynacpon and all reason
Understandynge and compassyon
These belonge vnto perseueraunce

Age

Gramercy perseueraunce for your trewe techynge
But good syz is there ony more behynde
That is necessary to all mankynde
Frely for to knowe

Perseueraunce

Ye repentaunce more there be
That eucry man must on byleue
The. xij. artycles of the fayth
That mankynde must on trowe
The fyrst that god is in one substance
And also that god is in thre persones
Begynnyng and endynge without varyaunce
And all this worlde made of noughe

The seconde that the sone of god slykerly
Toke fleshe and blode of the vyrgyn mary
Withou: touchynge of mannes fleshe companye
This must be in euey mannes thoughe
The thyrde that that same god sone
Borne of that holy vyrgyn
And the after his vyrghe mayden as she was before
And aierer in all kynde
Also the fourthe that same cryst god and man
He suffred payne and passyon
By cause of mannes soule redempcyon
And on a crosse dyde hynged
The fyfte artycle I shall you tell
That the spyryte of godhed went to hell
And bouzyt out the soules that there dyde dwell
By the power of his owne myght
The vi. artycle I shall you saye
Cryst rose vpon the thyrde daye
Very god and man without. n naye
That all shall deme and dyght
He sent mannes soule in to heuen
Moste all the aungelles euey chone
There is the fader the sone / and y sochfast holy good
The eyght artycle we must beleue on
That same god shall come downe
And deme mannes soule at the daye of dome
And on mercy than must we trust
The ix. artycle with outen stryfe
Euey man mayden and wyfe
And all the bodyes that euet bare lyfe
And at the daye of dome body and soule shall pere
Truely the x. artycle is
All they that hath kept goddes seruyte

They shall be crowned in heuen blysse
As crystes seruauntes to hym full dere
The .xi. artycle the sothe to sayne
All that hath falsely to god gayded them
They shall be put in to hell payne
There shall be no synne couerynge
Syz after the .xii. we muir wyche
And byleue in all the sacramentes of holy chyrche
That they ben necessary to both last and fyrste
To all maner of mankynde
Syz ye must also here & knowe þ commaūdemētes .x.
Lo syz this is your beleue and all men
Do after it and ye shall heuen wyne
Without doubte I knowe

Age

Gramercy perseueraunce for your trette techyng
To: in the spyryte of my soule wyll I fynde
That it is necessary to all mankynde
Truely for to knowe
Now syz take all ensample by me
How I was bozne in synple degre
The worldc ryall receyued me
And dubbed me a knyght
Than consyence met me
So after hym came folpe
Folpe falsely deceyued me
Than shame my name hyght

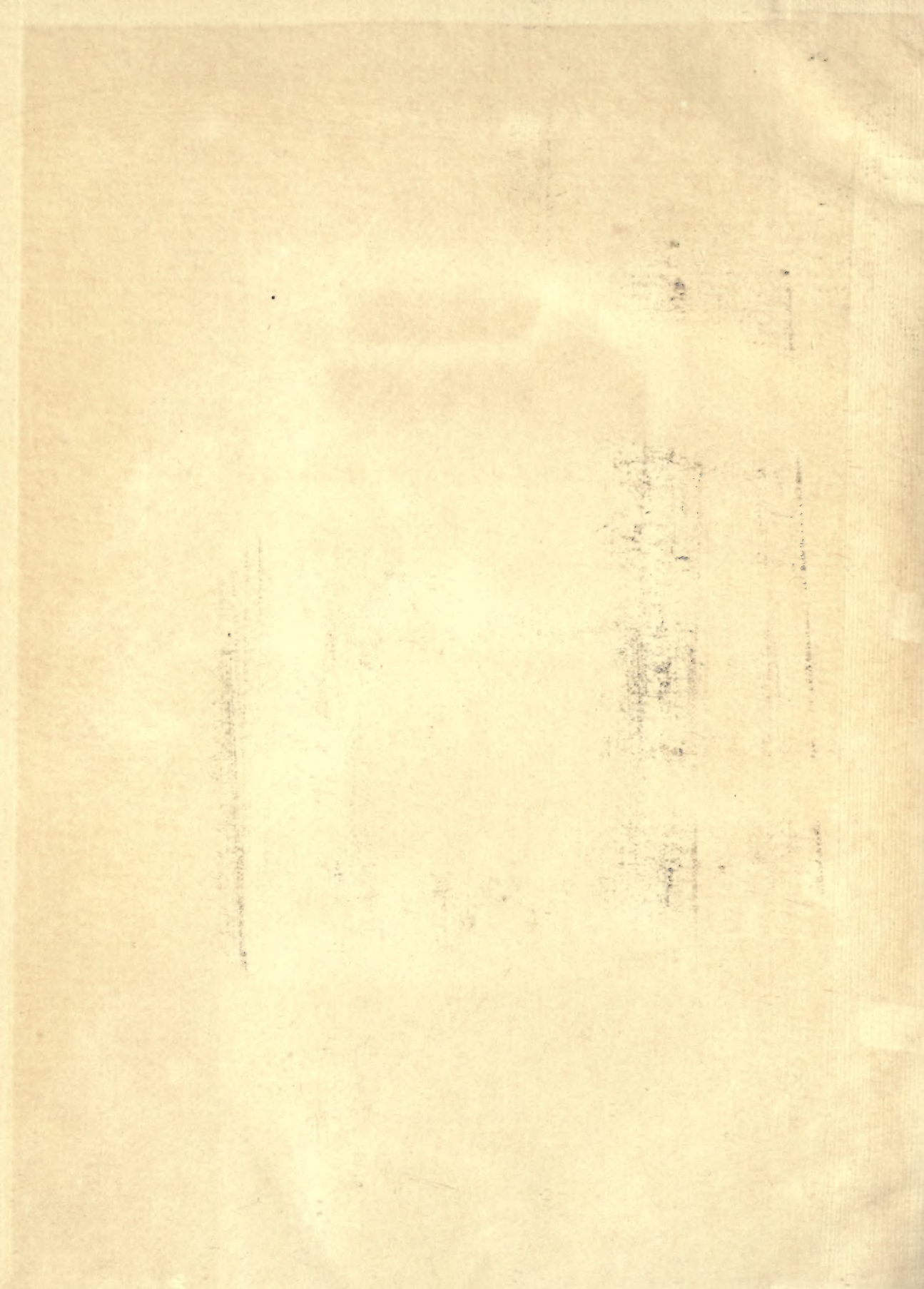
Perseueraunce

Oye and now is your name repentaunce
Throughe the grace of god almyght
And therfoze withoute ony dystaunce
I take my leue of kynge and knyght
And I praye to Ihesu whiche as made vs all
Couer you with his mantell perpetuall Amen.

Here endeth the Interlude of Mundus & Infans.
 Imprinted at London in Fleetstreete at the sygne of þe
 Sonne by me Wynkyn de worde. The yere of our Lorde
 M. CCCC. and. xxij. The. xvij. daye of July.



BIBLIOTHECA
 COLL. SS. TRIN.
 JUNTA DUBLIN.



PR
2411
W7
1522a

The World and the child
The world and the child

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

