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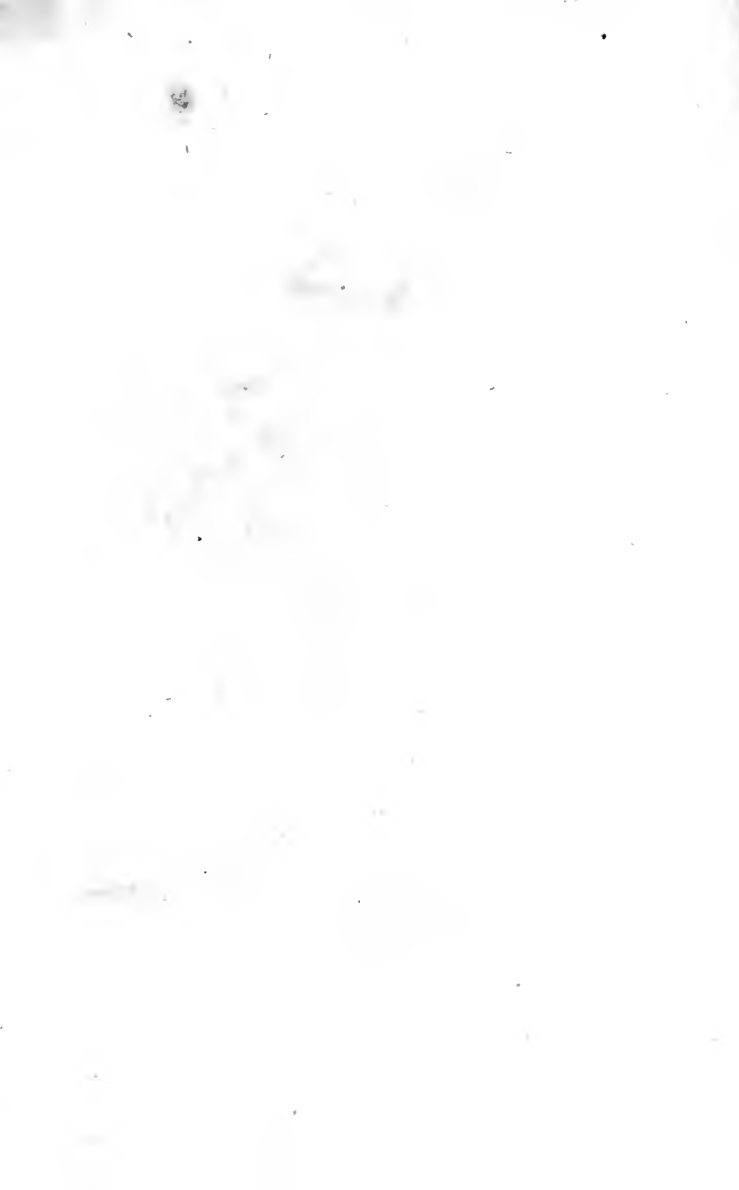
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L'escossois.



L'escossoise.



SCOTTISH POEMS,

REPRINTED

FROM SCARCE EDITIONS.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------|
| THE TALES OF THE | PHILOTUS, A COMEDY. |
| PRIESTS OF PEBLIS. | GAWAN AND GOLOGRAS, |
| THE PALICE OF HONOUR. | A METRICAL ROMANCE. |
| SQUIRE MELDRUM. | BALLADS, FIRST PRINTED |
| EIGHT INTERLUDES, BY | AT EDINBURGH, 1508. |
| DAVID LINDSAY. | |
| WITH THREE PIECES BEFORE UNPUBLISHED. | |

COLLECTED BY JOHN PINKERTON,
F. S. A. PERTH, HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY
OF ICELANDIC LITERATURE AT COPENHAGEN, AND OF
THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF SCIENCES AT DRONTHEIM.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY AND FOR JOHN NICHOLS.
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C O N T E N T S.

V O L U M E II.

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E R R A T U M.

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201, 11, for *Sym* read *Syn*.

The other errata of this volume are given at the end
of it.

EIGHT
INTERLUDES
BY
SIR DAVID LINDSAY.

Copied from the Bannatyne
MS. in the Advocates' Library,
Edinburgh.

1788.



I N T E R L U D E I.

THE AULD MAN AND HIS WIFE.

P E R S O N S

NUNTIUS, or the Messengers.

The COTTER.

FYNLAW *of the fute band.*

The FUIL.

The AULD MAN.

BESSY his wife.

The COURTEOUR.

The MERCHANT.

The CLERK.

HEIR BEGYNIS THE PROCLAMATIOUN OF
THE PLAY, MAID BE DAUID LYN SAY
OF THE MONTH KNIGHT, IN THE
PLAYFEILD, IN THE MONETH OF
THE YEIR OF GOD 155 YEIRIS.

P R O L O G U E.

NUNTIUS.

Richt famous pepill, ye fall undirstand
How that ane Prince, richt wyifs and vigilant,
Is schortly for to cum into this land;
And purposis to hald ane Parliament
(His thre Estaitis thairto hes done consent)
In *Cowpar* toun, into thair best array
With support of the Lord Omnipotent,
And thairto hes afixt ane certane day.

With help of HIM, that rowlis all abone,
That day fall be within ane litill space.
Our purpose is on the SEVINT day of June,
Gif weddir serve, and we haif rest and pece,
We fall be sene intill owr playing place,
In gude array, abowt the hour of SEVIN.
Off thristines that day I pray yow ceifs,
Bot ordane us gude drink agains awevin.

Failt nocht to be upon the *Castell bill*,
Besyd the place quhair we purpoifs to play;
Witn gude stark wyne your flaconis see ye fill,
And hald yourself the myrreast that ye may.

Be not displeisit, quhat evir we sing or say;
 Amang sad mater howbeid we sumtyme relyie.
 We fall begin at SEVIN houris of the day:
 So ye keip tryist, forfuth we fall nocht felyie.

S C E N E I.

COTTER, NUNTIUS.

COTTER.

I fall be thair, with Goddis Grace,
 Thocht thair ware nevir so gait ane prese;
 And foremeit in the fair.
 And drank ane quart in *Cowpar* toun,
 With my Goffep *JOHNE WILLAMSON*,
 Thocht all the bolt fowld rair.
 I haif ane quick Divill to my Wyfe,
 That huld's me evir in sturt and stryfe:
 That waro, and sche wist
 That I wald cum to this gud toun,
 Sche wad call me fals ladrone loun,
 And drub me in the duff.
 We men that hes sic wickit wyvis
 In grit langour we leid our lyvis,
 Ay d'c find in d'cifeis.
 Ye Pleint' hes gret prerogatyvis,
 That may depairt ay fra your wyvis,
 And cheis thame that ye pleis!
 W'ld God I had that liberty,
 That I might pairt, as weill as ye,

Without

Without the coustly law!
 Nor I be stickit with a knyfe,
 For to wad ony uder wyfe
 That day fawld nevir daw.

NUNTIUS.

War thy wyfe deid I see thow wald be fane.

COTTER.

Ye, that I wald, sweit Sir, be Sanct Fillane.

NUNTIUS.

Wald thow nocht mary fre hand ane uder wyfe?

COTTER.

Na, than the dum Divill stik me with ane knyfe!
 Quha evir did mary agane, the feind mot fang thame
 Bot, as the Preistis dois, ay slyrk in amang thame.

NUNTIUS.

Than thow mon keip thy chestety, as effeiris.

COTTER.

I fall leif chest as Abbottis, Monkis, and Freiris.
 Maister, quhairto fowld I myself miskary,
 Quhan I, as Preistis, may swyve, and nevir mary?

[Exit Nuntius.]

3 THE AULD MAN

SCENE II.

COTTER, WIFE.

WIFE.

Quhair hes thow bene, fals ladrone loun?
Doyttand, and drinkand, in the toun?
Quha gaif the leif to cum fra hame?

COTTER.

Ye gaif me leif, fair lucky Dame.

WIFE.

Quhy hes thow taryit heir sa lang?

COTTER.

I might not thrift ow throw the thrang,
Till that yone mon the play preclamit.

WIFE.

Trowis thow that day, fals Cairle defamit?
To gang to *Cowpar* to see the play?

COTTER.

Ye; that I will, Deme, gif I may.

WIFE.

Na, I fall cum thairto sickerly;
And thow salt byd at hame, and keip the ky.

COTTER.

COTTER.

Fair lucky Dame, that war grit schame,
 Gif I that day sowld byid at hame.
 Byid ye at hame; for cum ye heir,
 Ye will mak all the toua afeir.
 Quhen ye ar sow of barny drink,
 Befyd yow nane may stand for stik.
 Thairfoir byid ye at hame that day,
 That I may cum and see the play.

WIFE.

Fals Cairle, be God that fall thow nocht,
 And all thy crackis fall be deir cost.
 Swyth Cairle speid the hame speidaly
 Incontinent; and milk the ky,
 And muk the Byre, er I cum hame.

COTTER.

All fall be done, fair lucky Dame.
 I am fa dry, Dame, or I gae,
 I mon ga drink ane penny, or twae.

WIFE.

The Divill a drew fall cum in thy throte,
 Speid hame, or I fall paik thy cote.
 And to begin, fals Cairle, tak thair ane plate.

COTTER.

The feind reffais the handis that gais me that
 I beseik yow for Goddis faik, lucky Dame,
 Ding me na mair this day till I cum hame;
 Than fall I put me evin into your wil'.

WIFE.

WYFE.

Or evir I stynt, thow fall haif straikis thy fill.

[*Heir fall the Wyfe ding the Carle, and he jull cry Goddis
mercy.*

COTTER.

Now wander and wa be to thame all thair l; vis,
The quhilk ar maryit with sic unhappy wyvis!

WYFE.

I ken foure wyvis, fals ladrone loun,
Baldar nor I, dwelland in *Cotpar* toun.

COTTER.

Gif thay be war, ga thow and they togidder,
I pray God nor the feind reffais the fiddar.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

FYNLAW. The FULE.

FYNLAW *of the Fute band.*

Now mary heir is ane fellone rowt!
Speik, Schyr, quhat gait may I get owt?
I rew that I come heir.
My name, Schyr, wald ye undirstand,
They call me FINDLAW *of the Fute band*:
A nobill man of weir.
Thair is na fyifty in this land
Bot I dar ding thame hand for hand;
Se fit ane brand I beir.

Nocht lang senfyne, besyd ane fyik,
 Upoun the founny fyde of ane dyk,
 I slew with my richt hand
 Ane thousand, ye and ane thousand to,
 My fingeris yit ar bledy lo!
 And nane durst me gane stand.
 Wit ye it dois me mekill ill,
 That can nocht get fechtng my fill,
 Noudir in peace, nor weir.
 Will ne man, for thair ladyis fakis,
 With me stryk twenty markit straikis,
 With halbart, sword, or speir?
 Quhen *Englijmen* come into this land,
 Had I bene thair with my bricht brand,
 Withowt tyn ony help,
 Bot myne allane, on *Pynky Craiggis*,
 I towld haif revin thame all in raggis,
 And laid on skelp for skelp.
 Sen nane will fecht, I think it best,
 To ly down heir and tak me rest:
 Than wil I think nane ill.
 I pray the Great God of his Grace
 To tend us weir, and never peace,
 That I may fecht my fill.

[*Heir fall he ly down.*]

THE FULE.

My Lord, be him that ware the Crown of thorne,
 A mair Cowart was never sen God was borne.

He

He lovis himself, and othir men he lakkis,
 I ken him weill for all his boists and Crakks.
 Howheid he now be lyk ane Captane cled,
 At *Pynky Clewch* he was the first that fled.
 I tak on hand, or I steir of this sleid,
 This crakkand Carle to fle with ane scheinheid.

S C E N E IV.

The AULD MAN, BESSY his wife, COURTEOUR,
 MERCHANT, CLERK, FULL, FYNLAW.

[*Heir fall the Auld Man cum in leidand his Wyfe in ane
 dance.*]

AULD MAN.

Bessy, my hairt, I mon ly down and sleip,
 And in myne arme see quyety throw keip.

* * * * * †
 * * * * *

BESSY.

My gud husband * * * * *
 I pray God fend yow grit honor and eise.

[*Heir fall be * * * * **
 * * * * *

sleip, and sebe fall sit besyd him,

† Some passages in these interludes vye with the *Lyfistrata* of Aristophanes in obscenity, and we have been obliged to castrate David Lindsay.

THE COURTEOUR.

Lusty Lady, I pray yow hairtfully,
 Gif me licence to beir yow cumpany.
 Ye sie I am ane cumly courteour,
 Quhilk nevir yit did woman dishonour.

MARCHAND.

My fair Maistres, sweitar than the lummer,
 Gif me licence to luge into your chammer.
 I am the richest Marchand in this toun :
 Ye fall of silk haif kirtill, hude, and gown.

CLERK.

I yow beseik, my lusty lady bricht,
 To gif me leif to ly with yow all night.
 And of your gouwan lat me schut the lokkis,
 And of fyne gold ye fall reffaif ane box.

FULE.

Fair Dameffell, how pleifs ye me ?
 I haif na mair geir nor ye sie.
 Swa lang as this may steir, or stand,
 It fall be ay at your command.
 Na it is the best yat ever ye saw.

BESSY-

Now welcome to me aboif thame aw.

Was nevir wyfe fa straitly rokkit.

* * * * *

FULE.

Thinkis he nocht schame; that Brybor

* * * * *

BESSY.

Bot se gif ye can mak remeid,
To steill the key fra under his heid.

FULE

That fall I do, withowttin dowt,
Lat se gif I can get it owte.
Lo heir the key! do quhat ye will.

BESSY.

Na than lat us ga play our fill.

[*Heir fall they go to sum quiet place.*]

S C E N E V.

FYNLAW, CLERK.

FYNLAW of the Futeband.

Will nane with me in *France* go to the weiris,
Quhair I am Captane of ane hundreth speiris?
I am fa hardy, sturdy, strang, and stout,
That owt of hell the Divill I dar ding owt.

CLERK.

CLERK.

Gif thow be gude, or evill, I cannot tell,
 Thay ar not sonfy that so dois rufe thame sell.
 At *Pyncky Clewch*, I knew richt woundir weill,
 Thow gat na Creddence for to beir a Creill.
 Sen sic as thow began to brawil and boist,
 'The Commoun weill of *Scotland* hes bene loist.
 Thow cryis for weir, bot I think peice war best.
 I pray to God till fend us piece and rest,
 On that condition, that thow, and all thy Fallowis,
 War be the Craiggis heich hangit on the Gallowis.
 Quha of this weir hes bene the fundament,
 I pray to the grit God omnipotent,
 That all the world, and mae, mot on thame wounder,
 Or ding thame deid with awfull fyre of thunder.

FYNLAW.

Domine Doctor, quhair will ye preich to morne?
 We will haif weir and all the world had sworne.
 Want we weir heir, I will ga pass in *France*,
 Quhair I will get ane Lordly governance.

CLERK.

Sa quhat ye will, I think fewre peice is best,
 Quha wald haif weir God fend thame little rest!
 Adew Crakkar, I will na langer tary;
 I trest to see the in ane firy fary.
 I trest to God to see the, and thy Fallowis,
 Within few days hingand in *Cowpar* Gallowis.

[Exit.

FYNLAW.

FYNDLAW.

Now art thou gane, the dum Divill be thy Gyde!
 Yone Brybour was fa' fleit; he durst not byid.
 Be woundis and passionis had he spokkin mare ane word,
 I fowld haif hackat his heid af with my sword.

[Exit.

S C E N E VI.

AULD MAN, BESSY, FULL.

[Heir fall the Gudman walkin, and cry for Bessy.]

My bony Bessy, quhair art thou now?
 My wyte is fallin on sleip I trow;
 Quhair art thou, Bessy, my awin sweit thing,
 My hony, my hairt, my dayis darling?
 Is thair na man that saw my Bess,
 I trow sche be gane to the mess.
 Bessy, my hairt, heiris thou not me?
 My joy cry *peip!* quhair evir thou be.
 Allace for evir now am I fey,

* * * * *

Sche may call me in infeane Iok

* * * * *

BESSY.

Quhat now; Gudman? quhat wald ye haif?

AULD MAN.

No thing, my hairt, bot yow I craif.
 Ye haif bene doand sum busy wark.

BESSY.

BESSY.

My hairt evin sewand yow ane fark,
Of Holland claith, baith quhyt and tewch.
Lat pruve gif it be wyid anewch.

*[Heir fall sebe put the Sark over his heid; and the Fuil
fall steill in the key agane.]*

AULDMAN.

It is richt verry weill, my hairt,
O me, Lady, lat us nevir depairt.
Ye ar the fairst of all the flok,
Quhair is the key, BESS, of my lok?

BESSY.

Ye reve, Gudman, be Goddis breid,
I saw yow lay it undir your heid.

AULDMAN.

Be my gude faith, BESS, that is trew,
That I suspectit yow fair I rew.
I trew thair be na man in *Fyffe*,
That evir had sa gude ane wyfe,
My awin sweit hairt I had it best,
That we sit down, and tak us rest.

S C E N E VII.

FYNLAW, FUIL.

FYNLAW.

Now is nocht this ane grit dispyte,
That nane with me will fecht, or flyte?

C

War

War GOLIAS into this steid,
 I dowt nocht to stryk off his heid.
 This is the sword that slew GRAY STEILL,
 Nocht half a myle beyond *Kynneill*.
 I wa· that nobill Campioun,
 That slew Schyr BEWAS of SOWTH-HAMTOUN.
 HECTOR of *Troy*, GAWYNE, or GOLIAS,
 Had nevir half sa mekill hardinefs.

[*Heir fall the FUILL cum in with ane scheip heid on ane
 staff, and FYNLAW fall be fleit.*]

Now, now, braid *Benedicite*!
 Quhat sicht is yone, Schyrs, that I see.
In nomine Patris et Filii,
 I trow yone be the spreit of GY.
 Na, faith it is the spreit of MARLING,
 Or sum sche gait or gyrgarling.
 Allace for evir! how fall I gyd me?
 God sen I had ane hoill till hyd me!
 But dowt my deid yone man hes sworne,
 I trow yone be grit GOW MAK MORNE.
 He gaippis, he glowris, howt welloway
 Tak all my geir, and lat me gay!
 Quhat fay ye, Sir, wald ye haif my sward?
 Ye mary fall ye, at the first word.
 My gluvis of plaite, and knaspkaw to;
 Yowr preffonar I yeild me, lo.
 Tak thair my purfs, my belt, and knyfe
 For Goddis sake, maister, save my lyfe.
 Na now he cumis for to sla me;
 For Gods sake Sirs now keip him fre me!

I see nocht ellis bot tak and flae,
 Now mak me rowme and lat me gae.

[*Exeunt*].

NUNTIUS.

As for this day I haif na mair to fay yow:
 On Witsone tyfday cum see our play ; prey yow.
 That famyne day is the SEVINT day of JUNE,
 Thairfoir get up richt airly and disjuine.
 And ye Ladyis, that hes na skant of ledder,
 Or ye cum thair faill nocht to teme yowr bledder,
 I dreid, or we haif half done with our wark,
 That sum of yow fall mak ane richt wait fark.

C 2

INTER.

I N T E R L U D E II.

HUMANITIE and SENSUALITIE.

PERSONS.

KING HUMANITIE, or Human Nature.

NUNTIUS or the Messenger.

WANTONES

PLACEBO } Male.

SOLLACE }

Lady SENSUALITIE.

HATMLINES

DANGER } Female.

Friend JONAT }

GUDE COUNSAL.

In Act II. or rather a little Interlude.

CHASTITIE.

SOWTAR.

TAILOUR,

Their Wives.

JENNY the Tailour's daughter;

DILIGENCE.

HEIR *begynnis Schyr David Lindsay's play; maid in the Grenetyd besyd Edinburgh: quhilk I writtin bot schortly be Interludis, lewand the grave mater tharof, becaws the samyne abuse is weill reformit in Scotland, praysit be God. Quharthrew I omittit that principal mater, and writtin only sertane merry Interludis thareof, werry plesand, begynning at the first part of the play.*

P R O L O G U E.

NUNTIUS.

THE FADER, founder of faith, and felicitie,
 That your fassone formit to his similitude,
 And his SONE your Saviour, scheild in necessitie,
 That bocht yow frome bailis, ranfomit on the rude,
 Replegeing his prissonaris with his pretious blude;
 The HALY GAIST, governour and grandar of Grace,
 Of wysdome and weilfaire baith fountane and flude;
 Save yow all that I se feisit in this place!
 And scheild yow from syn;
 And with his spreit yow enspyre,
 Till I haif schawin my desyre.
 Sylence Soverains, I requyre,
 For now I begyn.

[*pausa.*]

Pepill tak tent to me, and hald yow coy.
 Heir am I sent to yow, ane messengeir
 From ane nobill and richt redowttit ROY,
 The quhilk hes bene absent this mony ane yeir.

HUMANITIE gif ye his name wald speir :
 Quha bad me schaw to yow, but variance,
 That he intendis amang yow to compeir,
 With ane triumphant awfull ordinance ;
 With crown, and sword, and sceptour, in his hand,
 Temperit with mercy, quhen penitence appeiris,
 Howbeid that he hes bene brocht upoun thair beiris.
 Thocht yung Oppressouris, at the gleeiris leiris,
 Be now weill four of reformatioun.

Se no misdoaris be so bawld,
 As to remane into this hawld.
 For quhy, be him that Judas sawld,
 Thay will be heich hangit.
 Faithfull folk now may sing.
 For quhy it is the bidding,
 Of my Soverane the King,
 That na man be wrangit.
 Thocht he ane quhile now in his flowris
 Be governit be trumpowris ;
 And sumtyme to live paramouris
 Hald him excusyt.
 For quhen he meitis with CORRECTIOUN,
 With VERETY, and DISCRETIOUN,
 Thay will be baneist of the toun
 Quhilk hes him abusyt.

And heir be oppen proclamatioun
 I warne, in name of his magnificence,
 The THREE ESTAITIS of this natioun,
 That thay compeir with detfull diligence,
 And till his grace mak thair obedience.

And

And first I warne the SPIRITUALITIE;
 And see the BURGIS spair nocht for expence,
 Bot speid thame heir with TEMPORALITIE.

Als I bespeik yow, famous auditouris
 Convenit into this congregatioun,
 To be patient, the space of certane houris,
 Till ye haif hard ovr schort narratioun.
 And als we mak yow supplicatioun.
 Thai no man tak our wordis in disdane,
 Howbeid ye heir be lamentatioun
 The COMMOUN WEILL richt peteously complane.

Richt fo the virteous Lady VERETYE
 Will mak an peteous lamentatioun;
 And for the trewth sche will imprissonit be,
 And baniseit a tyme owt of the toun.
 And CHESTETY will mak hir narratioun,
 How sche can get na lugin in this land,
 Till that the hevinly kincht CORRECTIOUN
 Meit with our king, and commoun hand till hand.

Prudent Pepill, I pray yow all,
 Tak no man greif in speciall;
 For we fall speik in generall
 For pastyme and for play.
 Thairfoir till that our rymes be rung,
 And our mistonit songis be sung,
 Lat every man keip weill his tung,
 And every woman tway.

SCENE I.

KING HUMANITIE.

KING.

O LORD of LORDS, and KING of KINGS all,
 Omnipotent off power, Prince but peir,
 Eterne rignand in gloir celestiiall :
 Unmaid makar, quhilk havand no mateir
 Maid hevin, erth, fyre, air, and water cleir ;
 Send me the grace, with peice perpetuall,
 Sen thou hes gevin me dominatioun,
 And rewill of pepill subject to my ceur.
 Be I nocht rewlit be counsale and ressoun,
 In dignitie I may nocht lang endeur.
 I grant my stait myself may noucht affeur,
 Nor yit conserve my lyfe in sickernes :
 Haif pety, Lord, of me thy createur
 Supportand me in all my buffines !
 I the requeist, quhilk rent was on the rude,
 Me till defend from deidis of defame ;
 That my pepill report of me bot gude,
 And be my saifgaird, baith fra syn and schame.
 I know my dayis indeuris but a drame :
 Thairfoir, O Lord, hairtly I the exhort
 Till gif me Grace till use my diadame
 To thy plesour, and to my grit confort !

S C E N E II.

KING HUMANITIE, WANTONES, PLACEBO.

*Heir fall the King * pass to Royall fait, and sit with ane
grave countenance, till WANTONES cum.*

WANTONES.

My Soverane Lord, and Prince but peir,
 Quhat garris yow mak sa dreiry cheir?
 Be glaid fa lang as ye ar heir,
 And pafs tyme with plesfour.
 For als lang leivis the mirry man,
 As the fory, for ocht he can.
 His banis bitterly fall I ban
 That dois yow displefour.
 Sa lang as your Grace hes us in ceure,
 Your prudence fall want na plesfour.
 War SOLLACE heir, I yow assure
 He wald rejoifs this rowt.

PLACEBO.

Gude bruder, quhair is SOLLACE,
 The Mirroure of all mirrenes?
 I haif mervill, be the mefs,
 He tarryis fa lang.
 Byd he away, we ar bot schent.
 I ferly how he fra us went.
 I trow he hes impediment
 That lattis him to gang.

* That is HUMANITIE, OF HUMAN NATURE.

WANTONES.

I left SOLLACE, that idil loun,
 Drinkand down into the toon.
 It will coist him half ane croun,
 Thocht he had na mair.
 And als he said he wald gang see
 Fair Lady SENSUALITIE,
 The beriall of bewtie,
 And portratour preclair.

PLACEBO.

Be God I se him at the last,
 As he war cheffit rynnand fast,
 He glowris evin as he war agait,
 Or field for ane gait.
 Na, he is drunkin I trow,
 I persuaive him weill fow,
 I ken be his creiþy mow
 He hes bene at ane feist.

S C E N E III.

THE FORMER PERSONS. SOLLACE.

SOLACE.

Now quha sa evir sic ane thrang?
 Me thoct sum said I had gane wrang.
 Had I help I wald sing ane sang
 With ane mirry nois.

I haif

I haif sic plesour at my hairt,
 That garris me sing the tribill pairt;
 Wald sum gude fallow fill the quairt,
 That wald my hairt rejoyfs.
 Howbeid my coit be schort and nippit,
 Thankit be God I am weill hippit,
 Thocht all my gold may sone be grippit
 Intill ane penny purse.
 Thocht I ane servand lang hes bene,
 My purchefs is nocht worth ane prene :
 I may sing *Peblis on the Grene*,
 For ocht that I may turfs.
 Quhat is my name, can ye nocht ges?
 Ken ye nocht SANDY SOLLACE;
 Thay callit my mider tony BESS
 That duelt betuene the Bowis.
 Off twelf yeir awld sche leird to swyve.
 Thankit be the Grit God of lyve,
 Sche maid me faderis four or tyve.
 But dowt this is na mowis.
 Quhen ane wes deid I gat ane uder,
 Wes nevir man had sa gud ane moder,
 For sche hes maid me freindis ane tadder,
 Off lawit and leirit.
 Sche is baith wyifs, worthy, and wicht,
 For sche spairis nowdir cuik now knicht:
 e four and twenty upoun ane nicht
 Thair ene sche bleirit.
 And gif I ley, schyrs ye ma speir.
 Bat saw ye nocht the KING cum heir?
 I am ane sportour and playfeir

To that yung KING.

He said he wald, within schort space,

To pafs his tyme cum to this place.

I pray to God to gif him grace

And lang to ring!

PLACEBO.

SOLLACE, quhy tareit thow so lang?

SOLLACE.

The feind a faster I nicht gang.

I nicht not thrift owt throw the thrang,

Off wyvis fyftene fuder.

Than for to ryn I tuik an rink:

Bot I felt nevir sic ane stink.

For our Lordis luv gif me ane drink.

PLACEBO my Bruder.

[Heir fall Placebo gif Sollace ane drink.]

KING.

My fervand SOLLACE, quhat gart yow tary?

SOLLACE.

I wait nocht, Schyr, be sweit fant Mary.

I haif bene in ane scry fary,

Or ellis intill ane trans.

Schyr, I haif scne, I yow assure,

The fareft erdly createure,

That evir weis formit be natew

And moift till advance.

To luik on hir is grit delyte,
 With lippis reid, and checkis quhyte.
 I wald gif all this warld quyte
 To stand in hir grace.

Sche is wantone, and sche is wyifs;
 And cled upoun the new gyifs.
 It wald gar all your flesche arryifs
 To luik on hir face.

Wer I ane king it fowld be kend,
 I fowld not spair on hir to spend.
 And this same nicht for hir till send
 For my plefour.

Quhat raik of your prosperetie,
 Gif ye want SENSUALITIE?
 I wald not gif ane flane fle
 For your trefour.

KING.

Forfuth, my freind, I think ye ar nocht wyifs
 Till counsale me to brek commandiment,
 Directit be the Prince of parradyis.
 Considering ye knaw that myne entent
 Is for till be to God obedient;
 Quha dois forbīd men to be licheroufs.
 Do I nocht so perchance I fall repent.
 Thairfoir I think your counsale odiufs,
 The quhilk ye gif me till.
 Becaufs I haif bene, to this dae,
Tanquam tabula rasa;
 Quhilk is als mekle for till sae
 Rady for gud and ill.

WANTONES.

Beleif ye that we will begyle yow
 Or from your vertew for till wyle yow?
 Or with evill counfale for till fyle yow.
 Bot, into gude and evill,
 To tak your gravis pairt we grant,
 In all your deids participant,
 So ye be nocht ane our yung fantt,
 And fyne ane awld Divill.

Beleif ye, Schyr, that lichery be syn?
 Na trow nocht that : this is my reasone quhy.
 First at the *Romane* court will ye begyn,
 Quhilk is the lemand lamp of Lichery :
 Quhair Cardinalis and Bischoppis generally
 To luv Ladyis thay think ane plesand sport,
 And owt of Rome hes baneist CHESTETY,
 Quha with our Prellattis can get na resort.
 Schyr, quhill ye get ane prudent quene,
 I think your majesty serene
 Suld haif ane lusty concubene,
 To play yow with all.
 For I ken be your qualitie
 Ye want the gift of Chestetie,
 Fall to *in nomine Domini*,
 For this is my counfall.

PLACEBO.

Schyr, send furth SANDY SOLACE,
 Or ellis your mynycoun WANTONNESS,
 And pray my Lady Pryores

The suth till declair.
 Gif it be syn to tak ane eaty,
 Or to leif lyk ane bummill baty.
 The buik says, Schyr, *omne probate*,
 And nocht for to spair.

SOLLACE.

I speik Schyr undir protestatioun,
 That none at me haif indignatioun,
 For all the prellattis of this natioun,
 For the maist pairt,
 Thay think no schame to keip ane heuir.
 And sum hes thre undir thair cuier.
 How this bene trow, I yow affeur,
 Ye fall wit eftirwart.
 Schyr, knew yow all the mater thruch
 To play ye wald begyn:
 Speir at the monkis of *Balmirrynoch*,
 Gif lichery be syn.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

SENSUALITIE, HAMELINES, DANGER, JONAT.

*Heir fall entir Dame SENSUALITIE, with her Madynis
 HAMELINES and DANGER.*

SENSUALITIE.

O Lovaris walk, behold the fyrie speir!
 Behald the natural dochter of VENUS!

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D

Behald,

Behald, Luvaris, this lusty lady cleir,
 The fresche fontane of knichtis amorous.
 Quhat thay desyre in laitis delitius,
 Or quha wald mak to VENUS observance,
 In my mirthfull chalmer mellodiuous
 Thair fall thay find all pastyme & plesance.
 Behald my heid, behald my gay intyre ;
 Behald my hals luffsum, and lilly quhyte ;
 Behald my visage, flammand as the fyre ;
 Behald my palpis of portratour perfyte.
 To luck on me Luvaris hes gret dellyte :
 Richt so hes all the kingis of Christindome,
 To thaim I haif done plesouris infinyte ;
 And specialy unto the Court of Rome.
 Ane kifs of me war worth in ane morrowing
 Ane mylyeoun of fine gold to Knicht or King ;
 And yit I am of nateur so towart,
 I latt no Luvaris pass with sorry hairt.
 Of my name wald ye witt the verretye,
 Forfuth thay call me SENSUALITYE.
 I hald it best now, or we furder gang,
 To Dame VENUS latt us go sing ane sang.

HAMELINES.

Madame, but tayrring
 For to serve VENUS deir,
 We fall pass in ane ring.
 Cum on sifter DANGEIR.

DANGER.

Sister, I was nevir sweir
 To VENUS' observance.
 Howbeid I mak dangeir,
 Yit be continowance
 Men may haif thair plesance.
 Thairfoir lat na man fray:
 We will tak it perchance
 Howbeid that we say nay.

HAMELYNES.

Sister, cum on our way,
 And lat us not think lang,
 In all the haist we may,
 To sing VENUS ane sang.

DANGER.

Sister, to sing this sang we mannot,
 Without the help of gud frind JONNET.
 Frind JONNET how! cum tak a pairt.

FRIND JONNET.

That fall I do with all my hairt.
 Sister, howbeid that I am hefs,
 I am content to beir ane besf.
 Ye twa fowld lus me as your lyif.
 Ye knaw I leird yow baith to swyif:
 In my chalmer, ye wait weill quhair.
 Senfyne the seind a man I spair.

HAMELINES.

Frind JONNAT, fy ! yow ar to blame.
To speik fowill wordis think ye na schame ?

FRIND JONAT.

Thair is ane hunder heir sittand by
That luvis japing als weill as I,
Micht thay get it in prevetie.
But quha begynniss the fang lat fie.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

KING, WANTONNES, SOLACE, PLACEBO.]

WANTONNES.

I trow, Sir, be the Trinitie,
Yone fame is SENSUALITIE.
Gif it be sche, fone fall I see,
That soverane ferene.

[*Heir fall Wantonnes ga spy thame, and cum agane
to the King.*]

KING.

Quhat war thay youe to me declair.

WANTONNES.

Dame SENSUALITIE baith gude & fair.

PLA.

PLACEBO.

Schir, sche is mekill till advance,
 For sche can baith sing and dance,
 That patrone of plesance,
 The perle of pulchritude.
 Soft as silk is hir lyre ;
 Hir hair lyk the gold wyre.
 My hairt birnys in ane fyre,
 Schir, be the rude.
 I think that fre fa woundir fair,
 I wait weill sche has na compair.
 War ye weill lernit at luvis lair
 And syne had hir sene,
 I wate, be cokkis passiou,
 Ye wald mak supplicatioun ;
 And spend on hir ane milyeoun
 Her luvè till obtene. '

SOLLACE.

Quhat say ye, Sir, ar ye content
 That sche cum heir incontinent?
 Quhat waillis your kingdome and your rent,
 And all your gret tressfour,
 Withowt ye haif ane mirry lyfe ;
 And cast affyd all sturt and stryfe?
 And so lang as ye want ane wyfe,
 Schyr, tak your plesfour.

D 3

KING.

KING.

Gif it be true that ye me tell,
 I will na langer tary;
 I will gang preif that play myfell,
 Howbeid the world me wary.
 Als fast as ye may cary
 Speid yow with diligence,
 Bring SENSUALITIE
 Fra hand to my prefence.
 Forfuth I wait not how it standis,
 Bot sen I heird of your tythandis,
 My body trymbelis feit and handis,
 And sumtyme hot as fyre.
 I trow CUPIDO, with his dart,
 Hes woundit me owt thruche the hart.
 My spreit will fra my body part,
 Get I nocht my desyre.
 Pafs on away with diligence,
 And bring hir heir to my prefence;
 Spair nocht for travell nor expence;
 I cair for na coist.
 Pafs your way, WANTONNESS,
 And tak with yow SOLLACE,
 And bring that lady to this place,
 Or ellis I am loist.
 Commend me to that sweit thing,
 And hir present this riche ring;
 And say I ly in languiffing,
 Bot seche mak remeid.

With ficing fair I am bot schent,
 Without sche cum incontinent,
 My grit langour for to relent,
 And faif me fra deid.

WANTONNES.

Or ye tuik scaith, he Goddis croun,
 I leir thair war not up and doun,
 * * * in all this town,
 Nor ten mylis about.
 Dowl not, Sir, bot ye will get hir.
 We fal be fery for to fet hir,
 Bot we wald speid far the better
 To gar our purfs rowt.

SOLLACE.

Schyr, lat na forrow in yow sink,
 Bot giff us ducattis for to diink,
 And we fall nevir fleip a wink
 Till it be bak or age.
 Ye knaw weill, Schyr, we haif na cunye.

KING.

SOLLACE, that fall be na furyie:
 Beir thow that bag upoun thy lunyie,
 And win weill thy wage.
 I pray yow speid yow sone agane.

WANTONNES.

Ye of this fang, Schyr, we ar fane,
We fall nowdir spair for wind na rane,
Till our day wark be done.

Fair weill, for we ar at the flicht.

PLACEBO rewill our ROY at richt;

We fall be heir, man, or midnight

Thocht we merche with the mone.

[Heir fall thay depairt fingand mirrelly.]

S C E N E VI.

WANTONNES, SENSUALITIE, SOLACE.

WANTONNES.

Pastyme with plesour, and grit prosperitie,
Be to yow, soverane SENSUALITIE!

SENSUALITIE.

Syrs, ye ar welcum, quhair go ye, eist or west?

WANTONNES.

In faith I traw we be at the farrest.

SENSUALITIE.

Quhat is your name? I pray yow, that declair.

WANTONNES.

Mary, WANTONNES, the KING's secretaire.

SEN

SENSUALITIE.

Quhat king is that quhilk hes sa gay ane boy ?

WANTONNES.

HUMANITIE, that richt redowtit ROY,
 Quha does commend him to yow hairtfully ;
 And fendis yow heir ane ring with ane ruby,
 In takin that, abuse all creatour,
 He hes chofin yow to be his paramour.
 He bad us fay that he will be bot deid,
 Withowt that ye mak heftilly remeid.

SENSUALITIE.

Quhat can I help howbeid he sowld forfair,
 Ye ken richt weill I am na medcynnar,

SOLLAGE.

Yis lusty laidy, thocht he war nevir so feik,
 * * * * *
 Ane kifs of yow, into ane morrowing,
 Till his foiknes micht be grit conforting,
 And als he makkis yow supplicatioun
 This nicht with him to mak collatioun,

SENSUALITIE.

I thank his Grace of his benivolence.
 Gude Syrs, I fall be reddy evin fra hand ;
 In me thair fall be fund na negligence,
 Both nicht and day quhen his Grace will demand,

Pafs ye befoir, and fay I am cummand,
 And thinkis richt lang to haif of him ane ficht.
 And I to VENUS makis ane faythfull band,
 That in his armes I think to ly all nicht.

WANTONNES.

That fall be done, bot yit or I hine pafs,
 Heir I protest for HAMELINES your lafs.

SENSUALITIE.

Sche fall be at cummand, Schyr, quhen ye will.
 I trest sche fall fynd yow flynging your fill.

WANTONNES.

Hay for joy! now I dance!
 Tak thair ane gawmond of France!
 Am I not wirdy till avance
 And ane gud page?
 That sa speidely can rin,
 To tyist my maister to fin.
 The diuill ane groit he will win
 Off this marrage.
 I rew be sweit Santt Michael,
 Nor I had previt hir mysell
 For quby yone king, be Brydis Bell,
 * * * * *
 Nor dois the noveis of ane freir.
 It war almoufs to pull my eir,
 That wald not preive yone gayis geir.
 Fy that I am sa * * *

I think

I think this day to win thank.
 Hay as ane brydlit catt I brank!
 I haif wreiffit my schank,
 Be Santt Michaell.
 Quhilk of my leggis as ye trow
 Was it that I hurt now?
 Quhairto fowld I speir at yow?
 Me think thame baith hail.

S C E N E VII.

KING, WANTONNES.

Gude morrow, maister, be the mefs.

KING.

Wylcum, my Mynyeoun WANTONNESS.
 How hes thow fairin in thy travell?

WANTONNES.

Richt weill, be him that herreit hell.
 Your cirand is weill done.

KING.

Than, WANTONNES, full weill is me,
 For thow hes faird beth meit and see,
 Be him that maid the mone.
 Thair is an thing that I wald speir,

How

How fall I do quhen sche commis heir,
 For I knaw nocht the craft perqueir
 Off luvis gyn.
 Thairfoir at lenth ye mon me leir
 How to begyn.

WANTONNES.

Kifs hir, and clap hir, and be nocht affeird
 Sche will nocht hurt, thocht ye hir kifs * *
 And gif ye se sche thinkis schame, than hyd the Bairnies
 ene,
 * * * * * ye wat quhat I mene.
 Will ye gif me leif, Sir, first till go to?
 And I fall ken you the kewis how ye fall do.

KING.

God forbid, WANTONNES, that I gif you leif.
 Thow art ovir perellows ane pege sic practikkis to preif.

WANTONNES.

Now, Sir, preve as ye pleifs: I see hir cummand.
 Ordour you with gravety, and we fall be yow stand.

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

KING, SENSUALITIE.

Heir fall Sensualitie cum to the KING and say,

O VENUS, Goddes! unto thy celsitude
 I gif lawid, gloir, honour, and reverence,
 Quhilk grantit me sic perfyte pulchritude,
 That princes of my persone hes plesance.
 I mak ane vow, with humill observance,
 Richt reverently thy tempill to vifie
 With sacrifice unto the Deitie.
 To every stait I am so agreable,
 That few or nane refusis me at all.
 Paipis, patriarkis, nor prellatis venerable,
 Commoun pepill, nor princis temporall,
 Bot subject all to me Dame SENSUALL.
 So fall it be ay quhill the warld enduris,
 And specially quhair yowtheid hes the curis.
 Quha knawis the contrair?
 I trest few in this cumpany,
 Wald thai declair the verety,
 Unthrald to SENSUALITY,
 Bot with me makis repair.
 Bot now my way I mon advance
 Till ane prince of puiffance,

Quhilk

Quhilk yung men hes in governance,
Rowand in his rage.

I am richt glaid, I yow affeur,
That potent prince to get in ceuir,
Quha is of lustines the luir,
And moist of curage.

[Heir fall sche mak reverence, and say,

O potent prince, of pulchritude preclair !
God CUPIDO preserve your celsitude !
And Dame VENUS mot your corfs fra care,
As I wald sche did keip my awin hairt blude !

KING.

Wylcum to me, perles of pulchritude ;
Wylcum, to me thow sweittar nor the lammar ;
Quhilk hes me maid of all dollour denude.
SOLLACE, convey this lady to my chalmer.

[Heir fall sche pass to the chalmer and say,

I ga this gait with richt gude will ;
Schyr WANTONNES, tary ye still ;
Lat HAMELINES the cop fill,
And beir yow cumpany.

HAMELINES.

That fall I do, withowttyn dowl,
For he and I fall play cop owt.

WANTONNES.

Now, Lady, len me thy batty tow,
Fill in, for I am dry.

Your

Your Dame be this trewly
 Hes gottin upon the goums.
 Quhat raick thocht ye and I
 To jone our justing lumes?

HAMELINES.

I am content with richt gud will,
 Quhenevir ye ar reddy.
 All your plesour to fulfill.

WANTONNES.

Now weill said be our Leddy.
 I will beir my maisttir cumpany
 Till that I may endeur;
 Gife he be wiskand wantonly,
 We fall fling on the fleur.

[Heir fall thay pass all to the chalmur; and

GUDE COUNSALE fall say,

S C E N E IX.

GUDE COUNSALE.

Immortall God, moilt of magnificence!
 Quhois Majesty no clerk can comprehend,
 Saif yow my senyeours, that givis sic awdience;
 And grant yow grace nevir till him offend,
 Quhilk on the croce did wilfully ascend,

And

And shed his pretious blude on every syde :
 Quhois pretious passioun from feinds you defend,
 And be your gracious governour and gyd.
 Consider my soverains I yow besek;
The causis moift principal of my heir cumming
 Princis, nor Potestatis, ar not worth a leik,
 Be thay nocht gyddit be grace and governing.
 Thair was nevir empirour, conquerour, or king,
 Without my wisdome nicht availl their weill to awance.
 My name is **GUDE CUNSALE** without fenyeing :
 Lordis for lack of my law ar brocht till mischance.
 And so for conclusioun
 Quho gydis thame not be **GUD CUNSALE**,
 All in vane is thair travell ;
 And fynally fortoun fall thaim fail ;
 And bring thame to confusioun.
 And this I understand
 For I haif maid residence
 With princis of puissance,
 In *England, Italy, and France*,
 And mony uthir land.
 Bot owt of *Scotland, Allace* !
 I haif bene baneist lang space.
 That gart our gydars want grace,
 And dy lang or thair day.
 Becaus thay lichtlyit **GUDE COUNSALE**,
 Fortoun turnyit on thame hir fail,
 Quhilk brocht this realme to mekill bail.
 Quha can the contrair say ?

My Lordis we cum not heir to lye,
 Wayis me for King HUMANITIE,
 Ouirfett with SENSUALITIE
 In his fyrst begynning ;
 Thruche vicious Counsale insolent.
 So thai may get riches or rent,
 Of his weillfair thay tak na tent,
 Nor quhat fall be the ending.
 Yit in this realme I wald mak sum repair,
 Gif I belevit my name fowld not forfair ;
 For wald this king be yit gyddit with reffoun,
 And of misdoaris mak puniffoun,
 Howbeid that I lang tyme hes bene exylit,
 I trest in God my name fowld yit be stylyt.
 So till I see God send mair of his grace,
 I purpoifs till repoifs me in this place.

*Heir I omitt the nixt mater following, becaufs it is
 wryttin heireftre in the leif qubair FLATTERY
 enterris *. Now enterris Dame CHESTETIE.*

* Beginning of Interlude V.

A C T II*.

S C E N E I.

CHESTETIE, SOUTAR, TAILOUR.

*Heir fall Dame CHESTETIE pass and seik laging athort all
the Sprituall Estait, and Temporall Estait, quhill sche
cum to the Sowttar, and Teilyeour, and say:*

CHESTETIE.

Ye men of craft, of grit ingyne,
Gif me harbry for Chryllis pyne,
And win God's bennyfone and myne,
And help my hungry hairt.

SOWTTAR.

Welcum be him that made the mone
Till dwell with us till it be June,
We fall mend baith your hoifs and schone,
And planely tak your pairt.

* This is more properly another interlude, did not the MS. express at the end of it, that it belongs to this.

TAILYEOUR.

T A I L Y E O U R.

Is this fair Ledy CHESTETY?
 Now welcum be the t̄initie!
 I think it war a grit pitie
 That ye fowld be thair owt.
 Your grit displefour we forthink.
 Sit down, Madame, and tak a drink;
 And lat na sorrow in yow sink,
 Bot lat us play cop owt.

S O W T T A R.

Fill in and drink about,
 For I am wounder dry.
 The devill snyp off thair snout,
 That haitis this cumpany.

[Heir fall thay gar CHESTETE sit down and drink.]

S C E N E II.

JENNY, TAILOUR'S WIFE, SOUTAR'S WIFE.

JENNY.

Mynny, how! Mynny, Mynny!

T A I L Y E O U R I S W Y F E.

Quhat wald thow, my deir dochter JENNY?

JENNY my joe, quhat dois thy daddy?

E 2

JENNY.

JENNY.

Mary, drinkand with a lustly laiddy,
 Ane fair yung madin clad in quhyt,
 Of quhome my daddy takkis delyte.
 I trest, gif I can raken richt,
 Sche schaipis to luge with thame all nicht.

SOWTTARIS WYFE.

Quhat dois the Sowttar, my gudman ?

JENNY.

Mary fillis the cop, and teimfs the can,
 Or ye cum hame be God I trow
 He fall be drucken as a sow.

TAILYEOURIS WYFE.

This is ane grit dispyt I think,
 For to ressaiff sic ane cowclynk.

SOWTTARIS WYFE.

Cummar, this is my counfall lo :
 Ding ye the ane, and I the uder.

TA. WYFE.

I am content, be Goddis moder.
 To think for me thay hursoun smaikis,
 Thay ferve richt weill to get their paikis.
 Quhat maister feind neidis all this haist ?
 For it is half a yeir almaist
 Sen evir that loun laborit my leddir.

SOWTTARIS WYFE.

God nor my Cruevin meufs a tedder,
 For it is mair nor fourty dayis,
 Sen evir he cleikit up my clayis.
 And last quhen I got chalmer glew,
 That fowill Sowttar began to spew.
 And now thay will fit down to drink
 In cumpany with ane yung cowclinc.
 Gif thay haif done sic dispyte,
 Lat us ga ding thame quhill thay dryte.

S C E N E III.

The fame, TAILOUR, SOUTAR, CHESTITIE.

TAIL. WYFE.

Go hence, Harlot; how durst thou be so bawld
 To luge with our gudmen, bot our licence?
 I mak ane vow to him that Judas sawld,
 This rok of myne fall be thy recompence.
 Schaw me thy name, Duddroun, with diligence.

CHAISTETY.

Mary, CHESTETIE is my name by Sant Blayis.

TAIL. WYFE.

I pray God nor he wirk on the vengeance.
 For I luvit never Chestetie all my dayis.

SOWTTARIS WYFE.

Bot my gudman, the trewith I fay the till,
 Garris me keip Chestitie fair aganis my will.
 Becaus that monstour he hes maid sic ane mynt,
 With my bedstaff that dastard beiris ane dynt.
 And als I vow cum thow this gait agane,
 Thy buttokkis fal be beltit, be fant Blane.

TAI. WYFE.

Fals hurfone Cairle, bot dowt thou fall forthink
 Thar evir thou eit or drank with yone cowclink.

SOWT. WYFE.

I mak ane vow to Santt Crispynane,
 I fall be wrockin on thy graceles gane:
 And to begin the play tak thair a platt.

SOWTAR.

The feind resaiff the handis that gaif me that!

SOWTTARIS WYFE.

What now, hurfone, begynnis thow for to ban?
 Tak thair ane uddir upoun thy peild harne-pan.
 Quhat now, Cummer, will thou not tak a pairt?

TAI. WYFE.

That fall I do, Cummer, be Goddis hairt.

[*Heir thay fall ding thair Gudmen.*]

TAI-

T A I L Y E O U R.

Allace, goffop, allace! how standis it with yow?
 Yone cankert carling, allace, hes brokin my brow.
 Now weilis yow, priestis, weilis yow, in all your lyvis,
 That ar nocht waadit with sic wicket wyvis.

S O W T T A R.

Bifchopis ar blif, howbeit that we be wareit,
 * * * * * and nocht be mareit.
 Goffop, allace, that blak band we may wary,
 That ordanit sic pure men as we to mary.
 Quhat may be done bot tak in patience,
 And on all wyvis to cry ane lowid vengence?

S C E N E IV!

[Heir fall the wyvis stand be the watersyd, and say;

S O W T T A R I S W Y F E.

Sen of our Cairlis, we haif the victory,
 Quhat is your counfale, Cummar, that be done?

T A. W Y F E.

Send for gude wyne, and hald us blyth and mirry:
 I hald that best gude Cummar be Santt Clone.

SOW. WYFE.

Cummar, will ye draw off my hoifs and schone;
To fill the quart I fall rin to the toun.

TA. WYFE.

That fall I do, be him that maid the mone,¹
With all my hairt: thairfoir, Cummar, sit down.
Kilt up your clais abone your waist,
And speid yow hame agane in haist,
And I fall provyd for a pairt,
Our corffis to confort.

SOWT. WYFE.

Than help me for till kilt my clais;
Quhat and the paddois nipt my tais?
I dreid to droun heir, be Santt Blais,
Withowt I get support.
Cummar, I will nocht droun mysell.
I will go be the *Castill bill*.

TA. WYFE.

I am content, be Bryddis Bell,
Sa ye haist yow go quhair ye will.

[*Heir fall thay depairt: and DILIGENCE fall say.*]

SCENE

S C E N E V.

DILIGENCE, CHASTITIE.

Madame, quhat garris yow gang fa lait?
 Tell me how ye haif done debait
 With the temporall and spirituall stait?
 Quha did ye maist kyndnes?

CHESTETIE.

In faith I fand bot ill and war.
 That gart me stand frome thame afar,
 Even lyk a beggar at the bar,
 And flemit me moir and les.

*Finis of this first Interlude; and followis the Peurman
 and the Pardonar.*

I N T E R.

I N T E R L U D E III.

THE PUIRMAN AND THE PARDONAR.

P E R S O N S

The PUIRMAN.

DILIGENCE.

The PARDONOUR.

The SOUTAR.

The SOUTAR'S WIFE.

WILKIN the Pardonar's Boy.

Heir followis certane mirry and sportsum interludis, contenit in the play maid be Schyr David Lindsay of the Month Knicht, in the playfeild of Edinburgh, to the mocking of abusiounis usit in the Cuntré be diverss sortis of Estait.

S C E N E I.

PUIRMAN, DILIGENCE.

Heir fall enter the Peurman.

Off your almons, gude folkis, for Goddis luvè of hevyn,
For I haif moderles bairnis sex or sevin.
Gif ye will gif na gude, for luvè of sweit Jesus,
Wifs me the richt way to *Sanct Andreus*.

DILIGENCE *sayis*.

Quhair haife we gottin this gudly companyeoun?
Swyth furth of the feild, thow fals raggit loun.
God wait gif heir be ane weill keipit place,
Quhen sic ane wyld beggar kerle may get entres.
Fy on yow officiaris that mendis not thir failyies!
I gif yow all to the Divill baith provost and baillies!
Withowt ye cum sone, and chace this Carle away,
The Divill a word ye get of sport or ply.
Fals huirfone raggit Carle, quhat is that thow ruggis?

PEURMAN.

Quhae Devill maid yow a gentillman wald not stow your
luggis.

DILIGENCE:

DILIGENCE.

Quhat now? me think this cullrounCarle begynnis to crak.
Swyth Carle away, or be this day I fall brak your bak.

[*Heir fall the Carle chym up and fit in the Kings elly.*]

Com down; or, be goddis croun, theif loun, I fall play
the.

PEURMAN.

Now fiveir be thy brunt shinnis the Divil ding thame
frae the.

Quhat say he be thir court knavis? be thay get haill clais
Sa sone thay leir to ban, to sweir; and trip on thair taifs.

DILIGENCE.

Methocht the Carle me callit knave evin in my face,
Be santt FILLANE, thow salt be slane, bot gif thow ask
grace.

Loup; or be the gud Lord thow salt loifs thy heid.

PEURMAN.

Yit fall I drink, or I ga, thocht thow had sworne my
deid.

DILIGENCE.

[*Heir be takkis away the leddir.*]

Loup now, gif thow list, for thow hes loist the leddir.

PEURMAN.

It is full weill thy kynd to loup, and lielt in a tedder.

Thow

Thow sal be fane to fetche agane the ledder, or I lowp:
I fall sitt heir into this chyre, till I haif towmit this
stoup.

[*Heir fall the Carle loup off the caffald.*]

DILIGENCE.

Swyth, beggir Baggill, haist the away:
Thow art our prete to spill the proces of our play.

PEURMAN.

I will not giff for your play necht a fulis fart:
For thair is littill play this day at my hungry hart.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat divill allis the cowrd Carle?

PEURMAN.

Mary, mekill forrow!
I can not get, thoct I gasp, to beg nor to borrow.

DILIGENCE.

Quhair divell is thow dyvour, or quhat is thyne content?

PEURMAN.

I dwell into *Lowthiane*, a myle bot fra *Travent*.

DILIGENCE.

Quhar wald thow be, Carle, the futh to me schaw?

PEURMAN.

Sir, evin at *Sanct Andrus*, evin to feik law.

DILIGENCE.

DILIGENCE.

To syke law in *Edinburgh* is the narrest way.

PEURMAN.

Syr, I haif socht law thair this mony a deir day ;
 Bot I cowl'd nevir find law at fesshoun, or senyie.
 Thairfoir the mekill dum divell droun all that menyie !

DILIGENCE.

Schaw to me thy mater, man, with all circumstance ;
 How thow hes happnit this unhappy chance.

PEURMAN.

Gud man, will ye gif me of your cheretie ?
 And I fall declair to yow the blak veretie.
 My fadir was an auld man, and ane air ;
 And was of aige fourfcoir yeirs and mare :
 And MALD, my mudir, was fourfcoir and fyiftene ;
 And with my labour I did thame baith sustene.
 We had a meir, that careit salt and coil ;
 And evirilk yeir sche brocht us hame a foill.
 We had thre ky, that was baith fatt and fair,
 Nane tydiar hyne to the toun of *Air*.
 My fader was sa waik of blude and bane
 He dyit, quhair foir my moder maid grit mane ;
 Than sche deit to, within ane olk or two ;
 And than began my poverty and wo.
 Our gude gray meir was baitand on the feild,
 Our landis laird tuik hir for his here geild.
 Our vicar tuik the best kow be the heid,

Incontinent quhen my Fader was deid ;
 And quhen the vicar hard how that my moder
 Was deid, fra hand he tuke fra me ane uder.
 Than MEG, my wyfe, did murne baith evin and morrow,
 Till at the last sche dyit for very forrow :
 And quhen the vicar hard tell my wyfe was deid,
 The third kow than he cleikit be the heid.
 Thair * * * clais, quhilk was of reploch gray,
 The vicar gart his clark cleik thame away.
 Quhen that was gan I nicht mak no debait,
 Bot with my bairnis part for to beg my mait.
 Now haif I tald yow the blak veritie,
 How I am brocht to this miseritie.

DILIGENCE.

Quhow did the persone, was he not thy gud freind ?

PEURMAN.

How ? the divill stik him ! he curst me for my teind ;
 And haldis me yit undir the same proces, s,
 That gart me want my sacrament at pefs.
 In gud faith, Syr, thocht ye wald cut my throt,
 I haif na geir, except an Inglis grott :
 Quhilk I purpos to gif ane man of law.

DILIGENCE.

Thow art the dastist full that evir I saw.
 Trowis yow, man, be the law to get remeid
 Of men of kirk ? na nevir till thow be deid.

PEURMAN.

Syr, be quhat law, tell me quhairfoir or quhy,
That our vicar sould tak fra me three ky?

DILIGENCE.

Thay haif na law, except ane consuetude;
Quhilk law to thame is sufficient and gude.

PEURMAN.

Ane conswetude, aganis the commoun weill,
Sould be no law, I think be sweit Santt JEILL.
Quhair will ye find that law, tell gif ye can
To tak thre ky fra ane peur husband man?
Ane for my fader; and for my wyfe ane uder;
And the thrid kow he tuke for MEG my moder.

DILIGENCE.

It is thair law; all that thay haif in use;
Thocht it be kow, sow, ganan, gryce, or guse.

PEURMAN.

Schyr, I wald speir at yow ane questioun.
Behald sum prellatis of this regioun,
Manifestly, during thair lusty lyuis,
Thay swyve ladeis, madinis, and menis wyves.

* * * * *

Quhiddir say ye that law is evill or gude?

DILIGENCE.

Hald thy tongue, man; it semis that thow art mangit.
Speik thow of prelltis but dowt thow wilt be hangit.

PEURMAN.

PEURMAN.

Be him that beure the crewall crown of thorne,
I cair not to be hangit evin the morne.

DILIGENCE.

Be fewr of preiftis thow will get na support.

PEURMAN.

Gif that be trew, the feind refaiff the fort!
So fen I fe I get none udir grace,
I will ly doun, and rest me in this place.

S C E N E II.

The PARDONOUR.

*[Heir fall the Peurman ly aoun in the field : and the Par-
donnour fall cum in and say :*

Devoitt Pepill, gud day I fay yow,
Now tarry a little quhill, I pray yow.
Till I be with yow knawin.
Wait ye not weill quhow I am namit ?
A nobill man, and undefamit,
And all the futh war schawn.
I am Syr ROBERT ROME RAKAR,
Ane publiçt perfyte Pardonar,
Admittit be the Paip.

Schyr, I fall schaw yow for my wage,
 My pardonis, and my prevelege,
 Quhilk ye fall fe, and graip.
 I gif to the Divill, with gud entent,
 This wofull wickit New Testment,
 With thame that it translattit :
 Sen lawit men knew the veritie,
 Pardonaris gettis no cheretie,
 Withowt that we debait it.
 Amangis the wyvis with wrinkis and wylis,
 As all my mervellis men begylis
 Be our fair fals flattery ;
 Ye all tha craftis I can perqueir
 Richt weill informit be a freir,
 Callit YPOCRASY.
 Bot now, allace ! owr grit abusoun
 Is cleirly knawin to our confusoun,
 Quhilk I may fair repent :
 Oif all creddece now am I quyt,
 Ilk man hes me now at dispyte,
 That reidis the New Testment.
 Wander be to thame that it wrocht,
 Swa fall thame that the buik hame brocht,
 Als I pray to the rude
 That MARTYNE LUTER, that fals loun
 * * * * * †
 Had bene smored in thair crode.

† Deleted in MS.

Be him that beir the croun of thorne,
 I wald Santt Pawle had nevir bene borne ;
 And als I wald his buikis
 War nevir red into the kirk,
 Bot amang freirs into the mirk ;
 Or revin amang the ruikis.

[*Heir fall be lay down his waris upoun the burde.*

My potent Pardonnis ye may se,
 Cum fra the CAN of *Tartarie*
 Weill feilit with ester schellis.
 Thocht ye haif no discretioun,
 Ye fall haiff full remissioun,
 With help of buikis and bellis.
 Heir is a rellik, lang and braid,
 Of FYNMAKOWLL the richt chaft blade,
 With teith, and all togeddir.
 Of COLLINGIS *korw* heir is a horne,
 For eitting of MAKAMEILLIS corne
 Was flane into *Baqubidder*.
 Heir is the cordis, baith grit and lang,
 Quhilk hangit JOHNNIE ARMSTRANG,
 Of gud hempt, soft and found :
 Gud haly pepill, I stand ford,
 Quhavir beis hangit in this cord,
 Neidis nevir to be dround.
 The culum of St. BR YDDIS cow ;
 The gruntill of Santt ANTONIS sow,
 Quhilk bure his haly bell ;

Quha evir heiris this bell clink,
 Gife me a ducCAT to the drink,
 He fall nevir gang till Hell,
 Withowt he be with Belliall borne.
 Maisteris, trew ye that this be scorne?
 Cum, win this pardone, cum!
 Quha luviss thair wyvis not with thair hairt,
 I haif power thame to depairt:
 Me think yow deif and dum!
 Hes nane of yow curst wickett wyvis,
 That haldis you into sturt and stryvis?
 Cum, tak my dispensatioun.
 Off that cummer I fall mak yow quyt,
 Howbeid your seif be in the wyte,
 And mak an fals narratioun.
 Cum wyn the pardone, now lat see.
 For meill, for malt, or for money,
 For cok, hen, guse, or gryfs,
 Off relikkis heir I haif a hunder.
 Quhy cum ye not? this is a woundir:
 I tiow ye be not wyfs.

S C E N E III.

PARDONAR, SOWTTAR, and SOWTTAR'S WYFE.

SOWTTAR.

Welcum hame, ROBINE ROME RAKAR!
 Our haly patent Pardonnar,

Gif

Gif ye haif dispensatioun
 To pairt me, and my wickit wyfe,
 And me delyvir fra sturt, and stryfe;
 I mak yow supplicatioun.

PARDONAR.

I fall the pairt, bot mair demand,
 Sa I get money in my hand.
 Thairfoir lat se thy cunye.

SOWTTAR.

I haif na fylvir, be my lyfe,
 Bot fyve schilling, and my schaping knyfe.
 That fall ye haif bot sunyie.

PARDONAR.

Quhat kin a woman is thy wyfe?

SOWTTAR.

A quick divill, Syr; a storme of stryfe.
 A frog that fylis the wind.
 A filland flagg; a flyrie fuff;
 At ilka pant sche lattis a puff,
 And hes no ho behind.
 All the lang day sche me dispyttis;
 And all the nicht sche flingis and flyttys;
 Thus fleip I nevir a wink.
 That cokatrice, that commoun heure,
 The mekle divill ma not endeure
 Hir stubornes and stink.

F 4

SOWT-

SOWTTAR'S WYFE.

Theif, Cairle, thy wordis I hard full weill,
 In faith my friendship thou falt feil,
 And I the fang.

SOWTTAR.

Gif I said ocht, Dame, be the rude,
 Except ye war baith fair and gude,
 God nor I hang!

PARDONER.

Fair Dame, gif ye wald be a wovar,
 To pairt yow twa I haif a powar.
 Tell on, ar ye content?

SOWTTAR'S WYFE.

Ye, that I am, with all my hairt,
 Fra that fals huresone to depairt,
 Sa that theiff will consent.
 Cauffis to pairt I haiff anew,
 Becaus I get na chalmer glew,
 I tell you verralie.
 I marvell not, so mot I thryve,
 Suppoifs that fwingeour nevir swyve,
 He is baith cawld and dry.

PARDONNAR.

Quhat wilt thou gif me for thy parte?

SOWTTAR'S WYFE.

A cuppill of farkis, with all my hairt,
The best claith in this land.

PARDONAR.

To pairt sen ye ar baith content,
I fall pairt yow incontinent :
Bot ye mon do cummand.
My decreit and my finall sentence is,

* * * * *

Slip doun thy hoifs, me think the carle is glaikit,
Sett thow not by howbeid sche kist and slaikkit.

[* * * * *

* * * * *

SOWTTAR.

* * * * *

[*Here the Sowttar fall do the lyk.*

PARDONAR.

Dame, pas ye to the eist end of the toun :
And pas ye wast, even lyk a cukald loun.
Go hence ye baith, with Baliall' braid blyfing !
Schyris faw yow evir mair sorrowles departing ?

SCENE

SCENE IV.

PARDONOUR, WILKIN.

[*Heir fall his Boy WILKIN cry off the bill, and say :*
How, Maister, quhair ar ye now ?

PARDONAR.

I am heir, WILKIN Widdifow.

WILKIN.

Schyr, I haif done your bidding,
For I haif fund a grit hors bane,
Ane farar saw ye nevir nane,
Upoun theme flesch and midding.
Schyr, ye may gar the wyffis trow,
It is ane bane of Santt BRYDIS cow,
Gude for the fevir tartane.
Schyr, will ye rewill this rick weill,
All haill the wyvis will kifs and kneill,
Betwix this and *Dumbartane*.

PARDONAR.

Quhat fay thay of me in the toun ?

WILKIN.

Sum sayis ye ar a very loun ;
Sum sayis *legatus natus* :

Sum

Sum sayis a fals *Sarafene* ;
 And sum sayis yow ar for certane
Diabolus incarnatus.
 Bot keip ye fra subjectioun
 Of that curst King CORRECTIOUN ;
 For be ye with him fangit,
 Becaus ye are ane Rome Rakar,
 Bot dowt ye will be hangit.

PARDONAR.

Quhair fall I luge into the toun ?

WILKYN.

With gude kind CHRISTANE ARDERSOWNE,
 Quhair ye will be weill treittit.
 Gife ony limmir yow demandis,
 Sche will defend yow with hir handis,
 And womanly debaitt it.
 BAWBURDE sayis, be the Trinitie,
 That sche fall beir yow cumpany,
 Quhobeid yow byd all yeir.

PARDONAR.

Thow hes done weill, be Goddis moder ;
 Tak thow the ane, and I the uder,
 So fall we mak gud cheir.

WELKIN.

I pray yow speid yow heir,
 And mak na langer tarye ;

Byd

Byd ye lang thair, but weir,
I dreid your weid ye wary.

S C E N E V.

PARDONAR, PUIRMAN.

[Heir fall the BEGGER ryise, and rax him, and say :

Quhat thing was yone, that I hard crack and cry?
I haif bene dronand, and dremand on my ky.
With my richt hand my hale body I fane;
Santt BRYD, Santt BRYD, fend me my ky agane!
I se standand yondar ane haly man,
To mak me help, lat me se gif ye can.
Haly Maistar, God speid yow, and gud morne!

PARDONAR.

Welcum to me, thocht thow wor at the horne.
Cum, win the pardoun, and then I fall the fane.

PEURMAN.

Will that pardoun get me my kye agane?

PARDONAR.

Cairle, of the ky I haif na thing ado.
Cum, wyn my pardoun; and kifs my rellikkis to.

[Heir sal the PARDONAR fane him with his rellikkis.

PARDONAR.

Now lowis thy purfs, and lay doun thy offrand,
 And thou fall haif my pardoun, even fra hand.
 With raipis and rellikis I fall the fane agane;
 Gravel, nor gut, thou fall nevir haif bot pane.
 Now wyn the pardoun, Lymmar, or thou art loft.

PEURMAN.

Now, haly Maifter, quhat fall that pardoun coft?

PARDONAR.

Lat fee quhat money thou beiris in thy bag.

PEURMAN.

I haif ane groit heir, bundin in ane rag.

PARDONAR.

Hes thou nane uder filver bot ane grote?

PEURMAN.

Gif I haif mair, Syr, cum and rype my cote.

PARDONAR.

Gif me that grote, man, fen thou hes na mair.

PEURMAN.

With all my hairt, Maifter; lo, tak it thair.
 Now lat me fe your pardoun, with your leif.

PAR-

PARDONAR.

A thowfand yeir ! of pardoun I the gifte.

PEURMAN.

A thowfand yeir I will not leif fa lang.
Delyver me it, Maifter ; fyne lat me gang.

PARDONAR.

A thowfand yeir I lay upoun thyne heid,
With *totiens quotiens* ; now mak me no moir pleid.
Thow hes reffawit my pardoun now all reddy.

PEURMAN.

Bot I can fe nothing, Schyr, be our Leddy.
Forsuth, Maifter, I trow I be not wyifs,
To pay, or I haif fene my merchandyifs.
That ye haiff gottyn my grote full fair I rew.
Schyr, quhiddel is your pardoun blak or blew ?
Maifter, fen ye haiff tane fra me my cunye,
My merchandyffe fchaw me withowttyn fenyie,
Or to the Bifchop I fall pafs, and planyie,
In *St. Andrus*, and fummond yow to thair fenyie.

PARDONNAR.

Quhat cravis thow, Cairle? Me think thow art not wyifs.

PEURMAN.

I crave my grote, or ellis my merchandyifs.]

PAR-

PARDONAR.

I gaif the pardoun for a thowland yeir.

PEURMAN.

Quhair fall I get that pardoun, let me heir.

PARDONAR.

Stand still, and I fall tell the all the story.
 Quhen thou art deid, and gois to purgatory,
 Beand condemnit to pane ane thowland yeir;
 Than fall thy pardoun the relief, but weir.
 Now be content, thou art a marvellus man.

PEURMAN.

Sall I get na thing for my grote till than?

PARDONAR.

That fall thou not, I mak it to the plane.

PEURMAN.

Na than, Maister, gif me thy grote agane.
 Quhat say ye, Maisters? Call ye this a gude reffoun,
 That he suld promise me ane gud pardoun,
 And heir reffais my money in this steid,
 Syne mak me na payment till I be deid?
 Quhen I am deid, I wait full feckerly
 My filly fawl fall pass to purgatory;
 Declair me that, now God nor Baliaall bind the,
 Quhen I am thair, curst carle, quhair fall I find the?

Nocht into hevin, but rader into hell :

Quhan thou art thair, thow can not help thy fell.

Quhen wilt thow cum, my bailis for to beit ?

Or I the find my hippis will get a heit.

Trowis thow, Bowchour, that I will by blude lammis ?

Gif me my grote, the divill dryte on the gammis.

PARDONNAR.

Swyth, stand aback ; I trow this man be mangit.

Thow gettis not this grote thocht thow fuld be hangit.

PEURMAN.

Gif me my grote, weill bund unto my clout ;

Or be Goddis breid ROBENE fall beir a rowt.

*[Heir fall thay fecht togedder ; and the Peurman fall cast
down the burd ; and cast the rellikkis in the water.]*

INTER.

INTERLUDE IV.

THE SERMON OF FOLLY.

PERSONS.

FOLLY.

DILIGENCE.

KING.

[*Heir ends this interlud : and follows ane oither interlud
of the samyne play.*]

S C E N E I.

FOLLY.

Heir enteris FOLLY.

Gude day, my Lordis, and God fane!
Will na man bid guday agane?
Quhan fulis ar fow, than ar thay fane.
Ken ye not me?
Quhow call thay me? Can ye not tell?
Now be him that herryit hell
I wat not how thay call myfell,
Bot gif I coud lie.

S C E N E II.

FOLLY, DILIGENCE.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat Brybour is yone, that makkis sic beiris?

FOLLY.

The feind reffais that mowth that speiris!

Gud man ga play yow amang your feiris,
With muk upoun your mow.

DILIGENCE.

Found fule, quhair hes thow bene so lait?

FOLY.

Mary, cumand doun thruch the bony gait:
Bot thair hes ben ane grit debaitt
Betwix me, and ane fow.
The fow cryd guff! and I to gay.
Through speid of fute I gat away.
Bot in the middis of the cawsway
I fell into ane midding.
She lap upoun me, with a bend.
Quhaevir tha middingis fowld amend,
God fend thame ane mischevus end,
For that is Goddis bidding.
As I war pudlie thair, God wait;
Bot with my club I maid debait.
I fall nevir cum agane that gait,
Schir, be all hallowis.
I wald the officiaris of the toun,
That suffeirs sic confusioun,
That thay war harberyt with MAHOUN;
Or hangit on the gallowis.
Fy! that sa fair a cuntré
Sowld stand sa lang, but polletie.
I gif thaim to the diuill hairtlic

That

That has the wyte.
 I wald the provost wald tak in heid
 Of yone middingis to mak remeid,
 Quhilk patt me and the sow at feid.
 Quhat man I do bot flyte ?

S C E N E III.

KING, FOLLY, DILIGENCE.

KING.

Pass on my ferwand DILIGENCE,
 And bring yone fule to our presence.

DILIGENCE.

It sal be done, bot tareing.
 FOLLY thow mon go to the KING.

FOLLY.

The KING ? quhat kind a thing is that ?
 Is yone hee with the goldin hatt ?

DILIGENCE.

Yone same is he : cum on thy way.

FOLLY.

Gif ye be king, God gif yow gud day !
 I haif anc plent to mak to yow.

G 3

KING.

KING.

Quhome on Foly ?

FOLLY.

Mary of ane fow.

Schyr, sche hes sworne that sche fall slay me,

Or ellis hyt baith the bagstanis fra me.

Giff ye be King, schyr, be Sanct ANN,

Ye fowld do justice to ilk man.

Had I nocht keipit me with my club,

That fow had dround me in ane dub.

I hair say thair is cum to the toun

Ane King callit CORRECTIOUN :

I pray yow tell me quhilk is he ?

DILIGENCE.

Yone with the wingis : ma thow not se ?

FOLLY.

Now waly faw that weill fard mow !

Schyr, I pray you correct yone fow ;

Quhilk with hir teith, but sward or knyfe,

Had maist heve rest me of my lyfe.

Gif ye will not make correctioun,

'Than gif me your protectioun,

Off all swine to be skaithles,

Betwix this toun, and *Innernes*.

DILI-

DILIGENCE.

Hes thow, FOLY, ane wyfe at hame?

FOLLY.

Ye that I have: God fend hir schame!
 I trow be this sche is neir deid:
 I left ane wyfe bindand hir heid.
 To schaw hir seiknes I think grit schame,
 Sche hes sic rumbling in hir wame,
 That all the nycht hir hairt ourcaltis
 With bokking, and with hinder blaffis.

DILIGENCE.

Paraventure sche be with bairne.

FOLLY.

Allace! I trow sche be forfairne.
 Sche sobbit, and sche fell in souu,
 And than thai rowit hir up and doun.
 Sche riftit, ruckit, and maid sic stendis,
 Sche yeild, and that at baith the endis,
 Till sche had castin a cuppill of quarts;
 Syne all turnd till a rak of * *
 Sche blubbirt, bokkit, and braikit still;
 Hyr ers gaid evin lyk ane wind mill:
 Sche puft and yiskit with sic riftis,
 That verry dirt come furth with driftis:
 Sic drysmell droggis fra hir sche schot,
 Quhill sche maid all the fleur on flot:

Of hir hurdes sche had na hauld,
 Quhill sche had teim'd hir monyfawld.

DILIGENCE.

Better bring hir to the leichis heir.

FOLLY.

Trittell, trattell! sche ma not feir.
 Hir verry buttokis makkis sic beir,
 It skairris baith foill and filly.
 Sche bokkis sic baggage fra hir breist,
 Thay want na bubblis that fittis hir neist,
 With ilka quhillly billy.

DILIGENCE.

Recuverit not sche at the last?

FOLLY.

Ye, bot wat ye weill sche fartit fast,
 Yit quhen sche sichis my hairt is fairy.

DILIGENCE.

Will sche nocht drink?

FOLLY.

Ye be Sanct Mary :
 A quart at anis it will not tarey,
 And leif the divill a drop.
 Than sic flobbage sche layis fra hir,
 About the wallis God wait sic waire.

Quhen

Quhen all is drunken I get the to shaire
The lykkingis of the cop.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat is in that creill, I pray the tell ?

FOLLY.

Mary, I haif foly hattis to fell.

[DILIGENCE.

I pray the fell me ane, or tway.

FOLLY.

Na, tary quhill the markit day.
I will sit down here be Santt CLUNE
And gif my babies thair disjone.
Cum heir gud GUKKIS, my dochter deir,
Thow fall be maryit within ane yeir
Upoun ane frier of *Tullielum* :
Na thow art nowther deif na dum.
Cum heir STVLTY, my sone and air,
My jo, thow art baith gude and fair ;
Now fall I feid yow as I mae :
Cry lyke the gorbettis of ane kae.

DILIGENCE.

Get up, FOLLY, bot tareing,
And speid yow haitelly to the King.
Get up: me think the Carle is dum.

FOLLY.

FOLLY.

Now bumbalary ; bum, bum.

DILIGENCE.

I trow the Fouttour lysis in ane trans,
 Get up man with a mirry mischanfs,
 Or be Sanct DENNYSS of *Frans*
 Thow fall want thy wallatt.
 Its schame man to se quhow thow lysis.

FOLLY.

Wa yit agane, now this is thryifs,
 The divill worry me, and I ryifs,
 Bot I fall brek thy pallat.
 * * * * *
 Hald down your heid, ye ladroune loun !
 Yone fair las, with the fating gown,
 Garris yow thus bek and bend,
 Tak thair a neidill for your lace.
 Now, for all the hyding of your face,
 Had ye it intill a quiet place,
 Ye wald not wane to fend.
 Thir bony anis, that ar cleid in silk,
 Thay ar als wantoun as ane wilk.
 I wald forbeir baith breid and milk,
 To kifs thy bony lippis.
 Suppois ye luik, as ye war wreth,
 War we at queit behind a claith,

Ye wald nocht spair to preve my graith

* * * * *

Be God I ken ye weill annewch;
 Ye are fane, thocht ye mak it twich.
 Think ye nocht, as into the fewch,
 Befyd the quarrell hoillis,
 Ye wan fra me baith hoifs and fchone,
 And gart me mak mowis to the mone,
 And ay lap on your courfs abone —

DILIGENCE.

Thow mon be dung with poillis.
 Swyth, varlot! haift the to the KING,
 And lat alane thy cradling.
 Lo heir is FOLLY, fchyr, all reddy.
 A richt sweir fwingeir, be our Leddy.

FOLLY.

Thow art not half fo sweir thy fell.
 Quhat meinis this pulpit I pray the tell?

DILIGENCE.

Our new bifehoppis hes maid a preiching:
 Bot thow hard nevir fa plesand teiching.
 Yone bifehop will preich thruch all the coft.

FOLLY.

Than fryk ane hay into the poft;
 For I hard nevir, in all my lyfe,
 A bifehoppe cum to preiche in *Eyfe*.

Gif bischoppis to be preichours leiris,
 Wallaway! quhat fall werd of freirs?
 And prellatis preiche in bruch and land,
 The silly freiris, I undirstand,
 Thay will get na mair meill nor malt;
 So I dreid freiris fall dee forfalt.
 Sen swa is that yone nobill king
 Will mak men bischoppis for preiching?
 Quhat fay ye, fyr, hald ye not best
 That I ga preiche among the rest?
 Quhen I haif preichit, on my best wyifs,
 Than will I sell my merchandyifs
 To my bredir, and tendir maitis,
 That dwellis among the thre estaitis;
 For I haif heir gud chaffray
 Till ony fule, that listis to by.

[Heir fall FOLLY hing up his battis upoun the pulpet.]

God sen I had ane doctoris hude!

KING.

Quhy FOLLY: wald thow mak ane preiching?

FOLLY.

Ye, that I wald, schir, be the rude,
 Bot owder flattery, or fleiching.

KING.

Now, bruder, let us heir yone teiching,
 To pass our tyme, and heir hym raiff.

DILI-

DILIGENCE.

He war far meitar in the kiching
 Amang the pottis, sa Chryst me saiff.
 Fond FOLLY, I wili be thy clark,
 And answer ay with amene.

FOLLY.

Now, at the beginning of my wark,
 The feind reffave that graceles gane.

[*Heir fall FOLLY begin his Sermon.*]

TEXT.

Stultorum numerus infinitus.

SALOMONE, the moift sapient king,
 In Ifraell quhen he did ring,
 Thir wordis in effect he did wryte,
 "The numbir of fulis ar infinyte."
 I think na schame, sa Chryst me saive,
 To be ane fule amang the laive;
 Howbeid ane hundreth standis heirby
 Peranter ar as gauckit fulis as I.
 I haif of my genalogy
 Dwelland in every cuntry,
 Erlis, Duckis, Kingis, and Emperouris,
 With many gukkit conquerouris,
 Quilk dois in foly perseveir;
 And hes done so this mony a yeir.
 Sum feikis in warldly dignities,

And

And sum in sensuall vaneties :

Quhat vailis all thair vane honouris,
Nocht beand feur to lyve twa houris ?

Sum gredy fule dois fill the box ;

Ane uder fule cumis, and brekis the lokkis,

And spends that uthir fulis hes spaird,

Quha nevir thocht on thame to waird.

Sum dois as thay sowld nevir dee.

Is not this foly, quhat fay ye ?

Sapientia hujus mundi est stultitia apud Deum.

Becaufs thair is sa mony fulis,

Rydand on hors, and sum on mulis,

Heir I haiff brocht gud chaffry

Till ony fule that likkis to by.

And specially for the thre staitis :

Quhar I haif mony tendir maitis

Quhilk gart thame gang, as ye ma se.

Backwart thruche all the cuntrè.

With my cramery gif ye list mell ;

Heir I haif foly hattis to fell.

Quhomfor is this hatt, wald ye ken ?

Mary for infaciable merchand men.

Quhen God hes fend thame habundance,

Ar nocht content with sufficeance,

Bot sailis into the stormy blastis

In winter, to get grittar castis,

In mony terribil grit torment,

Agains the acts of parliament.

Summ tynis their geir, and sum ar drown'd ;
With this sic merchands suld be cround.

DILIGENCE.

Quhom to myndis thow to fell that hude ?
I trow to sum grit man of gude.

FOLLY.

This hude to fell richt fane I wald
To him that is baith awld and cald,
Reddy to pafs till Hell or Heven ;
And hes fair bairnis sex, or seven,
And is of aige fourfcoir of yeir ;
And takkis a las to be his peir,
Quhilk is not fourtene yeirs of aige,
And bindis with hir in marriage ;
Gifand hir trest that sche not wald
Richt heftilly mak him cuckald.
Quha mareis, beand fa neir deid,
Sett on this hatt upoun his heid.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat hude is that, tell me I pray the ?

FOLLY.

This is ane haly hude, I say the.
This hude is ordaind, I the assure,
For spirituall fulis that takkis in cure
The sawlis of grit dioceis,
And regiment of grit abbasseis,

For

For greidynes of wardly pelf,
 That can not justly gyd thaimself.
 Uder sawllis to saive it fettis thame weill,
 Syne fendis thair ane sawl to the Deill.
 Quhaever dois so, thus I conclude,
 Upoun his heid fet on this hude.

DILIGENCE.

FOLLY, is thair ony sic men
 Now in the kirk, that thow can ken ?
 How fall I ken thame ?

FOLLY.

Na keip that clofs :
Ex fructibus eorum cognoscitis eos.
 And fules speik of the prellacie,
 It will be halden heresie.

KING.

Speik on, FOLLY, I gif the leif.

FOLLY.

Than haif I remiffioun in my sleif.
 Will ye leif me to speik of Kingis ?

KING.

Ye: hardelley speik of allkin thingis:

FOLLY.

FOLLY.

Conformand to my first narratioun,
Ye ar all fulis, be Goddis passiou.

DILIGENCE.

Thow leis! I trow the fule be mangit.

FOLLY.

Gif I be God nor thow be hangit.
For I haif heir, I to the tell,
Ane nobill kaip imperiell,
Quhilk is not ordanit for dringis,
Bot for Duikis, Empriouris, and Kingis;
For princely, and imperiall fulis.
Thay sowld haif luggis als lang as mulis.
The pryd of princis, withowttyn fail,
Garris all the warld rin top our taill.
To wyn thame warldly gloir and gude,
Thay care not schedding Cristin blude.
Quhat cummer haif we had in *Scotland*
Be our awld ennemeis of *England*?
Had not bene the support of *France*,
We had bene brocht to grit myschance.
Now I heir say the empriour
Schaipis for to be ane conquerour,
And is movand his ordinance
Agains the nobill King of *FRANCE*.
Bot I knaw not his just querrell,
That he hes for to mak battell;

All the princis of *Allmanye*,
Spanye, *Flandeiris*, and *Italie*,
 This present yeir ar all on flocht.
 Sum will thair waxis find deir bocht:
 The paip, with bombard, speir, and scheid,
 Hes fend his army to the feild.
 Sant Petir, St. Paule, nor St. Andrew,
 Rasit nevir sic ane oist I trow.
 Is this fraternall cheretie?
 Or furius foly? quhat say yow?
 Thay leird not this at Chryftis sculis,
 Thairfoir I think thame verry fulis.
 I think it foly, be Goddis modder,
 Ilk Cristin prince to ding doun uder.
 Becaus that this hatt sowld belang thame,
 Ga thow and parte it richt amang thame.
 The profesy, withowttyn weir,
 Off MARLING beis compleit this yeir:
 For my guddame, the GYRECARLING
 Leird me this profesie of MARLING,
 Quhair of I shall schaw the sentence,
 Gif ye will gif me awdience.

Flan, fran, rufu gent, simul ipsam viribus urgent.
Dani vastabunt: Vallances bella parabunt:
Sit tibi nomen in a,
Mulier caccavit in olla,
Hoc æpulum comedes.

DILIGENCE.

Mary, that is ane evill farrd mefs!

FOLLY.

FOLLY.

So be this profesy planely it appeiris,
 That mortall weir fall be amang the freiris ;
 That thay fall not weill knaw into thair cloyisteris
 To quhome that thay fall say thair pater nofteris.
 Wald thay fall to, and fecht with speir and scheild,
 The divill mak cair quhilk of thame tynt the feild !
 Now of my fermoun I haif maid an end :
 To GILLY MOWBAND I you recommend.
 And als I you beseik richt hairtfully,
 Pray for the sawle of gud KAE KAPPETIE,
 Quha lately dround himself into *Lochlewin* ;
 That his sweit sawle may be aboif in hevin.

Finis of this Interlude.



INTERLUDE V.

FLATTERY, DECEIT, and FALSEHOOD,
mislead KING HUMANITY.

PERSONS.

FLATTERY.

FALSET.

DISSAIT.

KING HUMANITIE.

WANTONES.

HAMELINES.

DANGER.

SOLLACE.

AN UTHIR INTERLUDE.

Heir enteris FLATTERY, new landit owt of France; and stormeheid at the May.

S C E N E I.

FLATTERY.

Mak rowm, firs! heir that I may rin,
 Lo see how I am new com in,
 Begareit all in fundy hewis.
 Lat be your din, till I begin,
 And I fall tell you of my newis.
 Throw all realmes Christin I haif past;
 And am cum heir now at the last
 Stormeheid be feiny fen yule day.
 That we war fane till hew our mast,
 Not half a myle beyond the *May*.
 Bot now amang ye I will remanc;
 I purposis nevir till sail agane,
 To put myself in chance of watter:
 Was nevir sene sic wind and rane,
 Nor of schipmen sic cliter clatter.
 Sum bad hail; sum bad stand by;
 On steirburde! how! alluff! fy fy!
 Quhil all the raipis began to rattill:
 Was nevir wy sa fleid as I

Quhen all the failis plaid brittill brattill.
 To se the wawis it was a wounder;
 And wound that raif the failis in schunder;
 Bot I lay braikand lyk a brok,
 And schot fa fast above and under,
 The divill durst not cum neir my dok.
 Now am I chaipit fra that fray.
 Quhat say you fyr? am I not gay?
 Ken ye not FLATTERY your awin fule?
 That yeid to mak this new array.
 Was I not heir with yow at yule?
 Yis, be my faith, I think on weill.
 Quhair ar my fallowis? that wald I feill:
 We fowld haif cumin heir for a cast.
 How! FALSAT, how!

S C E N E II.

FLATTERY, FALSET.

FALSET.

Wa serve the divill!
 Quhas that cryis for me fa fast?

FLATTERY.

Quhy, brudir FALSET; knawis thow not me?
 I am thy brudir FLATTRIE.

FALSAT.

FALSAT.

Now welcum, be the Trinitie.
 This meiting cumis for gude.
 Now lat me braifs the in myne armes;
 Quhen freindis meitis, hairtis warmis,
 Quod JOHNIE that frody fude.
 How hapnit thow into this place?

FLATTRY.

Now, be my sawle, bot evin be cace
 I come in sleipand at the port,
 Or evir I wist amang this fort.
 Quhair is DISSAIT, that lymmir loun?

FALSAT.

I left him drinkand in the toun:
 He will be heir incontinent.

FLATTRY.

Now, be the haly Sacrament,
 Tha tydanis comfortis all my hairt.
 I wat DISSAIT will tak ane pairt;
 He is richt crafty, as ye ken,
 And counfouller to the merchand men.
 Lat us ly still baith heir, and spy,
 Gif we persais him cumand by.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

FLATTERIE, FALSET, DISSAIT.

Heir fall DISSAIT entir.

Bon geur, bruder, with all my hairt!
 Heir am I cum to take your pairt
 Baith into gude and evill.
 I met GUDE COUNSALE be the way,
 Quha pöt me in ane felloune fray.
 I gife him to the divill.

FALSATT.

How chappit yow, I pray the tell?

DISSAIT.

I flippit in ane fowll bordell,
 And hid me in ane howbirdis bed:
 Bot suddently hir schankis I sched,
 With hochurhudy amang hir howis:
 God wait giff we maid mony mowis.
 How cum ye heir, I pray yow tell me?

FALLSETT.

Mary feikand King HUMANITIE.

DISSAIT.

Now, be the gud lady that did me beir,
 That famyne hors is my awin meir.
 Now till our purpoifs lat us ga.
 Quhat is your counsale, I pray yow fa?
 Sen we thre seikis yone nobill KING,
 Lat us devyifs sum subtell thing:
 And als I pray yow, as your brudir,
 That we be ilk ane trew till uder.
 I mak ane vow, with all my hairt,
 In evill and gude till tak your pairt;
 I pray to God nor I be hangit,
 Bot I fall dye or ye be wrangit.

FALSAT.

Quhat is your counsale that we do?

DISSAIT.

Mary this is my counsale, lo.
 Till tak owr tyme quhill we may get it,
 For now thair is na man to let it;
 Fra tyme the King begin to steir him,
 GUDE COUNSALE than I dreid cum neir him,
 And be we knawin with CORRECTIOUN,
 It will be our confusioun.
 Thairfor now brether devyifs
 To find sum toy of the new gyifs.

FLAT-

FLATTERY.

Mary, I fall find ane thousand wylis.
 We mon turne our claithis, and change our stylis,
 And difagyis us that na man ken us.
 Hes na man clerkis cleithing to lend us?
 And lat us keip grave countenance,
 As we war new cummin owt of *France*.

DISSAIT.

Be my sawle that is weill davyisit,
 Ye fall se me sone dissagyisit.

FALSET.

So fall I be, man, be the rude.
 Now sum gude fallow len me ane lude.

[Heir fall FLATTERY help his twa marrowis.

DISSAIT.

Now am I buskit quha can spy?
 The divill sik me gif this be I!
 Is this I, or nocht, I can yow not say;
 Or hes the feind, or fairfolk, borne me away?

FALSETT.

And war my hair up in ane how,
 The feind a man wald ken me now.
 Quhat sayis thow of my gay garmoun?

DISSAIT.

I say thow lukis evin lyk a toun.
 Now, bruder FLATTERY, quhat do ye?
 Quhat kind a man schair ye to be?

FLAT•

FLATTERY.

Now be my faith, my bruder deir,
I will ga counterfeite the freir.

DISSAITT.

A freir! quhairto? thow cannot preiche.

FLATTERY.

Quhat rak? bot I can flatter and fleiche:
Peraventur cum to that honour
To be the King's Confessour.
Peur freirs ar fre at every fest,
And merchellit ay among the best.
Als God has lent to thame sic graxis,
That bischoppis puttis thame in their places,
Owt-thruche thair dyeceis to preiche,
Bot farly not howbeid they fleiche;
For schaw thay all the veretie,
Thaill want the bischoppis cheretie.
Yit thocht the corn be nevir sa scant,
Gud wyvis will nevir lat freirs want:
For quhy, thay ar thair confessouris,
Thair prudent hevenly counfallouris.
Thairfoir wyvis planely takkis thair pairtis,
And schawis the secretis of thair hairtis
To freirs with better will, I trow,
Nor thay do to thair bedfallow.

DISSAIT.

And I rest anis a freiris cowl,
Betwixt *St. Johnstoune* and *Kynnoroll*.
I fall ga fetche it, gif thou wilt tary.

FLATTERY.

Now play me that of cumpany :
Ye saw him nocht this hundreth yeir,
That bettir can cuntirfeit the freir,

DISSAIT.

Heir is thy ganenyng, all and sum :
This is the cowll of *Cullielum*.

FLATTERY.

Quha hes an porteris to len me ?
The feind a sawle I trew will ken me.

FALSET.

Bruder, pafs on quhairevir thow will ;
Thow may be fallow to freir GILL.
Bot with CORRECTION and we be kend,
I dreid we mak a schamefull end.

FLATTERY.

For that mater I dreid na thing.
Freiris ar exemit fra the king,
For freirs will reddy entrefs get.

FALSAT.

We mon do mair yit, be Santt James ;
For we mon chenge all thre our names.
Crisin me, and I fall bapteis the.

DISSAIT.

Be God and thairabout mot it be.
How will thow call me I pray the tell ?

FALSETT.

Mary, I wat not how to call myfell.

DISSAIT.

Bot yit anis name the bairnis name.

FALSET.

DISCRETIOUN, DISCRETIOUN, a Goddis name.

DISSAIT.

I neid not now to cair for thrift.

Bot quhat fall be my Godbairne gift?

FALSET.

I gif the all the divillis of hell.

DISSAIT.

Na, bruder, hald that to thy fell.

Now fit doun, lat me baptyifs the :

Bot yit I wat not quhat to call the.

FALSAT.

I pray the name the bairnis name.

DISSAIT.

SAPIENCE, SAPIENCE, a goddis name.

FLATTERY.

Bruder DYSSAIT, cum baptyifs me.

DISSAIT.

Than fit doun lawly on thy knee.

FLAT-

FLATTERY.

Now, bruder, name the bairnis name.

DISSAIT.

DEVOTIOUN, in the divills name.

FLATTERY.

The divill reffais the ladroune loun !

Thow hes wet all my new schevin croun.

DYSSAIT.

DEVOTIOUN, SAPIENCE, and DISCRETIOUN,

We thre may rewill a hail regioun.

We fall find meny crafty thingis

For to begyle ane hundreth kingis.

For thow salt crak ; and thow salt clatter :

And I fall fenye : and thow fall flattir.

FLATTERY.

Bot I wald haiff, or we depairtit,

A drink to mak us bettir heartit.

DISSAIT.

Weill said, be him that heryit hell :

I was evin thinkand that myfell.

*[Heir fall thay drink ; and the King fall cum forth of
his Chalmer, and call for WANTONNES.*

Now till we get the kingis prefence,

We will fit doun, and keip sylence.

I fe ane yunder, quhatevir he be.

I trow full weill yone same is he.

Steir nocht, bruder, bot hald us still,
Till we haif hard quhat be his will.

S C E N E IV.

KING, WANTONES, HAMLINES, DANGER, SOLACE.

*[Heir the king has bene with his Cuncubyne, and thairefter
returns to his yung Cumpany.]*

KING.

Now quhair is PLACEBO, and SOLLACE?
Quhair is my menyecoun WANTONNES?
WANTONES, how! cum to me sone.

WANTONES.

Quhy cryd ye, schyr, till I had done?

KING.

Quhat was thow doand, tell me that?

WANTONES.

Mary, leirand how my fader me gat.
I wait not how it standis, bot dowt;
Methink the warld rynniss round about.

KING.

And so think I man, be my thrift.
I fe fyiftene moins into the lift.

WANTONES.

Lat **HAMELINES** my las allane;
Sche bendyt up aye twa for ane.

HAMELINES:

Howbeid ye gat quhat ye desyrit,
Or I was temprit, ye was tyrit.

DENGER.

And as for **PLACEBO** and **SOLLACE**,
I hald thame baith in mirrenes;
Howbeid I maid it sumething tewch,
I fand thame chalmer glew anewch.

; **SOLLACE**.

Mary thow wald gar ane hundreth tyre,
* * * * *

DENGER.

Now fowll fall yow! it is na bourdis
Befoir the **KING** to speik fouell wordis.
Or evir ye cum that gate agane,
To kifs my claff ye fall be fane.

SOL.

SOLLACE.

Now schaw me, fyr, I yow exhort
 How ar ye of your luv content?
 Think ye not this ane mirry sport?

KING.

Ye that I do in verement.
 Quhat bairnis ar yone upon the bent?
 I did not se thame all this day.

WANTONES.

Thay will be heir incontinent.
 Stand still; and heir quhat thay will say.

S C E N E V.

KING, &c. FLATTERY, FALSET, DISSAIT.

*[Heir fall the thre VYCSIS cum, and mak thair salutatioun
 to the KING, and say,*

Laud, honor, gloir, triumph, and victorie,
 Be to your most excellent Majestie.

KING.

Ye ar welcum, gud freindis, be the rude.
 Apperendly ye seme grit men of gude.
 Quhat ar your namis tell me withoutt dellay ?

DISSAIT.

DISCRETIOUN, fyr, that is my name perfay.

KING.

Quhat is your name, fyr, with the clippit croun ?

FLATTRY.

But dowt my name is callit DEVOTIOUN.

KING.

Welcum DEVOTIOUN, be Sanct Jame.
 Now Sirrah tell quhat is your name ?

FALSETT.

Mary, thay call me, quhat call thay me ?
 I wat not weill, but gif I lie.

KING.

Can thow not tell quhat is thy name ?

FALSET.

I kend it, or I cam fra hame.

KING.

KING.

Quhat aillis the can not schaw it now ?

FALSAT.

Mary, thay call me *Thyn Drink* I trow.

KING.

Thyn Drink! quhat kin a name is that ?

DISSAIT.

SAPIENCE thow fervis to beir a platt ;
Me think thow schawis the not weill wittit.

FALSAT.

SYPYNS, Syr, SYPYNIS ; mary thair ye hit it.

FLATTERY.

Syr, gif ye pleifs to lat me sa,
Forfuth his name is SAPIENTIA.

FALSET.

That fame is it by St. Michael.

KING.

Quhy cowl'd thow not tell thy name thy fell ?

FALSET.

I pray your grace to pardone me,
 And I fall schaw the verretie;
 I am fa full of Sapience,
 That sumtyme I will tak a trance;
 My spreit was rest fra my body
 Now heich abone the Trinitie.

KING.

SAPIENCE fowld be ane man of gude.

FALSET.

Sir ye may know that be my hude.

KING.

Now haife I SAPIENCE and DISCRETIOUN,
 Quhow can I fail to rewill this regioun?
 And DEVOTIOUN to be my confessor,
 I trow thir thre cum in a happy hour.
 Heir I mak the my Secretar;
 And thou fall be my Thesawrar;
 And thou falt be my Counfallour,
 In spirituall thingis to be Confessor.

FLATTERY.

Soverane, I sweir yow be Santt Ann,
 Ye met nevir with an wyfar man;

Mony

Mony a craft, Syr, I can,
 War thay weill knawn.
 I haiff na feill of Flattry,
 Bot festerit with philosophy,
 A strange man in Astronomy,
 Quhilk shall be sone schawn.

FALSAT.

And I haif grit intelligence
 In quelling of the quyntacence ;
 Bot to preve my experience
 Syr lend me fourty crownis,
 To mak multiplication ;
 And tak my obligatioun.
 Gif we mak fals narratioun,
 Hald us for very lownis.

DISSAIT.

Schyr, I ken be your phisnomye,
 Ye fall conqueifs, or ellis I lye,
 Drunken *Denmark*, and all *Allmane*,
Spittelfield, and the realme of *Spaine*.
 Ye fall haif at your governance
Renfrew, and the Realme of *France* ;
 Ye *Engling*, and the town of *Rome* ;
Corfiorphine, and all *Christindome*.
 Quhairto, Syr, be the *Trinitie*,
 Ye ar an very *A per se*.

FLATTERY.

Syr, quhen I dwelt in *Italy*
 I leirit the craft of palmestry.
 Schaw me the luffe, Syr, of your hand,
 And I fall gar yow undirstand
 Gif your grace be unfortunat,
 Or gif ye be predestonat.
 I see ye will haif fyiftene quenis,
 And fyiftene scoir of cuncubynis.
 Now the Virgin Mary saif your grace,
 Saw evir man sa quhyt a face?
 Swa grit ane arme, sa fair ane hand?
 Thair is not sic ane leg in all this land.
 War ye in harness I think na wonder,
 Howbeid ye dang doun twenty hunder.

DISSAIT.

Be my sawle that is trew thow fayis,
 Was nevir man fet sa weill his clais;
 Thair is na man in Christianitie
 So meit to be ane King as ye.

FALSET.

Syr, thank the Haly Trinitie
 That fend us to your cumpany;
 For God nor I gaip in ane gallowis,
 Gif evir ye fand thre bettar fallowis.

KING.

Ye ar all welcum, be the rude,
Ye seme to be thie men of gude.

*Finis of this Interlude, and pairt of play: beirefir
fall GUDE COUNSALL appeir, and fall be
bofitt away; and Lady CHE-TETIE and VE-
RETIE fall be put in stokkis: and SENSUA-
LITIE fall gyd the yung king for a time.*

INTER-

INTERLUDE VI.

THE THREE VICES OVERCOME TRUTH
AND CHASTITY.

PERSONS.

KING HUMANITIE.

DISSAIT.

FLATTERY.

FALSET.

GUDE COUNSAL.

VERETIE.

SPIRITUALITIE.

CHESTETIE.

DILIGENCE.

SOLLACE.

SENSUALITIE.

INTERLUDE VI.

SCENE I.

KING, DISSAIT, FLATTERY, FALSAT,
GUDE COUNSAL.

KING.

Bot quha is yone that standis fa fill ?
Go spy, and speir quhat is his will ;
And gif he yairnis my prefence,
Bring him to me with diligence.

DYSSAIT.

That fall be done, be Goddis breid !
We fall him bring, owder quick or deid.

FLAT-

FLATTERY.

I dreid full foir, be God himself,
 That yone awld Carle be GUD COUNSALL.
 Get he anis to the kingis prefence,
 We thre will get na audience.

DISSAIT.

That mater fall I tak in hand,
 And fay it is the kingis cummand,
 That he anone devoyd this place,
 And cum not neir the kingis grace ;
 And that undir the pane of tressoune.

FLATTERY.

Bruder, I think that counsall reffone.
 Now lat us heir quhat he will fay.
 Awld berdit mowch ! gude day ! gude day !

GUDE COUNSALL.

Gude day agane, Syr, be the rude ;
 I pray God mak yow men of gude.

DISSAIT.

Pray not for that to Lord, or Leddy.
 For we ar men of gude allreddy.
 Schyr, schaw till us quhat is your name ?

GUD COUNSALE.

GUD COUNSALL thay call me at hame.

FALSETT.

Quhat sayis thow Carle? art thow GUD COUNSALL?
Swyth pafs the hence, unhappy unfale!

GUD COUNSALE.

I pray yow, Syr, gif me licence
To cum anis to the kingis prefence,
To speik bot thre wordis with his grace.

FLATTRY.

Swyth, hurfone Carle, devoid this place.

GUD COUNSALL.

Broder, I ken yow weill enewch,
Howbeid ye mak it never sa tewch :
FLATTRY, DISSAIT, and FALS REPORT,
Thay will not suffer to resort
GUD COUNSALE to the Kingis prefence.

DISSAIT.

Swyth, hurfone Carle, ga pak the hence.

[Heir fall thay hurle away Gude Counsalle.]

GUDE COUNSAL.

Sen at this tyme I can get na prefence,
Is no remeid bot tak in pacience.

Howbeid

Howbeid GUDE COUNSALL hestely be not hard,
 With yung Princis yit fowld thay not be skard;
 Bot quhen yowthheid hes blawn his wantoun blast,
 Than fall GUD COUNSALL rewill him at the last.

S C E N E II.

FLATTERY, FALSAT, DISSAIT.

Heir fall the thre VYCSIS pass to ane Counsell.

FLATTERY.

Now quhill GUD COUNSALL is absent,
 Bredir, we mon be diligent;
 And mak betwix us four bandis,
 Quhen vacains follis in ony landis,
 That every man fall help his fallow.

DISSAIT.

I hald, deir bruder, be all hallow:
 So thow fische not within our boundis.

FLATTERY.

That fall I not, be cokkis woundis,
 Bot I fall planely tak your pairtis.

FALSET.

FALSET.

So fail we thyne, with all our hairtis,
 Bot haist us quhill the King is yung,
 And lat ilk man keip weill a tung,
 And in ilk quarter haif a spy,
 Us till adwertyifs hestelly
 Quhen ony cawsualities
 Sall happin in our cuntries ;
 And lat us mak provisioun,
 Or he cum to discretioun,
 No moir he wat now, nor ane Santt,
 Quhat thing it is to haife of want.
 Or he cum to his perfect aige,
 We fall be sekir of our waige,
 And than lat ilk ane carle travel uthir.

DISSAIT.

That mowth speik maist, my awin deir bruthir.

S C E N E III.

VERETIE, DISSAIT, FLATTRY, FALSET.

*[Hair fall VERETIE entir, and pass to hir place; quhair
FLATTRY fall spy hir with fair.*

VERETIE.

Gif men of me wald haif intilligence,
Or knaw my name, thay call me VERETIE.
Off Chrystis law I haif experience;
And hes ourfalit mony stormy see.
Now am I seikand King HUMANITIE,
For of his grace I haif gud experance,
Fra tyme that he acquaintit be with me;
His heich honour and gloir I fall avance.

DISSAIT.

Sancle Pater! quhair haif ye bene?
Declair to us of yowr novellis.

FLATTRY.

Thair is new licht on the grenc
Dame VERETIE, be buikis and bellis.
Bot cum sche to the Kings presence,
Thair is na bute for us to byde,
Thairfoir I rid us all ga hence.

FALSET.

FALSET.

That will we not yit, be Santt Bryde.
 Bot we fall owdir gang, or ryde,
 To Lordis of Spiritualitie,
 And gar thame trow yone bag of pryde
 Hes spokin manifest heresie.

*[Heir the VYCIS gais to the Spiritual Estait, and lysis
 upon VERETIE, desiring hir to be put in captivitie,
 quhilk is done with diligence.]*

FLATTERY.

Quhat buik is that, harlor, into thy hand?
 Owt Walloway! this is the New Testament
 In *Inglis* tung, and printit in *England*.
 Heresy, Heresy, fyre, fyre, incontinent!

VERETIE.

Fursuth, freind, ye haif ane wrang judgement,
 For in that buik thair is na heresie,
 Bot Christis word, richt dulce and redolent,
 And spreingand weill of sincere veretie.

DISSAIT.

Cum on your way, for all your yallow loddies,
 Your wantone wordis but dowt ye fall repent.
 This nicht ye fall bedryt ane pair of stoddies,
 And syne the morne be brocht to judgement.

VERETIE.

For Christis saik I am richt weill content
 To suffer all thing that fall pleis his grace;

Howbeid ye put a thowfand to torment,
A hundreth thowfand fall ryifs in their place.

[Heir fall VERETIE fit down on hir kneis, and say :

Get up, thow fleipis all to lang, O Lord!
And mak ane reffonable reformatioun
On thame quhilk dois tramp down thyne heavenly word;
And hes ane deidly indignatioun
At thame quhilk makis trew narratioun.
Suffer thame not moir to be mollest.
O Lord! I mak the supplicatioun,
With thyne unfreindis lat me not be opprest.
I haif no moir to fay.

FLATTERY.

Sit down, and tak yow rest
All nicht, till it be day.

DISSAIT.

My Lordis, we haif with diligence
Bucklit weill up yone bladdrand baird.

SPRITUALITIE.

I think ye farve sum recompense;
Tak thair ten crownis for your rewaird.

S C E N E IV.

CHESTITIE, DILIGENCE.

[*Heir fall entir CHESTITIE, and say;*

Quhow long fall this inconstant warld endure,
 That I fould baneist be sa lang! Allace!
 Few cewratouris or none tak of me ceure,
 Quhilk garris me mony nichtis ly hairteles.
 Thocht I haif past all nicht from place to place
 Amang the TEMPORALL, and SPRITUALL, ESTAITIS,
 Nor amang Princis, I can get na grace;
 Bot bousteously am haldin at thair yaittis.

DILIGENCE.

Lady, I pray yow schaw to me your name;
 It dois me noy your lamentatioun.

CHAISTETIE.

My friend, quharof I neid not think na schame,
 Dame CHESTETIE, baneist frame toun to toun.

DILIGENCE.

Than pafs to ladies of religioun,
 Quha makkis thair vow to observe Chestetie.
 Lo quhar thair fittis ane Piores of renoun,
 Amang the rest of SPRITUALITIE.

[*Heir fall scbe pafs to the hail SPRITUAL ESTAIT :
and scbe fall not be reffawit, bot put away.*

DILIGENCE.

Madame, quhat garris yow gang fa lait,
Tell me how ye haif done debait,
With TEMPORALL and SPRITUALL STAIT,
Quha did yow maist kyndnes ?

CHESTETIE.

In faith I fand bot ill, and war ;
That gart me stand from thame afar,
Evin lyk a béggar at the bárr,
And flemit me moir and lefs.

DILIGENCE.

I counsale yow, bot tareing,
Pafs till HUMANITIE the king,
Perchance he of his Grace benyng,
Will mak to yow support.

CHESTETIE.

Of your counsale I am content
To pafs to him incontinent ;
And my service till him present,
In hop of sum confort.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

KING, SENSUALITIE, SOLACE, DISSAIT, &c.
 CHESTITIE, VERETIE.

SOLLACE.

Soverane, get up, and se ane heavenly sicht,
 A fair lady in quhyt abilyement.
 Sche may be peir to ony king or knycht,
 Moifit lik ane angell be my jugement.

SENSUALITIE.

Now lat me se, quhat this matter may mene ;
 Perchance that I may ken hir be hir face.
 Bot dowt this is Dame CHESTETIE I wene.
 Shyr, sche and I ma not byd in a place :
 Bot gif it be the plefour of your grace
 That I remane into your cumpany,
 Than this woman richt heftelley gar chace,
 That sche be no moir fene in this cuntré.

KING.

As evir ye pleifs, sweithairt, so fall it be.
 Dispone hir as ye think expedient ;
 Evin as ye list to lat hir leif or de ;
 I will referr to yow that judgement.

SENSUALITIE.

Pafs on than, SAPIENCE and DISCRETIOUN,
And baneifs hir out of the kings prefence.

DISSAIT.

Madame, that fall we do, be Goddis passiou,
We fall do your cummand with diligence,
And at your hand ferve gudly recompence.
Dame CHESTETIE, cum on, be nocht agast;
We fall richt sone upoun your awn expence
Into the stokkis your bony seit mak fatt.

*[Heir fall thay harle CHESTETIE to the stokkis; and
sche fall say,*

I pray you, Syr, be patient,
For I fall be obedient
Till do quhat ye cumand,
Sen I fe thair is no remeid;
Howbeid it war to suffer deid,
Or flemd out of the land.
I wyt the Empriour CONSTANTYNE
That I am put to sic rewyne,
And banefit from the Kirk.
For sen ye maid the Paip a king
In Rome I cowld get na lugeing
Bot hyde me in the mirke.
Bot Lady SENSUALITIE
Senfyne hes gydit that cuntré
And mekle of the rest.

And

And now sche rewillis all this land
 And hes dereftit hir cummand
 That I fowld be oppreff.
 Bot all cumms for the beft
 To thame that lovis the Lord ;
 Thocht I be now oppreff
 I treift to be reftord.

*[Heir fall thay put hir in the ftockis : and sche fall fay
 to VERETIE,*

Syfter, allace this is a tairfull cace,
 That we with Princis fa fowld be abhord.

VERETIE.

Be blyth, Syfter, I treift within fchort fpace
 That we fal be richt honorablie reftord ;
 And with the King we fall be at concord.
 For I heir tell Divyne CORRECTIOUN
 Is now landid, thankit be God our Lord.
 I wait he will be our protectioun.

Finis of this Interlude.

Ane proclamatioun to be tane in eftirwart of the Parliament.

[PART

1900

1901

1902

1903

1904

1905

1906

1907

[PART II. OF THE PLAY *.]

I N T E R L U D E VII.

THE PARLIAMENT OF CORRECTION.

* See the Prologue next following.

P E R S O N S

KING CORRECTION.
KING HUMANITIE.
GUDE COUNSAL.
DILIGENCE.
KING CORRECTION'S SERVANT.
FALSET.
FLATTRY.
DISSAIT.
WANTONES.
VERITIE.
CHESTETIE.
THE THREE ESTAITS.
JOHNIE *the Common Weil.*
SARJANTES.
POVERTIE, *or the Puirman.*

INTERLUDE VII.

PROLOGUE.

Heir fall Messengir DILIGENCE say :

At the cumand of King HUMANITIE
I warne and charge all Memberis of Parliament,
Baith SPRITUALL STAIT, and TEMPORALITIE,
That to his Grace thay be obedient ;
And speid thame to the Court incontinent,
In gud order arrayit ryally.

Quho beis absent, or inobedient,
The kingis displefour thay fall underly.

And als I mak yow exortatioun,
Sen ye haif haired the first pairt of our play,
To tak ane drink, and mak collatioun :
Ilk man drink to his marrow I yow pray.
Tary nocht lang ; it is lait of the day :
Lat sum drink aill : and sum the cleret wyne.
Be grit Doctouris of Phefick I heir say
That mighty drink confortis a dull ingyne.

This versis eikit quhilk is in the first proclamatioun.

Prudent Pepill, I pray yow all,
Tak na man grief in speciall,

For we fall speik in general,
 For pastyme, be my fay.
 Thairfoir till that owr rymes be rung
 And owr mistonat fangis be sung
 Lat every man keip weill a tung
 And every woman tway.

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * I pray yow,

For that is even anewch to flay yow ;
 Becaus thair is to cum I fay yow
 The best pairt of our play.

S C E N E I.

KING CORRECTION'S BOY.

*[Heir fall Entir CORRECTION'S Varlet, for
 REFORMATION, and say :*

Syrs, stand abak, and hald yow coy ;
 I am the King CORRECTION'S Boy,
 Cum heir to dreifs his place.
 Se that ye mak obedience
 Unto his nobill Excellence,
 Fra time ye se his face.

For he makkis reformatiounis
Owt thruch all Cristin nationis,
Quhair he findis grit debaitis.
And, sa far as I undirstand,
He fall reforme into this land
All the THREE ESTAITIS.
God furth of hevin he hes him send,
To punciis all that dois offend
Unto his Majestie ;
As evir him list to tak vengeance,
Sumtyme with sward and pestilence,
With derth and powertie.
Bot quhen the Pepill dois repent,
And beis to God obedient,
Than will he gif thame grace :
Bot thay that will not be correctit,
Richt seddanly will be directit,
And fleimid far from his face.
For sylence I protest
Off Lord, Laird, and Leddy ;
Now will I run but rest,
And^rtell that all is reddy.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

DISSAIT, FLATTRY, FALSET.

DISSAIT.

Bruder, hard ye yone Proclamatoun?
 I dreid full fair for REFORMATION,
 Yone message makis me mangit.
 Quhat is your Counsale to me tell?
 Remane we heir, be God him fell,
 We will all thre be hangit.

FLATTRY.

I will ga to SPIRITUALITIE,
 And preiche owt thruche his Dyocie,
 Quhar I will be unknawin.
 Or keip me cloise into sum closter,
 With many petious pater nofter,
 Till all the boift be blawin.

DISSAIT.

I will be tretitt as ye ken
 With all my maisters the MARCHAND MEN,
 Quhilk can mak small debait.
 Ye ken rycht few of thame that thryves,
 Or can begyle the landwart wyves,
 Bot me thair man DISSAIT.
 Now FALSAT quhat fall be thy chift?

FAL-

FALSAT.

Na cair thou not, man, for my thrift;
 Trow thou that I be daft?
 Na I will leif a lufly lyfe,
 Withowttyn ony fturt or ftryfe,
 Amang the Men of Craft.

FLATTERY.

I will remane na mair befyd yow.
 I counfal yow richt weill to gyd yow:
 Byd nocht upoun CORRECTIOUN,
 Fairweill! I will na langar tary.
 I pray the alreche Quene of Fary
 To be your protectioun.

DISSAIT.

FALSAT, I wald we maid ane Band,
 Now quhill the King is found fleipand
 Quhat rax to fleill his Box.

FALSAT.

Na weill faid, be the Sacrament,
 That fl I do incontinent,
 Thocht it had twenty lokkis.

[Heir fall thay fleill the Kingis box.]

Lo heir the Box! now lat us ga:
 This may fuffyce for our rewardis.

DISSAIT.

Ye, that it may, man, be this day
 It may weill mak us landward Lairdis.
 Now latt us cast away thir Clayifs,
 In dreid sum follow on the Chace.

FALSAT.

Richt weill devyfit, be St. BLAIS.
 Wald God we war out of this place!

[Heir fall they cast away their Counterfeit Clais.]

DISSAIT.

Now sen thair is no man to wrang us,
 I pray yow, Bruder, with all my hairt,
 Latt us now pairt this pelf amang us;
 Syne heftelly lat us depairt.

FALSAT.

Trowis thow to get as mekill as I?
 That fall thow not: I stall the box.
 Thow did nothing but luik it by,
 And lurkit lik a wily fox.

DISSAIT.

Thy heid fall beir a cuppill of knokkis,
 Pelour, without I get my pairt.
 Swyth, hursone smaik, ryve up the lokkis,
 Or I fall sliik the thruche the hairt.

[Heir fall they fecht with sylence.]

FALSAT.

FALSAT.

Allace for evir, myne Ee is owt!
Wallouway will no man red the men?

DISSAIT.

Upoun thy cloff tak thair a clowt!
To be cowrtace I fall thé ken.
Fairweill, for I am at the flycht,
I will not byd on na demandis;
And we tway meit agane this nycht,
Tuay feit fall be worth fourty handis.

SCENE III.

CORRECTION, GUDE COUNSALL.

CORRECTION *enterris.*

*Itak heir bot certane schort pairtis owt of the speichis;
becaus of the lang Proccsse of the Play.*

CORRECTION.

I am ane Juge, richt potent and severe,
Cum, to do Justice, mony thowfsand myle.
I am sa constant, baith in pease and weir,
Na bud nor favour ma my face ourfyle.
Thair is thairfoir richt mony in this Yle
Of my repair, but dowl, quhilk dois repent:
Bot vertowfs men, I trest, fall on me smyle;
And of my cuming be richt weill content.

GUDE COUNSALL.

Welcum, my Lord, welcum ten thousand tymis
 Till all faithfull and trew men of this regioun!
 Welcum for till correct all falsis and crymis,
 Amang this cankart Congregatioun!
 Lowifs CHESTETIE, I mak ye supplicatioun,
 And put till fredome fair Lady VERETIE,
 Quhilk be unfaithfull folk of this regioun
 Lies bind ful fast into captivitie.

CORRECTIOWN.

I mervel, GUD COUNSALL, quhow that may be;
 Ar ye not with the King familiar?

GUD COUNSALL.

That am I not, my lord, full wais me!
 Bot lyk ane brybour halden at the Bar;
 Thay play Bokeik, even as I war a skar.
 Thair come thre knavis, in cleithing counterfeit,
 And fra the King thay gart me stand afar;
 Quhois names war FALSAT, FLATTERY, and DISSAIT.
 Bot quhen the knavis hard tell of your coming
 Thay stail away, ilk ane ane fundry gait,
 And kest fra thame thair counterfeit clothing:
 For thair loving full weill thay can debait;
 The MARCHAND MEN thay haife resset DISSAIT;
 And for FALSET full weill, my Lord, I ken
 He will be richt weill trettet, air and late,
 Amang the maist pairt of the CRAFTISMEN.

FLATTERY

FLATTERY hes tane the hebit of a Freir,
Purpoising to begyle the SPIRITUALL ESTAIT,

C O R R E C T I O U N .

But dowt, my freinds, and I life half a yeir;
I fall dryve fer owt thair Iniquitie.
Quhair lyis yone Laddies in captivitie?
Quhow now Systeris quho hes yow so disgyfit?

S C E N E IV.

CORRECTIOUN, GUDE COUNSALL, VERITIE,
CHESTITIE.

V E R I T I E .

Unmerciful Memberis of Iniquitie
Dispytfully hes us, my Lord, suppryfit.

C O R R E C T I O U N .

Ga put yone Ladies to thair libertie
Incontinent, and brek down all the Stokkis.
Bot dowt they ar full deir welcum to me.
Mak diligence; me think ye do bot mokkis;
Speid hand, and spair not for to brek the lokkis,
And tendirly tak thame up be the hand.
Had I thame heir the knavis fowld ken my knokkis,
That thame opprest, and bancifit this land.

[*Heir fall they be tane out of the Stokkis: and they fall say:*
We thank you, Syr, of your benignitie;

Bot I beseik your Majestie Royall,
 That ye wald pass to King HUMANITIE ;
 And fleme fra hym yone Lady SENSUALL,
 And entir in his Service GUD COUNSALE,
 For ye will find him very counsalable.

CORRECTIOUN.

Cum on, Sisteris ; as ye haif said I fall.
 And gar hym stand at yow thre firme and stable.

S C E N E V.

CORRECTIOUN, GUD COUNSAL, VERITIE,
 CHESTITIE, KING HUMANITIE.

[*Heir fall GUD COUNSALL, VERETIE, and CHESTETIE,*
cum to the KING, with CORRECTIOUN.

CORRECTIOUN.

Get up, Syr King! ye haif sleipit anewch
 Into the armes of Lady SENSUALL.
 Be seme that moit belangis to the pleuch,
 As afterwart perchans reherfs I fall.
 Remember how the King SARDANPALL
 Amang fair Ladys tuk his lust sa lang,
 So that the maist part of his Leigis all
 Rebeld, and syne hym dulfully doun thrang.
 Remember how, into the tyme of NOY,
 For the fowille stink and sin of Lechery,
 God, be my wand, did all the warld destroy.

Edom and *Gomer* richt so full rigourously
 For that self syn war brunt richt crewally.
 Thairfoir I the cummand incontinent
 To ceise from that huir SENSUALITIE,
 Or ellis bot dowt rudly thow salt repent.

KING:

Be quhome haif ye sa grit awtoritie,
 Quhilk dois presome for till correct a King?
 Know ye not me the King HUMANITIE,
 That in my regioun royally did ring?

CORRECTIOUN.

I haif power grit Princis to doun thring,
 That leivis contrar the Majestie Devyne;
 Agane the trewth quhilk planely dois maling;
 But thay repent: and put thame to REWINE.
 I will begin at the, quhilk is the heid,
 And mak on the first Reformatioun.
 Thy Leigis than will follow the but pleid.
 Swyth, Harlott, hence without dellatioun!

SENSUALITIE.

My Lord, I mak yow supplicatioun
 Gif me licence to pass agane to *Rome*;
 Among the Princis of that natioun
 I lat you wit my bewty thair will blome.

[*Heir fall SENSUALITIE depairt fra the KING.*]

CORRECTION.

My Lord, sen ye ar quyt of SENSUALITIÉ,
 Reffaif into your Service GUD COUNSALE,
 And richt so this fair Ledy CHESTETIE,
 Till ye mary sum QUENE of blude royall.
 Observe than CHESTETIE matrimoniall.
 Richt so reffaif heir VERETIE be the hand.
 Use thair Cunsale, your fame fall never fall;
 Thairfoir with thame mak ane perpetuall band.

[Heir fall the King reffaif the thre Vertues.]

KING.

I am content your cunfall till inclyne;
 Ye beand of sa gud condition.
 At your cummand fall be all that is myne,
 And heir I gif you full Commissioun
 To punish faultis, and gif remissioun.
 To all vertew I shall be conforable:
 With you I fall confirme an unioun;
 And at your counfall stand ay firme and stable,

CORRECTION.

I counsale yow, incontinent,
 Agane proclaie the Parliament
 Of all the THREE ESTAITIS.
 That thay be heir with diligence,
 To mak to yow obedience,
 And sone drefs all debaites.

KING.

KING.

That fall be done, but mair demand.
 How Diligence ! cum heir fra hand,
 And tak your informatioun.*
 Ga warne the SPRITUALITIE,
 Richt fo the TEMPORALITIE,
 To gif us their Counfallis.
 Quho so beis absent, to thame schaw
 That thay fall underly our Law,
 And puneist be that failis.

DILIGENCE.

Schyr, I fall baith in Bruch and Land,
 With diligence do your cumand,
 Upon my awin expense.
 Schyr, I haif serwitt all this yeir,
 Bot I gat nevir ane dynneir
 Yet for my recompense.

KING.

Pafs on; for thou fall be regairdit,
 And for thy service weil rewardit.
 For quhy, with my consent,
 Thou fall haif yeirly for thy hyre,
 The teind mussells of the Ferry myre,
 Conformand to Parliament.

* Here half a stanza seems wanting.

DILIGENCE.

I will get riches with that rent,
 Efter the day of Dome,
 Quhen in the coillpitts of *Tranent*
 Butter will grow on brome.
 All night I had sa mekill drewth,
 I nicht not sleip a wink.
 Or I proclame ocht with my mowth,
 But dowl I mon have drink.

S C E N E VI.

KING, HUMANITIE, CORRECTIOUN, WANTONES,
 VERITIE, CHASTITIE.

CORRECTIOUN.

Cum heir, PLACEBO, and SOLLACE,
 With your Cumpanyeoun WANTONES;
 I ken weill your condition.
 For tyfing of HUMANITIE
 To reffliff SENSUALITIE,
 Ye mon suffer punitioun.

WANTONES.

We grant, my Lord, we haif done ill:
 Thairfoir we put us in your will.
 Bot we have bene abusit.
 For in gud faith, Syr, we beleivit

That

That Lichery cowld na man haiff greivit,
 Becaus it is so ufit.
 Schyr, we fall mend our condition,
 So ye gif us ane free remission;
 Bot gif us leif to sing,
 To dance, and play at Chers, and Tabblis;
 To reid Storyis, and mirry Fabillis,
 For plefour of the King.

CORRECTIOUN.

So that ye do nott udyr Cryme,
 Ye sal bepardon'd at this tyme.
 For quhy, as I suppoise,
 Princis sumtyme mon seik follace
 With mirth, and lefull mirrenes,
 Their spreitis to rejoyis.

KING.

Quhair is SAPIENCE, and DISCRETIOUN?
 And quhy cumis not DEVOTIOUN nar?

VERETIE.

SAPIENCE, Syr, was ane verry Loun,
 And DESCRETION was nyne tymes war.
 The futh, Syr, gif I wald report,
 Thay did begyle your Excellence;
 And wald not suffer to resort
 Non of us thre to your presence.

CHAISTETIE.

Thay thre was FLATTERY, and DISSEIT,
 And FALSAT, that unhappy loun.
 Againis us thre quhilk maid debait,
 And baneist us fra toun to toun.
 Thay gart us tway fall into foun,
 Quhen thay us lokkit in the stokkis,
 That dastard quhilk ye calld DISCRETIOUF
 Full thiftously he stail your box.

KING.

The Divill tak thame, for thay ar gane!
 Me thocht thame ay thre very smaikis.
 I mak ane vow to sweit sanct FILANE
 Get I thame, thay fall beir thair paikis.
 I se thay playd with me the glaikkis.
 GUD COUNSALL now schew me the best;
 Sen I fix on you thre my staikis,
 How fall I keep my realme in rest?

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

KING HUMANITIE, CORRECTION, DILIGENCE,
 JOHNE THE COMMON WEIL, THE THREE
 ESTAITIS, FLATTERY, FALSET.

*[Heir fall the THREE ESTAITIS compeir to the
 Parliament; And the KING fall say:]*

My prudent Lordis of the thre Estaitis,
 It is our will, aboif all oydil thing,
 For to reforme all thay that makkis debaitis;
 Contrair the richt quhilk daylie dois maling.
 And thay that dois the commoun weill doun thring.
 With help and counfall of king CORRECTION,
 It is our will for to mak puniffing,
 And plane Oppreffouris put to subjection.

DILIGENCE.

All mener of men I warne, that bene opprest,
 Cum and complene, and thay fall be redrest;
 For quhy it is yone nobill Princis willis,
 That all Compleneris fall gif in thair billis.

JOHNE THE COMMOUN WEILL.

Owt of my gait, for Goddis faik lat me gae.
 Tell me agane, gud maister, quhat ye fae?

DILIGENCE.

I warne all that bene wrangulſy affendit,
Cum and complene, and they fall be amendit.

COMMON WEILL.

Thanket be Chriſt, that ware the Croun of Thorne!
For I was never ſo blyth ſen I war borne.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat is thy name, Fallow, that wald I feill?

JOHNIE.

Forſuth they call me JOHNIE the COMMOUN WEILL.
Gude maifter, I wald ſpeir at you ane thing,
Quhar treſt ye fall I find yone new maid king?

DILIGENCE.

Cum our, and I ſhall ſchaw the till his grace.

JOHNIE.

Now Goddis braid benniefon licht upon that face!
Stand by the gait: lat ſe gif I can loup.
I mon run faſt in dreid I get a cowp.

*[Heir fall JOHNIE run to lowp ower the watter, and
he fall fall in the middis of it.]*

DILIGENCE.

Speid the away, thou tarreis all to lang.

JOHNIE.

JOHNIE.

Syr, be this day I nicht not faster gang.
 Gud day ! Gud day ! God faif baith your Gracis !
 Waly, Waly, fa tha twa weill fard facis !

KING.

Schaw me thy name, Gud man, I the command.

JOHNIE.

Mary, JOHNIE THE COMMOUN WEILL OF FAIR SCOT-
 LAND.

KING.

The Common weill has bene amang his Fais,

JOHNIE.

Ye, that, syr, garris the Commoun weill want Clais.

CORRECTIONN.

Quhome upoun complene ye, or quho maks yow debaitis ?

JOHNIE.

Syr I complene upoun the KING, and all the THREE ES-
 TAITIS.

As for our reverend Faders of SPRITUALITIE
 Ar led be covetyce this Carle, and Temporalitie.
 And, als ye se, TEMPORALITIE hes need of correctiounn.
 Quhilk hes lang tyme bene led be publick Oppressoun,
 Lo se quhair the loun lyis lurkand at his bak !
 Get up, I think to se thy Craig gar a raip crak.

How, fenzeit FLATTERY! the feind fart on that face;
 Quhen ye war gyddar of the Court we gat littill grace.
 Ryis up FALSAT, and DISSAIT, withowtyn ony fenyie,
 I pray God nor the Divills Dam dryt on that grunyie.
 Behald as the loin luikis even lyk a Thieff.
 Mony wicht workmen ye haif brocht to mischeiff.
 My Soverane Lord CORRECTIOUN, I mak yow sup-
 plication,
 Put thir tryit tratouris from Christis Congregatioun.

CORRECTIOUN.

As ye haif devyfit, but dowt it fall be done.
 Cum heir annone, my Serjandis, and do your 'det sone.
 Put first the three pilouris into the prison strang:
 Howbeid ye hang thame heftelly ye do thame na wrang.

FIRST SARJAND.

Soverane Lord, we fall obey all your commandis.
 Bruder, upoun thay Harlottis lay your handis.
 Ryifs up, Lowry, ye luik even lyk a lurdane,
 Your mowth war meit even to drink owt a jurdane.

2d SARJAND.

Cum heir, Goffop, cum heir, cum heir.
 Your rakles lyff ye fall repent;
 Quhen had ye wont to be sa sweir?
 Stand still, and be obedient.

1st SARJAND.

Thair is not ane in all this toun,
 (Bot I wald nocht this tale was told)

Bot I wald hang him for his gown,
 Quhidder he war Lord or Laird.
 I trow this pylour be spurgawd,
 Thow art ane stiff knaife I stand ford.
 Howbeid I se thy scalp, Syr, skawd ;
 Put in thyne handis into this cord.

[Heir ar thay led, and put in the fiokkis.]

GUD COUNSALL.

My werdy Lordis, sen that ye haif on hand
 Sum reformatioun to mak into this land,
 And als ye knaw it is the Kingis mynd,
 Quhilk to the COMMON WEILL hes ay bene kind,
 Thocht reiff and thift war slanchit weill anewch,
 Yit sumthing mair belangis to the plewch.
 Now into peas ye fowld provyd for weiris,
 And be seur off how mony thowsand speiris
 The king man be, quhen he hes ocht ado :
 Forquhy, my Lordis, this is my reffoune lo,
 The husbandmen and commonis thay war wownt,
 Go in the battell, formast in the brount.
 Bot I haif tynt all my experience,
 Withowt ye mak sum better diligence,
 The Common Weill mon othir way is be stylyt,
 Or be my faith the realme will be begylit.
 Thir peur Commounis, daylie as ye may sie,
 Declynes doun till extreme povertie ;
 For some ar heichtit so into thair maill,
 Thair wyning will nocht find thame water caill.

How Kirkmen heicht thair teindis it is weill knawin,
 That husbandmen noways may hald thair awin.
 And now begynnis a plaig upoun thame new,
 That Gentellmen their steadings takkis in few.
 Thus mon thay pay grit fairm, or leiff the stad;
 And sum ar planely hurlit owt be the had,
 That ar destroyit, without God on thame rew.

POVERTIE.

Syr, be Goddis breid, that taill is very trew.
 It is weill kend I had baith nolt and horfs;
 Now all my geir ye se upoun my corfs.

CORRECTIOUN.

Or I depairt I think to mak gud ordour.

COMMOUN WEILL.

I pray yow, Syr, begyn then at the bordour.
 For quhow fowld we defend us agane *England*,
 Quhen we can not, within our native land,
 Distroy our awin *Scottis*, tratour Thewis,
 That to leill labouriris daily dois myscheivis.
 War I ane king, my Lord, be cokkis woundis
 Quhaevir held commoun theivis within their boundis,
 Quhairthruich that leill men daily might be wrangit,
 Without remeid thair cheftanis fowld be hangit,
 Quhidder he war a knycht, Lord, or Laird;
 The Divill beir me till Hell, and he war spaird!

TEMPORALITIE.

Quhat oydir ennemyis hes thow, lat us ken?

COMMON WEILL.

Schyr, I complene upoun all ydill men.

Forquhy, Syr, it is Goddis awin bidding

All Cristinmen to wirk for thair leving.

Santt Pawle, the pillar of the kirk,

Sayis to tha wrachis that will not wirk,

And bene to vertowis labour laith,

Qui non laborat, non manducat:

This being in *Inglis* toung to treit,

“Quho laboris nocht he fall not eit.”

This bene agane thir strang beggarris,

Fidlaris, Pypparis, and Pardonnares,

Thir Juglaris, Jestouris, and ydill fenjouris,

Thir Ballett Beraris, and thir Bairdis;

Thir sweir swengeouris with Lordis and Lairdis,

Mo than thair rentis may sustene,

Ar to thair profeit neidfull bene.

Quhilk bene ay blythist of discordis,

And deidly feid amang the Lordis.

For than thay Tratouris mon be treittit,

Or ellis thair quarrellis ar undebaitit.

And Monkis, Preistis, Channonis, and Freiris,

Augustynes, Carmalytis, and Cordeleiris;

And uthyrs that in Cowllis bene cled;

Quhilk laboris not and bene weill fed.

CORRECTION.

Quhome upoun, man, wilt thou complene ?

JOHNE.

Mary, Syr, ma and mae agane.
 For the peur pepill cryis with teiris
 The grit misfusing of Justice Airs,
 Exercit mair for covetyce,
 Nor for puniffing of vyce.
 Ane pegrall theif, that steilis a cow,
 Is hangit; bot he that steilis a bow
 With als mekill geir as he may turfs,
 That theiff is hangit be the purfs.
 So pykand peprall theivis ar hangit:
 Bot he that all the world hes wrangit,
 A crewill tyrrand, a strang transgressour,
 Ane commoun public plane oppreffour,
 By buddis will he obtene favouris:
 Off Thesaurar, and Compositouris,
 Thocht he terve grit puniffioun,
 Gettis esy Compositioun;
 And thruche lawis Confistoriall,
 Prolixt, corrupt, and pertiall,
 The Commoun pepill ar put at under:
 Thocht thay be peur it is na wonder.

C O R R E C T I O U N .

Gud JOHNIE, I grant all that is trew,
 Your infortune full fair I rew.
 Or I pairt off this natioun
 I fall mak reformatioun.
 And als my LORDIS TEMPORALITIE,
 I yow cummand in tyme that yee
 Expell oppressioun of your landis.
 And als I say to yow MARCHANDIS,
 And evir I fynd, be land or see,
 DISSAIT into your cumpanie,
 Quhilk ar to commoun weill contrair,
 I wov to God I fall not spair,
 To put my sword to executioun,
 And mak on yow extreme puniffioun.
 Mairattour, my LORD TEMPORALITIE,
 In gudly haift I will that yie
 Lett into few your temporall landis,
 To men that labourris with thair handis ;
 Bot nocht to Jenkyne Gentill man,
 That nowdir will he work, or can ;
 Quhairby that pollece may encrefs.

T E M P O R A L I T I E .

I am content, Syr, be the Mefs,
 Swa that the SPRITUALITIE
 Lett thairis in few, als weill as we.
 My SPRITUALL Lordis ar ye content ?

SPRITUALITIE.

Na, we man tak avysiment.
 In sic materis for to conclude
 Our heftelly, I think nocht gude.

CORRECTIOUN.

Conclude ye not with the commoun weill,
 Ye fal be puncist be sweit Sant JEILL.

SRITUALITIE.

Syr, I can schaw yow exemptioun
 Fra yowr temporall puniffioun,
 The quhilk we purpoifs to debaitt.

CORRECTION.

Wa than ye think to stryve for Stait.
 My Lordis, quhat say ye to this play?

TEMPORALITIE.

My Soverane Lord, we will obey,
 And tak your pairt with hairt and hand,
 Quhatevir ye pleifs us to cummand.

[Heir fall thay sit down and ask Grace.]

Bot we befeik yow our Soverane
 Of all our crymes that ar bygane
 To gif us twa ane full remiffioun.

And

And heir we mak to yow condiffioun,
The Commoun Weill for till defend,
From hyneforth till our lyvis end.

CORRECTIOUN.

On that condition I am content
Till pardoun yow, fen ye repent,
And COMMOUN WEILL tak be the hand,
And mak with him perpetual band.

[*Heir fall thay embrace the COMMOUN WEILL.*]

CORRECTIOUN.

JOHNIE, haif ye ony mae debaitis
Aganis my Lordis the SPRITUAL Estaitis ?

JOHNIE.

Na, Syr, we dar not speik a word.
To plene on Preiftis it is na bowrd.

SPRITUALITIE.

Flyte on the fule, fule, I defy the,
Sa thow schaw bot the veretie.

JOHNIE.

Gramercy, than fall I not speir.
First to complene to our Vicar;
The peur cottar lyand to die,
Havand small Bairnis twa or thre,

And hes twa ky, withowttn mo,
 The Vicar must haif on of tho,
 With the gray coit, that happis the bed,
 Howbeid the wyfe be pearly cled.
 And gif the wyfe de on the morne,
 Thocht all the bairnis fowld be forlorne,
 The udir cow he cleikis away,
 With hir peur coit of raplack gray.
 Wald God this custome war put doun,
 Quhiik nevir wes foundit be reshone.

TEMPORALITIE.

Ar all thy tailis trew that thow tellis?

POVERTIE.

Trew, Syr! the Divill stik me ellis.
 For, be the holy Trinitie,
 That fame was practik upoun me.
 For our Vicar, God gif him pyne,
 Hes yit thre tydy ky of myne;
 Ane for my fader, and for my wife ane uder,
 The thrid kow he tuik for MEG my meder.

JOHNIE.

Our persone heir he takkis no othyr pyne,
 Bot to ressaiff hys teindis, and spend thame fyne.
 Howbeid that he be obleist be ressoun
 To preiche the Evangill to his parichoun;

And

And thocht thay want the preiching seventyne yeir,
Our parsons will not want ane sheiff of beir.

TEMPORALITIE.

Furfuth, my Lordis, I think we fowld conclude,
Towching this cow ye haif ane confwetude,
We will decerne heir that the kingis grace
Sall wryte unto the Paipis halynes,
With his consent, be proclamatioun,
Baith cors present, and cow, we fall cry doun.

SPIRITUALITIE.

To that, my Lordis, planely we disconsent.
Notar, thair of I tak an instrument.

SCRIBE.

Ye gar me wryt mony fundry act,
And to me ye nevir cast in a plach.

POVERTY.

Ha, my Lordis, for the holy Trinitie,
Remember for to reforme the Consistory;
It hes mair need of reformatioun,
Nor PLUTOIS Court, be coddie passiou.

PERSONE.

Quhat caufs hes thow, pylour, for to plenyie?
Quhair wes thow evir summond to thair senyie?

POVERTIE.

Mary, I lent my goffop my meir to fetche in coillis,
 And he hir drownit into the quarrell hoillis ;
 And I ran to the Country for to p'enyie,
 And thair I hapnit amang ane greddy menyie.
 They gaif me first ane thing thay call *citandum*,
 Within aucht dayis I got bot *lybellandum*,
 Within ane month I gat, *ad opponendum*,
 In half a yeir I gat *ad interloquendum*,
 And syn I gat, quhow call ye it, *ad replicandum*.
 Bot I cowld nevir ane word yet understand him.
 And than thay gart me cast owt mony plakkis ;
 And gart me pay for four and twenty actis ;
 Bot or thay cum half gait *ad concludendum*,
 The fiend a plack was left for to defend him.
 Thus thay postponit me twa yeir with thair traine ;
 Syne *hodie ad cetero* bad me cum agane.
 And than thay ruikis thay rowpitt woundir fast ;
 For sentence-sylver thay cryit at the last.
 Off *pronunciandum* thay maid me wounder fane
 But I gat never my gud grey meir agane.

TEMPORALITIE.

My Lordis, we mon reforme thir consistory lawis,
 Quhois grit desame abone the Hevin blawis.
 I wist ane man in persewing a cow,
 Or he had done he spendit half a bow ;

So that the Kingis honour we may advance
 We will conclude as thay haif done in *France*.
 Lat spirituall maters pass to SPRITUALITIE;
 And temporall maters to TEMPORALITIE.
 Quho failis in this fall coist thame of thair gude.
 Scryb, mak an Act for so we will conclude.

SPRITUALITIE.

That act, my Lordis, planely I yow declair,
 It is aganis our profite singular.
 Till all your actis planely I discontent.
 Notar, thairof I tak an instrument.



INTERLUDE VIII.

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE VICES.

PERSONS.

CORRECTION.
KING HUMANITIE.
GUDE COUNSAL.
COMMON WEIL.
SARJANTS.
POVERTIE.
COMMOUN THIFT.
OPPRESSIOUN.
FLATTERY.
FALSET.
DISSAIT.

INTERLUDE VIII.

SCENE I.

COMMOUN THIFT, POVERTIE.

Heir fall entir COMMOUN THIFT.

Ga by the gait, man, lat me gang.
 How Divill come I into this thrang?
 With forrow I may sing my fang,
 And I be tane.
 I haif run, baith nicht and day:
 Thruich speid of fute I gat away.
 Bot be I kend heir, walloway,
 I will be flane.

POVERTIE.

Quhat is thy name, man, be thy thift?

THIFT.

Hurfone, thay call me COMMOUN THIFT,
 For I had nevir na udir chift,
 Sen I was borne.

In *Ewisdale* was my dwelland place.

Mony wyf gart I cry allace!

At my hand thay gat nevir grace,

Bot ay forlorne.

Sum fayis ane king is cum amang us,

That purpoiffis to heid and hang us;

Thair is na grace and he may fang us,

Bot on ane pin.

Ring he, we thieves will get na gude.

I pray God, and the holy rude,

Sen he had smord untill his cude,

And all his kyn.

Get this curst king men in his grippis,

My craig will wit quhat weyis my hippis*.

The Divill I gif thair tung and lippis,

That off me tellis.

Adev! I dar nocht langar tary,

For be I kend thay will me kary,

And put me in ane fery fary,

I see nocht ellis.

I raif, be him that herreit hell,

I had alnait forget myfell.

Will na gud fallow to me tell

Quhair I may find

The Erle of ROTHEs' best haikney?

That wes my eirand heir away.

* This seems a translation of the noted line of Villon the French poet, who wrote about 1450,

Sçauroit mon col que mon cul poise.

He is richt stark, as I heir say,
And swift as wind.

Heir is my bryddill, and my spurris,
To gar him lanfs our feild and furris.
Might I him gett now owir the durris
I tak na cure.

Off that horfs micht I get ane sicht,
I haif na dowl yit or midnight,
That he and I fowld tak the flicht
Thruich *Dysart* muir.

Off cumpanary tell me, bruder,
Quhilk is the richt way to the *Stouder*;
I wald me welcum to my moder
Gif I nicht speid.

I wald gif baith my hat and bonnat,
To gett my Lord; and sayis Broun JONAT
War we beyond the watter of *Annat*
We fowld not dreid.

Quhat now OPPRESSOUN, my bruder deir,
Quhat mekill Divill hes brocht the heir?
Maister tell me the caufs perquier
Quhat ye haiff done?

S C E N E II.

COMMOUN THIFT, OPPRESSIOUN.

OPPRESSOUN.

Forfuth the Kingis Majestie
 Hes fet me heir as ye may se.
 Micht I speik with TEMPORALITIE,
 He wald releiff me sone.
 Bot half an hour for to fit heir *
 Ye know that I was nevir sweir
 Yow till defend.
 Put in your leg into my place ;
 And heir I sweir be Goddis Grace
 Yow to releiff within schort space,
 Syne latt yow wend.

THIFT.

Than Maister deir, gif me your hand,
 And mak to me ane sewir band,
 That ye fall cum agane fra hand
 Withowttyn fail.

* A line wanting.

OPPRESSOUN.

Tak thair my hand richt hairtfully ;
 Als I promit the verealy
 To giff to the ane cuppill of ky,
 In *Liddisdale*.

*Heir fall COMMOUN THIFT put his feit in the stokkis ;
 and OPPRESSOUN fall stiel away and betray him.*

Bruder, tak patience in thy pane,
 For I sweir the be Sanct FILLANE
 We twa fall nevir meit agane,
 In land nor toun.

THIFT.

Maister, will ye not keip conditioun ?
 And put me furth of this suspicioun ?

OPPRESSOUN.

Na, nevir quhill I get remissioun.
 Adew my cumpanyeoun.
 I fall cummand the to thy dame.

THIFT.

Adew than, in the Divillis name.
 For to be fals thinkis thow na schame ?
 To leif me in this pane
 Thow art ane loun, and that ane liddier.

OPPRESSOUN.

Roman, I will go to *Baqubidder*.
 It fall be pasche, be Goddis moder,

Or evir we meit agane.

Haif I nocht maid ane honest chift

That hes betrafit COMMOUNE THIFT?

For thair is nocht under the list

A curstar corfs.

I am richt feur that he and I,

Within this half yeir, craftelley

Hes stowin ane thowfsand sheip and ky,

By meiris and horfs.

War God that I war found and haill

Now listit into *Liddisdail*,

The *Mers* fowld fynd me beiff and cail,

Quhat rack of breid?

War I thair lyftit with my lyfe,

The Divill fowld styk me with a knyffe,

And evir I cum agane in *Fyfe*,

Quhill I wer deid.

Adew! I leif the Divill amang yow,

That in his fingaris he may fang yow,

With all leill men that dois belang yow.

For I may rew

That ever I cum into this land.

For quhy ye may weill understand

I gat na geir to turn my hand.

Git anis adew!

[Exit.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

CORRECTION, KING HUMANITIE, FLATTRY,
 FALSET, DISSAIT, GUDE COUNSAL,
 SARJANTS, POVERTIE.

CORRECTION.

I Counfall yow, Syr, now fra hand,
 Gar baneifs yone frier owt of this land,
 And that incontinent.
 Do ye not so, withowttn weir,
 He will mak all this toun on feir,
 I know his fals intent.
 Yone flattrand knavis, withowttn fable,
 I think thay are nocht profitable
 For Christis Regioun.
 To begin reformatioun
 Mak of thame deprivatioun,
 This is my opinion.

FIRST SARJAND.

Come, Syr, pleifs ye that we twa inbind thame?
 And ye fall se us sone degrade thame
 Of rewle, and skaiparie.

CORRECTION.

Pafs on, I am richt weill content.
 Syne baneifs thame incontinent
 Out of this countré.

FIRST SARJAND.

Cum on, Syr Freir, and be nocht fleit ;
 The king our maister mon be obeyit,
 Bot ye fall haif na harme.
 Gif ye wald travaill fra town to town,
 I think this hude, and haly gown,
 Will hawld your wame ourwarme.

FLATTERY.

Now quhat is this, yone monstouris menis ?
 I am exemit fra kingis and quenis,
 And fra all human law.

2D SARJAND.

Tak ye the hud, and I the gown.
 This lymmar luikis als lyk a loun,
 As ony that evir I faw.

1ST SERJAND.

Thir Freirs to escaip puniffioun,
 Haldis thame at thair exemptioun,
 And no man will obey.
 Thay ar exemit, I yow affeure,

Fra Paipis, Kingis, and Empreour,
And that makkis all the play.

2D SARJAND.

On Domefday, quhen Chryft fall fay
Venite, Benedicti;
The Freiris will fay, without delay,
Nos fuimus exempti.

[*Heir fall thay spulyie FLATTERY of the Kings habite.*

GUD COUNSAL.

Syr, be the Haly Trinitie,
This famen is fenyeit FLATTERIE,
I ken hym be his face.
Belevand for to get promotioun,
He said that hys name was DEVOTIOUN;
And so begyld your Grace.

1ST SARJAND.

Cum on, Syr FLATTERY, be the mests
We fall leir yow to daunce,
Within any bonny littill space,
Ane new paven of *Fraunce.*

FLATTERY.

Now, my Lord, for Goddis saik lat nocht hang me,
Howbeid thir widdy fowis wald wrang me;
I can mak no debait,
To win my meit at plewch or harrowis.

Bot I fall help to hang my marrowis,
Baith FALSAT, and DISSAIT.

CORRECTIOUN.

Than pass thy way, and graith the gallowis,
Syne help for to hang up thy fallowis,
Thow gettis na udder grace.

FLATTRY.

Off that office I am content.
Bot our Prellattis I dreid repent
Be I fleand from thair face.

*Heir fall FLATTRY pass to the stokkis, and sit besyd his
marrowis.*

DISSAIT.

Now FLATTRY, my awld cumpanyeoun
Quhat dois yone King CORRECTIOUN ?
Knewis thow not his entent ?
Declair till us of thy novellis.

FLATTRY.

Yeill all be hangit, I se nocht ellis,
And that incontinent.

DISSAIT.

Now Walloway ! will he gar hang us ?
The Divill brocht yone curst king amang us,
For mekill flurt and stryfe.

FLAT-

FLATTERY.

I had bene put to deid amang yow,
 Had nocht I tuik on hand to hang yow,
 And so I favit my lyf.
 I heir thame say thay will cry doun
 All freiris and preiftis of this regioun,
 Sa far as I can feill ;
 Becaus thay ar not necessar.
 And als thay ar all hail contrar
 To JOHNIE THE COMMON WEILL.

POVERTIE.

Now I beseik yow, for all hallowis,
 Gar hang DISSAIT, and all his fallowis ;
 And baneifs FLATTERY off the town,
 For thair was nevir sic ane loun.
 That beand done I hald it best
 That every man go tak his rest.

CORRECTION.

As thow hes said, it fall be done.
 Swyth Sarjands hang yone swingeours sone.
*Heir jall the Sarjands lowis thame first of the stokkis ;
 and leid thame to the Gallowis.*

1ST SARJAND.

Cum heir, Sir Theif: cum heir, cum heir.
 Quhen war ye wont to be sa sweir ?

To hunt cattell ye war ay speidy ;
Thairfor ye fall waif in a widdy.

THIFT.

Man I be hangit ? Allace ! Allace !
Is thair nane heir may get me grace ?
Yit or I de gif me a drink.

1ST SARJAND.

Fy hurfone Cairle, I feill a stink.

THIFT.

Thocht Iwald not that it war wittin
Schyr, in gud faith * * *
To wit the veretie gif ye pleifs,
* * * * *

1ST SARJAND.

Thow art ane lymmar, I stand ford.
Slip in thy heid into this cord,
For thow had never ane metar tippit.

THIFT.

Allace ! this is ane fallone rippat !
The widdifow wardannis tuik my geir,
And left me nowdir hors nor meir,
Nor erdly gud that me belangit :
Now Walloway I mon be hangit !

Repent your lyvis, all plane oppreffowris,
 Or ellis ga chufe yow gude confeffouris ;
 And mak yow ford.

For, and ye tary in this land,
 And cum undir CORRECTIONIS band,
 Your grace fall be, I undirstand,
 Ane gud shairp cord.

Adew my bruthir *Annan* theivis,
 That holpit me in my mischeivis ;
 Adew *Grossars*, *Nikfonis*, and *Bellis*,
 Oft haif we fairne owthruch the fellis.

Adew *Robfon*, *Howis*, and *Pylis*,
 That in our craft hes mony wylis.

Littlis, *Trumblis*, and *Amestrangis* ;
 Adew all theivis that me belangis !

Tailyeouris, *Erewynis*, and *Elvandis*,
 Speidy of flicht, and flicht of handis ;
 The *Scottis* of *Eisdaill*, and the *Gramis*,
 I haif na tyme to tell your namis.

With King CORRECTIONOUN be ye fangit,
 Beleif richt feur ye will be hangit.

1ST SARJAND.

Speid hand man with thy clitter clattar.

THIFT.

For Goddis saik, man, lat me mak wattar.
 Howbeid I haif bene catt ll gredy,
 It is schame to pische in a widdy.

Heir fall FLATTERY bang THIFT.

2 SARJAND.

Cum heir, DISSAIT, my companyeoun.
 Saw evir man lykar ane loun
 To hing upoun ane Gallowis ?

DISSAIT.

This is anewcht to mak me mangit.
 De'll fell me, sen I men be hangit,
 Lat me speik with my fallowis.
 I trow, man, Fortoun brocht me heir.
 Quhat mekill fiend maid me sa speidy ?
 Sen it was said, it was fevin yeir,
 That I fowld waif into a widdy.
 I leird, my maisteris, to be greidy:
 Adew for I fe na remeid,
 Se quhat it is to be evyll deidy.

2D SARJAND.

Now in this helter put in thyne heid.
 Staud still, me think ye draw abak.

DISSAIT.

Allace, maister, ye hurt my crag.

2D SARJAND.

It will hurt bettir, I wid ane plak,
 Richt now, quhen ye hing on ane knag.

DISSAIT.

Adew my maisteris MARCHAND MEN,
 I haif ye serwit, as ye ken,
 Trewly, baith air and lait.
 I fay to yow, for conclusioun,
 I dreid ye gang to confusioun,
 Fra tyme ye want DISSAIT.
 I leird you, Merchandis, mony a wyle,
 Upaalandis wyves for to begyle,
 Upoun the marcat day.
 And gart thame trew your stuff was gude,
 Quhen it wes rottin be the rude ;
 And sweir it was not sway.
 I was ay roundand in your eir ;
 And levid yow for to ban and sweir,
 Quhat your geir coist in *France*,
 Howbeid the Divill a werd was tiew.
 Your crafines gif CORRECTIOUN knew
 Wald turne yow to myschance.
 I leird yow wylis mony fawld,
 To mix the new wyne with the awld,
 That fassone was na folly.
 To sell richt deir, and by gud chaip ;
 And mix ry meik among the saip,
 And saffrone with ayldolly.
 Forget not okar, I counsaill yow,
 Mair nor the Vicar dois the cow,
 Or Lórdis tnair daybill maill.

Howbeid

Howbeid your elwand be to scant,
 Or your pound nocht twa uncis want,
 Think that bot littill fail.
 Adew the grit clan *Jamefoun*,
 The blude royall of *Corwpar* toun,
 I was ay to yow trew.
 Baith *Anderfone*, and *Paterfone*;
 Abone thaim all *Thome Williamsone*
 My absens fair will rew.
Thome Williamsone, it is your pairt
 To pray for me with all your hairt,
 And think upon my werkis;
 How I leird you ane gud leffoun,
 For to begyle, in *Edinburch* toun,
 The bischop and his clerkis.
 Ye young Marchands may cry Allace,
Lucklaw, *Welands*, *Carncross*, *Douglace*,
 Yon curst king ye may ban.
 Had I levit bot half an yeir,
 I fould haif leird yow craftis perqueir
 To begyle wyffe and man.
 How may ye Marchandis mak debaitt,
 Fra ye want me your man **DISSAIT**,
 For yow I mak grit cair.
 Withowt I ryifs fra deid to lyve,
 I wat weill ye will nevir thryve,
 Fardar nor the fourt air.

Heir fall DISSAIT be hangit.

1ST SARJAND.

Cum heir, **FALSAT**, and menfs this gallowis
 Ye mon hing up amang your fallowis,
 For your cancart conditioun.
 Mony ane wicht man haif ye wrangit ;
 Thairfoir but dowl ye fall be hangit,
 But mercy or remiffioun.

FALSET.

Allace ! mon I be hangit to ?
 Qubhat mekill Divill is this ado ?
 How cum I to this cummer ?
 My gud maifteris, ye **CRAFTISMEN**,
 Want ye **FALSAT** full weill I ken
 You will die all for hunger.
 Ye men of craft may cry Allace ;
 Quhen ye want me ye want your Grace.
 Thairfoir put into wryte
 My leffonis that I did yow leir.
 Howbeid the commounis ene ye bleir,
 Count ye not that a myte.
 Find me ane wobftar that is leill,
 Or ane wakar that will not fleill,
 (Thair craftines I ken ;)
 Or ane millar that hes na falt,
 That will fleill nowder meill, nor malt,
 Hald thame for hely men.
 At our fleschouris tak ye na greif,
 Thocht ye blaw lene muttone and beif,

To gard seme fatt and fair ;
 They think that practik but a mow.
 Howbeid the Divill a thing it dow,
 To thame I leird that lair.
 I leird Talyouris, in every toun,
 To schaip fyve quarteris fra a goun
 In *Angus* and in *Fife*.
 To Upalandis Taylyeouris I gaif gud leive
 To steil a filly slump, or fleive,
 To Kittok his awin wyff.
 My gud maister *Andro Fortoun*,
 Off talyeouris that may weir the croun,
 For me he will be hangit ;
 Talyeour *Beverge*, my son and air,
 I wait for me will rudly rair,
 Fra tyme he se me hangit.
 The bairfit dekin *Jamie Raff*,
 Quha nevir yit bocht kow nor cass,
 Becaus he cannot steill ;
Willy Caidyich will mak na pleid,
 Howbeid hys wyff want beif and breid,
 Yet he gud mat and meill.
 To the browstaris of *Corvpar* toun
 I leif tham my blak malesoun,
 Als hairtelly as I may.
 To mak thin aill thay think na salt
 Off mekill barme, and littill malt,
 Agane the mercat day.
 And thay can mak withowttyn dowt
 A kind of aill thay call *barnis orot* ;

Wait ye how thay mak that?
 A coubroun quene, a laichly lurdanê,
 Off strang wesche sheill tak a jurdane
 And settis in the pylefat.
 Quha drinkis of that aill, man or page,
 It will gar all thair harnis rage.
 That jurdane I may rew
 It gart my heid rin hidy giddy.
 Schyrs, God nor I de in a widdy
 Gif this taill be not trew.
 Speir at the Sowttar *Geordy Fellie*,
 From tyme that he hes filld my belly,
 With this unhelfsum aill.
 Than all the baxtaris will he ban,
 That mixt breid with dust and bran,
 And fyne flour with beir meill.
 Adew, my maisteris, wrichtis and mafonis,
 I neid not leir yow ony lessonis;
 Yow knaw my craft perqueir.
 Adew blaksmiths, and beremeris,
 Adew the stinkind cordenowris,
 That fellis the schone and eir.
 Goldsmyths fairweill, abone thame all,
 Remember my memorial
 With many ane crafty cast.
 To mix set ye not by twa prenis
 Fyne ducat gold with hard gudlynis,
 Lyk as I leird yow last.
 Quhen I was lugit upaland,
 The shipherdis maid to me ane band
 Richt craftelly to steill.

Than did I gif ane confirmatioun
 Till all the schipherdis of this natioun,
 That thay fowld nevir be leill;
 And ilk ane to reffett ane uder;
 I knaw fals shipherdis fifty fuder
 War all thair cairteleis kend.

Quhow thay mak thair conventiounis
 On mountains far fra any townis;
 God lat thame nevir mend.

Amang craftismen it is ane wounder
 To find ten leill amang ane hunder;
 The trewth I to yow tell.

Adew I man na langar tary:
 I mon pass to the king of Fary,
 Or ellis straicht way till hell.

*[Heir sall be luik up to his marrowis, that ar bangand
 and say:]*

Waes me for thé gud COMMOUN THIFT;
 Was nevir man maid mar honest chift
 His levin for to win.

Thair wes nocht in all *Liddisdail*
 That ky mair craftelly could steill,
 Quhar thow hingis on that pin.
 Sawthan reffaiiff thy sawle DISSAITT,
 Thow was to me ane faithfull mait,
 And als my fadar' bruder.

Duill sell the filly marchand men!
 To mak thame service weill I ken
 Sall nevir get an uder.

[*Heir fall FLATTERY fasten the cord about his nek; and
thaireftir FALSAT fall say:*

Gif ony man list for to be my mait,
 Cum follow me, for I am at the gait.
 Cum follow me all cative covetous kings,
 Revaris but richt of uther menis realms and ringis.
 Together with all wrangous conquerouris;
 And bring with yow all publick oppreffouris;
 With PHARO, King of the *Egyptiens*;
 With him in hell fall be your recompence.
 All crewll scheddaris of blude innocent,
 Cum follow me, or ellis rin and repent*.
 And will not preiche nor teiche the veretie;
 Withowt at God in tyme thay cry for graces,
 In hidoufs hell I fall prepar thair places.
 Cum follow me all fals corruptit juges,
 With PONCE PYLAT I fall prepar your luggis.
 All the officialis that partis men with thair wyvis,
 Cum follow me, or ellis ga mend your lyvis;
 With all fals ledaris of the constry law;
 With wantone scrybis, and clarkis all in ane raw,
 That to the peur maks mony partiall trane,
 Syne *hodie ad octo*, gars thame cum agane.
 And ye that takkis rewaird at baith the handis,
 Ye fall with me be bund in Bellialls bandis.
 Cum follow me all curst unhappy wyvis,
 That with your gudmen dayly flyttis and ftryvis,

* Here a line wanting.

And queerly wirth rebaldis makkis repair,
 And takkis na cair to mak ane wrangus air.
 Ye fall in hell rewardit be, I wene,
 With **JESABELL** of *Israell* the quene.
 I haif ane curst unhappy wyf mysell,
 Wald God sche war befor me intill hell.
 That bismair war sche thair, withowttyn dowl,
 Owt of hell the divill sche wald ding owl.
 Ye mareit men evin as ye luif your wyvis *
 My wyffe with priestis sche did me grit unricht;
 And maid me nyne tymes cukald in ane night.
 Fairweill, for I mon to the widdy wend;
 For quhy **FALSAT** maid nevir ane bettir end.

*[Heir fall FLATTERY hing him up; and a kae fall be
 castin up, as it were his sawle.]*

FLATTERY.

Haif I nocht schaippit the widdy weill?
 Ye that I haif be sweit **St. JEILL**;
 For I had nocht bene wrangit,
 (Becaus I servit, be all hallowis,
 To haif bene merchillit with my fallowis,
 And heich abone thame hangit.
 I maid far ma fals than my maitis;
 I begyle all the three estaitis,
 With my ypocresie.
 Quhen I haid on the freiris hude,
 All men beleivynt that I wes gude;

* Another line wanting

Now juge ye gif I lie:
 Tak ane rakles rubratour,
 Ane theiff, ane tirrand, or ane tratour,
 Off every vyce the plant,
 Gif him the habit of ane frier;
 The wyvis will trew withowttyn weir
 He be ane very fantt.
 I knaw the cowill and skaiplary
 Generis moir hait nor cheretie;
 Thocht thay be blak or blew,
 Quhat halenes is thair within?
 Ane woulf cled in ane lambis skin!
 Juge ye gif this be trew.
 Since I half sचापित this fery fary.
 Adew! I will na langar tary
 To cummer yow with my clatter.
 Bot I will with ane humill spreit
 Ga serve the Hermeit of *Lawreit*,
 And leir him for to flatter.

[Exit.]

GUDE COUNSALL.

Or ye depairt, Syr, off this regioun,
 Gif JOHNIE THE COMMOUN WEILL ane gay garmour
 Becaus the Commoun Weill hes bene our luikit;
 That is the caufs that Common Weill is cruickit.
 With singlar profeit hes his bene suppreffyt.

CORRECTIOUN.

Als ye haif said, fader, I am content.
 Sarwands gif JOHNIE ane new habilyement,

Off fattyne, damafs, or of velvuyt fine,
And gif him ples into our parliament fyne.

COMMOUN WEILL.

All wirtoufs pepill, yow may be rejosit,
See COMMOUN WEILL hes gottyn ane gay garmoun.
And ignorantis owt of the kirk depofyt.
Devoit doctorris, and clarkis of renoun,
And GUD COUNSALL, with Ledy VERETIE,
Ar profest with our Kingis Majestie.
Blist be that realme, that hes ane prudent king,
Quihilk does delyt to heir the veritie,
Puniffing thame quhilk planely dois maling
Contrar the Commoun Weill, and Equetie!
Thair may na pepill haif prosperetie,
Quhar ignorance hes the dominioun,
And Commoun Weill be tirrorandis ftrampit doun.

THE preceding pages were printed before any copy of David Lindfay's Satyre, or Play, came to the hands of the editor, that piece being extremely scarce. Having at length been so fortunate as to procure the loan of the edition printed at Edinburgh in 1602, 4to *, the following variations have appeared between the Play and the Interludes here published.

The Play presents one continued succession of action, undivided into Interludes. The order is also different, as will appear by the following statement.

Interlude I. is wanting; but, from the Prologue, it palpably forms a part of the Play. It seems that this

* The copy before me bears at the end to have been printed by R. Charteris at Edinburgh, 1602; but there is a false title prefix, printed at London, bearing "The Works of Sir David Lindfay, &c. Imprinted at Edinlurgh by Robert Charteris, printer to the King's most excellent majestie, and are to be sold in London by Nathaniel Butter, &c. 1604." This title was apparently intended for the edition of Lindfay's Works by Charteris 1602, 4to, in which the "fundrie works never before imprinted" seem to refer to the Play only, for of all Lindfay's other works preceding editions are known. The book is in Roman letter of 155 pages, (really only 151, for p. 77 is put by mistake for 73, and the error is continued:) the pages are of 32 lines. The second title is, "Ane pleasant Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis, in commendatioun of vertue, and vituperatioun of vyce, as follows:" the running title, "S. D. LIND. SATYRE." A peculiarity is, that the obscene or objectionable passages are marked, by the printer, at the beginning of the line thus [].

Interlude was acted on the first representation of the Play at Coupar in Fife; but was omitted on the more solemn representation at Edinburgh, on account of its local circumstances, and gross obscenity.

Interlude II. begins the Play (p. 1—20) as here: but Act II. is, in the Play, deferred to p. 42, corresponding to Interlude VI. Scene 4.

Interlude V. follows Int. II. (p. 20—30).

Interlude VI. succeeds: in which is inserted Int. II. Act II. as just mentioned, followed by Scene 5, Int. VI. (p. 30—49).

Interlude VII. next appears, beginning at Scene 1. the Prologue being rightly put as the Epilogue to Part I. of the Play (49—63)

After Scene 6. of Int. VII. and some additions, occurs the Epilogue mentioned; and the end of Part I. of the Play.

Interlude III. begins the Second Part of the Play, p. 64—80.

Scene 7. Int. VII. follows (Play, p. 83—109, but with numerous passages here omitted).

Interlude VIII. is next given (Play, p. 109—143, but with still larger insertions).

Interlude IV. concludes the Play (p. 144—155.)

Having thus stated the progress of the play, the various passages omitted in the MS. shall be given with exact references; and afterwards such minute corrections, and various readings, as appeared worthy of attention: so that the present may be a complete edition, both of the MS. Interludes, and of the Play.

P. 36. *Rex.* Up Wantonnes, thou sleipis to lang.
 Methocht I hard ane mirrie sang:
 I the command in haist to gang,
 Se quhat yon mirth may mene.

Wantones. I trow Sir, &c.

P. 80. These four lines are wanting at the end of this Interlude, Play p. 79.

Diligence. Quhat kind of daffing is this al day?
 Suyith smakes, out of the feild, away!
 Into ane presoun put them sone,
 Syn hang them quhen the play is done.

Then follows Interlude VII. Scene 7.

P. 56. The mention of King Correction seems to imply that the arrangement of the Play is right.

P. 91. Eight lines beginning at l. 2, are not in the Play.

P. 99. At the close of this Interlude. the Play concludes with this address, p. 154, 155.

Diligence. Famous peopil, hartlie I yow requyre,
 This lytil sport to tak in patience:
 We traist to God, and we leif ane uther yeir,
 Quhair we have failit, we fall do diligence
 With mair pleasure to mak yow recompence.
 Becaus we have bene sum part tedious,
 With mater rude, denude of eloquence;
 Likewyse perchance to sum men odious.
 Now let ilk man his way avance;
 Let sum ga drink, and sum ga dance.
 Menstrel blaw up ane brawl of France,
 Let se quha hobbils best.
 For I will rin incontinent

To the tavern, or ever I stent,
 And pray to God omnipotent
 To fend you all gude rest.

P. 106. Scene 3. The following stanzas occur in the commencement of this scene, P. p. 22.

Diffait. Stand by the gait, that I may steir.

Aisay Koks bons how cam I heir?

I can not mis to take fun feir,

Into fa greit ane thrang.

Marie, heir ane cumlie congregatioun!

Quhat ar ye firs all of ane nation?

Maisters, I speik be protestatioun,

In dreid ye tak me wrang.

Ken ye not, Sirs, quhat is my name?

Gude faith I dar not schaw it for shame;

Sen I was clekit of my dame,

Yet was I never leil.

For Katie Unfel was my mother,

And Common Thief my father-brother:

Of sic freindship I had ane fither,

Howbeit I cannot steil.

Bot yit I will borrow and len;

As be my cleathing ye may ken,

That I am cum of nobill men,

And als I will debait,

That quarrel with my feit and hands;

And I dwell amang the merchands.

My name gif onie man demands,

They call me Diffait,

Bon geur broder, &c.

P. 125. *We sall him bring, &c.*

Rex. I will fit still heir, and repois,
Speid you again to me, my jois.

Falsat. Ye hardlie, Sir, keip yow in clois,
And quyet, till we cum again :

Brother, I trow be coks toes
Yon bairdit bogill cums for ain twaine.

Dissait. Gif he dois fa, he sal be flaine ;
I doubt him nocht, nor yit ane uther :
Trowit I that he cum for ane train ;
Of my freinds I fuld rais ane futher.

Flattrie. *I dreid full fair, &c.* (Play, p. 31.)

P. 155. *Their sperittis to rejoyis.*
And richt fa hauking, and hunting,
Ar honest pastimes for ane king,
Into the tyme of peace ;
And leirne to rin ane heavie spear,
That he, into the tyme of wear,
May follow at the cheace.

Rex. *Quhair is Sapience, &c.* (Play, p. 61.)

P. 129. Large omissions now appear. At the end of this Scene (Play, p. 33), about two pages are found in the Play which are omitted in the MS.

That mowth speik mair my awin deir brother,
For God nor I rax in ane raip,
Thou may gif counsal to the Paip.

[*Now they return to the King.*

Rex. Quhat gart yow bid fa lang fra my presence ?
I think it lang since ye departit thence.

Quhat man was yon, with an greit boftous beird?
Methocht he maid yow all thrie very feard.

Diffait. It was ane laidlie lurdan loun,
Cumde to break buithis into this toun.
Wee have gart bind him with ane poill,
And fend him to the thefis hoill.

Rex. Let him fit thair, with ane mischance:
And let us go to our pafiance.

Wantonnes. Better go revell at the rackat,
Or ellis go to the hurlie hackat:
Or then, to fchaw our curtlie corffes,
Ga fe quha beft can rin thair horffes.

Solace. Na, Sovereaine, or we farther gang,
Gar Sensualitie fing ane fang.

*[Heir fall the Ladies fing ane fang; the King fall by
down amang the Ladies; and then Veritie fall
enter.]*

Veritie. *Diligite justiciam qui judicatis terram.*
Luif Justice, ye quha hes ane Judges cure,
In earth, and dreid the awfull judgement
Of him, that fall cum judge baith rich and puir,
Rycht terribilly, with bludy wounds rent.
That dreidful day into your harts imprent:
Belevand weill how, and quhat maner, ye
Ufe Justice heir til uthers, thair at lenth
That day, but doubt, fa fall ye judgit be.

Wo than, and duill, be to yow Princes all,
Sufferand the puir anes for till be opprest!
In everlasting burnand fyre ye fall,
With Lucifer, richt dulfullie be drest.
Thairfoir in tyme, for till eschaip that nest,

Feir God, do law, and justice equally
 Till every man: se that no puir opprest
 Up to the hevin on yow ane vengeance cry.

Be just judges, without favour or fead,
 And hauld the ballance euin till everie wicht.
 Let not the fault be left into the head,
 Then shall the members reulit be at richt.
 For quhy, subiects do follow, day and nicht,
 Thair governours in vertew and in vyce.
 Ye ar the lamps that fould schaw them the licht:
 Lo leid them on this fliddrie rone of yce.

Mobile mutatur semper cum principe vulgus.

And gif ye wald your subiects war weil gevin,
 Then verteouslie begin the dance your fell,
 Going befoir; then they anone, I wein,
 Sall follow yow, either till hevin or hell.
 Kings fould of gude exempills be the well:
 Bot gif that your strands be intoxicate,
 Insteid of wyne, they drink the poyson fell.
 Thus pepill follows ay thair principate.

*Sic luceat lux vestra coram hominibus, ut videant opera
 vestra bona.*

And speciallie, ye princes of the Preists,
 That of peopill has spiritual cuir,
 Dayly ye fould revolve into your breiftis,
 How that thir haly words ar still maist sure;
 In verteous lyf gyf that ye do indure,
 The pepill will tak mair tent to your deids,
 Than to your words: and als baith rich and puir
 Will follow yow, baith in your works and words.

[Heir

[*Heir sal Flattrie jpy Veritie with ane aum countenance.*

Gif men of me, &c. Play, p. 35.

P. 131. *Hes spoken manifest heresie.* P. p. 36.

[*Heir thay cum to the Spiritualitie.*

Flattrie. O reverent fatheris of the spirituall stait!

We counsaill yow be wyse and vigilant.

Dame Veritie hes lichtit now of lair,

And in hir hand beirand the New Testament.

Be scho ressavit, but doubt wee ar bot schent:

Let hir nocht ludge thairfoir into this land.

And this wee reid yow do incontinent,

Now quhill the King is with his luif sleipand.

Spiritualitie. Wee thank yow, freinds, of your benevolence.

It fall be done, evin as ye have devyfit.

We think ye serve ane gudlie recompence,

Defendand us, that we be nocht suppryfit.

In this mater we man be weil advyfit:

Now quhill the King misknawis the veritie,

Be scho ressavit, then we will be depyfit.

Quhat is your counsell, brother, now let se?

Abbot. I hauld it best, that we incontinent

Gar hauld hir fast into captivitie,

Unto the thrid day of the Parliament,

And then accuse hir of hir herisie;

Or than banish hir out of this cuntrie.

For with the King gif Veritie be knawin,

Of our greit gloire we will degradit be;

And all our secreits to the Commouns schawin.

Person.

Person. Ye se the King is yit effeminate,
 And gydit be dame Sensualitie,
 Rycht sa with young counsal intoxicate ;
 Swa at this tyme ye haif your libertie.
 To tak your tyme I hauld it best, for me,
 And go distroy all thir Lutherians,
 In special yon lady Veritie.

Spiritual. Schir Person, ye fall be my commissair,
 To put this mater till executioun ;
 And ye, Sir Freir, becaus ye can declair
 The hail proceffe, pass with him in commissioun.
 Pas all togidder with my braid bennifoun ;
 And gif scho speiks against our libertie,
 Then put hir in perpetuell prisoun,
 That sche cum nocht to King Humanitie.

[*Heir fall thay pas to Veritie.*]

Person. Lustie Ladie, we wald faine understand,
 Quhat earand ye haif in this regioun ?
 To preich, or teich, quha gaif to you command ?
 To counsal Kings how gat ye commissioun ?
 I dreid, without ye git ane remissioun,
 And syne renunce your new opiniones,
 The spritual stait fall put you to perditoun,
 And in the fyre will burne yow, flesche and bones.

Veritie. I will recant nathing that I have schawin ;
 I have said nathing bot the veritie.
 Bot with the King fra tyme that I be knawin,
 I dreid ye spaiks of Spiritualitie
 Sall rew that ever I came in this cuntie ;
 For gif the veritie plainlie war proclamit,
 And speciallie to the King's Maiestie,
 For your traditions ye will be all defamit.

Flattrie. Quhat buik, &c. P. p. 38.

P. 132. bottom.

Tak thir ten crownis for your rewaird.

Veritie. The prophesie of the Propheit Esay
Is practickit, alace, on mee this day,
Quha said the veritie sould be trampit down
Amid the streit, and put in strang presoun;
His fyve and fystie chapter quha list luik
Sall find thir words writtin in his buik.
Richt fa Sanct Paul wrytis to 'Timothie,
That men fall turne thair earis from veritie.
Bot in my Lord God I have esperance,
He will provide for my deliverance.
Bot ye, princes of Spiritualitie,
Quha sould defend the sinceir veritie,
I dreid the plagues of Johnes Revelatioun
Sall fall upon your generatioun;
I counsal yow this misse t' amend
Sa that ye may eschape that fatal end.

Chast. Quhou lang fall, &c. Play, p. 39.

P. 133. bottom. Play, p. 40.

Amang the rest of Spritualitie.

Chastitie. I grant yon ladie hes vowit chastitie,
For hir professioun thairto sould accord.
Scho maid that vow for ane Abesie,
Bot nocht for Christ Jesus our Lord.
Fra tyme that they get thair vows, I stand ford,
They banish hir out of their cumpanie:
With Chastitie they can mak na concord,
Bot leids thair lyfis in sensualitie.
I sall observe your counsal, gif I may,
Cum on, and heir quhat yon ladie will fay.

[Chastitie passis to the Ladie Prioress, and sayis

My prudent lustie, Ladie Prioress,
Remember how ye did vow chastitie,
Madame, I pray yow of your gentilnes,
That ye wald pleis to haif of me pitie ;
And this ane nicht to gif me harberie.
For this I mak you supplicatioun.
Do ye nocht sa, Madame, I dreid perdie,
It will be caus of depravatioun.

Prioress. Pas hynd, Madame, be Christ you cum nocht
heir,

Ye ar contrair to my complexioun.
Gang seik ludging at sum auld Monk or Freir,
Perchance thay will be your protectioun ;
Or to Prelats mak your progressioun,
Quhilks ar obleist to yow, als weil as I.
Dame Sensuall hes gevin directioun
You till exclude out of my cumpany.

Chast. Gif ye wald wit mair of the veritie,
I fall schaw yow be sure experience,
How that the lords of Spritualitie
Hes baneist me, alace, fra thair presence.

[Chastitie passis to the Lords of Spritualitie.

My lords, laud, gloir, triumph, and reverence,
Mot be unto your halie spritual stait !
I yow beseik, of your benevoleuce,
To harbry mee that am so desolait.
Lords, I have past throw mony uncouth schyre,
Bot in this land I can get na ludging.
Of my name gif ye wald haif knowledging,

Forsuith,

Forfuith, my lords, thay call me Chastitie.

I you beseik, of your graces bening.

Gif me ludging this nicht for charitie.

Spiritualitie. Pas on, Madame, we knaw you nocht;

Or be him that the warld wrocht

Your cumming fall be richt deir cost,

Gif ye mak langer tarie.

Abbot. But doubt we will baith leif and die

With our luif Sensualitie;

Wee will haif na mair deall with the

Then with the Queene of Farie.

Parfone. Pas hame amang the Nunnis, and dwell,

Quhilks ar of chastitie the well;

I traist thay will, with buik and bell,

Reffave you in thair closter.

Chastitie. Sir, quhen I was the Nunnis amang,

Out of their dortour they mee dang,

And wald nocht let me bid sa lang

To say my Paternoster.

I see na grace thairfoir to get.

I hauld it best, or it be lait,

For till go prove the Temporal flait,

Gif thay will mee refais.

Gud day my lord Temporalitie,

And yow merchant of gravitie,

Ful faine wald I have harberie

To ludge amang the laif.

Temporal. Forfuith we wald be weil content

To harbric yow with gude intent,

War nocht we haif impediment,

For quhy, we twa ar maryit.
 Bot wist our wyfis that ye war heir,
 Thay wold mak all this town on fleir.
 Thairfoir we reid yow rin areir
 In dreid ye be miscaryit.

Chast. *Ye men of craft of greit ingyne, &c.*
 as Interlude II. Act ii.

P. 134. The same stanzas occur p. 57.

P. 135. A stanza wanting.

Diligence. Hoaw Solace! gentil Solace, declair unto
 the King,

How thair is heir anc ladie fair of face,
 That in this cuntrie can get na ludging,
 Bot pitifullie flemit from place to place,
 Without the king, of his especiall grace,
 As ane servand hir in his court resais.
 Brother Solace, tell the King all the cace,
 That scho may be refavit amang the laif.

Solace. *Soveraine get up, &c.* Play, p. 47.

P. 141. This prologue in the Play, p. 62, more properly forms the epilogue to part I. of the Play.

P. 142. Scene 1. immediately follows the former interlude.

P. 147. *Correct.* *Beati qui esuriunt et sitiunt justitiam.*
 Thir ar the words of the redoutit Roy,
 The Prince of Peace, above all Kings King,
 Quhilk hes me sent all cuntries to convoe,
 And all misdoars dourlie to down thring.
 I will do nocht without the conveyning
 Ane Parliament of the estaites all;

In thair prefence I fall, but feinyeing,
Iniquitie under my sword down thrall.

Thair may no Prince do acts honorabill,
Bot gif his counfall thairto will affist.
How may he know the thing maist profitabill,
To follow vertew, and vycis to resist,
Without he be instructit and solist?
And quhen the King stands at his counsell found,
Then welth fall wax, and plentie as he list,
And policie fall in his realm abound.

Gif ony list my name for till inquire,
I am callit Divine Correctioun.
I fled throuch mony uncouth land and schyre,
To the greit profit of ilk natioun.
Now am I cum into this regioun,
To teill the ground that hes bene lang unfawin;
To punishe tyrants for thair transgressioun;
And to caus leill men live upon thair awin.

Na realme, nor land, but my support may stand,
For I gar Kings live into royalteie:
To rich and puir I beir an equal band,
That thay may live into thair awin degrie.
Quhair I am nocht is no tranquillitie:
Be me tratours and tyrants ar put down,
Quha thinks na schame of their iniquitie
Till thay be punished be mee Correctioun.

Quhat is ane King? Nocht bot an officiar,
To caus his leiges live in equitie;
And under God to be ane punischer
Of trespassours against his Maieftie.

Bot quhen the King dois live in tyrannie,
 Breakand justice for fear or affectioun,
 Then is his realme in weir and povertie,
 With schamefull slauchter, but correction.

I am ane judge, &c. (Play, p. 52, 53.)

P. 150. end of Scene 4.

*[Correctioun passis towards the King with Veritie,
 Chastitie, and Gude Counsell.*

Wantonnes. Solace, knowis thou not quhat I se?

Ane knight, or ellis ane king, thinks me,

With wantoun wings as he wald fle.

Brother, quhat may this mein?

I understand nocht be this day

Quhidder that he be freind or fay:

Stand still and heare quhat he will say;

Sic ane I haif nocht sene.

Solace. Yon is ane stranger, I stand forde:

He femes to be ane lustie lord.

Be his heir-cumming for concord,

And be kinde till our King,

He fall be welcome to this place,

And treatit with the Kingis grace.

Be it nocht sa we fall him chace,

And to the divell him ding.

Placebo. I reid us put upon the King;

And walkin him of his sleiping.

Sir, rise and se an uncouth thing.

Get up, ye ly too lang.

Sensualitie. Put on your huide, John Fule, ye raif.

How dar ye be so pert, Sir Knaif,

To tuich the King? Sa Christ me faif
Fals huirfone thow fall hing.

Correct. *Get up, Syr King, &c.* (Play, p. 55, 56.)

P. 151. bottom, *I lat you wit, &c.*

Adew Sir King, I may na langer tary.
I cair nocht that als gude luife cums as gais.
I recommend yow to the Queene of Farie;
I se ye will be gydit with my fais.
As for this King, I cure him nocht twa strais.
War I amang Bischops and Cardinals,
I wald get gould, silver, and precious clais:
Na earthlie joy but my preface avails.

[*Heir fall sche pass to Spiritualite.*

My Lords of the Spirituall stait,
Venus preserve yow air and lait!
For I can mak na mair debait,
I am partit with your king;
And am baneifcht this regioun,
By counsell of Correctioun.
Be ye nocht my protectioun
I may feik my ludging.

Spir. Welcome our dayis darling;

Welcome with all our hart;

We all, but feinyeing,

Sall plainlie tak your part.

[*Heir fall the Bishops, Abbots, and Parsons kis the
Ladies.*

Correct. *Sen ye are quyt, &c.* (Play, p. 57.)

P. 152. Correct. Now Sir tak tent quhat I will say,

Observe thir same baith nicht and day,

And let them never part yow fray;

Or els, withoutin doubt,
 Turne ye to Sensualitie,
 To vicious lyfe, and rebaldrie,
 Out of your realme richt schamefullie
 Ye fall be ruttit out.

As was Tarquin, the Roman King,
 Quha was for his vicious living,
 And for the schameful ravisching
 Of the fair chaist Lucres.
 He was degraidit of his crown,
 And baneist of his regioun:
 I maid on him correctioun,
 As stories dois expres.

Rex. *I am content, &c.* (Play, p. 58.)

P. 153. The stanza deficient is thus to be supplied:
 Gang warne the Spiritualitie,
 Rycht sa the Temporalitie,
 Be oppin proclamatioun,
 In gudlie haist for to compeir,
 In thair maist honorabill maneir,
 To gif us, &c.

P. 156. *How fall I keep my realme in rest?*

Gude Counf. *Initium sapientiæ est timor Domini.*

Sir, gif your hienes yearnis lang to ring,
 First dread your God abuif all uther thing,
 For ye ar bot ane mortal instrument
 To that great God and King Omnipotent,
 Preordinat to his divine Maiestie
 To reull his peopill intill unitie.
 The principall point, Sir, of ane Kings office
 Is for to do to everilk man justice;

And for to mix his justice with mercie,
 But rigour, favour, or partialitie.
 Forsuith it is na little observance
 Great regions to have in observance.

Quhaever taks on him that Kinglie cuir,
 To get ane of thir twa he suld be fuir :
 Great paine and labour and that continuall;
 Or ellis to have defame perpetuall.
 Quha guydis weill, they win immortal fame ;
 Quha the contrair, they get perpetuall schame.
 Efter quhais death, but dout, ane thousand yeir
 Thair life at lenth reheartst fall be perqueir.
 The Chroniklis to know I yow exhort ;
 Thair fall ye finde baith gude and euill report :
 For everie Prince. efter his qualitie,
 Thocht he be deid his deids fall neuer die.
 Sir, gif ye please for to use my counsell,
 Your fame and name fall be perpetuall.

[*Heir fall the messinger Diligence return, and cry a.
 Hoyyes, a Hoyyes, a Hoyyes, and say,
 At the command of King Humanitie, &c. as here, p.
 141, 142. (Play, p. 62, 63.) to the line*

The best pairt of our Play: then follows,

“The End of the first part of the Satyre. Now fall the pepill mak collatioun, then beginnis the Interlude, the Kings, Bischops, and principal players, being out of their seats.”

Part II.

The Puirman and the Pardoner, as Int. III. Play, p. 64—80. After this occurs Scene 7. p. 157. but the following pages are previously inserted.

[*Heir*

[Heir fall Diligence mak his proclamatioun.

Diligence. Famous peopill tak tent, and ye fall se
The thrie estaits of this natioun
Cum to the court, with ane strange gravitie;
Thairfoir I mak yow supplicatioun,
Till ye have heard our haile narratioun,
To keip silence, and be patient I pray yow:
Howbeit we speik bot adulatioun,
We fall say nathing bot the fuith I say yow.

Gude verteous men, that luifis the veritie,
I wait thay will excuse our negligence;
Bot vicious men, denude of charitie,
As feinyeit fais flattrand Saracens,
Howbeit they cry on us ane loud vengence,
And of our pastyme make ane fals report;
Quhat may wee do bot tak in patience,
And us refer unto the faithful fort?

Our Lord Jesus, Peter, nor Paull,
Culd not compleis the peopill all,
But sum were miscontent;
Howbeit thay schew the veritie,
Sum said that it war heresie
Be thair maist fals judgement.

*[Heir fall the Thrie Estaits cum fra the palyeoun,
gangand backward, led be thair wyces.*

Wantonnes. Now braid benedicite!

Quhat thing is yon that I se?
Luke Solace, my hart.

Solace. Brother Wantonnes, quhat thinks thow?
Yon are the Thrie Estaits I trow,
Gangand backward.

Wanton. Backwart, Backwart! Out wallaway!
It is greit schame tor them, I fay,
Backwart to gang.

I trow the King Correctioun
Man mak ane reformatioun,
Or it be lang.

Now let us go, and tell the King.

[*pausa.*]

Sir, we have fene ane mervelous thing
Be our judgement.

The Thrie Estaits of this regioun
Ar cummand backward throw this toun
To the Parliament.

Rex. Backwart, backward! How may that be?
Gai speid them haistelic to me,
In dreid that thay ga wrang.

Placebo. Sir, I fe them yonder cummand,
Thay will be heir evin fra hand.
Als fast as thay may gang.

Gude Counf. Sir, hald you still and skar them nocht,
'Till ye persave quhat be thair thocht,
And se quhat men them leids.
And let the King Correctioun
Mak ane scharp inquisition,
And mark them be the heids.
Quhen ye ken the occasioun
That maks them sic persuasioun,
Ye may expell the caus;

Syne them reform, as ye think best,
Sua that the realme may live in rest
According to Gods laws.

*[Heir fall the Thrie Estaits cum, and turne their
faces to the King.]*

Spir. Gloir, honour, laud, triumph, and victorie,
Be to your michtie prudent excellence!
Heir ar we cum, all the Estaits Thrie,
Readie to mak our dew obedience,
At your command with humble observance,
As may pertene to Spiritualitie,
With counsel of the Temporalitie.

Temp. Sir, we, with michtie curage at command,
Of your super-excellent Majestie
Sall mak fervice, baith with our hart and hand,
And fall not dreid in thy defence to die.
Wee ar content, but doubt, that we may see
That nobile heavenlie King Correctioun,
Sa he with mercie mak punitioun.

Marchand. Sif we ar heir your burgeissia and mer-
chands,
Thanks be to God that we may se your face,
Traistand we may now into divers lands
Convey our geir, with support of your grace.
For now I traist wee sall get rest and peace;
Quhen misdoars are with your sword ore-thrawin,
Then may leil m rchands live upon their awin.

Rex. Welcum to me my prudent lords all;
Ye ar my members, suppois I be your heid.
Sit down, that we may with your just counfall

Aganis misdoars find soveraine remeid.
 Wee fall nocht spair, for favour nor for feid,
 With your avice to mak punitioun,
 And put my sword to execution.

Corr. My tender friends, I pray you with my hart
 Declair to me the thing that I wald speir,
 Quhat is the caus that ye gang all backward?
 The veritie thair of faine wald I heir.

Spirit. Soveraine, we have gane fa this mony a yeir.
 Howbeit ye think we go undecently,
 Wee think we gang richt wonder pleasantly.

Dilig. Sit down my lords into your proper places;
 Syne let the King consider all sic caces.
 Sit down, Sir Scribe: and sit down, Dempster, to,
 And fence the Court as ye were wont to do.

*[They ar set down, and Guid Counsell fall pas to his
 seat.]*

Rex. My prudent lords, &c. (Play, p. 83.)

P. 157. *And plane oppressouris*, &c. Ibid.

Spirit. Quhat thing is this, Sir, that ye have devyfit?
 Schirs, ye have neid for till be weill advyfit.
 Be nocht hailie into your executioun;
 And be nocht our extreme in your punitioun.
 And gif ye please to do, Sir, as wee say,
 Postpone this Parliament till ane uther day.
 For quhy? The peopill of this region
 May nocht endure extreme correctioun.

Correc. Is this the part, my lords, that ye will tak,
 To mak no supportatioun to correct?
 It dois appeir that ye ar culpabill,
 That ar nocht to Correctioun applyabill.

Soyith,

Suyith, Diligence, ga schaw it is our will,
That everilk man opprest geif in his bill.

Dilig. *All manner of men, &c.* (Play, p. 83.)

P. 159. *Tē that, Sir, garris, &c.*

Rex. Quhat is the caus the Common Weill is crukit?

Jobne. Becaus the Common-Weill has bene overlukit.

Rex. Quhat gars the luke sa with ane dreirie hart?

Jobne. Becaus the Thrie Estaits gangs all backward.

Rex. Sir Common-Weill, knaw ye the limmers that
them leids?

Jobne. Thair canker cullours I ken them be the heads.

As for our reverend faders, &c.

Play, p. 85.

Ibid. *Get up I think to se thy Craig, &c.*

Loe heir is Falset, and Dissait, weill I ken,

Leiders of the merchants and sillie crafts-men,

Quhat mervel thocht the Thrie Estaits backward gang,

Quhen sic ane vyle cumpanie dwels them amang?

Quhilk hes reulit this rout monie deir dayis;

Quhilk gars John the Common Weill want his warme
clais.

Sir, call them befoir yow, and put them in ordour,

Or els John the Common Weill man beg on the bordour.

How feinyeit Flatry! &c. p. 160. P. p. 85.

P. 161. [*Heir ar thay led, &c.* (Play, p. 85, 87.)

Howbeit I se thy skap skeyre skoid,

Thou art ane stuwat I stand foird. *(transposed)*

2d Serj. Put in your leggis into the stocks,

For ye had never ane meiter hois.

Thir stuwats stink as thay war broks;

Now

Now ar ye fikker I suppois.

[*Pausa.*

My Lords wee have done your commands.

Sall we put Coverice in captivitie ?

Correct. Yea, hardlie lay on him your hands,
Rycht ia upon Sensualitie.

Spirit. This is my Grainter and my Chalmerlaine,
And hes my gould, and gear, under hir cuiris.
I mak ane vow to God, I fall complaine
Unto the Paip how ye do me injuris.

Covet. My Reverent Fathers tak in patience,
I fall nocht lang remaine from your presence ;
Thocht for ane quhyll I man from your depaitt,
I wait my spreit fall remaine in your hart.
And quhen this King Correctioun beis absent,
Then fall we twa returne incontinent.
Thairfoir adew.

Spirit. Adew ; be Sanct Mavene,
Pas quhair ye will, we ar twa naturall men.

Sensual. Adew, my lord.

Spirit. Adew, my awin sweit hart.
Now duill fell me that wee twa man depart !

Sensual. My Lord howbeit this parting dois me paine,
I traist in God we fall meit sone againe.

Spirit. To cum againe I pray you do your cure ;
Want I yow twa, I may nocht lang indure.

[*Heir sal the Sergeants chase them away, and they
fall gang to the seat of Sensualitie.*

Tempor. My Lords, ye know the Thrie Estaits
For Common-weil fuld mak debaits ;
Let now amang us be devyfit
Sic actis, that with gude men be pryfit,

Conforming to the common law ;
 For of na man we fould stand aw.
 And, for till faif us fra murmell,
 Schone Diligence fetch us Gude Counfell.
 For quhy he is ane man that knowis
 Baith the Cannon and Civill Lawis.

Dilig. Fatter, ye man incontinent
 Paffe to the Lords of Parliament ;
 For quhy thay ar determinat all
 To do na thing bye your counfall.

Gude Counf. That fall I do within schort space ;
 Praying the Lord to fend us grace
 For till conclude, or wee depart,
 That thay may profite efterwart
 Baith to the Kirk, and to the King :
 I fall desyre na uther thing.

[*Pausa.*

My Lords, God glaid the cumpanie.
 Quhat is the cause ye fend for me ?

Merchand. Sit down, and gif us your counsell,
 How we sail slaik the great murmell
 Of pure peopill, that is weill knawin ;
 And as the Common-weill hes schawin,
 And als wee know it is the Kings will,
 That gude remeid be put thaintill,
 Sir Common-weill, keep ye the bar,
 Let nane except yourself cum nar.

Jobne. That fall I do, as I best can,
 I fall hauld out baith wyfe and man.
 Ye man let this puir creature
 Support me for till keep the dure.

I know

I knaw his name full fickerly,
He will complain als weil as I.

Gude Counf. *My werdy lordis, &c.* p. 161. (Play,
p. 88.)

P. 163. *Thir juglars, &c.*

Thir carriers and thir quintacensfouris.

Ibid. *Quibilk laboris not, &c.*

I mein, nocht laborand spirituallie,
Ner for thair living corporallie,
Lyand in dennis, like idill doggis;
I them compair to weil-fed hoggis.
I think thay do themselfis abuse,
Seeing that thay the warld refuse,
Haifing profest sic povertie,
Syne fleis fast fra necessitie.
Quhat gif thay povertie wald professe?
And do as did Diogenes,
'That great famous philosophour,
Seing in earth bot vaine labour,
Al utterlie the warld refusit
And in ane tumbe himself inclufit;
And leifit on herbs, and water cauld;
Of corporal fude na mair he wald.
He trot it nocht from toun to toun,
Beggand to feid his carioun:
Fra tyme that lyfe he did profes
The warld of him was cummerles.
Rycht sa of Marie Magdalene,
And of Mary th' Egyptiane,
And of auld Paull the first Hermeit;
All thir had povertie compleit.

Ane hundreth ma I nicht declair ;
 Bot to my purpois I will fair,
 Concluding sleuthful idilnes
 Against the Common-weil expresse.

Correct. *Quhom upon ma, &c.* p. 164. (Play, p. 92.)

P. 169. *Our parsons will not, &c.* (Play, p. 94.)

Pauper. Our bihops, with their lustie rokats quhyte,
 Thay flow in riches royallie, and delyte.
 Lyke paradice bene thair palices and places ;
 And wants na pleasour of the fairest faces.
 Als thir Prelates hes great prerogatyves ;
 For quhy ? Thay may depairt ay with thair wyves,
 Without ony correctioun or damage ;
 Syne tak ane uther wantoner but marriage.
 But doubt I wald think it ane pleasant lyfe,
 Ay on, quhen I list, to part with my wyfe,
 Syne tak an uther of far greater beutie :
 Bot ever, alace, My Lords, that may not be !
 For I am bund alace in marriage ;
 Bot thay lyke rams, rudlie in thair rage,
 Unpyfalt rinnis amang the fillie yowis,
 Sa lang as kynde of nature in them growis.

Person. Thou lies, fals huirsun raggit loun,
 Thair is na Preists in all this toun
 That ever usit sic vicious crafts.

Jobne. The fiend ressave thay flattrand chafts !
 Sir *Domine*, I trowit ye had be dum.
 Quhair devil gat we this ill-fairde blaitie bum ?

Person. To speik of Preists be sure it is na bourds ;
 Thay will burn men now for rakles words :

And

And all thay words are herisie in deid.

Jobne. The mekil feind refave the faul that leid!
All that I fay is trew, thocht thou be greifit;
And that I offer on thy pallet to preifit.

Spr. My lords, why do ye thoil that lurdun loue
Of Kirkmen to speik sic detraction?
I let yow wit, My Lords, it is na bourds
Of Prelats for till speik sic wantoun words.
Yon villaine puttis me out of charitie.

Temp. Quhy, my lord, fays he ocht bot verity?
Ye can nocht stop ane pur man for till pleinyie,
Gif he hes faltit summond him to your feinyie.

Spr. Yea that I fall, I mak greit God a vow,
He fall repent that he spak of the kow.
I will not suffer sic words of yon villaine.

Pauper. Than gar gif me my thrie fat ky againe.

Spr. Fals carle, to speik to me stands thou not aw?

Pauper. The feind refave them that first devyfit that
law!

Within an hour after my dade was deid,
The Vickar had my kow hard be the heid.

Person. Fals huirsun carle, I fay that law is gude,
Becaus it hes bene lang our consuetude.

Pauper. Quhen I am Paip that law I fall put down;
It is ane fair law for the pure commoun.

Spr. I mak ane vow thay words thou sal repent.

Counf. I yow requyre, my lords, be patient.
Wee came nocht here for disputatiouns;
Wee came to make gude reformatiouns.

Heirfoir of this your propositioun
Conclude, and put to executioun.

Merchand. My Lords, conclude that all the temporal
lands

Be fet in few to laboreris with their hands,
With sic restrictiouns as fall be devyfit,
That thay may live, and nocht to be suppryfit,
With ane reisonnabill augmentatioun;
And quhen thay heir ane proclamatioun
That the Kings grace does mak him for the weir,
That thay be reddie with harnis, bow, and speir;
As for myself, my lord, this I conclude.

Counsal. Sa fay we all, your resoun be so gude.
To mak an Act on this we ar content.

Jobne. On that, Sir Scribe, I tak an instrument.
Quhat do ye of the cors-present and kow?

Counsal. I wil conclude nathing of that as now,
Without my lord of Spiritualitie
Thairto consent, with all this hail cleargie.
My lord Bischop, will ye thairto consent?

Sprit. Na, na, never till the day of Judgment.
Wee will want nathing that wee have in use;
Kirtil, nor kow, teind lambe, teind gryse, nor guse.

Temp. *Forfuth my lordis, &c.* (Play, p. 97.)

P. 169. Seven pages omitted.

Notar thair of I tak an instrument, (P. p. 97.)

Temp. My lord, be him that al the world has wrocht,
We set nocht by quhider ye consent or nocht;
Ye ar bot an estait and we ar twa;
Et ubi major pars ibi tota.

Jobne.

Jobne. My lords, ye haif richt prudentlie concludit.
 Tak tent now how the land is clein denudit
 Of gould, and silver, quhilk dailie gais to Rome
 For buds, mair then the rest of Christindome:
 War I ane king, Sir, be coks passiou
 I sould gar mak ane proclamatioun,
 That never ane penny sould go to Rome at all,
 Na mair then did to Peter or to Paull.
 Da ye nocht sa heir, for conclusioun,
 I gif you all my braid black malesoun.

Merchant. It is of treuth, Sirs, be my christindome,
 That mekil of our money gais to Rome.
 For we merchants, I wait, within our bounds
 Hes furneist Preists ten hundreth thousand pundis;
 For thair finnance nane knawis sa weill as wee.
 Thairfoir, my lords, devyse some remedie;
 For throw thir playis, and thir promotioun,
 Mair for denners, nor for devotioun,
 Sir Symonie has maid with them ane band.
 The gould of weicht thay leid out of the land.
 The Common-weil thair throch bein fair opprest;
 Thairfoir devyse remeid, as ye think best.

Counsell. It is schort tyme sen ony benefice
 Was sped in Rome, except greit bischopries;
 Bot now for ane unworthie vickarage
 Ane preist will rin to Rome in pilgrimage;
 Ane cavell, quhilk was never at the scule,
 Will rin to Rome, and keip ane bischops mule;
 And syne come hame with mony colorit crack,
 With ane buirdin of benefices on his back.

Quhilk

Quhilk bene against the law ane man alaine
 For till posses ma benefices nor ane.
 Thir greit Commends, I say, withouttin fail
 Sould nocht be given bot to the blude Royall;
 Sa I conclude, my lords, and sayis for me,
 Ye sould annull all this pluralitie.

Spirit. The Paip has given us dispensatiouns.

Counf. Yea, that is be your fals narratiouns.

Thocht the Paip, for your pleasour, will dispense,
 I trow that can nocht cleir your conscience.
 Advyse, my lords, quhat ye think to conclude.

Temp. Sir, be my faith I think it very gude
 That fra hencefurth na Preists fall pas to Rome;
 Becaus our substance thay do still consume;
 For pleyis, and for thair profeit singlar,
 Thay haif of money maid this realme bair.
 And als I think it best, be my advyce,
 That ilk Preist fall haif but ane benefice;
 And gif thay keip nocht that fundatioun,
 It fall be caus of deprivatioun.

Merchant. As ye haif said, my lord, we will consent.
 Scribe mak ane Act on this incontinent.

Counf. My Lords, thair is ane thing yit unproponit,
 How Prelats, and Preistis aucht to be dispoit.
 This beand done wee have the les ado.
 Quhat say ye, firs? This is my counfall, lo,
 That or wee end this present Parliament,
 Of this matter to tak rype advysement.
 Mark weill, my lords, thair is na benefice
 Given to ane man bot for ane gude office:

Quha taks office, and syne than can nocht us it,
Giver and taker I say ar baith abusit.

Ane Bischops office is for to be ane preichour,
And of the law of God ane publick teachour;
Right sa the Person, unto his parochon,
Of the Evangell fould leir them ane lessoun.
Thair fould na man desire sic dignities,
Without he be abill for that office.

And for that caus I say, without leising,
They have thair teinds, and for na uther thing.

Spir. Freind, quhair find ye that we suld prechours
be ?

Counf. Luik quhat Sanct Paul writes unto Timothie;
Tak thair the buik, let se gif ye can spell

Spir. I never red that, thairfoir reid it your sel.

[Counfall fall read thir wordis on ane buik.

Fidelis sermo, si quis Episcopatum desiderat, bonum opus desiderat, oportet eum irreprehensibilem esse, unius uxoris virum, sobrium, prudentem, ornatum, pudicum, hospitalem, doctorem, non vinolentum, non percussorem, sed modestum. That is, This is a true saying, If any man desire the office of a Bishop, he desireth a worthie worke: A Bishop therefore must be unrepveable, the husband of one wife, &c.

Spir. Ye temporal men, be him that heryit hell,
Ye ar ovir peart with sic maters to mell.

Temp. Sit still, my lord, ye neid not for til braull;
Thir ar the verie words of th' Apostill Paull.

Spir.

Spir. Sum fayis, be him that woare the crowne of
thorne,

It had bene gude that Paull had neir bene borne.

Counf. Bot ye may knaw, my lord, Sanct Paul's intent.
Schir, red ye never the New Testament?

Spir. Na, fir, be him that our lord Jesus fauld,
I red never the New Testament, nor Auld.
Nor ever thinks to do, Sir, be the Rude:
I heir freiris say that reiding dois na gude.

Counf. Till you to reid them I think it is na lack;
For anis I saw them baith bund on your back.
That famin day that ye was consecrat.
Sir quhat meinis that?

Spir. The feind stik them that wat.

Merch. Then, befoir God how can ye be excusit,
To haif an office, and waits not how to us it?
Quhairfoir was gifin you all the temporal lands,
And all thir teinds ye haif among your hands?
Thay war gifin yow for uther causes, I weipe,
Nor mummil matins, and hald your clayis cleine.
Ye say, to the Apostills that ye succeed,
Bot ye schaw nocht that, into word nor deid.
The law is plaine; our teinds suld furnisch teichours.

Counf. Yea, that it fould; or susteine prudent prei-
chours.

Pauper. Sir, God nor I be stikkit with ane knyfe,
Gif ever our Persoun preichit in all his lyfe.

Person. Quhat devil raks the of our preiching, un-
docht?

Paup. Think ye that ye suld have the teinds for nocht?

Perf. Trowis thou to get remeid, carle, of that thing ?

Paup. Yea be Gods breid richt sone — war I ane King.

Perf. Wald thou of Prelats mak deprivation ?

Paup. Na: I fuld gar them keip thair fundation.

Quhat devill is this, quhom of fould Kings stand aw
To do the thing that they fould be the law ?

War I ane king, be coks deir passiou,

I fould richt sone mak reformatioun ;

Failyeand thair of your grace fould richt sone finde

That Preists fall leid yow, lyke ane bellie blinde.

Jobne. Quhat gif King David war leivand in this
dayis ?

The quhilk did found sa mony gay Abayis,

Or out of heavin quhat gif he luikit down,

And saw the great abominatioun

Amang thir Abesses, and thir Nunries,

Thair publick huirdomes, and thair harlotries ?

He wald repent he narrowit sa his bounds,

Of yeirlie rent thriescoir of thowsand pounds.

His successours maks litill ruisse, I ges,

Of his devotioun, or of his holines.

Abbasse. How dar you, carle, presume for to declair ?

Or for to mell the with sa heich a mater ?

For in Scotland thair did yit never ring,

I let the wit, ane mair excellent king.

Of holines he was the verie plant,

And now in heavin he is ane nichtfull Sanct ;

Becaus that fyftein Abbassies he did found ;

Quhair throw great riches hes ay done abound

Into our Kirk, aud daylie yet abounds.
 Bot Kings now I trow few Abbacies founds.
 I dar weill say thou ar condemnit in hell,
 That dois presume with sic maters to mell.
 Fals huirfun carle, thou art ovir arrogant
 To judge the deids of sic ane halie sanct.

Jobne. King James the First, roy of this regioun,
 Said that he was ane fair Sanct to the crown.
 I heir men say that he was sumthing blind,
 That gave away mair nor he left behind.
 His successours that holines did repent,
 Quhilk gart them do great inconvenient.

Abbas. My lord Bischop, I mervel how that ye
 Suffer this carle for to speik heresie?
 For be my faith, my lord, will ye tak tent
 He servis for to be brunt incontinent.
 Ye can nocht say bot it is heresie
 To speik against our law and libertie.

Spir. Sancte pater, I mak yow supplicatioun,
 Exame yon carle, syne mak his dilatioun;
 I mak ane vow to God Omnipotent
 That bystour sal be brunt incontinent.

[*Flat.*] Venerabile father, I fall do your command;
 Gif he servis deid I fall sune understand. [Pausa.
 Fals huirfun carle, schaw furth thy faith.

Jobne. Methink ye speik as ye war wraith.
 To yow I will na thing declair,
 For ye ar nocht my Ordinair.

Flat. Quhom in trowis thou, fals monsther mangit?

Jobne. I trow to God to se the hangit.

War I ane King, be coks passiou,
 I fould gar mak ane congregatioun
 Of all the freirs of the four ordouris,
 And mak yow vagers on the bordouris.
 Sir, will ye give me audience,
 And I fall schaw your excellence,
 Sa that your grace will give me leife,
 How into God that I beleife.

Correct. Schaw furth your faith, and feinye nocht.

Jobne. I beleife in God that all hes wrocht ;
 And creat every thing of nocht ;
 And in his son our Lord Jesu,
 Incarnat of the Virgin trew,
 Quha under Pilat tholit passiou,
 And deit for our salvatioun,
 And on the thrid day rais againe,
 As halie scriptour schawis plane.
 And als, my lord, it is weill kend
 How he did to the heavin ascend,
 And set him doun at the richt hand
 Of God the father, I understand ;
 And fall cum Judge on Dumisday.
 Quhat will ye mair, sir, that I say ?

Correct. Schaw furth the rest ; this is na game.

Jobne. I trow *Sanctam Ecclesiam* ;
 Bot nocht in thir Bischops nor freirs,
 Quhilk will, for purging of thir neirs,
 Sard up the ta raw and doun the uther.
 The mekill Devill resave the fiddler !

Correct.

Correct. Say quhat ye will, firs, be Sanct Tan,
Methink Johne ane gude Christian man.

Temp. My lords, let be your disputatioun;
Conclude with firm deliberatioun,
How Prelats fra thyne fall be disponit.

Merch. I think for me evin as ye first proponit,
That the King's grace fall gif na benefice,
Bot till ane preichour that can use that office.
The fillie fauls, that bene Christis sheip,
Sould nocht be givin to gormand wolvis to keip.
Quhat bene the caus of all the heresies,
Bot the abulsioun of the prelacies?
Thay will correct, and will nocht be correctit,
Thinkand to na priuce thay will be subjeitit.
Quhairfoir I can find na better remeid,
Bot that thir kings man take in thair heid,
That thair be given to na man bishopries,
Except they preich out throch thair diosies;
And ilk persone preich in his parochon.
And this I fay for finall conclusion.

Temp. Wee think your counfall is verie gude:
As ye have said wee all conclude.
Of this conclusioun No er wee mak an Act.

Scrybe. I write all day bot gets never ane plack.

Pauper. *Ha my lordis for the Holy Trinitie, &c.*

p. 169. Play, p. 104.

P. 171. *It is aganis our profeit singular.*

Wee will nocht want our profeit, be Sanct Geill.

Temp. Your profeit is against the Common-weil;

It fall be done, my lords, as ye have wrocht,
 We care nocht quhiddel ye consent or nocht.
 Quhairfoir servis then all thir Temporal Judges,
 Gif temporal matters fould feik at yow refuges?
 My lord, ye say that ye ar sprituall,
 Quhairfoir mell ye than with things temporall?
 As we have done conclude, so fall it stand.
 Scribe put our Aëts in ordour evin fra hand.

Sprit. Till all your Aëtis, &c. p, 171. Play, p. 106.

Ibid. Three pages wanting at the end of Interlude VII. Play, p. 106—109.

[Heir fall Veritie and Chastitie mak thair plaint at the bar.

Veritie. My Soverane, I besaik your excellence
Use justice on Spiritualite;
The quhilk to us hes done great violence,
Becaus we did rehers the veritie.
Thay put us close into captivitie,
And sa remanit into subjection,
Into great langour and calamitie,
Till we were fred be King Correcioun.

Chast. My lord, I haif great caus for to complaine,
I could get na ludging intill this land;
The Spiritual Stait had me sa at disdane,
With Dame Sensuall thay have maid sic ane band.
Amang them all na friendship, Sirs, I fand;
And quhen I cam the nobill nunnis amang,
My lustie Ladie Piores fra hand
Out of hir dõrtour durlie sche me dang.

Veritie.

Veritie. With the advyse, Sir, of the Parliament
Hairtie we mak yow supplicatioun,
Cause King Correctioun tak incontinent
Of all this sort examinatioun.

Gif they be digne of deprivatioun,
Ye have power for to correct sic cafes.
Cheafe the maist cunning Clerks of this natioun,
And put mair prudent pastours in their places.
My prudent lordis, I say that pure craftsmen
Abuse sum Prelats ar mair for to commend;
Gar examé them, and sa ye fall sune ken
How thay in vertew Bischops dois transcend

Scribe. Thy life, and craft, mak to thir Kings kend.
Quhat craft hes thou, declair that to me plaine?

Tailyeour. Ane Tailyeour, Sir, that can baith mak
and mend;

I wait nane better into Dumbartane.

Scr. Quhairfoir of tailyeours beirs thou the styl?

Tail. Becaus I wait is nane within ane myl
Can better use that craft, as I suppois:
For I can mak baith doublit, coat, and hois.

Scr. How call thay you, Sir, with the schaping knaife?

Sowtar. Ane sowtar, sir, nane better into Fyfe.

Scr. Tell me quhairfoir ane sowtar ye ar namit.

Sowt. Of that surname I need nocht be ashamed,
For I can mak schone, brotekens, and buitis.
Gif me the coppie of the King's cuittis,
And ye fall se richt sune quhat I can do;
Heir is my lasts, and weill wrocht ledder, lo.

Counf.

Counf. O Lord my God ! this is ane marvelous thing
 How sic misfordour in this realme fould ring !
 Sowtars and tailyeours thay ar far mair expert
 In thair puir craft, and in thair handie art,
 Nor ar Prelatis in thair vocatioun.
 I pray yow, firs, mak informatioun.

Veritie. Alace, Alace, quhat gars thir temporal Kings
 Into the Kirk of Christ admit sic doings ?
 My Lordis, for lufe of Christ's passoun,
 Of thir ignorants mak deprivation,
 Quhilk in the court can do bot flatter and fleich.
 And put into thair places that can preich.
 Send furth, and seek sum devoit cunning Clarks,
 That can stir up the peopill to gude warks.

Correct. As ye have done, Madame, I am content.
 Hoaw Diligence ! pas hynd incontinent,
 And seek out throw all towns and cities,
 And visit all the universities ;
 Bring us sum Doctours of Divinitie,
 With Licents in the Law and Theologie,
 With the maist cunning Clarks in all this land.
 Speid sune your way, and bring them heir fra hand.

Dilig. Quhat gif I find sum halie Provincial,
 Or minister of the gray freiris all ?
 Or ony freir that can preich prudentlie,
 Sall I bring them with me in cumpanie ?

Correct. Cair thou nocht quhat estait sa ever he be,
 Sa thay can teich and preich the veritie.
 Maist cunning Clarks with us is best beluifit :
 To dignitie thay fall be first promuifit.

Quhiddel

Quhidder thay be Munk, Channon, Preist, or Freir,
Sa thay can preich, failt nocht to bring them heir.

Dilig. Than fair-weil, Sir, for I am at the flicht.
I pray the Lord to send yow all gude nicht.

[*Heir fall Diligence pas to the palyeoun.*

Temp. Sir. we beseik your soverane celsitude
Of our dochtours to have compassioun,
Quhom wee may na way marie, be the Rude,
Without wee mak sum alienatioun
Of our land, for thair supportatioun.
For quhy? the markit raisit bene sa hie,
That Prelats dochtours of this natioun
Ar maryit with sic superfluitie;
Thay will nocht spair to gif two thousand pound
With thair dochtours to ane nobill man;
In riches sa thay do superabound.
Bot we may nocht do sa, be Sanct Allane.
Thir proud Prelats our dochters fair may ban,
That thay remaine at hame sa lang unmaryit.
Schir let your Barrouns do the best they can,
Sum of our dochtours I dred sal be miscaryit.

Correct. My Lord, your complaint is richt reasonabill,
And richt sa to your dochtours profitabill.
I think, or I pas aff this natioun,
Of this mater till mak reformatioun.

[*Heir fall enter Common Thift.* p. 175. Play, p. 109.

P. 179. Wanting in the Play.

P. 180. At the end of this scene not less than ten
pages are omitted. Play, p. 112.

[*Heir fall Diligence convoy the Thrie Clarks.*

Dilig.

Dilig. Sir, I have brocht unto your excellence
 Their famous Clarks of greit intelligence ;
 For to the common peopill thay can preich,
 And in the scuillis in Latine tounge can teich.
 This is ane Doctour of Divinitie ;
 And thir twa Licents, men of gravitie.
 I heir men say their conversatioun
 Is maist in divine contemplatioun.

Doctour. Grace, peace, and rest from the hie Trinitie
 Mot rest among this godlie cumpanie !
 Heir ar we cunde, as your obedients,
 For to fulfill your just commandements ;
 Quhatever it please your grace us to command,
 Sir, it sail be obeyit evin fra hand.

Rex. Gud freinds, ye ar richt welcome to us all.
 Sit down all thrie, and geif us your counfall.

Correct. Sir, I give yow baith counsal and command
 In your office use exercitioun.
 First, that ye gar search out, throch all your land,
 Quha can nocht put to executioun
 Their office, after the institutioun.
 Of godlie lawis, conforme to thair vacatioun ;
 Put in thair placis men of gude conditioun.
 And this ye do without dilatioun.

Ye ar the head, sir, of this congregatioun,
 Preordinat be God omnipotent,
 Quhilk hes me fend to mak yow supportatioun ;
 Into the quhilk I sal be diligent.
 And quhaeair beis inobedient,
 And will nocht suffer for to be correctit,

They

Thay fal be all desposit incontinent,
And from your presence they fall be dejectit.

Counsell. Begin first at the Spritualitie,
And tak of them examinatioun,
Gif they can use thair divyne dewetie.
And als I mak yow supplicatioun,
All thay that hes thair offices misusit,
Of them mak haistie deprivatioun.
Sa that the peopill be na mair abusit.

Correct. Ye are ane Prince of Spritualitie,
How have ye usit your office now let se.

Spi. My lords, quhen was thair ony Prelats wont
Of thair office till ony King mak count?
Bot of my office gif ye wald have the feill,
I let yow wit I have it usit weill.
For I tak in my count twyfe in the yeir,
Wanting nocht of my teind ane boll of beir:
I gat gude payment of my temporal lands,
My buttock-mail, my coattis, and my offrands;
With all that dois perteine my benefice.
Contider now, my lord, gyf I be wyfe.
I dare nocht marye contrair the common law,
Ane thing thair is, my lord, that ye may know,
Howbeit I dar nocht plainlie spouse ane wyfe,
Yit Concubeins I have had four or fyfe.
And to my sons I have given rich rewairds;
And all my dochters maryit upon lairds.
I let yow wit my lord I am na tuill,
For quhy? I ryde upon ane anland muill.

Thair is na temporal lord in all the land
 That maks sic cheir, I let you understand.
 And als, my lord, I gif with gude intention
 To divers Temporal Lords ane yeirlie pensoun,
 To that intent that thay, with all thair hart,
 In richt and wrang fal plainlie tak my part.
 Now have I tould you, sir, on my best ways
 How that I have exercit my office.

Correct. I weind your office had bene for til preich,
 And God's law to the peopill teich.

Quhairfoir weir ye that mytour ye me tell?

Spir. I wat nocht, man, be him that herryit hell.

Corr. That dois betakin that ye, with gude intent,
 Sould teich and preich the Auld and New Testament.

Spir. I have ane freir to preich into my place.
 Of my office ye heir na mair quhill pasche.

Chastitie. My lords, this Abbot and this Prioors
 Thay sorne thair gods; this is my reason quhy,
 Thay beare ane habite of feinyet halines,
 And in thair deid thay do the contrary.
 For to live chait they vow solemnly;
 Bot fra that thay be sikker of their bowis,
 Thay live in huir dome and in harlotry.
 Examine them, Sir, how thay observe their vowis.

Correct. Sir Scribe, ye fall at Chastitie's request,
 Pas and examie yon thrie in gudlie haist.

Scribe. Father Abbot, this Counsal bids me speir
 How ye have usit your Abbay thay wald heir?
 And als thir Kings hes given to me commissioun
 Of your office for to mak inquisition.

Abbot.

Abbot. Tuiching my office I say to yow plainlie,
 My monks and I we leif richt easilie;
 Thair is na monks, from Carrick to Carrail,
 That fairs better, and drinks mair helsum aik.
 My Prior is ane man of great devotioun,
 Thairfoir daylie he gets ane double portioun.

Scribe. My lord, how have ye keipt your thrie vows?

Abbat. Indeid richt weill, tiil I gat hame my bows;
 In my abbey when I was sanc professor,
 Than did I leife as did my pædecessour.
 My paramour is baith als fat and fair
 As ony wench into the toun of Air.
 I send my sons to Pareis to the scuillis;
 I traist in God that they sal be na fuillis.
 And all my dochters I have weill providit.
 Now judge ye gif my office be weill gydit.

Scribe. Maister Persone, schaw us gif ye can preich?

Perf. Thocht I preich nocht I can play at the caiche.
 I wait thair is nocht ane among you all
 Mair ferilie can play at the fute ball;
 And for the carts, the tabils, and the dysse,
 Above all Persouns I may beir the pryce.
 Our round bonats we mak them now four nuickit,
 Of richt fyne stuiff, gif yow list cum and luik it.
 Of my office I have declarit to the:
 Speir quhat ye pleis, ye get na mair of me.

Scribe. Quhat say ye now, my lady Piores,
 How have ye usit your office can ye ges?
 Quhat was the caus ye refusit habrie
 To this young lustie ladie, Chastitie?

Priores. I wald have harborit hir with gude intent,
 Bot my complexion thairto wald not assent.
 I do my office after auld use and wount.
 To your Parliament I will mak na mair count.

Veritie. Now caus sum of your cunning Clarke,
 Quhilk ar expert in heavenlie warks.
 And men fulfillit with charitie,
 That can weill preiche the veritie;
 And gif to sum of them command
 Ane sermon for to mak fra hand.

Correct. As ye have said I am content,
 To gar sum preich incontinent.

[*Pausa.*

Magister nosfer, I ken how ye can teiche
 Into the scuillis, and that richt ornatlie;
 I pray yow now that ye wald please to preiche
 In Inglisch toung, land folk to edifie.

Doctour. Soverane I fall obey yow humbillie
 With ane schort sermon, presentlie in this place;
 And schaw the word of God unfeinyeitle,
 And sinceirly, as God will give me grace.

[*Heir fall the Doctour pas to the pulpit, and say,
 Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata.*

Devoit peopill, Sanct Paull the preichour fayis,
 The fervent luife, and fatherlie pitie,
 Quhilk God Almichtie hes schawin mony wayis
 To man in his corrupt fragilitie,
 Exceeds all luife in earth, sa far that we
 May rever to God mak recompence conding;
 As quha sa listis to reid the veritie,
 In halie scripture he may find this thing.

Sic

Sic Deus dilexit mundum.

Tuiching nathing the great prerogative
 Quhilk God to man in his creation lent,
 How man of nocht creat superlative
 Was to the image of God Omnipotent,
 Let us confider that special luif ingent
 God had to man, quhen our foir father fell,
 Drawing us all, in his loynis immanent,
 Captive from gloir in thirlage to the hell.

Quhen Angels fell, thair miserabill ruyne
 Was never restorit: bot for our miserie
 The sun of God, secund person divyne,
 In ane pure Virgin tuke humanitie;
 Syne for our sake great harmis suffered he,
 In fasting, walking, in preiching, cauld and heit;
 And at the last ane schameful death deit he,
 Betwix twa theifis on croce he yeild the spreit.

And quhair an drop of his maist precious blude
 Was recompence sufficient and conding
 Ane thousand warlds to ransom fra that wod
 Infernal feind, Satan; notwithstanding
 He luifit us sa, that for our ransoning
 He sched furth all the blude of his bodie;
 Riven, rent, and fair wondit, quhair he did hing,
 Naild on the croce on the Mont Calvary.

Et copiosa apud eum redemptio.

O cruel death, be thé the venemous
 Dragon, the Devill infernal lost his pray;
 Be thé the stinkand, mirk, contagious,
 Deip pit of hell mankynd escaipit fray.

Be thé the port of Paradice alway
 Was patent maid unto the heavin sa hie,
 Opinnit to man, and maid ane reddie way
 To gloir eternal with the Trinitie.

And yit for all this luife incomparabill
 God askis no rewaird fra us againe,
 Bot luife for luife : in this command bot fabill
 Conteinit ar allhalie the lawis ten,
 Baith all and new, and commandiments everilkane.
 Luife bene the ledder, quhilk hes bot steppis twa,
 Be quhilk we may clime up to lyfe againe,
 Out of this vaill of miserie and wa.

*Diliges Dominum tuum, Deum tuum, ex toto corde tuo,
 et proximum tuum sicut teipsum; in his duobus
 mandatis, &c.*

The first step fuithlie of this ledder is
 To luife thy God, as the fountaine and well
 Of luife and grace : and the secund, I wis,
 To luife thy nichtbour as thou luifis thi sell.
 Quha tynis ane step of thir twa gais to hell,
 Bot he repents, and turne to Christ anone,
 Hauld this na fabill, the halie Evangell
 Bears in effect this wordis everie one.

Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata, &c.

Thay tyne thir steps, all thay quhaevir did fin
 In pryde, invy, in ire, and lecherie ;
 In covetice, or ony extreme win,
 Into sweirnes, or into gluttanie ;
 Or quha dois nocht the deids of mercie,
 Gif hungrie meit, and gif the naikit clayis.—

Perf. Now walloway, thinks thou na schame to lie?
I trow the devill a word is trow thou fayis.

Thou fayis thair is bot twa steppis to the heavin,
Quha failyies them man backward fall in hell.

I wait it is ten thousand mylis, and sevin,
Gif it be na mair I do it upon thy fell.
Schort leggit men I se, be Bryds bell,
Will nevir cum thair, thay steppis bene fa wyde ;
Gif thay be the words of the Evangell
The Spirituall men hes mister of ane gyde.

Abbot. And I belief that cruikit men and blinde
Sall never get up upon sa hich ane ledder:
By my gude faith I dreid to ly behinde,
Without God draw me up into ane tedder.
Quhat and I fall, than I will break my bledder.
And I cum thair this day the devill speid me,
Except God make me lichter nor ane fedder,
Or send me doun gude widcok wingis to flie.

Perf. Cum doun dastart, and gang fell draiff,
I understand nocht quhat thow said ;
'Thy words war nather corne nor caiff,
I wald thy toung againe war laide.
Quhair thou fayis pryde is deidlie sin,
I say pryde is bot honestie ;
And covetice of warldlie win
Is bot wisdome, I say for me.
Ire, hardiness, and gluttonie,
Is nathing ellis but lysis fude ;
The natural sin of lecherie
Is but trow luife ; all thir ar gude.

Doctor. God and the Kirk has given command
That all gude Christian men refuse them.

Perf. Bot war thay sin I understand
We men of Kirk wald never use them.

Doct. Brother, I pray the Trinitie
Your faith and charitie to support,
Causand you knaw the veritie,
That ye your subjects may comfort.
To your prayers, peopill, I recommend
The rewlars of this nobill regioun,
That our Lord God his grace mot to them send
On trespassours to mak punitioun ;
Prayand to God from feinds yow defend,
And of your sins to gif yow full remissioun.
I say na mair to God I you commend.

*[Heir Diligence spyis the Freir roundand to the
Prelats.*

Dilig. My lords, I persave that the Spiritual stait
Be way of deid purposis to mak dehait ;
For be the counfall of yon flattrand freir
Thay purposis to mak all this toun on steir.

1st Licent. Traist ye that thay will be inobedient
To that quhilk is decreitit in Parliament ?

Dilig. Thay se the Paip with awfull ordinance
Makis weir against the michtie King of France ;
Richt sa thay think that Prelats suld nocht sunyie
Be way of deid defend thair patrimonie.

1st Lic. I pray the, brother, gar me understand
Quhair ever Christ possessit ane fut of land.

Dilig.

Dilig. Yea that he did, father, withouttin fail,
For Christ Jesus was King of Israell.

1st Lic. I grant that Christ was king abuife all kings,
Bot he mellit never with temporal things;
As he hes plainlie done declair himsell,
As thou may reid in his halie Evangell;
“ Birds hes thair nests, and tods hes thair den,
“ Bot Christ Jesus, the Saviour of men,
“ In all this world hes nocht ane penny braid,
“ Quhairon he may repois his heavenlie head.

Dilig. And is that trew ?

Lic. Yes, brother, be Allhallows,
Christ Jesus had na propertie, bot the gallows.
And left nor, quhen he yeildit up the spreit,
To by himself ane simpill winding scheit.

Dilig. Christ's successours, I understand,
Thinks na schame to have temporal land.
Father, thay have na will, I you assure,
In this world be indigent and puir.
Bot, sir, sen ye are callit sapient,
Declair to me the caus with trew intent
Quhy that my lustie ladie Veritie
Hes nocht bene weill treatit in this cuntrie ?

Batchelor. Forsuith quhair Prelats uses the counfall
Of beggand freirs, in mony regioun,
And thay Prelats with Princis principal,
The veritie but doubt is trampit down ;
And Common-weil put to confusioun.

Gif this be trew to yow I me report,
Thairfoir, my lords, mak reformatioun
Or ye depart, hairtlie, I yow exhort.

Sirs, Freirs wald never yit, I yow assure,
 That ony Prelats usit preiching;
 And prelats tuke on them that cure
 Freirs wald get nathing for thair fleiching.

I counfall yow, Sir, &c. p. 181. (Play, p. 122.)

About eight pages omitted. (Play, p. 123.)

The speech of the First Sarjand stands thus in the
 Play.

Cum on *my Ladie Prioeres*,
 We fall leir yow to dance,
 And that within ane lytill space,
 Ane new pavin of France.

*[Heir fall thay spoilye the Prioeres, and sche fall have
 ane kirtil of silk under hir habit.]*

Now, brother, be the masse
 Be my judgement I think
 This halie Prioeres
 Is turnit in ane cowclink.

Prioeres. I gif my freinds my malifoun,
 That me compellit to be ane Nun,
 And wald nocht let me marie;
 It was my freinds greadines
 That gart me be ane Prioeres.
 Now hartlie then I warie.
 Houbeit that Nunnis sing nichts and days,
 Thair hart waits nocht quhat thair mouth says,
 The fuith I yow declair.
 Makand yow intimatioun,
 To Christis congregatioun
 Nunnis ar nocht necessair.

Bot I fall do the best I can,
 And marie sum gude honest man,
 And brew gude aill and tun.
 Mariage, be my opinioun,
 It is better Religioun
 As to be Freir or Nun.

Flat. Freir. *My Lordis for Gods saik let nocht hang me.*
 &c. here, p. 183 to 185.

To Johnie the Common-weill. (P. p. 125.)

*[Heir sal the Kings and the Temporal Stait round
 togider.*

Correēt. With the advice of King Humanitie
 Heir I determine with rype advysement,
 That all thir Prelats fall deprivit be;
 And be decreit of this present Parliament
 That thir thre cunning Clarkis sapient
 Immediatlie thair places fall posses,
 Becaus that thay have bene sa negligent,
 Suffring the word of God for till decres.

Rex Hum. As ye have said but doubt it fall be done;
 Pas to and mak this interchainging sone.

*[The Kings servants lay hands on the thrie Prelats,
 and says.*

Wantonn. My lords, we pray you to be patient,
 For we will do the Kings commandement.

Spirit. I mak ane vow to God and ye us handill,
 Ye fall be curst and graggit with buik and candil;
 Syne we fall pas unto the Paip, and pleinyie,
 And to the devill of hell condemne this meinyie.

For quhy? Sic reformatioun, as I weine,
Into Scotland was never hard nor feine.

*[Heir fall they spuilie them with silence, and put thair
habits on the thrie Clarks.]*

Merchant. We marvell of yow, paintit sepulturis,
That was fa bauld for to accept sic curis,
With glorious habite rydand upon your muillis;
Now men may se ye are bot verie fuillis.

Spir. We say the Kings war greiter fuillis nor we,
That us promovit to fa greit dignitie.

Abbot. Thair is ane thousand in the Kirk, but doubt,
Sic fuillis as we, gif thay war weill socht out:
Now, brother, sen it may na better be,
Let us ga sounp with Sensualitie.

[Heir fall thay pas to Sensualitie.]

Spir. Madame, I pray yow mak us thrie gude cheir,
We sure nocht to remaine with yow all yeir.

Sensual. Pas fra us fuillis; be him that has us wrocht
Ye ludge nocht heir, becaus I kuaw yow nocht.

Spir. Sir Covetice, will ye also misken me?
I wait richt weill ye wil baith gif and lend me.
Speid hand my freind, spair nocht to break the lockis,
Gif me ane thousand crouns out of my box.

Covet. Quhairfoir, Sir fuill, gif you ane thousand
crouns?

Ga hence, ye seime to be thrie very louns.

Spir. I se nocht els, brother, withoutin fail
Bot this fals world is turnit top our taill.
Sen all is vaine that is under the list,
To win our meat we man make uther schift;

With

With our labour except we mak debait,
I dreid full fair we want baith drink and meat.

Perf. Gif with our labour we man us defend,
Then let us gang quhair we war never kend.

Sprit. I wyte thir freirs that I am thus abusit,
For by thair counsal I have bene confusit ;
Thay gart me trow it suffyfit, alace,
To gar them plainlie preich into my place.

Abbot. Alace, this reformatioun I may warie,
For I have yit twa dochtirs for till marie ;
And they are baith contractir, be the rude,
And waits nocht how to pay thair tocher gude.

Perf. The devill mak cair for this unhappie chance,
For I am young, and thinks to pas to France,
And tak wages amang the men of weir,
And win my living with my sword and speir.

[*The Bischop, Abbot, Perfone, and Prioires, depairts
altogeder.*

Gude Counf. *Or ye depairt, sir, of this regioun, &c.*
here p. 197, 198. (Play, p. 127, 128.)

And Commoun Weill be tirrandis strampit downe.

[*Pausa.*

The Speech of Common Weal, p. 193. is given in
the Play to Correction, and is thus continued.

Now Maisters, ye fall heir inconinent,
At great leyfour, in your presence proclamit
The Nobill Actis of our Parliament,
Of quhilks we neid nocht to be aschamit.
Cum heir, Trumpet, and found your warning tone
That every man may knaw quhat we have done.

[*Heir*

[*Heir fall Diligence, with the Scribe, and the Trumpet, pas to the pulpit, and proclame the Actis.*

The First Act.

It is devyfit be thir prudent Kings,
 Correctioun, and King Humanitie,
 That thair Leigis, induring all their ringis,
 With the avyce of the Estaitis Thrie,
 Sall manfullie defend and fortifie
 The Kirk of Christ, and his religioun,
 Without dissimulance or hypocrisie,
 Under the pain of their punitioun.

2. Als thay will that the Actis honorabil',
 Maid be our Prince in the last Parliament,
 Becaus thay ar baith gude and profitabill,
 Thay will that everie man be diligent
 Them till observe, with unfeinyeit intent.
 Quha disobeyis inobedientlie
 Be thair lawis, but doubt they fall repent,
 And painis conteinit thairin fall underly.

3. And als, the Common-weil for til advance,
 It is statute that all the temporal lands
 Be set in feu, efter the forme of France,
 Till verteous men, that labours with thair hands,
 Resonabillie restrictit with sic bands,
 That thay do service nevertheles.
 And to be subject ay under the wands;
 That riches may with policie increas.

4. Item, this prudent Parliament hes devyfit,
 Gif lords hold under thair dominioun
 Theifis, quhairthroch puir peopil bene supprifit,
 For them thay fall make answeir to the croun,

And to the pair mak restitution,
 Without thay put them in the judges hands,
 For thair default to suffer punitioun;
 Sa that na theifis remaine within thair lands.

5. To that intent that justice sould increas,
 It is concludit in this parliament,
 That into Elgin, or into Innerneffe,
 Sall be ane sute of Clarks sapient,
 Togidder with ane prudent President,
 To do justice in all the Norther Airtis
 Sa equallie without impediment,
 That thay neid nocht seik justice in thir pairtis.

6. With licence of the Kirks halines,
 That justice may be done continuallie,
 All the maters of Scotland, mair and les,
 To thir twa famous saits perpetuallie
 Sal be directit, becaus men seis plainlie *
 Thir wantoun Nunnis ar na way necessair,
 Till common-weil nor yit to the glorie
 Of Christs Kirk, thocht thay be fat and fair.

And als that fragill ardour feminine
 Will nocht be missit in Christs Religioun,
 Thair wits usit till ane better fyne,
 For common-weill of all this regioun,
 Ilk Senature for that erectioun,
 For the uphalding of thair gravitie,
 Sall have fyve hundreth mark of pensioun,
 And also bot twa † sall their nummer be.

* Here seems a defect.

† Of Edinburgh, and of the North.

Into the North faxteine fall thair remaine;
 Saxtein richt fa in our maist famous toun
 Of Edinburgh, to serve our Sovereaine;
 Chosen without partiall afflictioun
 Of the maist cunning Clarks of this Regioun;
 Thair Chancellor chosen of ane famous Clark,
 Ane cunning man of great perfectioun,
 And for his pensioun have ane thousand mark.

7. It is devyfit in this Parliament,
 From this day furth na mater Temporall,
 (Our new Prelats thairto hes done consent,)
 Cum befor Judges Consistoriall,
 Quhilk hes bene sa prolix and partiall
 To the great hurt of the communitie.
 Let Temporall men seik Judges Temporall,
 And Spiritual men to Spritualitie.

8. Na benefice beis gifin, in tyme cumming,
 Bot to men of gude eruditioun,
 Expert in the Halie Scripture, and cunning,
 And that thay be of gude conditioun;
 Of publick vices but suspitioun;
 And qualesiet nicht prudentlie to preich
 To thair awin folk, baith into land and toun;
 Or ellis in famous scuillis for to teich.

9. Als becaus of the great pluralitie
 Of ignorant preists, ma than ane legioun,
 Quhair-throch of teichours the heich dignitie
 Is vilipendit in ilk regioun,
 Thairfoir our Court has made provisioun
 That na Bischops mak teichours in tyme cumming,

Except men of gude eruditioun,
And for Preistheid qualeteit and cunning.

Siclyke as ye se, in the borrows town,
Ane tailyeour is nocht sufferit to remaine,
Without he can mak doubler, coat, and gown;
He man gang till his prentischip againe.
Bischops tould nocht reslave (methink certaine)
Into the Kirk, except ane cunning Clark:
Ane idiot preist Esay compareth plaine
Till ane dum dogge, that can nocht byte nor bark.

10. From this day furth se na Prelats pretend,
Under the paine of inobediencie,
At Prince or Paip to purchase ane commend,
Againe the kow * becaus it dois offence:
Till ony Priest we think sufficiencye
Ane benefice, far to serve God withall.
Twa Prelacies fall na man have from thence,
Without that he be of the blude Royall.

11. Item this prudent Counfall has concludit,
Sa that our haly Vickars be nocht wraith,
From this day furth thay sal be cleane denudit
Baith of corse-present, cow, and umeist claith;
To puir commons becaus it hath done skaith.
And mairover we think it lytill force,
Howbeit the Barrouns thairto will be laith,
From thence furth thay fall want thair hyrld-hors.

12. It is decreit that in this Parliament
Ilk Bischop, Minister, Priour, and Pe:soun,

* law ?

To the effect thay may tak better tent
 To faulis under their dominjoun,
 Efter the forme of thair fundatioun,
 Ilk Bisshop in his Diofie fall remaine;
 And everilk Persone in his parachoun,
 Teiching thair folk from vices to refraine.

13. Becaus that clarks our substance dois consume
 For bills and proces of thair prelacies,
 Thairfoir thair fall na money ga to Rome,
 From this day furth for any benefice,
 Bot gif it be for greit Archbisshopries.
 As for the rest na money gais at all,
 For the incieffing of thair dignities,
 Na mair nor did to Peter nor to Paull.

14. Considering that our Preists, for the maist part,
 Thay want the gift of Chastitie we se,
 Cupido hes fa perst them throch the hart,
 We grant them licence and frie libertie *
 That thay may have fair Virgins to thair wyfis,
 And sa keip matrimoniall chastitie,
 And nocht in huirdome for to leid thair lyfis.

15. This Parliament richt sa hes done conclude
 From this day forth our Barrouns temporall
 Sall na mair mix thair nobil ancient blude
 With bastard bairns of Stait Sprituall.
 Ilk stait amang thair awin selfis marie fall.
 Gif Nobils marie with the Spritualitie,
 From thyne subject thay sal be, and all
 Sal be degraithit of thair Nobilitie;

* A line wanting.

And

And from among the Nobils cancellate,
 Unto the tyme thay by thair libertie,
 Rehabilit be the civill magistrate.
 And sa fall marie the Spiritualitie ;
 Bischops with Bischops fall mak affinitie,
 Abbots and Priors with the Piores,
 As Bischop Annas in Scripture we may se,
 Maryit his dochter on Bischop Caiphas.

Now have ye heard the Actis honorabill
 Devysit in this present Parliament ;
 To Common-weill we think agreabill
 All faithfuli folk sould heirof be content,
 Them till observe with hartlie trew intent,
 I wait nane will against our Actis rebell,
 Nor till our law bē inobedient,
 Bot Plutois band, the potent prince of hell.

[Heir fall Pauper cum besoir the King and say.]

Pauper. I gif yow my braid bannesoun,
 That has givin Common Weill a gown ;
 I wald nocht for ane pair of plackis
 Ye had nocht maid thir nobill Actis.
 I pray to God, and sweit Sainct Geill,
 To gif yow grace to use them weill ;
 Wer thay weill keipit I understand
 It war great honour to Scotland ;
 It had bene als gude ye had sleipit,
 As to mak actis and be nocht keipit.

*Now I besek yow for all-hallowis, &c. p. 185. Play,
 p. 133.*

Minute Corrections, and Variations.

Pag. Lin.

23. NUNTIUS—Play, DILIGENCE.
 24. 8. *for gleeris, read elder.*
 46. 9. *for mot, read mot keip.*
 52. 5. *for thame, read him.*
 53. 1. *for Cruevin meufs, read trewker mens.*
 56. 14. *Go east about the nether mill; probably a variation betweene the representations at Coupar and at Edinburgh.*
 57. *The same stanzas occur p. 134.*
 61. *line last, wald not—that wald not cut.*
 62. 3. *for elly read chyre.*
 — 5. *for liveir, read sweir.*
 63. 3. *for caffald, read scaffald.*
 — 4. *Baggil—boggil.*
 — 5. *prete—pert,*
 65. 8. *the word wanting is umest.*
 66. 12. *ganan—ganar.*
 68. 1. *pen. The line wanting is,*
 Black Bullinger, and Melancthoun.
 — 1. *last, crode—cude.*
 69. 17 *Makameillis—Makconnals.*
 74. 6. *read Upoun Dame Flechers midding.*
 78. 15. *for fenyie, read senyie.*
 80. 5 *for blude, read blinde.*
 — 6. *for the gaminis read thy gaminis.*

Page. Line.

84. 3. Found *read* Fond.
86. 4. hyt—byte.
91. *l. antepen. for hay read hag.*
98. 23. for *fran* read *Fran*; for *ipsam*, *Hispan.*
- 24. for *Vallances* read *Vallones.*
- 25. for *æpulum* read *epulum.*
99. 10. Kae Kappitie—Cacaphatie.
103. 8. Stormesteid be feiny—Cottit on sea ay fen.
104. 3. for wound, *read* wind.
105. 5. frody—frelie.
106. 9. for howbirdis *read* hawbirdis.
107. *l. en. for now, read* my deir.
108. 14. fairfolk—fariefolk.
110. 5. *read*, This is ane coull of Tullielum.
- 6. porteris — portouns. *A MS note explains it*
“portaffe or mafs-book,” portitorium.
- *after line 14 insert,*
 Quhen lords ar heldin at the yet.
119. 1. For mony a craft, Sir, do I can.
- 17. Drunken—Danfkin, (*Dantzic.*)
- 21. for Engling *read* Rugland.
126. 12. berdir mowch—lyart beard.
133. 3. for cewratouris *read* creatouris.
145. 14. rax—rack.
- 16. fl, *read* fal.
147. 12. face—ficht.
150. 7. for at, *read* with.
62. 8. POVERTIE—PAUPER; *and so on being the*
 PUIR MAN of *Int. III.*
163. 13. fenjouris—cutichours.

Page. Line.

164. 11. *for peprall, read peggral.*
165. 19. *Jenkyne—gearing.*
167. 12. CORRECTIOUN. *Flyte on thy fowfill, I desyre the.*
177. 5. *read Nicht I him get to Ewis durris.*
 — 12. *Stouder—Strother.*
 — 16. *read, To get my Lord Lindsay's brown Jonet. (Fennet).*
178. 4. *The line wanting is*
 I bes-ik yow my brother deir,
 Bot half. &c.
181. 1. *antepen. inbind—invaired.*
 — *line last, for rewle, read cowle.*
183. 7. *for Kings habite, read Freirs habite.*
184. 8. *fleand—fleimde.*
187. *After line 1. insert,*
 All ye misdoads and transgressouris.
 — 16. *Erewynis—Curwings.*
 — 18. *Eisdail—Ewisdail.*
190. 5. *for Cowpar toun, read Clappertoun.*
 — 17. *This line deleted, probably to avoid offence, and is thus supplied,*
 For wanting of your wonted grace.
191. *line last, for ye, read thay.*
192. 14. *Beverege—Baberage.*
 — 20. *Caidyeich—Caidyeoch,*
 22. for yet, read get.
193. 2. *coubroun—curtil.*
 — 12. *for my, read his.*
 — 20. *for beremeris, read lcremeris.*

Page. Line.

193. 22. *for* and eir, *read* our deir.

— 27. gudlynis—gudlingis.

194. 6. cairteleis—canteleinis.

195. *After line 10. insert,*

Prelats that hes ma benefeits nor thrie.

196. 9. *for* wyvis *read* lyvis, *and insert,*

Let never priests be hamlie with your wyvis.

197. 2. rubratour—rubyatour.

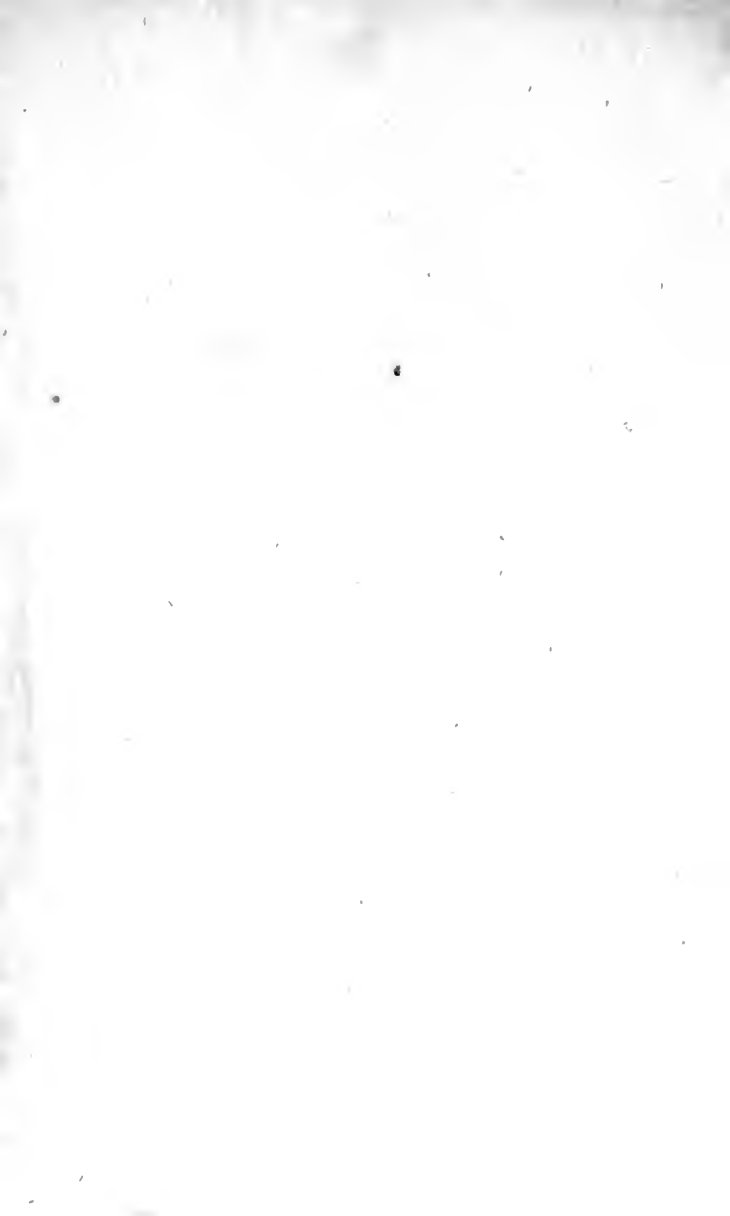
— 24. *for* his hes bene, *read* he hes bene fa; *and add,*

That he is baith cauld, naikit, and disgyfit.

END OF VOL. II.













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Pinkerton, John
Scottish poems

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