



J. A. Digby.

MYSTERIES.

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ANCIENT MYSTERIES

FROM THE

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AT a Meeting of the Committee of Management of the **ABBOTSFORD CLUB**,
held at Edinburgh, November 12, 1834—

RESOLVED, That the volume of **Ancient Mysteries and Moralities**, transcribed from the Digby MSS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and edited by Mr Sharpe of Coventry, be immediately put to press for the use of the Members of the Club, and that the superintendence of the printing be committed to the Secretary.

W. B. D. D. TURNBULL, *Secretary*.

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INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

THE Miscellaneous Quarto MS. Volume in the Bodleian Library, Digby, No. 133, is partially known to investigators of the History of the English Stage by the publication from it of a Religious Mystery in "Hawkins' Origin of the English Drama:" but this only forms about a sixth, and that by no means the most interesting part of its contents of a similar nature; and moreover, the Mystery, as printed by Hawkins, is not only incorrect in many instances, but, for want of proper types, does not exhibit a fac-simile of the contractions of the original MS. With the present improved means of printing ancient MSS., and a greatly extended taste for studying the Religious Mysteries and Moralities which laid the foundation of our National Drama, it seems desirable that the metrical portion of this volume, comprising three Mysteries, and a very curious, though imperfect morality, and extending to between four and five thousand lines, should, through the medium of the press, be rendered more generally accessible. No pains have been spared in making a faithful and minutely correct transcript of the origi-

nal MS.; and an analysis of each Mystery, with remarks, will be found in the following Introductory Essay. A copious Glossary is also appended, and such explanatory notes given as the passing subjects seemed to require.

In the stage directions will be found some highly interesting and curious illustrations of the machinery, and management of the pageant vehicles and scenic adjuncts, as well as minute particulars of the dresses of many of the characters, forming altogether so important an assemblage of facts connected with the history of pageant exhibitions, that it is matter of surprise they should have been so long neglected.

It may not here be irrelevant to remark, that the name of Parfre, which is subjoined in the following manner to the First Mystery, "Jhan Parfre ded wryte thys booke," is evidently that of the transcriber, and not, as has been generally supposed, the composer of the mystery,—an error that it seems the more necessary to correct, because, even amongst literary antiquaries, we hear it regularly called

"PARFRE'S CANDLEMAS-DAY."

Proceeding to notice this composition, as first in order in the ensuing publication, it may be observed, that it evidently appears to have been one of a series of religious pageants or mysteries, and probably part of the great annual Corpus Christi exhibitions, lines 25 &c. of the prologue spoken in character of the poet or writer being as follow,

" The last yeer we shewid you t̄ in this place
How the shepherds of Crists birthe made letificaçõn

And thre kyngs that ycome fro þe cuntrees be g^rce
 To worship Jhu w^t enteer devoçõn
 And now we ppose w^t hool affecçõn
 To pcede in oure mater as we can
 And to shew you of our ladies purificaçõn," &c.

The poet proceeds to relate the leading circumstances of the Massacre of the Innocents, and the Flight into Egypt; in conformity with which events, the full title of this Mystery is "Candlemas-day, & the kyllyng of þe childrē of Israell," though it is usually spoken of as "Parfre's Candlemas-day" only. The conclusion of the Mystery, wherein the poet is again the speaker, supplies at line 585 &c. a further proof of its being part of an extended series,

" And the next yeer we be pposid in our mynde
 The disputaçõn of the docto's to shew in yo' þsens," &c.

This, and every other Mystery that the editor has examined, wherein Herod is introduced, shews an identity in the conception of his character, which points out a sort of common origin, and proves the acumen of our great bard, when he writes of "out-heroding Herod."* The speeches assigned to this personage are remarkable for a ridiculously pompous and inflated style of composition, alliteration sometimes carried to a great extent, and an union of boasting and violence of the most extravagant kind. The representation concludes with a dance by the performers, in aid of which the minstrels are called upon to "do their diligence;" and at the end of the pageant, a list of the characters, 17 in number, is given, and the date of the year when Jhan Parfre made the transcript, viz. 1512.

* See "Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries," pp. 122, 3.

The next pageant is entitled

“THE CONVERSION OF SAUL,”

and bears a considerable resemblance in general structure and composition to the preceding one, commencing and ending with a short address in the character of the poet or author, who refers to the “byble” for his authority, and directs those of his auditors who would have “þe very notycyon” to “rede þe booke Acta Appostoloꝝ.” The Conversion of St Paul, however, differs in one remarkable circumstance from the preceding pageant, being divided into three parts, each of which was performed at a different station. Saul makes his entrèe as a knight adventurer, “goodly besene,” and after some vain-boasting, a little in the Herod style, proceeds to Caiaphas and Annas, and, having received written authority from them, prepares to set out for Damascus on the object of his mission, attended by two soldiers. Whilst Saul retires to accoutre himself for riding, a low, but ludicrous scene, takes place betwixt his servant and the “hosteler,” or “stabyl-groom,” to whom the former applies for a horse for Saul, who being mounted, “rydyth forth w^t hys ſuants about þe place out of þe p^{er},” that is, out of the pageant, and consequently in the street. And here it may be observed, that the transferring of the scene of action from the pageant vehicle to the street, is a circumstance of no very unusual occurrence in our ancient mysteries; as for example, in the Coventry Shearmen, and Taylor’s Pageant,* one of the directions is, “Here Erode ragis in þe pagond & in the strete also.” The poet soon

* See Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries, p. 107.

afterwards announces the conclusion of this portion, and invites the audience to follow the performers to the next station, where the scene opens with Saul riding in with his servants, and declaring his intentions in going to Damascus. The miraculous circumstances attending his conversion are next detailed, as related in the New Testament; and this second division of the performance concludes with an address from the poet, who modestly declares the inability of the compiler to "translat veray so holy a story," and beseeches the "fauorable correccyon of them þ^t letteryd be." The third and last station is opened with a brief address from the poet, and the business of the pageant commences by the two soldiers, who attended Saul, relating to Caiaphas and Annas his miraculous conversion, which they reluctantly give credence to, but at length determine upon measures of punishment for his treachery, and declare they will uphold the laws as committed to their charge by Cesar. At this place, and evidently inserted by a later hand, is introduced a council of the Infernals, to consider upon the best means to be adopted for averting the dangers and injuries they apprehend from the conversion of Saul. Belial enters with thunder and fire, and after a speech commencing with the usual Satanic exclamation of the mystery writers "Ho ho," and ending with a desire to see his messenger Mercury, sits down in a chair. Mercury then enters in appropriate style, and communicates the loss their cause has sustained by the defection of Saul, the agent he "most trustyd to,"—the conversation being interspersed with numerous exclamations of "Ho ow3t ow3t"*

* See Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries, pp. 59, 60.

and at one time they "rose & crye" together; but at length, upon the suggestion of Mercury, determine upon moving Caia-phas and Annas, here called (by an anachronism of no unusual occurrence with mystery writers) "the Busshopys," to put Saul to death; and finally they vanish away with a fiery flame and a tempest. Saul next enters clad in a "disciply's wede," and after praying for the salvation of the auditors, "thys semely company þ' here syttyth or stonde," addresses them at considerable length on the seven deadly sins, at the conclusion whereof, he is recognized by a servant of the high priests, and without resistance taken before them. Here he boldly makes a declaration of his principles; and after some consultation, the gates and walls of the city are ordered to be well watched, and Saul is condemned to death. An angel appears to Saul, and admonishes him of his danger, whereupon he declares,

"In a beryng baskett or lepe anon
I shall me cōuay w' help of the dyscyplys;"

and with a deprecatory address of the poet for his "lackyng lytturall scyens," the pageant terminates.

The next pageant is named

"MARY MAGDALENE."

It consists of nearly 2300 lines, and bears marks of earlier composition than the preceding Mysteries, abounding in alliteration, and well deserves the attention of the curious reader. The piece opens with a speech from the Emperor Tiberius, somewhat in the Herod "vein," and full of alliterations; towards the

close of which he orders that inquiry be made throughout his dominions whether the worship of his "goldyn godds" is strictly practised, and threatens disobeyers with "morder and myschāse." Cyrus, the father of Mary Magdalene, then enters, and, after a boasting prelude, reciting his power and possessions, describes his family as consisting of Lazarus, Mary, and Martha, whose respective merits he descants upon, and then declares the disposition of his property amongst them after his decease, viz. to Lazarus the lordship of Jerusalem, to Mary the Castle of Maudley, and Bethany to Martha. Due thanks are expressed by each of these parties, and Cyrus orders them to be served with wine and spices. After which Tiberius again appears and orders his Provost to prepare a precept for Herod, his regent at Jerusalem, and another for Pilate, commanding them to make strict inquiry whether any of his subjects there dare to preach against his law or his gods. The Provost writes the letters and dispatches a Messenger with them to Herod, who is the next personage that appears, and, in a speech fraught with alliterations, swears by "Mahoud's bones" that he will hurl off the heads of such as dare to utter a single word; cries out "help, help, p^t I had a swerd;" and orders all around to fall down, not merely bare-headed, but actually commands them "heve of yo' heds and hatts;" and then announces, with great pomp, his titles and numerous dependencies, declaring himself to be only second to Tiberius, and calls upon his philosophers to say if he is not the great governor he describes. The first philosopher admits that he is the greatest ruler that ever had dominion in Judea, but declares that scriptures rehearse a child shall be

born there whom all the world shall honour. This is confirmed and much amplified by the second philosopher, whereupon Herod breaks out into a truly "out-Heroding" speech, and protests the "caytyff sall be cawth and slaw." His soldiers avow their readiness to bring before him, or put to death, all such as are opposed to his will; and Herod, soothed and flattered, protests his conviction that, whilst he has such faithful attendants, he has nothing to fear, for that, secretly or openly, the threatened rival shall be "browt ond^r." The emperor's Messenger now enters, and, in a speech full of adulation, delivers his letters to Herod, who promises to fulfil the commands they contain, and gives back the letter intended for Pilate, with orders that it be immediately taken to him. Pilate now appears, and, in a strain of alternate boasts and threats, delivers a self-gratulatory speech, abounding in alliteration; after which the Messenger enters, presents the epistle, and receives a reward, being then dismissed with a respectful message to the Emperor, and an assurance that his commands shall be obeyed. The stage direction here states that Cyrus "takyt hf deth;" and accordingly, after describing the pains he endures, crying to God for pity, and blessing his children, he "suddenly avoideth," and a conversation ensues between Lazarus and his sisters, bewailing their loss, and terminating with a declaration to Lazarus, on the part of the sisters, that he shall be head and governor of the castle, and that they will abide there with him. A remarkable scene now follows, introducing the King of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, accompanied by the Seven deadly Sins, and a bad and good Angel. The first of these personages declares his nature

and qualities, and is soon joined by the King of the Flesh, accompanied by Sloth, Gluttony, and Lechery, Pride and Covetousness being already in attendance. The King of the Flesh, in a flowery speech, enumerates the several delights at his command, and declares that "a more plesaunt cōpeny doth no wher abyde." Then follows this direction, "Here sal entyr þe prynde of dylfs in a stage and helle ondyrneth þ^t stage þ^b seyȝg þe dylfe."

A minute and curious illustration of the manner in which the favourite and popular representation of hell and the devil was produced is here to be found. The stage mentioned above, it appears from line 363 of the dialogue, was in form of a tower, in which Satan was seated, and, according to line 382, descended to join the Prince of the World, and afterwards, *vide* line 366, goes to his stage again. It would seem from the notice following line 693, that this piece of machinery, evidently an addition to the usual pageant vehicle, continued attached to it during the performance that succeeded the return of the Devil to it, for the bad Angel there "enters into hell with thunder," being in all probability the hell underneath the tower, which, in conformity with the custom of the time, was represented by a monstrous mouth with a moveable jaw,* which, when opened, shewed flames within.

As the various proceedings of Satan and his subordinate devils will be described in the continued analysis of the piece, it may suffice to observe here, that finally they are thus disposed of, *vide* lines 748, 749,

" Now to hell lett vs synkyn als
To owr felaws blake,"

* See Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries, p. 61, &c.

a scene that would be represented by their entering the huge hell-mouth above described.

The resumed analytical notice of this pageant begins with a speech from Satan, opening with the following barbarous specimen of alliteration,

“Now I pryse pyrhed prykyd in pryde,”

and proceeds to declare his enmity against mankind, for possessing those joys, which Lucifer, with his attendant legions, lost by their pride; and that, by snares and wiles, he will not cease to tempt them until “body and soule sal com” to hell; calling his “knyghts,” Wrath and Envy, to accompany him to the King of the World, whose aid he demands, in order “a womā of whorship our ſuant to make.” The King of the World invites Satan to come up to his tent, and dispatches a Messenger to the King of the Flesh, desiring his presence at a council “as fast as he may ryde.” The summons is cheerfully obeyed, and on his arrival, he enquires the cause of his being so hastily sent for, when he is informed that Cyrus died lately, and that such are the virtues of his daughter Mary, that, if allowed to continue therein, even hell itself will be in danger. It is, after due consideration, determined that Lechery, in the guise of a servant, shall endeavour to become the attendant of Mary, and Satan promises the aid of a bad Angel, whom he calls into his presence, and charges accordingly. The stage direction here notes, that the Seven deadly Sins besiege the castle until the inmates agree to go to Jerusalem, and Lechery, with the bad Angel, enter, the former addressing a flattering speech to Mary, which produces

an enquiry as to what person it is who thus commends her; and the proffered services of Lechery, who assumes the name of Luxury, are cheerfully accepted. The new servant enquires why her mistress does not resort to places of pleasure, and is answered, that grief for the death of her father is the cause; but this objection is speedily overcome by the persuasions of Luxury, and committing the care of her castle to Lazarus and Martha, she bids them adieu, and sets out for Jerusalem, accompanied by Luxury. On arriving there, they resort to a taverner, who makes a long recital of his various wines, and Luxury orders him to bring the finest he has, which Mary partakes of, and calls him "the groom of bliss." A gallant, named Curiosity, then enters, and in a flippant speech, shews his licentious habits, concluding with a declaration, that before evening he will "be shavyn for to seme 3yng." Luxury recommends him to the notice of Mary, who desires the taverner to call him in, and he addresses her in a strain of high-wrought flattery, calling her his "dere dewchesse," and "dayssyys Iee," and at length prevails upon her to dance, and take "sopps in wyne;" after which she falls entirely into his power, goes with him to "another stede," and the bad Angel returns to his employers to report his success, telling them that Mary has granted to Curiosity all his boon. Satan expresses great delight at these tidings, and orders the bad Angel to return and be her constant guide in "þe laudabyll lyfe of lecherry," for that all hell will rejoice at her fall. The bad Angel having returned to Mary, the council is dissolved; and Satan goes back to his stage. Mary enters an arbour adjoining the house of Simon the leper, attended only by her evil

counsellor, whilst the Seven deadly Sins, arrayed like devils, are conveyed into the house, and lie there closely concealed. After this arrangement the dialogue is resumed by Mary, who expresses her impatience for the appearance of some of her lovers, and at length lies down to sleep. Simon the leper now enters, and after relating the preparations he has made for giving "a dynner of substawns" to his friends, shews an anxious desire to become acquainted with the Prophet, as he designates Christ, and retires into his house. The good Angel then addresses Mary in terms calculated to awaken in her a sense of her dangerous condition, and proffers his aid to guide her in a better course. Mary, deeply sensible of the sinful life she has led, and encouraged by the assurances of the "spirit of goodness," declares her intention of seeking the Prophet with "swete baumys," who by the "oyle of mcy" shall give her relief, and promises to be his stedfast follower. At this juncture the Prophet enters with his disciples, and Simon bidding him welcome, invites him to dine at his house. Jesus at once accepts the invitation, and assures him that "þe bemys of grace" shall enlighten his dwelling, and charity rest therein; after which, they sit down at the "bord," and Mary enters, making great lamentation for her sinful life, protesting that her whole trust is in the mercy of her Maker, and beseeching Jesus, who knows her heart and thoughts, to reward her after them, falls at his feet, washing them with her tears, and wiping them with her hair, after which she anoints him with a precious ointment. A conversation then ensues between Jesus and Simon, wherein Jesus, after thanking the latter for his repast, relates to him how a certain man had two debtors,

one owing him one hundred, the other fifty pence, who were unable to discharge their debts, and asked, for pity's sake, to be forgiven, which was granted; adding, now Simon, which of these two persons was most beholden to that man? Simon replies, he that owed most; whereupon Christ declares he has answered rightly, and also wisely, if he fail not to remember that he himself is one of the debtors so specified. He then proceeds in the beautiful language of the gospel narrator, which is versified with great closeness and simplicity, to contrast the attentions of Mary with those of his host, and turning to the former, pronounces her forgiveness. Mary warmly expresses her thankfulness, and declares, that as pride was the chief cause of her fall, she will put on humility, and oppose patience and charity to wrath and envy. Her contrition is commended by Jesus, who pronounces that her faith has saved her, and concludes, by saying "Vade in pace." The stage direction here expresses, that at these words the seven Devils leave Mary, and the bad Angel enters into hell with thunder. Mary renews her thanks for recovery of "sowle helth," and declares her reliance upon "þe techyng of Jzaye in scriptur" concerning Christ; to which our Saviour rejoins, that those are blessed who, not seeing, have yet believed in him, and cautions Mary, that, after having by contrition obtained mercy, she beware of falling into negligence, promising a participation in his bliss, as the reward of her steadfastness. Jesus here departs with his disciples, and the good Angel expresses his joy at the conversion of Mary, in a speech more conspicuous for prolixity than for merit of composition.

Satan is the next speaker, and commences a violent call upon

his attendant devils to come up to him, with the exclamation, "A owt owt & harow,"* so frequently put by the mystery writers into the mouth of this character; the evil Spirit is also summoned to appear, and, after being questioned how he suffered Mary to break his bonds, undergoes gross personal chastisement, and the seven Devils are served in like manner, and then ordered to enter the house and set it on fire; which being done, they sink into hell, and Mary goes to Martha and Lazarus, to whom she recounts her penitence, and consequent forgiveness by the "blyssyd Pphet." Lazarus welcomes her, and, together with Martha, expresses his joy at her conversion, and Mary prays in alliterative verse for the continued enjoyment of the light of Christ, and defence against the "dead sleep" of darkness; after which, Lazarus is suddenly seized with death-pains, and prays to Jesus for his guidance. His sisters endeavour to comfort him and hasten to Jesus, who, Martha reminds her sister, hath "grett delectacyon" towards him; and, upon meeting Jesus, they make known to him the dangerous sickness of his lover, and earnestly pray for relief. Our Saviour's reply is somewhat obscure, but concludes by desiring his suitors to return home to Lazarus, and an assurance that his grace shall attend him. The parties then separate, and the scene reverts to Lazarus, who, after a short speech, expires. A conversation then ensues between Martha and Mary, and two Knights, respecting the manner of their brother's interment, and whilst one Knight moves the stone from the entrance of the sepulchre,

* See Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries, pp. 59, 60.

the other brings in the body of Lazarus with attendant "wepars" or mourners, arrayed in black, who lay it in the sepulchre.

The people now all resort to the castle, and Jesus invites his disciples to go with him into Judea, there to recover Lazarus his friend from the "grevos slipe" of death, predicting to them his own death and passion, and in the restoration to life of Lazarus, both thereby shewing his power, and prefiguring his own resurrection. They now approach the house, and Martha being informed of Christ's coming, runs out to meet him, and entreats his aid, declaring in the language of scripture,

"Lord ƒ p" haddyst byn her* wereley
My brother had natt a byn ded I know well thysse."

Jesus replies that her brother shall rise again, and Martha answers, "Yee lord at ƒe last day." Jesus asks of her whether she believes that he is the resurrection and the life, and is answered in the affirmative. Mary then enters, and falling at Jesus' feet, repeats the declaration made by Martha on first seeing him, and our Saviour desires to see the grave. Martha removes the grave-stone, and Jesus, having prayed to his father, says, "Lazer, Lazer coñ hethyr to me;" upon which Lazarus arises, "trossed w^t towells in a shete," declares that body and soul were "deptyd asond'," and praises his Saviour for his goodness; whereupon the assembled people, with one voice, in which they are joined by Mary and Martha, proclaim their belief in Jesus as their Saviour, who, after a short address, concluding "Vade in pace," departs with his disciples; and the sisters, with Lazarus, enter the castle.

This is followed by the entry of the King of Marseilles, who, according to the stage direction, "begynnyt hys bost." Accordingly, we have a speech in the usual style of alliteration assigned to great personages, containing a due mixture of vain boasting and threats, and concluding with a high wrought description of the beauty and charms of his queen, who returns the compliment in a strain of equal adulation and bombast. The king, delighted to be thus lauded, orders his knights to bring forth spices and wine, which done, a Devil enters, "in orebyll aray," exclaiming with "Owt owt harow," that all is lost, that their bars of iron and gates of brass burst asunder at the presence of the King of Joy, who, though hanged on a cross, had, since Friday, triumphantly entered hell, "ly'ynnyd lymbo," and set at liberty Adam and Abraham, and all their kindred, admitting them to the joys of paradise, and that he himself having withstood all their temptations, is risen from the dead, and gone into Galilee. Thus, concludes Satan, "blenyd is owr eye," for in future none shall fall into our power but by rightful doom; and to hell, with fury, he declares he will go.

The three Maries now enter "arayed as chast womē w^t sygnis of þe passon pryntyd vp on þ' breasts," and each, having expressed her grief and commiseration for the crucified Jesus, finishing with a united apostrophe to the cross, Mary Magdalen proposes that they shall go to "þe monumēt," to anoint the body of Christ; and when arrived there, two angels in white appear to them, saying that he is risen, and bidding them tell Peter and the other disciples that he is gone into Galilee, and desires them to be comforted.

Mary Magdalen then meets Peter and John, to whom she relates that the Lord's body is borne away, and expresses her fear that they are beguiled. Peter declares his intention of going to the sepulchre, and shews deep contrition for his abandonment of Jesus "in hys t'mētry;" after which the apostles proceed to the sepulchre, the Maries following. Here they discover only "a sudare cloth," and Mary Magdalen's lament produces an enquiry from an angel as to the cause of her tears, who answers, that she desires to know who has borne away the body of her Lord. Jesus himself then appears, and, upon asking whom she seeks, receives the same answer. He then says, "O Mari!" upon which she joyfully recognises and attempts to kiss him, but is repulsed with the reply, "Towche me natt," &c. Mary assures him that at first she thought he had been Simon the gardener, which produces a declaration from our Saviour that he truly is a gardener, and man's heart his garden, wherein he sows seeds of virtue, and roots up weeds and vices; adding, that when watered with tears, virtues spring up and "smelle full sote." After this, Jesus, having promised his aid to repentant sinners, suddenly disappears, and Mary breaks out to her sister in a strain of exceeding joy at the appearance of Jesus; which ended, they propose going to the Virgin Mary and the disciples to comfort them with the glad tidings.

Jesus, at this juncture, again appears, and the women pray for his blessing, which he gives them, "In noīe patrys et felii et sp̄s s̄cti amen," once more giving charge that the disciples go into Galilee where they shall see him "bodyly w^t her carnall yye;" after which, he "devoydytt azen," and, Mary Mag-

c

dalen having returned thanks for the Lord's condescension in thus appearing to them and declared that his commands shall be obeyed, they depart, and the King of Marseilles enters to sacrifice.

A short speech from the Emperor opens this part of the proceedings, and by a speech of the Queen, we are informed that the sacrifice is to be offered to "Mahond þ' is so mykyll of myth." The Priest now enters with his Clerk, or as he is called in the stage directions, "his boy," and orders his altar to be prepared, and a bell rung. This leads to a very gross conversation on the part of the boy, whose ribaldry is punished by a sound beating, the full measure of which is interrupted by a demand from the Emperor that the service of the temple shall be forthwith proceeded in. The Priest, having put on his vestment and "aray," orders his boy to provide himself with a book, and bring him another; after which he commences "þe lesson" appointed for the service of the day, "leccyō mahoūdys,"—a ridiculous assemblage of mock Latin words, not devoid of coarse humour, and ending with the following lines,

" Hownds 't hoggs in heggs 't hells
Snakes 't todde mott be your bells
Ragnell 't roffyn 't other in þe wavys
Grauntt yow g^race to dye on þe galows."

The priest then calls upon the assembled lords and ladies to kneel down and make their offering, promising his own benison, and Mahound's grace. The king offers a "besawnt of gold," with a suitable prayer to Mahound; to which follows a song by

the Priest and Clerk, "owr ſvyce be note," as the former calls it, and, at its abrupt termination, in consequence of the boy's singing "all owt of rule," the Priest exhibits various relics of Mahound, the whole scene, however intended, being a most satirical parody of the ceremonies of the Romish church.

Pilate now appears and addresses his serjeants, learned in the law, desiring to be advised by them concerning the death of Christ, since a true account of it must be sent to Cesar. He declares him to have been a man of "grett v̄tue," most wrongfully put to death, and although watched by many knights, to have risen again, according to his own prediction, and moreover that he has taken away Joseph of Arimathea. One of the serjeants replies, that Pilate has spoken the truth, but that subtilty must be used, and the disciples of Jesus charged with having stolen the body away, which advice is approved by the other serjeant, who adds, that it will be best to write an epistle to that effect, and Pilate dispatches a Messenger with directions to call upon Herod and inform him of the particulars of Christ's death, and then, without delay, to proceed with the letter to the Emperor.

The Messenger delivers a letter to Herod, stating it to be from "þe pr̄ysys of þe law." Herod receives it with much satisfaction, as a token of renewed friendship betwixt Pilate and himself, and rewards the Messenger, who next presents himself to the Emperor, and, after an adulatory address, delivers his dispatches. The Emperor, on receiving the writing, orders his judges to take its contents into their immediate consideration, and declare whether they are for his advantage or not. The provost explains the intent of the "pystull" to be, that Pilate,

with due recommendations, gives an account how a prophet named Jesus, and claiming to be king of the Jews, and son of God, was crucified and buried, but on the third night was stolen away by his disciples. The Emperor, after an observation on the craft that had been used, declares that he will preserve the letter, and also "have cronekylyd þe zer t þe reynne," so that the event shall never be forgotten, and then dismisses the Messenger with his fee.

The next scene introduces Mary Magdalen with her disciples, and her speech, in the form of calling to recollection past events, enumerates the death, resurrection, and ascension of Christ, and the gift of tongues, concluding with an observation, that the disciples have separated, and gone into divers countries to preach the gospel. Here, according to the stage direction, heaven opens and shews Jesus, who is made to deliver a strange laudatory speech in honour of the Virgin Mary, who is compared to the uneclipsed sun, Solomon's temple, the moon, Noah's ark, and Gideon's fleece, then she is called Queen of Jerusalem, and Empress of hell, cinnamon, musk, &c.; all which is summed up by a declaration, that neither tongue nor pen can express the goodness of his mother. Then calling to recollection his servant Mary Magdalen, he orders the angel Raphael into his presence, and charges him with a message to her, directing her to cross the sea to Marseilles, which country she shall convert. The angel expresses his obedience, and then descends to Mary, informing her of Christ's commands, and that she, "as an holy apostylesse," shall not only convert the King and Queen, but "alle þe lond." Mary professes her readi-

ness to undertake the voyage in the name of him, who from her "p̄son vij dewlls mad to fle," and prays for the aid of the Trinity.

Here, according to the stage notice, enters "a shyp w^t a mery song," and the shipman orders his boy to strike sail, and let go the anchor in the seeming fair haven, desiring also to have drink brought him. One of those low and obscene conversations, that were evidently introduced into these compositions to suit the depraved taste of the vulgar portion of the auditory, now follows between the shipman and his boy; at the end of which, Mary desires a conference with the shipman, and, learning whither he is bound, wishes to sail with him. She is received on board, and, as the ship is supposed to proceed on her voyage, the shipmen sing, and the master points out and names the countries they pass, till at length they arrive at Marseilles, where, having with due caution entered the harbour, he puts Mary on shore, shows her the king's palace, and then orders that the ship be "sett of from land," the stage direction which follows, being in these words, "her goth p̄e ship owt of p̄e place." Mary makes earnest supplication to Jesus for success in her undertaking, which done, she enters into the king's presence, and, having besought Christ to save and guide him into the path of persuasion, prays, in the name of "J̄hu, p̄e son of p̄e mychty tre-nite," to be permitted to dwell in that land. The king answers in anger, "J̄hu J̄hu q^t deylle is hym," calls her "false lordeyn," and wonders at her hardiness in making such an application. Mary meekly replies that she comes with no deception, but that Christ has sent her thither for his advantage, and in order

that he may forsake his misbelief. This produces an enquiry who that Christ is of whom she speaks, and Mary answers, "Is est salvator," the second person of the Trinity, who made heaven and earth from nothing. The King then asks, "whatt mad God at þe fyrst begynnyng?" and Mary, in reply, says *In principio erat verbum*, afterwards rehearsing the works of God at the creation, day by day, at considerable length. Unconvinced by this relation, the King angrily declares, that great and many as her "resoun^e" are, such also appertain to his gods, and that unless she speedily make better answer he will cut out her tongue. Mary mildly rejoins, that if she has said amiss she will return back again, but begs to know what his gods are, and if they have power to save, upon which the King desires her and all the people to come to the temple, and there witness the might of his gods. They accordingly proceed thither, and the King proudly demands of Mary what she says to such a sight as his gods standing pleasantly there. Then addressing one of them, he earnestly beseeches him to speak to the Christian there present. No reply being heard, he says, "Herke þ^r pryst q^ut menytt all this," and again entreats his god to speak as he was wont, enquiring what aileth him. The Priest replies that he will not speak whilst a Christian is present. Upon which Mary beseeches the King for leave to pray to her God in heaven, that he may show some miracle for his sake, and having received permission in the following uncourteous terms, "pray þi fyller tyll þin knees ake," prefaces her prayer with *Dominus illuminatio mea*, &c., upon pronouncing which, the "mament" trembles and quakes, and Mary, proceeding in English, beseeches the

Lord of Lords to justify her faith, and not to suffer these idols to make pretence to his power, but to put down their pride; when a cloud descends from heaven and sets the temple on fire, the Priest and his Clerk sink down, and the King returns home in great perplexity, expressing his anger at being thus deluded, and, calling Mary to him, informs her, though wedded many years, he never has had a child, and that if she, through her God, find a remedy for this, he will obey his laws, and serve him. Mary declares her readiness to make supplication to her Lord, assuring the King that if he will believe in him only, she has hopes that the Queen will soon conceive. The King, agitated and vexed by the passing events, becomes ill, and goes hastily to bed, and Mary retires "to an old logge w'owt þe gate," where she prays for Christ's succour and support, being in great distress both from hunger and thirst, and beseeching him to help her as he saved Daniel from the lions, and preserved his prophet Habbakuk. Jesus hearing the prayer of his "lou," orders his Angels to descend and conduct her to the king's chamber, bearing lights before her, and, when there, to bid her make known her wants. The Angels signify their ready obedience, and descend to Mary, informing her of the Lord's command, that she go to the King, while he is asleep, and ask relief, adding, that they will precede her in white mantles, carrying lights, and that the doors shall open before them.

Mary views the white clothing as betokening meekness, and declares her readiness with all humility to obey the Lord's desires; which done, she approaches the King's bed, in the manner above described, and addressing the King, prays him to give

to her who is hungry, thirsty, and cold, some of his superabundance, reminding him that God has sent him signal warnings, and counselling both himself and Queen to amend their lives; having said which, she departs, and changes clothes with the angel. The King now awakes, rejoicing at the return of day, and relates, that in his sleep he saw a fair woman clad all in white, and led by an angel, who gave him serious counsel, and the Queen declares that such was the light, she thought the chamber would have taken fire, adding, that the woman charged them, on God's commandment, to relieve those who were in need. The King assents, and immediately orders a Knight to bring "þ^t womā" before him, a duty which he soon performs; and Mary, on entering, offers a prayer to the Trinity in their behalf, and then asks their will; whereupon the King replies that it is his desire to supply her with meat, money, and clothes, from the wealth that God has given him, and entreats Mary to rehearse to them the joys of her Lord in heaven. Mary breaks forth into a strain of exultation at their conversion, and concludes, with assuring the King that his boon is granted, and that his wife is "grett w^t chyld," which is confirmed by a declaration from the Queen, that she feels it stir in her womb, and a promise to worship Mary's God with due reverence. The King then enquires Mary's name, and, on being answered, expresses his thankfulness that he has lived to see her; but Mary replies, that he must render his thanks to her master Peter, who is his friend, and shall christen him. Delighted at these tidings, the King tells Mary, that from that time, he puts her in full possession of all he has, placing all under her rule and governance, until he re-

turns. On hearing which, the Queen entreats to be allowed to accompany him, "a crestyn womā made to be." The King remonstrates on account of her pregnancy; but she still implores not to be left behind, and, having obtained at length her husband's consent to go with him, Mary blesses them.

Then comes a ship "in placeā," and the Shipman calls to his boy "Grobbe" to look out and see if he can espy land. The boy ascends the shrouds, and cries out that he sees a castle; upon which the Shipman orders him to steer that way, for it is "a havyn town." On their arrival, the King enquires whence the vessel comes from; and after some objections on the part of the Shipman, who, on account of the King's urgency, accuses him of having "stollyn sū mans wyffe," agrees for the sum of 10 marks to land him at "þe cleyff in þe holy lond;" and, the wind being favourable, they set sail. After a supposed interval, a storm arises, and the Queen makes deep lamentation, calling upon Mary, "flow^d of womāhed," for help lest they be drowned. Her husband endeavours to comfort her, and bids her trust in Mary, who will save them from perils and pray to God in their behalf; but the Queen is seized with the pains of child-birth, and, bewailing that for lack of "womans help" she shall be lost, gives birth to a child, and calling upon Mary to lead her soul "In manus tuas dñe" expires. Hereupon, the King, much grieved, exclaims that his motherless child will perish for want of proper sustenance, and prays to God for succour, when the Shipman, alarmed at the increasing storm, cries out that the "mast woll all asondyr," and the boy protests that unless they cast out the dead body into the sea they shall sink:

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but the King hearing this implores them not to do so, and, pointing to a rock, entreats that they will put the body upon it and the child by her side. The Shipman readily consents, and the King, with tears and kisses, deposits the body of his wife, with her infant by her side, upon the rock, praying to "Mary myld" to be their guide. They then leave the rock, and the Shipman soon announces to the King their arrival at the port he seeks, and, having received the stipulated "styntt," together with a mark each for himself and boy, wishes the King good speed; and Peter enters, exhorting "all creaturs vpon mold" to worship Jesus. The King enquires of him, where he may find Peter the apostle, who replies that he is the person sought, and demands his business; whereupon the King tells him that he has undertaken a pilgrimage from Marseilles, at the instigation of a woman named Mary Magdalen, in order that he may be made a Christian. Peter rejoices at his conversion and questions him as to his belief; when the King answers that he believes in Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and in Christ's death and resurrection, desiring to be baptized; which ceremony is immediately performed by Peter in the name of the Trinity, the stage direction being "Tunc aspargit illū cū aqua." The new convert prays to be instructed as to his future proceedings, and Peter tells him to labour daily for the attainment of "very experyens," to learn "eloquens" by walking with him, and after a while to visit "þe stacyons," going to Nazareth and Bethlehem, that by his own inspection he may confirm his faith.

By a due exercise of poetical licence, the King's next address to Peter states that it is now full two years since he came

“Crystl ſvant and you’ to be,” and that, having fulfilled Christ’s law, he intends to return home, and prays Peter’s blessing; which he gives, part in English and part in Latin. During the above scene with Peter it is evident that the ship has remained upon the stage, for the direction that follows is in these words, “et tunc rex transit ad navem, et d̄ (dicit) rex hold ner Shepman, hold, hold;” and the Mariner, apprized by his boy of being hailed, answers the King, “A S’ I ken yow of old,” and bids him welcome. No sooner does the King signify his desire to pass over the sea, than the Shipman invites him on board, and, without any stipulation for terms, observes to “Grobbe,” his boy, that “þe wynd is nor wast,” and orders him to hoist sail immediately; “et tunc navis venit ad circū placeā,” when the King, thinking he sees the rock upon which his wife and child were exposed, desires the Shipman to steer thither. His opinion is confirmed by the Shipmaster, who promises to conduct him there speedily, and, on nearing the rock, the King exclaims that his wife and child lie there, fair, pure in colour, and unchanged; and, blessing the Virgin, declares that his wife wakes as from sleep, and is actually alive. The Queen, after addressing the Virgin by various epithets of praise, then turns her lauding to the “demur Mavdlyn,” by whom, as she declares to the King, she has not only been sustained, but led to the holy land, where she has been baptized by St Peter, seen the cross and sepulchre, and also visited the “stacyons.” Her husband warmly gives thanks to Jesus, Mary Magdalen, and our Lady, for the recovery of his wife and child; after which the ship rows away from the rock, and the Shipman next informs the King that they are now

past all peril, and actually arrived at the land of Marseilles, so that he may go on shore as soon as he chooses; whereupon the King gives him "x li of nobylls cler," and declares he will ever be his friend.

Here, according to the stage direction, "goth þe shep owt of þe place," and Mary Magdalen enters and pronounces an exhortation to faith and steadfastness under poverty and adversity, declaring, at considerable length, those who are blessed, and concluding with a prayer that he who "for vs dyyd on þe rode tre" may bring all to his bliss. The King and Queen now enter, and, kneeling down, they each salute Mary in terms of high panegyric, the latter declaring that by her holiness herself and child were relieved "on þe rokke of stoñ." Mary welcomes them home to their heritage and people, congratulates the King on having become "Godds oun knygh," and tells him that he fought "for sowle, helth, salve," and has now a knowledge how to come to grace. She then reinstates the King in his possessions, expresses her hopes that she has governed well during his absence, and declares her intention of departing; but is strongly entreated not to leave them. In answer to this request she promises to be their daily "bede woman," that they may live in peace, and rest, and innocence; and prays for the blessing of God upon them, but retains her purpose, and, leaving them, goes into the wilderness. Both the King and Queen express their sorrow at Mary's departure, the latter declaring that now in her "restytt neyther game nor gle;" but the King observes, that, though "nothyng glad" of her going, he must apply himself to the government of his lands, and, in obedience to

the commands of St Peter, erect churches in each of his cities, punish all such as oppose his "feyth," and, defying Mahound and his laws, betake himself entirely to Jesus.

The next scene discovers Mary in the wilderness, who declares her intention of abiding in that "deserte," and there, for the salvation of her soul, and in obedience to the dictates of her conscience, become humble, patient, and charitable, giving herself up to holy contemplation, and renouncing all worldly food, to live solely "be þe fode þ' cōmy^t from heven on hye."

Without any stage direction or remark in the MS., but evidently from the context, represented as though in heaven, Jesus next delivers a speech, wherein he first expresses his delight at the prayers sent up from his "belovyd frynd," and then orders his angels to bear her up into the clouds, to feed her there with manna, and assure her that no "fyndds frawd" shall deceive her, but that she may enjoy her heavenly repast in perfect security. An angel, addressing Christ by a number of figurative epithets, declares the readiness with which himself and his companions will obey the blissful commands of their lord and descend into the wilderness. The stage direction that follows is very minute and curious; "here xall to (two) angyls desend in to wyl-dyrnefse, & other to xall bryng an oble, opynly aperyng aloft in þe clowdds, þe to benethyn xall bryng Mari, & she xall receyve þe bred, & þan go azen in to wyldyrnefse." Another angel after this informs Mary that "God gretyth" her with heavenly influence and heavenly signs, and will honour and advance her above other virgins; that, although she has built her an humble dwelling in the woods, she shall be received into the

clouds, there to be replenished with “gostly fode” for her salvation. Mary answers, “fiat volūtas tua—I am redy as hē blyssyd wyll isse;” and then follows, “Her xall she be halsyd w^t angylls w^t reverēt song.”

“Assumpta est Maria in nu^ba celi gavgdēt
Angeli lavdantes filiū Dei.”

This being done, Mary offers her thanks and praises to God for having, “w^t melody of angylls shewit” her “glee & game,” and fed her with delicious food.

“An holy prest” is next introduced, who, astonished at the wonders he beholds, mirth and melody in heaven, with angels bright as the lightning, beseeches Jesus, for his “namys sewynne” that he may be favoured “p^t pson to se.” According to the stage direction, he now advances into the wilderness, and discovers Mary at her devotions, addressing her as the favourite of Christ, “swetter þan sugu^r or cyprefse,” and telling her, that for “xxx wynt^r & more” he saw not the “joye of Jhüllem” which she has been permitted to see, whereby he knows that she is “of gret pfytnesse,” and beseeches her to shew him of our Lord. Mary replies, that for thirty winters this has been her cell, that three times a day she is borne up into the clouds, experiencing greater joys than tongue can express; that during this period she has never been approached by human creature, but has had intercourse only “w^t godds angylls bryth;” nevertheless, believing him to be a devout man, and of good conversation, she bids him welcome. He replies that he is “sacryed,” a Christian priest, that angels minister at his celebra-

tion of mass, and that the holy manna of Christ's body is his daily food and sustenance. Mary here tells the Priest that it is her time of ascension, upon which he departs to his cell, and Jesus again appears. He first pronounces that Mary shall be called to the inheritance of eternal life, and then directs his angels to visit the Priest's cell, ordering that he take Christ's body in form of bread and repair to Mary and "hossell" her. The Angels declare their readiness, and those who go to the Priest inform him that they have commands from heaven that he go and "hosyll" Mary. Having put on his vestment, he proceeds on his mission, the Angels attending and bearing lights. The other Angels go to Mary, and, desiring her to be strong and of good heart, announce that she shall that day receive the palm of victory, and with songs of angels be received into heaven. Mary devoutly expresses her obedience to the divine command, when "hic apparet angel⁹ et presbi⁷ cū corpe dominico;" and the Priest, addressing Mary, informs her that he has brought her the "bred of lyf." Mary receives it with devout gratitude, and kissing the earth, says

"In man⁷ tuas Domine
 Lord w^t pi grace we wysse
 Cōmendo sp̄m meū redemisti me
 Domine deus veritatē."

The Angels declare that they receive her soul to dwell with them in heaven, and thus conclude, "now lett vs syng a mery song," the stage notice being "gavdent in celis." After this the Priest gives praise and adoration to Jesus, and, having descanted upon Mary's joys in heaven, undertakes the charge of her body, pro-

mising to deliver it to "þe bosshop of þe sete" for interment with due solemnity; and then, addressing the auditory, he informs them that the play is concluded, prays that God may bring them "to hƕ blysse so brygth," and concludes by calling upon the

"—— clerkys w^t woycys cler^e
Te deū lavdam⁹ lett vs syng."

The MS. thus terminates, "Explycit originale de S̄a Maria Magdalena."

"Yff ony thyng amysse be
Blame cōnyng and nat me
I desyr þe redars to be my frynd
Yff þ' be ony amysse þ' to amend."

The last extract from the Digby MS., given in the present volume, is a nameless

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somewhat imperfect at the conclusion; a circumstance to be regretted, since, however much some portions of the composition are rendered dull and obscure by the introduction of religious dogmas, yet are there other parts that rise so vastly superior to the common standard of similar productions, and discover such decided indications of a master-hand, and really poetic genius, as to excite both concern and surprise that a more equal degree of merit does not pervade the whole piece.

It must however be remembered, that the genius of the writer was necessarily cramped and restrained by the allegorizing nature of the opening portion of the morality, through

which nevertheless there occasionally breaks out natural bursts of feeling and genius; still the entire scene between Lucifer, Mind, Will, and Understanding, is conducted with great and uniform spirit, the character of Lucifer being admirably sustained, and the artful address with which he insinuates his pernicious reasonings is, both in matter and manner, a proof of considerable genius and talent in the writer.

The latter part of the composition is marked by pungent satire and humour, with frequent allusions that shew an intimate acquaintance with the literature, customs, and sayings or proverbs of the time.

The piece opens with the following very minute and curious stage direction, “Fyrst entreth Wysdom in a ryche ppyll cloth of gold, w^t a mantyll of the same ermyned wⁱⁿ, havng abought his nek a ryall hood furred w^t ermyne, vpon his hed a cheveler w^t browes, a berd of gold of sypres curled, a ryche impiall crowne ther vpon set w^t riche stonys and perlys, in his left hand a ball of gold w^t a crosse p^r vpon, and i his right hond a ryall scepter, p^o seyng.”

Wisdom, after an elaborate definition of his name and properties, declares himself to be the second person in the Trinity,

“—————now god now man
Spowse of the chirche and verray patron
Wyfe of eche chose sowle thus wysdam began.”

“Here entreth aia (Anima) as a mayde in a whight cloth of gold gytely purfyled w^t menyver, a mantyll of blak ther vpon, a cheuellar lyke to Wysdam, w^t a riche chapetelet lasyd behynde hangyng down w^t ij knotts of gold & syde tasselys, knelyng down to Wysdam, p^o seyng.”

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Anima (or Soul) says, that from her youth up, she has loved and sought Wisdom, and declares that no creature knoweth the "full exposition" of his name. To which Wisdom, commencing with these words "Sapientia specialior est sole," goes on to dilate upon the brightness of his light; and, after extolling the value of Wisdom, adds

" The lengthe of the yerç in my right syde be
And in my lefte syde richesse ioye and pspite."

Anima prays Wisdom to speak of love, and is answered that his love is admirable, worthy of being embraced by all mankind, and proceeds to give examples of those he loves and the "þrogatyve" of his love, at considerable length, declaring that "angell nor man can tell playnly" what godly love is, that it may be felt and experienced, but cannot be expressed. Anima, after a warm apostrophe to Wisdom, and declaring the advantages of repairing to him, asks

" What may I geve you agayn for this
O creato' louer of yo' creatur."

To which Wisdom answers,

" Thi clene hert thi meke obeisaunce
geve me that and I am content."

Anima then beseeches Wisdom to teach her "the scolys of his devenynte;" and in reply, Wisdom commences by warning her not to aspire after knowledge "to (too) excellent," but in humble dread to conform to his will, since the fear of God teacheth sin to flee, and virtues to spring up in the soul. Anima next enquires how she may have knowledge of God, and is answered, by self-knowledge; in proportion to her advancement in which

will be her knowledge of God. She then enquires what is the soul, and is informed, the image of God, that man was made in his likeness, and, till Adam's fall, was the fairest of all creatures. This leads to a demand why souls not then in existence abide the punishment of his offence. To which Wisdom answers, that every descendant of Adam is so "disfigured" by his original sin, as to be "dampnyd to darkenesse," and may in no wise attain to heaven. Anima now enquires how begins that grace which reforms the soul, and brings it to its first state of purity, and is told that Wisdom, *i. e.* Christ, God and man, made an atonement upon the cross for all mankind, from whence arose the seven sacraments, the first of which, viz. baptism, cleanseth away original sin, and reforms the soul by faith to the glorious likeness of God eternal. Anima, still pursuing her enquiries, asks of what parts a soul consists, and Wisdom replies, two, sense or fleshly feeling and reason; to the former belong "the v outward wyttys," which, when they are not well governed, lead to sensuality and sin. The operation of reason is next described, and every soul is said to be

"Blak and whyt fowle and fayr verylye,"

black and foul by sin, and whyte and fair

"By knowyng of God by hys reson w'inne."

Anima here calls to her five prudent virgins, whom she designates "the v wyttys of my soule w'inne," who enter "in white kertelys & mantelys w' chevelers & chapelyttf, and syng *Nigra sū, s3 formosa, filia Ierlem, sicut tabernacla Cedar & sicut pelles Salomonis.*" At the end of this song, Anima observes that she bears the dark shadow of humanity, as the tabernacle of Cedar

is black without, "and w'inne as the skynne of Salomon full of bewte." Wisdom admonishes all souls that are in a state of grace to take example by the five prudent virgins, and, by keeping themselves from uncleanness, resemble God's image and become his resting place. He then observes that every christian soul hath "Thre myghts," which are applicable to the Trinity; and Mind here replies, that all three are present, Mind, Will, and Understanding. Wisdom desires they will declare their respective significations and properties, and Mind commences by stating, that in the soul she is "the very figure of the deite," and then proceeds to illustrate the properties of the mind and its proper influence upon the conduct, concluding an uninteresting demonstration with these quibbling lines,

" Thus mynde to mynde bryngeth that fauour
 Thus be mynde of me God I can knowe
 Good mynde of God it is the fygure
 And this mynde to haue all cristen owe."

Will next speaks, and claims to be the likeness of the godhead, argues the necessity of "a good wyll" in all things, since "wyll for dede oft is take," but this must be governed by reason, and good will is ever excited in us by God's grace. This laboured, but dull speech, is followed by an address from Understanding, "the iij^{de} pte of the soule," demonstrating her great insight into the works of God, and the knowledge thus afforded of his power and goodness, and especially of his love to mankind, "clepyd Charite," for God is indeed Charity,

" And who is in charite in God dwellith he
 And God that is charite in hym dwelles."

Wisdom now speaks again, illustrating these three great pro-

perties in the soul, as emanations from the three persons of the Trinity,

“Not thre Goddꝛ but on God in beyng;”

and after observing how Faith, Hope, and Charity also spring from this source, thus pointedly proceeds,

“And above all this ye haue fre wyll
Of that be ware byfore all thyng
For if that quert all this doth spylle.”

Wisdom then proceeds to caution the soul against three mortal enemies, the world, the flesh, and the devil, to oppose whom reason must be called in aid; and if by her assistance, Mind, Will, and Understanding, consent not,

“—— than suche steryngꝛ be no synne
Thei do but purge the soule ——”

The address is concluded by an exhortation to fight and obtain the crown of glory, that is, everlasting joy.

The author, having got through the apparently uncongenial task of writing allegory and spiritualizing his subject, now casts off his shackles, and, in the concluding speech of Anima, discovers the following fine vein of poetic feeling,

“Sovereigne lorde I am bounde to the
Whan I was nought thu made me thus glorious
Whan I pished thurgh synne thu sauyd me
Whan I was in grett parell thu kept me Xꝑꝛus
Whan I erryd thu reducyd me Ihus
Whan I was ignoraunt thu taught me truthe
Whan I synnyd thu correct me Ihus
Whan I was hevy thu confortyd me be ruthe
Whan I stonde in g^rce thu holdest me that tyde
Whan I falle thu reisest me myghtily
Whan I go wele thu art my gyde
Whan I come thu receyvist me most louyngly

Thu hast anoynted me w^t the oyle of m[']cy
 Thy benefetys lord be innum[']able
 Wherfor laude endles to the I crye
 Recōmēdyng me to thi endles powr['] durable."

"Her['] in þe goyng out þe v wyttf sing tota pulc['] es &c, thei goyng before, Aīa next, & hir folowyng Wysdam; & aft['] h̄y Mynde, Wyll, & Vnderstanding, all iij in whit cloth of gold chevelered & crestyd in on sute; and aft['] þe song entreth Lucyfer in a deuely aray w[']out & w[']in as a prowde galaunt, seyng thus on this wyse."

In conformity with the examples of his predecessors, the poet makes Lucifer's speech to open with "Out herrowe I rore." He also commences it in a different measure and rythm; but, as the speech proceeds, though the rythm continues, the length of the lines considerably increase. The argument of Lucifer's address is as follows. He commences by lamenting that God hath created man to restore the void once occupied by him; but protests all shall not come there, he will so beset them with temptations. He then proceeds to relate who he is, and the occasion of his fall, declaring his enmity to man, and his unceasing endeavours to prevent his attaining "that heuynly place;" boasts that he is "as wyly" now as before his fall, knows all the propensities of mankind, and tempts them so sore that many holy men by him are "mosed;" adding that, although man is the most glorious of created beings and the similitude of God himself, yet, if he listen to his counsel, he will "bryng hym to nought." He then repeats the doctrine before advanced in the dialogue between Wisdom and Anima, that there are three parts in the soul, and, inasmuch as the "Flesh of man" is so unstedfast, he will there commence his temptations; nevertheless,

since without the consent of the soul there is no deadly sin, he will make suggestions to the Mind, bring the Understanding "to delectacōn," so that the Will shall give confirmation; and then, adds he, "am I seker," and have rule over the soul. He concludes with a vow "to all the devilis of helle" that he will go and make this attempt; but, recollecting his forbidding appearance, declares he will change himself "in to brightnesse," the more easily to beguile and "vertu pve it wykednesse." Accordingly "here Lucypher devoydeth and cōmyth in ageyn as a goodly galaunt;" and it will be remembered that, upon the first appearance of Lucifer, he is described as having "a deuely aray w'out & w'in as a prowde galaunt," so that he would only have to cast off his outer or devilish dress, and return to the stage ready to personate the gallant. No direction for the entry of Mind, Will, and Understanding, occurs in the MS.; but at this period they come on, Mind saying that his thoughts are "eu^o on Ihu," and declaring his purpose always to follow his doctrine. Understanding, in like manner, protests that the observance of Christ's laws "is swett^r to me than the sauo^r of the rose;" and Will, that his will is God's only; when Lucifer accosts Mind, commencing his address with the following instance of alliterative composition,

"Ye fonnyd Faders founders of foly
Vt quid hic stat^f tota die ociosi,"

then declaring such men's dangerous condition, he adroitly charges the devil with imposing this burthensome life of contemplation upon them, concluding thus,

"Mynde mynde syr haue mynde of this."

To this attack Mind simply replies, that

“He is not idyll that w^t God is,”

a remark so just, that Lucifer at once admits its truth, but artfully observes there is a proper time for all things, as “prayer, fastyng, labo^r,” and that, when not practised in due season, the deed is no longer good. To illustrate this doctrine, he instances a man who has a wife, children, and servants, with consequent wordly occupations, and asking if it be fitting that, having these duties, he should give himself to prayer and bodily ease, answers the question himself in these words,

“Who so do thus w^t God is not than
Martha plesid God gretly thore.”

Mind admirably extricates himself from his difficult position, by answering,

“Ye but Maria plesid hym moche more.”

Lucifer promptly tries to maintain his ground, by observing that Martha, though she pleased least, yet was admitted to everlasting bliss; but Mind, still firm in his faith, answers

“Contemplatyfe lyff is sett before;”

but Lucifer denies this, and referring to Christ himself when “he was man bore,” asks whether he always led a contemplative life; and Mind replying,

“I suppose not be my rela^{cion},”

Lucifer, following up his advantage, boldly asserts that Christ’s life was full of information and example to man, and illustrates this position in some well expressed lines, which he closes by declaring that man ought to pursue the same “vita mixta.” Mind

admits his belief that this is true; and Lucifer, with great spirit and effect, proceeds to point out the privations and hardships of a contemplative life, asserting that some have been driven by it into despair, and some to madness, concluding

“ Wete it wele God is not plesyd w^t this
 Leve leve suche syngler besynefse
 Be in the world vse thyngf^r nécesse
 The cōmon is best exprefse
 Who clymyth high his ffalle grett is.”

Mind replies that he cannot oppose such reasoning, promising to bear in mind the advice given him. And Lucifer, having recommended him to “thynke ther vpon, it is yo^r saluaçōn,” turns to Understanding, and tells him that if he would have real delight he must give over all “syngler deuocōns,” and his “v witts abroad let sprede.” He then descants upon the advantages of dress, power, and riches, until Understanding allows that he feels pleasure in the contemplation of them, an admission which Lucifer thus lays hold of,

“ A ha Sir than thar make a pawsaçōn,”

and proceeds to argue that salvation is easily obtained by contrition, that God is best pleased “w^t good wyll,” and concludes his address in the following spirited manner,

“ Leve yo^r stodyes tho be devyne
 Yo^r p^ryers your pen^rnce of ipocryt^r the signe
 And lede a comown lyff
 What synne is in mete in ale in wyne
 What synne is in richesse in clothing fyne
 All thyng God ordeigned to man to inclyne
 Leve yo^r nyse chastyte and take a wyff
 Better is fayr frute than foule polluçōn
 What seyth Sensualitie to this conclusion.”

Will answers the appeal made to Sensualitie by declaring
 f

that according to his understanding the reasoning is good, and Lucifer then asserts that the will is free, and ought not to be too much controlled by reason, a doctrine that is readily admitted by Will, who declares his belief that

“ Man may be in the world and be right good.”

Lucifer replies “ ya Sir be Seynt Powle;” but lest any mischief should ensue from his asseveration, he cautions Will not to trust these preachers, for they both flatter and lie, being wolves in sheep’s clothing. Will now surrenders himself a convert to the doctrine he has heard, and protests he “ wyll no more row ageyn the fflode,” but be mery and enjoy himself; a determination that Lucifer pronounces wise, declaring that God loves “ a clene soule and merry,” and assures the trio that if they accord together they cannot but do well. To this advice they individually express their assent, and Lucifer tells them to go into the world and examine it well, earnestly endeavour to get riches and freely enjoy them,

“ And eu^o be mery lett reuell rought.”

A hearty assent is given by each to this counsel in terms of grossness strongly marking their changed feelings, and this is followed by brief indications of their intended course of proceeding, closed by a declaration from Will of indulging in “ lust^f of lechory,” ending with the following use of an old saying

“ With whye whyppe
Farewell q̄d I the deuyll is vp.”

The three converts here leave the stage, and Lucifer, now alone, indulges in expressions of pleasure, at the triumph of his sophistry, vaunting thus,

“ Reson I haue made both deff and dūme
Grace is out and putt a rome.”

And in a similar strain he continues to describe the gradations by which he shall lead his captives from Pride, “of all synnes hed,” to Covetousness, and thence to Lechery, at which point he says, “than am I seker the soule is ded.” That soul, exults he, which God madè “incōpable,” I shall debase “evyn lyke to a ffende of helle,” and with malignant joy indulges in the anticipation of appearing before his unhappy victims at the time of their death, proving their state to be “dampnable,” and filling them with despair. His speech closes in these words

“ Thus by colours and false gynne
Many a soule fro hevyn I wyne
Wyde to go I may not blynne
With this false boy God geve hym ille g^{ce}.”

“Here he takith a shrewed boy w^t h^y & goth his way cryeng.” The last two lines and the direction which follows seem to have no immediate connection with the piece, and perhaps were introduced merely for the purpose of certain stage effects.

Mind and his two companions now enter, the former “in newe aray,” having bade “farewele” to perfection, expresses his delight at the change he has made. Understanding exclaims, “and have here one as fressh as you,” and boasting that he has “gete good God wote howe,” bids farewell to conscience, and as to truth, says, “I lete hym slippe.” Will declares him-

self to be as "jolye" as the rest, so full of delight that he seems to fly, and having tasted lust, bids adieu to chastity, protesting that all his enjoyment is in beauty. Mind states that his especial solace is in the graces and gifts of fortune, and the advantages of noble kindred; Understanding, in hoarding up riches, on which he expatiates with a miser's feeling; and Will declares that his happiness arises from playing the lover's part, which he thus describes,

" It is joy of joyes inestimable
To halse to kyse the affiable
A louer is sone pceyvable
Be the smylyng on me ——"

After a conversation between these parties, made up of brief sentences, wherein each makes an unblushing description of his own peculiar vice, not unmixed with some keen strokes of satire, a song is proposed, which they accompany with the following instruments, viz. "a tenor, a mene, and a trebyll."

The song ended, Understanding suggests that each shall relate his condition; and Will, "ashamyd of ryght nought," states that he obtains much worship by procuring for others the patronage and protection of "myghty lorship," and boasts that this is a means of great advantage to him. Understanding uses "jorourry," in other words false swearing, practises "choppe and chaunge w^t symonye," and be the case never so true, "w^t a quest of myn affye," says he,

" I preve it false I swere I lye;"

adding that this is now the ready way to thrift. Will boasts

that he spends thrice as much as he gets, and that, regardless of money,

Sūtyme I geve sumtyme thei me,"

concluding with a declaration, that "lust is now common as the i waye."

A conversation, carried on in short sentences, but full of keen satire, upon the great prevalence of the vices before enumerated, now ensues, which Mind terminates by a proposition that their respective retainers shall come in and perform a dance before them, observing that "this wer a disporte." Upon this being agreed to, Will, addressing Mind, intimates that he shall first call in his company or "Meynten^{nce}," and the following stage direction ensues, "Here entre vj disgysed in the sute of Mynde, w^t red berds & lyons rampaunt on hir crests, & iche a warder in his hand, hir menstrall trumpes, eche answere for his name," and Mind calls them forward in the following order, Indignation, Sturdynesse, Malyce, Hastyness, Wrethe, and Discord, "and the vijth am I Maynten^{nce}." Seven, he observes, is an imperfect number. "Lo her is a gomanry w^t loveday to dresse," who, according to his description, if "the deuyll had swore it thei wold bere vp falsnesse." This, he next observes, is "the develys daunce," and their attendant minstrels are appropriate; since, he remarks, "tromps" should sound to judgment and battle, concluding thus,

"Blow sett se madam regent
And daunce ye ladd^e yo' hert^e ben light
Lo that other spare this meny will spende."

Some short and pithy remarks follow by the same interlocutors.

After which Understanding characterizes his retainers as "jourours," who under one hood bear two faces, combining fair speech and false matter, and calls them forward by the title of "the queste of helborn," who ever oppose "the right; and according to the stage direction, "Her^e entreth vj jorours in a sute gownyd w^t hood^f abowte her necks, hatt^f of Mayntenance ther vpon vysered di^usly, her mynstrall a bag pype." As they enter, Understanding thus names the goodly crew, Wronge, Sleight, Doblensse, Falsehed, Ravyne, and Disceyte; and then proceeds,

"Her^e is the quest of helborn an euyll endyreete
Thei daunce all this londe hyder and thedyr
And I Piury yo' foundour
Now daunce on vs all the world doth wonder.

The same sort of brief and sarcastic observations, as occurred in the preceding instance, succeed to the speech by Understanding, at the conclusion whereof, Will remarks, that Maintenance and Perjury having shewed their company of retainers, he will produce Lechery, whose

"— forme is of the stewys clene rybaldry
The wene seyseth whan that thei lye
Of the comon thei synge eche weke by & bye
Thei may say w^t tynker I trowe late amende."

"Her^e entre vj woman in sute disgysed as galaunt^f & thre as mat^ones w^t wonderfull vysers cōregent, her mynstrallys an horn-pype."

At this place the MS. abruptly terminates, leaving defective

the particular description and properties of Understanding's followers, and the completion of the piece; respecting which conjecture would be but ill applied, and therefore shall not here be attempted.

The nature of the subject and stile of composition evidently bespeak a later origin than the Mysteries which precede it; but as an early specimen of Moralities, it will well reward the enquiring reader for the pains of a careful examination and perusal.

MYSTERIES.

CANDLEMAS DAY.

POETA

This solemne ffest to be had in remembraunce
Of blisshed Seynt Anne moder to our Lady
Whos ryght discent was fro kyngs alyaunce
Of Davyd ⁊ Solamon witneseth the story
Hir blissid doughter that callid is Mary
By Godds pvision an husband shuld have
Callid Joseph of natur old ⁊ drye
And the moder vnto Crist that all the world shall save
This glorious maiden dought^r vnto Anna
10 In whos worship this ffest we honour
And by resemblaunce likenyd unto manna
Wiche is in tast celestially of savour
And of Jerico the sote rose floure
Gold Ebryson callid in pictur
Chosyn for to bere mankynds savyour
W^t a p^rogative love eche creature

- These grett thyngs remembred aft^o our entent
 Is for to worshippe oure Ladye and Seynt Anne
 We be comen heder as s^vvaunts diligent
 20 Our p^rcesse to shewe you as we can
 Wherfor of bⁿvolense we p^ry e^vy man
 To have vs excused that we no better doo
 An other tyme to emende it if we can
 Be the g^rce of God if our c^unyng be ther too
 The last yeer^e we shewid you t^r in this place
 How the shepherds of Crists birthe made letifica^on
 And thre Kyngs that ycome fro pe cuntrees be g^rce
 To worship I^hu w^t enteer devo^on
 And now we p^rpose w^t hool affec^on
 30 To p^rcede in oure mater as we can
 And to shew you of our Ladies purifica^on
 That she made in the temple as the usage was than
 And aft^o that shall Herowd have tydyngs
 How the thre Kyngs be goon hoom an other way
 That were w^t I^hu t^r made ther offryng^t
 And p^rmised Kyng Herowde w^tout delay
 To come ageyn by hym this is no nay
 And whan he wist that thei were goon
 Like as a wodman he gan to fray
 40 And c^omaundid his knyghts for to go anoon
 In to Israell to serche e^vy towne t^r cite
 For all the Children that thei cowde ther fynde
 Of ij yeers age and w^tin sparyng neither bonde nor ffree
 But sle them all either for ffoo or ffrende
 Thus he c^omaundid in his furious wynde

Thought that Ihu shuld have be oon
 And yitt he failed of his froward mynde
 For by Gods p̄viaunce our Lady was in to Egip̄te gon
 Friends this p̄cefse we p̄pose to pley as we can
 50 Before you all here in your presens and
 To the honor of God our Lady and Seynt Anne
 Besechyng you to geve us peseable audiens
 And ye menstrallis shewe sume sport t̄ plesure
 These people to solas and to do God reverens
 As ye be appoynted doth yo^r besy cure
 Et tripudient.

HERODES

Above all kynges under the clowdys cristall
 Royally I reigne in welthe w^tout woo
 Of pleasaunt p̄spyte I lakke non at all
 Fortune I fynde that she is not my ffoo
 60 I am Kyng Herowde I will it be knowen soo
 Most strong t̄ mighty in feld for to fyght
 And to venquyfshe my enemyes p^t ageynst me do
 I am most be dred w^t my bronde bright
 My grett goddes I gloryfye w^t gladnēse
 And to honoure them I knele up on my knee
 For thei have sett me in solas from all sadnēse
 That no conqueroure nor knyght is cōparid to me
 All tho that rebelle ageyns me ther bane I will be
 Or grudge ageyns my godds on hyll or hethe
 70 All suche rebellers I shall make for to ffilee

And w^t hard punyfishements putt them to dethe
 What erthely wretches w^t pompe and pride
 Do ageyns my lawes or w^tstonde myne entent
 Thei shall suffre woo t̄ peyne thurgh bak t̄ syde
 W^t a very myschaunce ther flefshe shalbe all to rent
 And all my ffoes shall have suche cōmaundement
 That they shalbe glad to doo my byddyng ay
 Or ells thei shalbe in woo t̄ myscheff pmanent
 That thei shall fere me nyght t̄ day
 80 *My messenger at my comaundement come heder to me
 And take hed what I shall to the say
 I charge the loke abought thurgh all my cuntre
 To aspye if ony rebells do ageynst our lay
 And if ony suche come in thy way
 Brynge hem in to our hygh presens
 And we shall se them correctid or thei go hens

WATKYN MESSANGER

My Lord yo^r cōmaundement I have fulfilled
 Evyn to the uttermost of my pore power
 And I wold shew you more so ye wold be contentid
 90 But I dare not lest ye wold take it in anger
 For if it liked you not I am sure my deth were nere
 And therfor my Lord I wole hold my peas

HEROD

I warne the thu Trayto^r that thu not seas

* From hence unto line 104 inclusive is in the original crossed over thus X, apparently being omitted in the representation of the Pageant.

CANDLEMAS DAY.

7

To shewe evy thyng thu knowist ageyns our revence

MESSANGER

My Lord if ye have it in your remembraunce
Ther were iij straunger Kyngs but late in yo^r p^rsence
That went to Bedlem to offre w^t due ob^svaunce
And p^rmysed to come ageyn by you w^tout variaunce
But by ther bonys ten thei be to you untrue
100 For homward an other way thei doo sue

HEROD

Now be my grett godds that be so full of myght
I will be avengid upon Israell if thy tale be true

MESSANGER

That it is my Lord my trowth I you plight
For ye foude me nev^r false syn ye me knewe

HEROD

I do pceyve though I be here in my cheff cite
Callid Je^rflem my riche Royall Town
I am falsly disceyvid by straunge kyngs three
Therfor my knyghts I warne you w^tout dela^cōn
That ye make serche thurgh out all my region
110 W^toute ony tarieng my wille may be seen
And sle all tho Children w^tout excep^cōn
Of to yeers of age p^t wⁱn Israell bene
For wⁱn my self thus I have concluded
For to avoyde away all interrup^cōn

Sythens thes thre kyngs have me thus falsly deluded
 As in man^o by froward collusion
 And ageyn resorted hom in to ther region
 But yitt maugre ther herts I shall avengid be
 Both in Bedlem ⁊ my p^ovynces e^ovychone
 120 Sle all the Children to kepe my liberte

P^oM^o MILES

My Lord ye may be sure that I shall not spare
 For to fulfille yo^r noble cōmaundement
 W^t sharpe sword to perse them all bare
 In all cuntrees that be to you adiacent

II^o MILES

And for yo^r sake to obs^ove yo^r cōmaundement

III^o MILES

Not on of them all our hands shall astert

IIII^o MILES

For we wole cruelly execute your judgement
 W^t swerde ⁊ spere to perse them thurgh the hert

HEROD

I thanke you my knyghts but loke ye make no tarieng
 130 Do arme yo^rself in stele shynyng bright
 And conceyve in yo^r mynds that I am yo^r kyng
 Gevyng you charge p^t w^t all yo^r myght
 In cons^ova^ocion of my tytell of ryght

That ye go t̄ loke for myn adv^{ntage}
 And sle all the Children p^t come in yo^r sight
 Wiche ben wⁱⁿ two yeers of age
 Now be ware that my byddyng ye truly obey
 For non but I shall reigne w^t equyte
 Make all the Children on yo^r swords to dey
 140 I charge you spare not oon for m^{cy} nor pyte
 Am not I lord t̄ kyng of the cuntre
 The crowne of all Jerusalem longith to me of right
 Who so ev^o say nay of high or lowe degre
 I charge you sle all suche p^t come in yo^r syght

I^o MILES

My Lord be ye sure accordyng to yo^r will
 Like as ye charge us be streig^t cōmaundement
 All the children of Israell doughtles we shall kylle
 Wⁱⁿ to yeers of age this is our entent

II^o MILES

My Lord of all Jurye we hold you for chef regent
 150 By titell of enheritaunce as yo^r auncestors befor
 He that seith the contrary be Mahound shalbe shent
 And curse the tyme that ev^o [he] was born

HEROD

I thanke you my knyghts with hool affeccion
 And whan ye come ageyn I shall you avaunce
 Therfor quyte you wele in feld t̄ town
 And of all the fondlyngs make a dely^vaunce

B

Here the Knyghts shall depte from Herowde to Israell ⁊ Watkyn shall
abyde seyng thus to Herode

WATKYN

Now my Lord I beseche you to here my dalyaunce
I wold aske you a bone if I durst aright
But I were loth ye shuld take ony displesaunce
160 Now for Mahounds sake make me a knyght
For oon thyng I pmyse you I will manly fight
And for to avenge yo^r quarell I dare undertake
Though I sey it my self I am a man of myght
And dare live ⁊ deye in this quarell for yo^r sake
For whan I com amonge them for fere thei shall quake
And though thei sharme ⁊ crye I care not a myght
But w^t my sharpe sworde ther ribbes I shall strake
Evyng thurgh the guttes for anger and despight

HEROWDE

Be thi trouthe Watkyn woldest thu be made a knyght
170 Thu hast be my s^vant ⁊ messenger many a day
But thu were nev^o pvid in bataile nor in fight
And therfor to avaunce the so sodeynly I ne may
But oon thyng to the I shall say
Be cause I fynde the true in thyn entent
Forth w^t my knyghts thu shalt take the way
And quyte the wele ⁊ thu shalt it not repent

WATKYN

Now a largeys my Lord I am ryght wele apaid

If I do not wele ley my hed upon a stokke
 I shall go shew yo^r knyghts how ye have seid
 180 And arme my self manly ⁊ go forthe on the flokke
 And if I fynde a yong child I shall choppe it on a blokke
 Though the moder be angry the child shalbe slayn
 But yitt I dredde no thyng more than a woman with a rokke
 For if I se ony suche be my feith I come ageyn

HEROWDE

What shall a woman with a rokke drive thee away
 Eye on the traito^r now I tremble for tene
 I have trosted the long ⁊ many a day
 A bold man ⁊ an hardy I went thu haddist ben

WATKYNG MESSANG^r

So am I my Lord ⁊ that shalbe seen
 190 That I am a bold man ⁊ best dare abyde
 And ther come an hundred women I wole not ffleen
 But fro morowe tyll nyght w^t them I dare chide
 And therfor my Lord ye may trust unto me
 For all the children of Israell yo^r knyghts ⁊ I shall kyll
 I wyll not spare one butt dede thei shalbe
 If the ffader ⁊ moder will lete me have my wille

HEROWDE

Thu lurdeyn take hede what I sey the tyll
 And high the to my knyghts as fast as thu can
 Say I warne them in ony wyse p^r blood p^t thei spille

200 Abought in evy cuntre ⁊ lette for no man

WATKYN

Nay nay my Lord we wyll let for no man
 Though ther come a thousand on a rought
 For yo^r knyghts ⁊ I will kylle them all if we can
 But for the wyves that is all my dought
 And if I se ony walkyng abought
 I will take good hede tyll she be goon
 And assone as I aspye that she is oute
 By my feith into the hous I will go anon
 And this I pmyse you that I shall nev^o slepe
 210 But eu^o more wayte to fynde the children alone
 And if the moder come in under the benche I will crepe
 And lye styll ther tyll she be goon
 Than manly I shall come out ⁊ hir children sloen
 And whan I have doñ I shall renne fast away
 If she founde her child dede ⁊ toke me ther alone
 Be my feith I am sure we shuld make a fray

HEROWDE

Nay harlott abyde styll w^t my knyghts I warne the
 Tyll the children be slayn all the hool rought
 And whan thou comyst home ageyn I shall avaunce the
 220 If thou quyte thee like a man whill thou art ought
 And if thou pley the coward I put the owt of dought
 Of me thou shalt neyther have ffee nor adv^tantage
 Therfor I charge you the contre be well sought
 And whan thou comyst home shalt have thi wage

WATKYN

Þis S'e be my trouthe ye shall wele knowe
 Whill I am oute how I shall aquyte me
 For I ppos to spare neither high nor lowe
 If ther be no man wole smyte me
 The most I fere the wyves will bete me
 230 Yitt shall I take good hert to me ʒ loke wele abought
 And loke that yoʒ knyghts be not ferre fro me
 For if I be alone I may sone gete a clought

HEROD

I say hye the hens that thu were goon
 And unto my knyghts loke ye take the way
 And sey I charge them that my cōmaudemēt be done
 In all hast possible w'out more delay
 And if ther be ony that will sey you nay
 Redde him of his lyff out of hand anon
 And if thu quyte the weel unto my pay
 240 I shall make pe a knyght aventuros whan pu comyst home

WATKYN

Syr knyghts I must go forth w' you
 Thus my Lord cōmaunded me for to doñ
 And if I quyte me weel whill I am amonge you
 I shalbe made a knyght aventur' when I come home
 For oon thyng I pmyse you I will fight anon
 If my hert faile not whan I shall begynne
 The most I fere is to come amonge wemen
 For thei fight like devells w' ther rokks whan pei spynne

I^o MILES

Watkyn I love thee for thu art ev^o a man
 250 If thu quyte the weel in this grett viage
 I shall speke to my Lord for the that I can
 That thu shalt no more be neither grome nor page

II^o MILES

I wyll speke for the that thu shalt have bett^o wage
 If thu quyte the manly amonge the wyves
 For thei be as fers as a lyon in a cage
 Whan thei are vroken ought to reve men of p^r lives

Her^e the Knyghts & Watkyn walke abought the place tyll Mary & Joseph
 be conveid into Egipt.—Dix^t Angelus

ANGELUS

O Joseph ryse up & loke thu tary nought
 Take Mary w^t the & in to Egipt fflee
 For Jhu thi sone p^rsuyd is & sought
 260 By Kyng Herowd the wiche of grete inyquyte
 Cōmaundid hath thurgh Bedlem cite
 In his cruell & furyous rage
 To sle all the children that be in that cuntre
 That may be founde wⁱn to yeers of age
 Ther shall he shew in that region
 Diuse myracles of his high regalye
 In all ther temples the mawments shall falle down
 To shew a tokyn towards the ptie
 This child hath lordship as pphets do specific
 270 And at his comyng thurgh his myghty hond

In despight of all idolatrie
 Evy oon shall falle whan he comyth into the lond

JOSEPH

O good Lord of this g^racious orden^unce
 Like as thu list for our jorney p^rvide
 In this viage with humble attendaunce
 As God disposeth t̄ list to be our gyde
 Therfor upon them bothe mekely I shall abide
 P^raying to that Lord to thynk upon us three
 Vs to p^rsave wheder we go or ryde
 280 Towards Egip^te from all adv^citie

MARY

Now husband in all hast I p^ry you go we hens
 For drede of Herowde that cruell knyght
 Gentyll spouse now do your diligens
 And bryng yo^r asse I p^ry you anon right
 And from hens let us passe w^t all our myght
 Thankyng that Lord so for us doth p^rvide
 That we may go from Herowde p^t cursid wight
 Wiche will us devour if that we abide

JOSEPH

Mary you to do pleasaunce w^tout ony lett
 290 I shall brynge forth yo^r asse w^tout more delay
 Ful sone Mary thereon ye shalbe sett
 And this litell child that in yo^r wombe lay
 Take hym in yo^r armys Mary I you pray

And of yo^r swete mylke let hym sowke inowe
 Mawger Herowd t̄ his grett fray
 And as yo^r spouse Mary I shall go w^t you
 This ferdell of gere I ley up my bakke
 Now I am redy to go from this cuntre
 All my smale instruments is putt in my pakke

Et exeant

300 Now go we hens Mary it will no better be
 For drede of Herowd a paas I wyll high me
 Lo now is our geer trussid both more t̄ lesse
 Mary for to plese you w^t all humylitie
 I shall go before t̄ lede forth your asse

Here Mary t̄ Joseph shall go out of pe place t̄ pe Godds shall falle t̄
 than shall come in the women of Israell w^t yong children in ther armys
 t̄ than the Knyghts shall go to them saying as foluyth

I^o MILES

Herke ye wyffys we be come yo^r housholds to visite
 Though ye be nev^o so wroth nor wood
 W^t sharp swerds that redely will byte
 All yo^r children wⁱn to yeers age in our cruell mood
 Thurgheout all Bethleem to kylle t̄ shed p^o yong blood
 310 As we be bound be the cōmaundement of pe kyng
 Who that seith nay we shall make a flood
 To renne in the stretis by ther blood shedyng

II^o MILES

Therfor unto us ye make a delyveraunce
 Of your yong children and that anone
 Or ells be Mahounde we shall geve you a myschaunce

Our sharpe swerds thurgh yo^r bodies shall goon

WATKYN

Therfor be ware for we will not leve oon
 In all this cuntre that shall us escape
 I shall rather slee them evychoon
 320 And make them to lye t̄ mowe like an ape

P¹MA MULIER

Fye on you traito's of cruell tormentrye
 Wiche w^t yo^r swerds of mortall violens

S²DA MULIER

Our yong children that can no socoure but crie
 Wyll slee t̄ devoure in ther innocens

TERCIA MULIER

Ye false traito's unto God ye do grett offens
 To sle t̄ morder yong child:en p^t in p^o cradell slumber

IIII^e MULIER

But we women shall make ageyns you resistens
 Aft^o our power your malice to encomber

WATKYN

Peas you folyshe quenys wha shuld ye defende
 330 Ageyns us armyd men in this apparaile
 We be bold men t̄ the kyng us ded sende
 Hedyr into this cuntre to hold w^t you battaile

c

F^o MULIER

Fye upon the coward of the I will not faile
 To dubbe the knyght w^t my rokke rounde
 Women be ferse when thei list to assaile
 Suche prowde boyes to caste to the grounde

WATKYN

Avaunt ye skowtys I defye you ev^oychone
 For I wole bete you all myself alone

Hic ouidēt pu^oos

I^o MULIER

Alas alafse good Gossyppes this is a sorowfull payn
 340 To se our dere children that be so yong
 W^t these Catyves thus sodenly to be slayn
 A vengeaunce I aske on them all for this grett wrong

II^o MULIER

And a very myscheff mut come them amonge
 Whersoever thei be come or goon
 For thei have killed my yong sone John

III^o MULIER

Gossippes a shameful deth I aske upon Herowde our kyng
 That thus rygorously our children hath slayn

IIII^o MULIER

I p^oy God bryng hym to an ille endyng
 And in helle pytte to dwelle ev^o in peyn

WATKYN

350 What ye harlotts I have aspied certeyn
 That ye be traytours to my lord the kyng
 And therfor I am sure ye shall have an ille endyng

I^{er} MULIER

If ye abide Watkyn you ſ I shall game
 With my distaff that is so rounde

II^{er} MULIER

And if I seas thanne have I shame
 Tyll thu be fellid down to the grounde

III^{er} MULIER

And I may gete the within my bounde
 W^t this staff I shall make the lame

WATKYN

Yee I come no more ther be Seynt Mahound
 360 For if I do me thynketh I shall be made tame

I^{er} MULIER

Abyde Watkyn I shall make the a knyght

WATKYN

Thu make me a knyght that were on the newe
 But for shame my trouthe I you plight
 I shuld bete you bak ſ side tyll it were blewe
 But be my god Mahounde that is so true

My hert begynne to fayle ⁊ waxeth feynt
 Or ells be Mahounds blood ye shuld it rue
 But ye shall lose yo^r goods as traito^r's atteynt

I^{er} MULIER

What thu javell canst not have do
 370 Thu ⁊ thi cumpany shall not depart
 Tyll of our distavys ye have take part
 Therfor ley on gossippes w^t a mery hart
 And lett them not from vs goo

Here thei shall bete Watkyn ⁊ the knyghts shall come to rescue hym ⁊
 than thei go to Herowde þus saying

I^o MILES

Honorable prynce of grett apparayle
 Thurgh Jeſlem ⁊ Jude yo^r wyll we have wrought
 Full suerly harneysed in armo^r of plate ⁊ maile
 The children of Israell vnto deth we have brought

II^o MILES

Syr to merke yo^r cōmaundement we lettid nought
 In the strets of the children to make a flood
 380 We sparid neither for care nor thought
 Thurgh Bethlem to shede all the yong blood

WATKYN

In ffeyth my Lord all the children be dede
 And all the men out of the cuntre be goon
 Ther be but women ⁊ thei crie in evy stede

A vengeaunce take king Herode for he hath oʳ children sleon
 And bidde a myscheff take him both evyn t̄ morn
 For kyllyng of ther children on you thei crie oute
 And thus goth yoʳ name in all the cuntre abought

HERODES

Oute I am madde my wyttēs be ner goon
 390 I am for the wrokyng of this werke wyldē
 For as wele I have slayn my ffrends as my foon
 Wherfor I fere deth hath me begyled
 Noʳwʳstoyndyng syn thei be all defyled
 And on pe yong blood of Bethlem wrought wo t̄ wrake
 Yitt I am in no certeyn of that yong child
 Now for woo myn herte gynneth to quake
 Alas I am so sorowfull t̄ seīt in of sadnes
 I chille t̄ chever for this horrible chaunce
 I cōmaunde you all as ye wole stond in my gʳce
 400 Aftʳ this yong kyng to mak good enqueraunce -
 And he pʳ bryngeth me tydyngs I shall hym avʳnce
 Now vnto my chamber I purpose me this tyde
 And I charge you to my p̄cepts geve attendaunce
 In ony place wher ye goo or ryde
 What out out allas I wene I shall dey pis day
 My hert tremblih t̄ quakih for feer
 My robys I rende a to for I am in a fray
 That my hert will brest asunder evyn heer
 My Lord Mahound I pʳy the wʳ hert enteer
 410 Take my soule into thy holy hande
 For I fele be my hert I shall dey evyn heer

For my leggs ffalter I may no longer stande

Here dieth Herowde ⁊ Symeon shall sey as foluyth *

SYMEON

Now God that art both lok ⁊ keye
 Of all goodnesse ⁊ goostly gounaunce
 So geve vs g^{ce}ce thi lawys to obeye
 That we vnto the do no displesaunce
 Lett thi grace of m̄cifull haboundaunce
 Vpon me shyne that callid am Symeon
 So that I may w^tout ony variaunce

- 420 Teche thi people thi lawis eūychon
 From the sterred hevyn Lord thu list come down
 Into the closett of a pure virgyn
 Our kynde to take for mannys salua^ōn
 Thi grett m̄cy thu lowe lyst enclyne
 Lyke as pphetys by g^{ce}ce that is divyne
 Have pphecied of the sythe long afforn
 It is fulfilled I knowe be ther doctryne
 And of a chaste maide I wote wele thu art born
 Now good Lord hertly I the pray
- 430 Here my requeste grounded vpon right
 Most blisshed Lord lett me neu^o dey
 Tyll that I of the may haue a sight
 Thu art so gloryous so blisshed ⁊ so bright
 That thi p̄sence to me shuld be gret solas
 I shall not reste but pray bothe day ⁊ nyght

* At this place in the MS. are inserted the words "Vacat ab hic" shewing that in the representation the remaining part was omitted.

Tyll I may behold o Lord thi swete face

Here shall our Lady come forth holdyng Ihu in hir armys ⁊ sey this language foluyng to Joseph

MARIA

Joseph my spouse tyme it is we goo
 Vnto the Temple to make an offryng
 Of our swete sone the lawe cōmandeth so
 440 And ij yonge dowys w^t us for to bryng
 Into a prests hands w^toute tarieng
 I shall p^sente for an obs^uaunce
 Our babe so blisshed wiche is but yinge
 W^t me to go I pray you make purviaunce

JOSEPH

Most blisshed spouse me list not to feyne
 Fayn wold I plese you w^t hool affeccion
 Behold now wyff her^e are dowys tweyne
 Of wiche ye shall make an obla^cōn
 W^t our child of full grett devocion
 450 Goth forth aforⁿ hertly I you pray
 And I shall folue voide of p^sumpcion
 W^t true entent as an old man may

Here Maria ⁊ Joseph go toward the temple w^t Ihu ⁊ ij dowes ⁊ our Lady seith vnto Symeon

MARIA

Heyll holy Symeon full of grett vertu
 To make an offryng I gan myself p^rveye

Of my soueyne sone that callid is Ihu
 Wt ij yong dowes the lawe to obeye
 Toward this temple g^{ce} list me conveye
 Of Goddis sone to make a p̄sentacion
 Wherefore Symeon hertly I you pray
 460 Into yo^r hands take myn oblacion
 Here shall Symeon receyve o^r Maria Ihu t̄ ij dowis t̄ holde Ihu in his
 armys expownyng nūc dimitt^o t̄c^o seyng thus

SYMEON

Welcome Lord excellent of power
 And welcome Maria wt yo^r sone soueyne
 Yo^r oblaçōn of hool herte t̄ enteer
 I receyve wt these dowys tweyn
 Welcome babe for joye what may I seyn
 Atwene myn armys now shall I the embrace
 My prayer Lord was not made in veyn
 For now I se thy celestially face
 Here declareth nūc dimitt^o
 O blissed Lord aft^o thi language
 470 In parficht peas now lett thy s̄uant resie
 For why myn eyen have seyn thi visage
 And eke thyn helthe thurgh my meke request
 Of the derk dungeon let the gats brest
 Befor the face of thyn people alle
 Thu hast brought triacle t̄ bawme of the best
 Wt soueygne suger geyn all bitter galle
 I mene thi self Lord gracious t̄ benigne
 That woldest come down from thyn high glorye

Poyson to repelle thi mcy doth now shyne
 480 To chaunge thyngs that are transitory
 Thu art the light t̄ the hevynly skye
 To the relevyng of folk most cruell
 Thu hast brought gladness to our oratorye
 And enlumyned the people of Israell
 Here shall Anna pphetissa sey thus to V¹gynes

ANNA PPHETISSA

Ye pure v¹gynes in that ye may or can
 W^t tapers of wex loke ye come forth here
 And worship this child very God t̄ man
 Offrid in this temple be his moder dere

Here Virgynes as many as a man wyll shall holde tapers in ther hands
 and the first seyth

P^r V¹GO

As ye cōmaunde we shal do our dever
 490 Þ^t Lord to plese echon for our ptye
 He makyth vnto us so comfortable chere
 Þ^t we must nedes pis babe magnifie

SYMEON

Now Mary I shall tell you how I ā purposed
 To worship pis Lord I wil go p̄cefsion
 For I se Anna w^t virgynes disposed
 Mekly as now to your sonys laudaçõn

MARIA

Blissed Symeon w^t hertly affecçõn

D

As ye hau seyde I concent therto

JOSEPH

In worship of our child w^t grett devossion
500 Abought pe tempill in ordir let vs go

SYMEON

Ye virgynes alle w^t feythfull intent
Dispose your silfs a song for to synge
To worſp this child p^t is here p^sent
Whiche to mankende gladnes list bryng
In tokyn our herts withe joye doth spryng
Betwyn myn armys pis babe shalbe born
Now ye virgynis to this Lords p^sying
Syngyth nunc dimitt^r of whiche I spak afforn

Here shal Symeon bere Ihu in his armys goyng a p^session rounde aboute
pe tempill t^r al pis wyle pe virgynis singe nunc dimitt^r t^r whan that is
don Symeon seyth

SYMEON

O Ihu chef cause of our welfare
510 In yone tapir therebe thyngs iij^o
Wax week t^r light whiche I shall declare
To pe apporprid by moralite
Lord wax betoknyth thyn humanyte
And week betoknyth thy soule most swete
Yone lyght I lykene to pe godhede of the
Brighter than Phebus for al his fervent hete
Pes t^r m^cy hau set in the her^e swete

To slake pe sharpnes o Lord of rigour
 Very God t̄ man gū togedir mete
 520 In the tabiracle of thy modrys bower
 Now shalt pu exile wo t̄ al langour
 And of mankende t'appese infernall stryff
 Record of p̄phets thou shalt be redemptour
 And singuler repast of eūlastyng lyf
 My sprets joyen pu art so amyable
 I am not wery to loke on pi face
 Our trowe entent let it be acceptable
 To pe honor of the sheuyd in this place
 For thy s̄uents a dwellȳg pu shalt purchase
 530 Brighter than berall outhere clere cristall
 Þe to worship as chef welle of grace
 On both my knees now don knele I shall

MARIA

Now Semyon take me my childe p̄t is so bright
 Chef lodesterre of my felicyte
 And all p̄t longyth pe lawe of right
 I shall obeye as it lyth in me

SYMEON

Þis Lord I take you knelyng on my kne
 Whiche shall to blisse folk ageyn restore
 And eke be callid tonne of tranquylyte
 540 To 3eve hem drynke p̄t hau thrustyd sore
 Her she receyveth hir sone þus seyng

MARIA

Now is myn offryng to an ende conveyed
Wherefore Symeon hens I wole wende

SYMEON

The laws Mary ful well ye hau obbeyed
In this tempill w^t hert t̄ mende
Nowe ferwell Lord comfort to all mankende
Farwell Maria t̄ Josep̄ on you waytyng

JOSEP̄

Selestiall socour our sone mote you sende
And for his high mercy 3eve you his blissyng
Here Maria t̄ Josep̄ goyng from þe tempill seyng

MARIA

Husband I thanke you of your gentilnes
550 Þ^t ye hau shewed onto me this day
W^t our child most gracious of godenes
Let vs go hens hertly I you pray

JOSEP̄

Go forth afforn my own wyf I sey
And I shall come aftir stil vpon pis ground
Ye shall me fynde plesant at euy assaye
To cherysshe you wyf gretly am I bonde

SYMEON

Nowe may I be glad in myn inwarde mende

For I haue seyn Ihu w^t my bodily eye
 Wiche on a cros shall bey al menkende
 560 Slayn by Jew at pe Mount of Calvery
 And throwe-devyn grace here I will pvysye
 Of blissid Mary howe she shall suffre peyn
 Whan hir swete sone shall on a rood deye
 A sharpe swarde of sorow shall cleve hir hert atweyn
 Anna pphetifsa hertly I prey you nowe
 Doth your devir ⁊ your diligent labour
 And take these virgynis euychon w^t you
 And teche hem to plese God of most honour

ANNA PPHETISSA

Lyke as ye say I will do this hour
 570 Ye chast virgynis w^t all humylite
 Worshipe we Ihu p^t shalbe our sauyour
 Alle at ones come on and folowe me
 And shewe ye sūme plesur as ye can
 In the worship of Ihu our Lady ⁊ Seynt Anne
 Et tripudient

POETA

Honorable soueignes thus we conclude
 Our mater p^t we haue shewid here in yo^r p^sens
 And though our eloquens be but rude
 We beseeche you all of your paciens
 To pdon vs of our offenses
 580 For aft^r pe sympyll cunnyng that we can
 This mater we have shewid to yo^r audiens

In the worship of our Lady t hir moder Seynt Anne
 Now of this pore pcesse we make an ende
 Thankyng you all of yo^r good attendaunce
 And the next yeer we be pposid in our mynde
 The disputaçõn of the docto^rs to shew in yo^r p̄sens
 Wherfor now ye v¹gynes or we go hens
 W^t all yo^r cumpany you goodly avaunce
 Also ye menstralles doth yo^r diligens
 590 Afore our deptyng geve vs a daunce

FINIS

THE NAMYS OF THE PLEYERS

The Poeta	Maria
Kyng Herowde	Anna pphetissa
i Knyght	A Virgyn
The ij ^o Knyght	Angelus
The iij ^o Knyght	i ^o Mulier
The iiij ^o Knyght	ij ^o Mulier
Watkyn messanger	iiij ^o Mulier
Symeon the bysshop	iiij ^o Mulier
Joseph	Sm ^o xvij

*Jhan Parfre ded wryte thys booke
 Anno D'ni Mill' mo cccccxij*

THE CONVERSION OF SAUL.

POETA

Rex glorie kyng omnipotent
Redemer of þe world by the power divine
And Maria þ' pure vrygyn quene most excellēt
Wyche bare þ' blyssyd babe Ihu þ' for us sufferd payne
Unto whoys goodnes I do inclyne
Besechyng þ' Lord of hys pýtous influens
To þserue and govne thys wyrshypfull audyens
Honorabre frendþ besechyng ow of lycens
To pcede our pcefse we may under yo' correcçōn
10 The conũsyon of Seynt Paule as þe byble gyf experyens
Whoo lyst to rede þe booke Acta Appostolorum
Ther shall he have þe very notycyon
But as we can we shall us redres
Brefly w^t your fauo^r begynyng our pces
Here ent^{er}eyth Saule goodly besene in þe best wyse lyke an aunterous
knyth thus sayyng

SAULUS

- Most dowtyd man I am luȳg upon the ground
 Goodly besene w^t many a ryche garlement
 My pere on lyve I trowe ys nott found
 Throw pe world fro pe oryent to pe occydent
 My fame ys best knowyn undyr pe firmamēt
 20 I am most drad of pepull uny^vsall
 They dare not dyspease me most noble
 Saule ys my name I wyll p^t ye notify
 Whych conspyreth the dyscyplys w^t thret^f ⁊ menac^f
 Before pe princ^f of prest^f most hye ⁊ noble
 I bryng them to punyshemēt for ther trespace
 We wyll them nott suffer to rest in no place
 For they go abou³te to þche ⁊ gyff exemplis
 To destroye our lawes sinagoges and templis
 By the God Bellyall I schall make p^grefse
 30 Unto the pⁿcf both Caypha and Anna
 Wher I schall aske of them in suernes
 To psue thorow all Dammask ⁊ Liba
 And thus we schall soon aft^o than
 Bryng them p^t so do lyff into Jerusalem
 Both man and child that I fynd of them
 Her^e cūmyth Sale to Caypha ⁊ Anna p^ost^f of pe tempyll
 Nobyll þlat^f and pⁿcf of regalyte
 Desyryng and askyng of yo^r benyngne worthynes
 Yo^r letters ⁊ epystolys of most souente
 To subdue rebellyous that wyll of frawardnes
 40 Agaynst o^r lawes rebell or transgrefse
 Nor wyll not inclyne but mak obieccōn

To pursue all such I wyll do pteccōn

CAYPHA

To yo^r desyer we gyf pfyth sentens
 Accordyng to yo^r petycōns that ye make postulacōn
 By cause we know yo^r trewe delygens
 To psue all tho p^t do reprobacōn
 Agayns our lawes by ony redarguaōn
 Wherefor shortly we gyf in cōmandment
 To put down them p^t be dysobedyent

ANNA

- 50 And by thes letturs p^t be most reuerrēt
 Take them in hand full agre p^oto
 Cōstrayn all rebellys by our hole assent
 We gyf yow full power so to doo
 Spare not hardly for frend nor foo
 All thos ye fynd of p^t lyfe in thys realme
 Bounde loke ye bryng them into Jerusalem

Her Saule resayuyth ther letters

SAULUS

- Thys βcept here I take in hande
 To fullfyll aft^o your wyttf both
 Wher I shall spare wⁱn pis lande
 60 Nother man nor woman to pis I make an oth
 But to subdue I wyll not be loth
 Now folow me kny^tys t^e s^uantf trewe
 Into Damaske as fast as ye can sewe

E

P¹M⁹ MILES

Unto yo^r cōmaūdmēt I do obeysaunce
 I wyll not gaynsay nor make delaçōn
 But w^t good mynd t̄ harty plesaunce
 I shall yow succede t̄ make pambulaçōn
 Thorow oute Damaske w^t all delectaçōn
 And all thoo rebell t̄ make resystens
 70 For to oppres I wyll do my delygens

SECŪD⁹ MILES

And in me shalbe no neclygens
 But to thys precept myself I shall applye
 To do yo^r behest w^t all cōuenyens
 W^towt ony frowardnes or ony obstynacy
 Non shall appere in me but verely
 W^t all my mynd I yow insure
 To resyst tho rebellf I wyll do my cure

SAULUS

Truly to me yt ys grett consolaçōn
 To here thys report p^t ye do ava^rns
 80 For yo^r sapyencyall wyllf I gyf cōmēdaçōn
 Eu⁹ at my nede I haue founde you cōstant
 But kny^tf t̄ s^uāt^f p^t be so plesaunt
 I pray yow anon my palfray ye bryng
 To spede my jurney w^towt lettyng

Here goyth Sale forth a lytyll asyde for to make hym redy to ryde the
 s^uāt thus seyng

s²u⁹

How Hosteler how a peck of otys t̄ a botell of haye
 Com of apase or I wyll to anoth⁹ inne
 What Hosteler why cōmyst not thy way
 Hye pe faster I beshrew pi skynne

STABULARY⁹

I am non Hosteler nor nō Hostelers kynne
 90 But a jentylmanys ſuāt I p^u dost know
 Such crabyysh wordf̄ do aske a blow

SERU⁹

I cry yow mercy S^t I wylt well sur what ye were
 Ow^p a gētylman or a knave me thynkyth by yo^r physnomy
 Yf on loke yow in pe face p^t nev⁹ se yow ere
 Wold thynk ye were at pe next dore by
 In good fayth I wenyd yow had bene an Hosteler verely
 I sye suche another jentylman w^t yow a barowfull bare
 Of hors doung t̄ doggf̄ tordf̄ t̄ sych other gere
 And how yt happenyd a m̄velous chance betyde
 100 Yo^r felow was not suer of foote t̄ yet he went very brode
 Butt in a cow tord both dyd ye slyde
 And as I wene yo^r nose p^oin rode
 Yo^r face was bepayntyd w^t sowter code
 I sey neu⁹ sych a syzt I make God a vow
 Ye were so begrymlyd t̄ yt had bene a sow

STABULARI⁹

In fayth p^u neu⁹ syest me tyll pis day

I haue dwellyd w^t my master thys vij zere ʒ more
 Full well I haue pleasyd hym he wyll not say nay
 And mykyll he makyth of me therfore

SERU⁹

110 By my trowth pan be ye changyd to a new lore
 A ʒuand ye are ʒ p^t a good
 Ther ys no better lokyth owt of a hood

STABUĹ⁹

For soth ʒ a hood I use for to were
 Full well yt ys lynyd w^t sylk ʒ chamlett
 Yt kepyth me fro the cold p^t pe wynd doth me not dere
 Nowther frost nor snow p^t I thereby do sett

SERU⁹

Yea yt ys a dobyll hood ʒ p^t a fett
 He was a good man p^t made yt I warrant yow
 He was noth⁹ horse ne mare nor yet yokyd sow
 Here cōmyth ʒe fyrst Knyth to ʒe Stabyll grom sayng

I⁹ MILES

120 Now stabyll grom shortly bryng forth away
 The best horse for our Lorde wyll ryde

STABŸ⁹

I am full redy here ys a palfray
 There can no man a better bestryde
 He wyll cōducte our Lorde ʒ gyde

Thorow the world he ys sure t̄ abyll
 To bere a gentyllman he [is] esy t̄ p̄phetabyll

Here þe Knyth cūmyth to Saule w^t a horse

1⁹ MILES

Behold S^t Saule yo^r palfray ys coñ
 Full goodly besene as yt ys your desyer
 To take your vyage thorow eu^oy regyon
 130 Be nott in dowl he wyll spede yo^r mater
 And we as yo^r s̄uaūt̄f w^t glad chere
 Shall gyf attendance we wyll nott gaynsay
 But folow yow where ye go be nyzt or day

SAULUS

Unto Damask I make my p̄grefsyon
 To psue all rebellyous beyng froward t̄ obstynate
 Agayne our lawes be ony transgrefsyon
 W^t all my delygens myself I wyll p̄pare
 Cōcernyng my purpose to oppres t̄ sepate
 Non shall reioyce that doth offend
 140 But utterly to repue w^t mynd t̄ intende

Here Sale rydyth forth w^t hys s^ouant̄f about þe place owt of þe p^r

CAYPHA

Now Saule hath takyn hys w^thy wyage
 To psue rebellyous of what degre þei be
 He wyll non suffer to raygne nor have passage
 W^tin all thys regyon we be in s̄tayn
 Wherefor I cōmende hys goodly dygnyte

That he thus alway takyth in hande
 By hys power to goune thus all thys lande

ANNA

We may lyve in rest by hys consolacōn
 He defendyth us wherefore we be bounde
 150 To love hym intyrelly w^t o^r hartt^t affeccōn
 And hono^r hym as champyon in ev^y stounde
 Ther ys non suche lyuyng upon pe grounde
 That may be lyke to hym nor be his pere
 Be est nor west ferre nor nere

POETA—SI PLACET CONCLUSIO

Fynally of pis sta^cōn thus we mak a cōclusyon
 Besechyng thys audiens to folow t̄ succede
 W^t all yo^r delygens pis gen^rall p^rcessyon
 To understande pis matter we lyst to rede
 The holy bybyll for pe better spede
 160 Ther shall we haue pe p^rfyth intellygens
 And pus we comyt yow to Crystys magnyfycens

Finis istius sta^cōis et altera sequitur

POETA

Honorable frend^t we beseike yow of audyens
 To here o^r intencōn t̄ also o^r prosses
 Upon o^r matter be yo^r fauorable lycens
 Another pt of pe story we wyll redres

He⁹ shalbe breffly shewyd w^t all o^r besynes
 At thys pagent Saynt Poullys cōuercyon
 Take ye good hede ⁊ therto gyf affec^ōn
 Here comyth Saule rydyng in w^t hys s^ouāt^f

SAUL

My purpose to Damaske fully I intende
 170 To pursewe the dyscypulys my lyfe I apply
 For to breke down the chyrchys thus I cōdescende
 Non I wyll suffer that [they] shall edyfey
 Pchaunce our lawes than myz^te therby
 And the pepull also turne ⁊ cōuerte
 Whych shuld be gret heuynes unto my hart
 Nay p^t shall nott be butt layd apart
 Þe prynces haue geuyn me full potesta^ōn
 All p^t I fynd pei shall nott start
 But bounde to Jerusalem w^t furyous vyola^ōn
 180 Befor Cesar Caypha ⁊ Annas p^resenta^ōn
 Thus shalbe subduyd tho wretchys of p^t lyfe
 That non shall injoy nother man chylde nor wyfe
 Here comyth a feruent w^t gret tempest and Saule faulyth down of hys
 horse p^t done Godhed spekyth in hevyn

DE⁹

Saule Saule why dost p^u me pursue
 Yt ys hard to pryke agayns pe spore
 I am pe savyo^r p^t ys so trwe
 Whych made hevyn ⁊ erth ⁊ eche creature
 Offende nott my goodnes I wyll pe recure

SAUL⁹

O Lord I am aferd I tremble for fere
 What woldyst I ded tell me here

DEUS

190 Aryse t̄ goo p^u wyth glad chere
 Into the cyte a lyttyll besyde
 And I shall pe socor in eu²y dere
 That no maner of yll xal betyde
 And I wyll therfor the puyde
 By my grete goodnes what p^u shalt doo
 Hy pe as fast theth⁹ as p^u must goo

SAUL⁹

O mercyfull God what aylyth me
 I am lame my leggf̄ be take me fro
 My sygth lykwyse I may nott see
 200 I can nott tell whether to goo
 My men hath forsake me also
 Wheth⁹ shall I wynde or whether shall I pas
 Lord I beseeke the helpe me of thy grace

I⁹ MILES

Syr we be here to help the in pi nede
 W^t all o^r affyance we wyll not seise

SAUL⁹

Than in Damask I pray yow me lede
 In Godf̄ name accordyng to my pmyse

II⁹ MILES

To put forth your hand loke ye drefse
 Cū on yo' way we shall yow bryng
 210 Into pe cyte w'owt taryng

Here the Knyght^f lede forth Sale into a place t̄ Cryst apperyth to An-
 nanie sayng

DEUS

Ananie Ananie where art pu Ananie

ANANIAS

Here Lord I am here trwly

DEUS

Go thy way t̄ make pi curse
 As I shall assyng pe by myn aduysse
 Into pe strete qui dicitur rectus
 And in a certayn house of warantyse
 Ther shall ye fynd Saule in humble vyse
 As a meke lambe p^t a wolf before was namyd
 Do my behest be nothyng ashamyd
 220 He wantyth hys syth by my punyshmēt cōstrayned
 P^ryng unto me I assure pu shalt hym fynd
 W^t my stroke of pyte sore ys he paynyde
 Wantyng hys sygth for he ys truly blynyde

ANANIAS

Lord I am aferd for aluay i my mynd
 I here so myche of hys furyo⁹ cruelte

Þ^t for spekyng of pi name to deth he will put me

DEUS

Nay Ananie nay I assure pe
He wilbe glad of thy cūmyng

ANANIAS

A Lord but I know of a certayn
230 That thy seynt^ſ in Jerusalem to deth he doth bryng
Many yllys of hym I haue be kennyng
For he hath the pour of the p^rnc^ſ alle
To saue or spylle do which he schall

DEUS

Be nothyng adrad he ys a chosen wese
To me assyngned by my godly elecc^ōn
He shall bere my name before the kyng^ſ & chyld^ſ of Israell
By many sharpe shour^ſ sufferyng correc^ōn
A gret doctor of benyngne complecc^ōn
The trwe precher of the hye diuynete
240 A very pynacle of pe fayth I ensure the

ANANYAS

Lorde thy cōmandmēt I shall fullfyll
Unto Saule I wyll take my waye

DEUS

Be nothyng i dowte for good nor yll

Farewell Ananie tell Saule what I do say

Et exiat De⁹

ANANIAS

Blyssyd Lord defende me as pu best may
 Gretly I fere hys cruell tyrāny
 But to do pi precept myself I shall applye

Here Ananias goth toward Saule

I⁹ MYLES

I marvayle gretly what yt doth mene
 To se our master in thys hard stounde
 250 The wond⁹ grett lychtys p^t were so shene
 Smett hym doune of hys hors to pe grounde
 And me thow^t that I hard a sounde
 Of won spekyng w^t voyce delectable
 Which was wonderfull myrable

II⁹ MYLES

Sertenly thys lyz^t was ferefull to see
 The sperkys of fyer were very feruēt
 Yt inflamyd so grevosely about pe coūtre
 That by my trewth I went we shuld a ben brēt
 But now Serys lett us relente
 260 Agayne to Caypha ⁊ Anna to tell pis chaūce
 How p^t befell to us thys greuans

Her Saule ys in contemplaçōn

SAUL⁹

Lord of pi coufourt moch I desyre
 Ðu myzty p'nce of Israell kyng of pyte
 Whyche me hast punyshyd as pi presoner
 That nother ete nor dranke thys dayes thre
 But gracyos Lord of pi vysytacyon I thanke the
 Thy s^uuant shall I be as long as I have breth
 Though I therfor shuld suffer dethe

Here cōmyth Anania to Saule sayeng

ANANIAS

Pease be in thys place t̄ goodly mansyon
 270 Who ys w'in speke in Crystys holy name

SAUL⁹

I am here Saule cū in on Godd̄f benyson
 What ys yo^r wyll tell w'owten blame

ANANIAS

From Almyghty God s̄tanly to the sent I am
 And Ananie men call me wher as I dwell

SAUL⁹

What wold ye have I pray yow me tell

ANANIAS

Gyfe me yo^r hand for yo^r awayle
 For as I was cōmaūdyd by hys g^rcyos sentens
 And bad the be stedfast for pⁿ shalt be hayle

For thys same cause he sent me to pi presens
 280 Also he bad the remember hys hye excellens
 Be pe same tokyn p^t he dyd pe mete
 Toward pe cyte when he apperyd in pe strete
 Ther mayst p^u know hys power celestyall
 How he dysposyth euery thyng as hym lyst
 No thyng may w^tstand hys myzte essencyall
 To stond upryght or els down to thryste
 Thys ys hys pow^r p^t may not be myste
 For who p^t yt wantyth lackyth a frende
 Thys ys pe massage p^t he doth pe sende

SAULUS

290 Hys marcy to me ys ryght welcom
 I am ryght glad p^t yt ys thus

Hic aparebit spūs s̄cs sup eū

ANANIAS

Be of good chere ⁊ pfyte jubylacōn
 Discendet sup te spirytus sanctus
 Whych hath w^t hys grace illumyned us
 Put forth pi hand ⁊ goo wyth me
 Agayne to thy syght here I restore the

SAULUS

Blyssyd Lord thankys to yow euer bee
 The swame ys fallyn from my eyes twayne
 Wher I was blynd ⁊ could nott see

- 300 Lord þ^u hast sent me my syght agayne
 From sobbyng ⁊ wepyng I cannot refrayne
 My pensive hart full of cōtrycōn
 For my offencf my body shal have punycyon
 And where I haue used so gret psecucion
 Of pi descyplys thorow all Jerusalem
 I wyll [aid] ⁊ defende ther þdycacyon
 That they dyd tech in all pis reme
 Wherefor Ananie at the watery streme
 Baptyse me hartely I þe praye
- 310 Among yo^r nūbyr that I electe ⁊ chosen be may

ANANIAS

On to pis well of mych vertu
 We wyll us hye w^t all o^r delygens

SAUL⁹

Go yow before ⁊ after I shall sewe
 Laudyng ⁊ praysyng o^r Lordf benevolens
 I shall never offend hys myzty magnyfycens
 But alway observe hys preceptys ⁊ kepe
 For my gret unkyndnes my hart doth wepe

ANANIAS

- Knele ye doun upon thys grounde
 Receuyng thys crystenynge w^t good intent
- 320 Whyche shall make yow hole of yo^r dedly woūd
 That was infecte w^t venom nocent
 Yt purgyth synne and fendf pourf so fraudelent

It putyth asyde where thys doth attayne
 In every stede he may not obtayne
 I crysten yow w^t mynd full pfyght
 Reseyuyng yow into our relygyon
 Euer to be stedfast t̄ never to flyt
 But euer constant w^{owt} varyacyon
 Now ys fulfilled all o^r obseruacyon
 330 Concludyng p^u mayst yt ken
 In noīe patris et filij et sp̄s sc̄i amen

SAULUS

I am ryght glad as foule on flyte
 That I haue receyuyd pis blissyd sacremēt

ANANIAS

Com on yo^r way Saule for nothyng lett
 Take yow sum coūforth for yo^r bodyes noryschmēt
 Ye shall abyde w^t pe dyscyplys verament
 Thys many dayes in Damask cyte
 Untyll pe tyme more pfyte ye may be

SAULUS

As ye cōmande holy father Ananie
 340 I full assent at yowr request
 To be gydyd t̄ rulyd as ye wyll have me
 Evyn at yo^r pleasur as ye thynk best
 I shall not offend for most nor lest
 Go forth your way I wyll succede
 Into what place ye wyll me lede

Cōclusyo

POETA

Thus Saule ys cōuertyd as ye se expres
 The very trew ſuant of our Lord Ihu
 Non may be lyke to hys p̄fyzt holynes
 So nobyll a doctor cōſtant ʒ trwe
 350 Aftyр hys cōūsyon nev^o mutable but still insue
 The lawys of God to teche euer more ʒ more
 As holy scryptur tellyd who so lyst to loke p^ofore
 Thus we comyte yow all to pe trynyte
 Conkludyng thys staḅōn as we can or may
 Under pe correccyon of them p^t letteryd be
 How be yt unable as I dare speke or say
 The cōpyler hereof shuld translāt veray
 So holy a story but w^t fauorable correccyon
 Of my fauorable masters of p^o benygne supplexion

Finis isti⁹ 2^{da} staḅōis ʒ sequitur tercia

POETA

360 The myght of the fadir^t potenciall deite
 P^oſue thys honorable ʒ wurshypfull cōgregaḅōn
 That here be p̄sent of hye ʒ low degree
 To understand thys pagent at thys lytyll staḅōn
 Whych we shall p̄cede w^t all o^r delectaḅōn
 Yf yt wyll plese yow to gyf audyens fauorable
 Hark wysely therto yt ys good ʒ p̄fetable

PRIM⁹ MILES

Nobyll p̄lat^t take hede to owr sentens

A wundryfull chaūce fyll ⁊ dyd betyde
 Unto owr master Saull when he deptyd hens
 370 Into Damaske p'posyd to ryde
 A muelous lyzt fro thelemēt dyd glyde
 Whyche smet down hym to grunde both horse ⁊ man
 Wt the ferfulest wether p' eu' in cam

II⁹ MILES

It rauysshid hym and his spiritꝑ did benōme
 A swete dulcet voyce spake hym unto
 And askyd wherfor he made such psecucion
 Ageynst hys dyscyplys ⁊ why he dyd soo
 He bad hym into Damaske to Ananie goo
 And ther he shuld reseyue bapty m truly
 380 And now clene ageyns owr lawys he ys trwly

CAYPHA

I am sure thys tale ys not trew
 What Saule conuertyd from o' law
 He went to Damask for to p'sue
 All the dyscyplys that dyd w'draw
 Fro owr fayth thys was hys sawe
 How say ye Anna to thys mater pis ys a muelos chans
 I cannot beleve pt thys ys of assurans

ANNA

No Caypha my mynde trwly [I] do tell
 That he wyll not turne in no maner wyse
 390 But rather to deth put ⁊ expell

All myscreantf̄ ⁊ wretchys p^t doth aryse
 Agaynst o^r lawes by ony enterpryse
 Say the trwth w^t [owt] ony cause frawdelen^t
 Or els for yo^r talys ye be lyke to be shent

I⁹ MILES

Ellys owr bodyes may put to payn
 All p^t we declare I sye yt w^t myn ye
 Nothyng offenyng but trwly do iustyfye

CAYPHAS

By the gret God I do maruayle gretly
 And thys be trw p^t ye do reherse
 400 He shall repent hys rebellyous treytory
 That all shal be ware of hys falsnes
 We wyll not suffer hym to obtayne dowlles
 For meny pellys p^t myght betyde
 By hys subtyll meanys on ev^y syde

ANNA

The law ys cōmyttyd to owr aduysmēt
 Wherfor we wyll not se yt decay
 But rather uphold yt help ⁊ agmēt
 That ony reprofē to us fall may
 Of Cesar themprour by nyzt or day
 410 We shall to such maters harke ⁊ attende
 Accordyng to the lawes our wyttf̄ to spende

[*Here to ent^o a Dyvel w^t thund^o ⁊ fyre ⁊ to avaūce h̄y sylfe saying as
 folowyth ⁊ hys spech spokyn to syt downe in a chayre

• The parts within brackets are by a later hand and inserted on separate leaves.

BELYALL

Ho ho beholde me pe myzte p'nce of pe pte infernall
 Next unto Lucyfer I am in magestye
 By name I am nominate pe God Belyall
 Nō of more myzte nor of more excellencye
 My powre ys p'ncypall t̄ now of most soferaynte
 In pe temple t̄ synagogē who deneyth me to honore
 My busshopē thorow my motyon pei wyl h̄y sone devoure
 I have movyd my p̄latē Cayphas t̄ Añā
 420 To p̄sew t̄ put doune by powre ryall
 Thorow pe sytyes of Damaske t̄ Liba
 All soch as do worship pe hye God supnall
 Ther deth ys cōspyryd w'owt any faouere at all
 My busshoppys hathe chosyne won most rygorus
 Them to p̄sew howse name ys Saulus
 Ho thus as a God most hye in majestyē
 I rayne t̄ I rule ov̄ creaturē humayne
 With soūrayne sewte sowzte to ys my deyte
 Mans mynd ys applicant as I lyst to ordeyne
 430 My law styll encreasyth whereof I am fayne
 Yet of late I have hard of no newys truly
 Wherfor I long tyll I speke w' my messēg^r M^rcuryē

Here shall entere anop^r devyll callyd M^rcury w' a fyeryng comyng in
 hast cryeng t̄ roryng t̄ shal say as folowyth

MERCURY

Ho owzt owzt alas thys sodayne chance
 Well may we bewayle pis cursyd advēture

BELYALL

Mercurye what aylyff y^u tell me thy grevaūce
 Ys p^o any p^t hath wrowzte us dypleasure

M^oCURY

Dyspleasure inough p^oof ye may be sure
 Our law at lengthe yt wylbe clene doune layd
 For yt decayth sore t̄ more wyl I am afrayd

BELYAL

440 Ho how can p^t be yt ys not possyble
 Cōsyder p^u foole pe long cōtynuanace
 Decaye q^a a yt ys not credyble
 Of fals tydyngf p^u makyst here utterance
 Behold how the peple hath no pleasaūce
 But in syn and to folow our desyere
 Pryde t̄ voluptuosyte p^o hartf doth so fyre
 Thowze on do swar away from our lore
 Yet ys our powre of suche nobylte
 To have hym agayne t̄ twoo therfore
 450 Þ^t shal þferre pe prayse of owre maiestye
 What ys pe tydyngf tell out let us see
 Why arte p^u amasyd so declare afore us
 What fury ys fallyn p^t troblyth pe thus

MERCURY

Ho owzt owzte he p^t I most trustyd to
 And he p^t I thowzte wold haue ben to us most specyall
 Ys now of late turnyd t̄ our cruell foo

Our specyall frynd our chosen Saul
 Ys becōme ſvante to pe hye God eſnall
 As he dyd ryde on our enemyes psecucion
 460 He was sodenly strykyn by pe hye pvysyon
 And now ys baptysyd t̄ p̄mys he hath made
 Nev^o to vary t̄ soch grace he hath opteynyd
 Þ^t ondowtyd hys fayth from h̄y cannot fade
 Wherfor to cōplayne I am cōstraynyd
 For moch by hym shuld we have þvaylyd

BELYAL

Ho owzt owzt what haue we loste
 Our darlyng most dere whom we lovyd moste
 But ys yt of trowth p^t p^u dost here specyfye

M^oCURY

Yt ys so undowztyd why shuld I fayne
 470 For thowzte I can do no op^o but crye
 Here þei shal rore t̄ crye t̄ þen Belyal shal saye

BELYAL

Owzte pis grevyth us worse pan hell payne
 Þe cōūsyon of synner certayne
 Ys more payne to us t̄ psecucion
 Than all pe furyes of pe infernall dongyon

MERCURY

Yt doth not avayl us thus to lament
 But lett us pvyd for remedy shortlye

Wherfor let us both by on assent
 Go to pe Busshopys ⁊ moue pem pryvelye
 Þ^t by some sotyl meane pei may cause hÿ to dye
 480 Than shal he in our law make no dysturbaūce
 Nor hereafter cause us to have more grevaūce

BELYAL

Wel sayd M^ocurye thy counsel ys p^rfytable
 Ho Saul p^u shalt repent thy unstablenes
 Thou hadyst ben bett^r to haue ben cōfyrmable
 To our law for thys deth dowlles
 Yt ys cōspyryd to reward thy falsnes
 Though on hath dyssayvyd us yet now a days
 X^x doyth gladly folow oure layes
 Some by pryde some thorowgh envye
 490 Ther rayneth thorow my myght so moch dysobedyāuce
 Ther was ne^v among crystyans less charyte
 Than ys at pis howre ⁊ as for cōcupysence
 Rayneth as a lord thorow my violence
 Glotony ⁊ wrath e^vy man doth devyse
 And most now ys praysyd my cosyn coveytyce
 Cū M^ocury let us go ⁊ do as we have sayd
 To delate yt any longer yt ys not best

M^oCURY

To bryng yt abowzt I wolde be wel apayd
 Till yt be done let us not rest

BELYAL

500 Go we than shortly let us depte

Hys deth to deuyse syth he wyl not reuert

Here þei shal vanyshe away w^t a fyrye flame t̄ a tēpest]

Here apperyth Saule in a disciplis wede sayeng

SAULUS

That Lord p^t ys shaper of see t̄ of lond
 And hath wrowth w^t hys woord all thyng at hys wyll
 Saue thys semely [company] p^t here syttyth or stonde
 For hys meke marcy p^t we do not spyll
 Grant me good Lord thy pleasur to fulfyll
 And send me suche speche that I þe trwth say
 My entencōns prophitable to move yf I may
 Wel belouyd frendf̄ there be vij mortall synnes
 510 Whych be p̄vyd pryncypall t̄ pⁿc̄f of prysounes
 P^de p^t of bytternes all bale begynnes
 W^tholdyng all fayth yt fedyth t̄ foysounes
 As holy scriptur beryth playn wyttnefse
 Inicium om̄iū peccatorū sup̄bya est
 That often dystroyeth both most t̄ lest
 Off all vyces t̄ foly p^de ys the roote
 Humylyte may not rayn nor yet indure
 Pyte alak that ys flower t̄ boot
 Ys ex̄plyd wher p^de hath socour
 520 Om̄is qui se exaltat humiliabitur
 Good lord gyf us grace to understand t̄ pseuer
 Thys word as p^u bydyst to fulfyll euer
 Whoso in p^de beryth hym to hye
 W^t mysheff shalbe mekyd as I mak mensyon
 And I therfor assent t̄ fully certyfy

In text as I tell the trw entencyon
 Of p̄fyt goodnes ⁊ very locucyon
 Noli tibi dico in altū sape sed time
 Thys ys my consell bere the not to hye
 530 But drede alway synne ⁊ folye
 Wrath enuy couytys and slugysnes
 Exeūt out of thy syzt glotony ⁊ lechery
 Vanyte ⁊ vayne glory and fals idylnes
 Thes be the branchys of all wyckydnes
 Who p^t in hym thes vyces do roote
 He lackyth all grace ⁊ bale ys pe boote
 Lern at myself for I am meke of hart
 Our Lorde to hys ſuant^r thus he sayth
 For meknes I sufferyd a spere at my hart
 540 Meknes all vyc^r anullyth ⁊ delayeth
 Rest to soulys yt shall fynd in fayth
 Discite a me quia mitis sum ⁊ corde humilis
 Et inueniet^r requiem animis vestris
 So owr savyo^r shewyth vs example of mekenes
 Thorow grace of hys goodnes mekly ys groundys
 Trwly yt wyll us save fro pe synnes sekenes
 For pryde ⁊ hys p̄geny mekenes confoundys
 Quanto maior es tanto humilia te in oibz
 The gretter p^u art the lower loke thou be
 550 Bere the nev^o pe hyer for pi degre
 Fro sensualyte of fleshe thyself loke p^u lede
 Unlefully therein use not thy lyfe
 Whoso therein delyteth to deth he must nede
 It consumyth natur the body sleyth w^owt knyf

Also yt styntyth nott but manslawt^o ⁊ stryf
 Om̄is fornicator aut im̄ud^o nō h̄et hereditatem Xⁱ
 Nō shall in hevyn posses that be so unthryfty
 Fle fornycaçōn nor be no letchour
 But spare yo^r speche ⁊ spek nott theron
 560 Ex habundancia cordis os loquitur
 Who movyth yt of chastyte lough non
 Of pe hart^e habundans pe tunge makyth locuçōn
 What manys mynde ys laboryd therof yt spekyth
 That ys of suernes as holy scryptur tetryth
 Wherfor I reherse thys w^t myn owyn mowthe
 Caste viuentes templū Dei sunt
 Kepe clene yo^r body from synne uncuth
 Stabyll yo^r syght^e ⁊ look ye not stunt
 For of a staynte I know at a brunt
 570 Oculus est nuncius peccati
 That the iey ys eu^o pe messenger of foly

S^oU^o SAC^oDOTŪ

Whate ys not thys Saule p^t toke hys vyage
 Into Jer̄m the dyscyplys to opprefse
 Bound he wold bryng them yf ony dyd rage
 Upon Cryst pis was hys procefse
 To pe p^{ncf} of þstys he sayde dowlles
 Thorow all Damask ⁊ also Jer̄lem
 Subdwe all templys p^t he founde of them

SAULUS

Yes staynly Saule ys my pper name

H

580 That had in powr the full dominion
 To hyde yt fro you yt wer gret shame
 And mortall synne as in my opynyon
 Under Cesar t̄ p̄st̄ of the relygyon
 And templys of Jues p̄t be very hedyous
 Agayns almyghty Cryst pe Kyng so p̄cyous

S^oU^o SACERDOTŪ

To Anna t̄ Caypha ye must make yo^r recurse

SAULUS

Com on yo^r way t̄ make no delaçōn
 I wyll yow succede for better or wors
 To the pryncē of p̄st̄ w^t all delectaçōn

S^oU^o SACERDOTŪ

590 Holy p^ost̄ of hye potestaçōn
 Here ys Saule lok on hym wysely
 He ys another man than he was verely

SAULUS

I am pe s̄vant of Jhesu Almyghty
 Creator t̄ maker of see t̄ lonnd
 Whyche ys kyng conctypotent of hevyn glory
 Chef cōfort t̄ solace both to fre t̄ bonde
 Agayne whos power nothyng may stonde
 Ēpowr he ys both of hevyn t̄ hell
 Whoys goodnes t̄ grace al thyng doth excell

Recedit paulisp

CAYPHA

600 Unto my hart thys ys gret admyraçōn
 That Saule ys thus m̄velously changyd
 I trow he ys bewytchyd by sum cōiuraçōn
 Or els the devyll on hym ys avengyd
 Alas to my hart p^t yt dessendyd
 That he ys thus taken fro o^r relygyon
 How say ye Anna to thys cōuercyon

ANNA

Full m̄velously as in my cōcepçōn
 Thys wonderfull case how yt befell
 To se thys chaunce so sodenly don
 610 Unto my hart yt doth grete yll
 But for hys falsnes we shall hym spyll
 By myn assent to deth we wyll hym bryng
 Lest p^t more myschef of hym may spryng

CAYPHA

Ye say very trew we myzt yt all rewe
 But shortly in thys we must have aduysemēt
 For thus agayns us he may nott cōtynew
 Pautur than of Cesar we may be shent

ANNA

Nay I had leuer in fyer he were brent
 Than of Cesar we shuld haue dyspleasure
 620 For sych a rebell and subtyle fals treator

CAYPHA

We wyl cōmand the gatf to be kept abowte
 And the wallf suerly on euery stede
 That he may not eskape no wher ouzte
 For dye he shall I ensuer yow indede

ANNA

Thys trayto^r rebellyous evyll mut he spede
 That doth pis unhappynes agayns all
 Now evy costodyer kepe well hys wall

S²U⁹ SACER̃

The gatys be shytt he cannot skape
 Eūy place ys kepte well t̃ sure
 630 That in no wyse he may tyll he be take
 Gett owt of pe cyte by ony cōiecture
 Upon p^t caytyf t̃ fals trayto^r
 Loke ye be auengyd w^t deth mortall
 And judge hym as ye lyst to what end he shall

ANGELUS

Holy Saule I gyf yow monycyon
 The pⁿcf of Jues entende st̃ayn
 To put yow to deth but by Godd^f p̃vysyon
 He wyll ye shall lyue longer and optayn
 And after thy deth p^u shalt rayng
 640 Above in hevyn w^t ou^r Lord^f grace
 Cōuay yourself shortly into another place

SAULUS

That Lordſ pleasur eu^o mut be doun
 Both in hevyn t̄ in hell as hys wyll ys
 In a beryng baskett or a lepe anon
 I shall me cōuay w^t help of the dyscyplys
 For eūy gate ys shett t̄ kept w^t multytud of pepull
 But I trust in owr Lord that ys my soco^r
 To resyst ther malyce t̄ cruell furo^r

Cōclusyo

POETA

Thus leve we Saull wⁱn pe cyte
 650 The gatf kept by cōmandmēt of Caypha t̄ Anna
 But the dyscyplys in pe nyzt ou^o pe wall truſy
 As the bybull sayeth dimiserūt eū sūmitteñ i sporta
 And Saule after that in Jerl̄m vera
 Joyned hymself t̄ ther accompenyed
 W^t pe dycyplys wher pei were unfayned
 Thys lytyll pagent thus cōclud we
 As we can lackyng lytturall scyens
 Besechyng yow all of hye t̄ low degre
 Owr sympylnes to hold excusyd t̄ lycens
 660 That of retoryk haue nō intellygens
 Cōmyttyng yow all to our Lord Jhesus
 To whoys lawd ye syng Exultet celū laudibus

Finis cōu^ocōis Sancti Pauli

MARY MAGDALENE

IN PAT

I cōmand sylens in þe peyn of forfeit
To all myñ audyens þsent general
Of my most hiest t̄ mytyest wolūte
I woll it be knowyn to al þe word vnyv̄sal
That of heven t̄ hell chyff rewl̄ar am I
To wos magnyfycēs nō stōndy^t egall
For I am soveren of al soverēs subiugal
On to myñ empere beyng incōpable
Tyberyus Sesar wos power is potēcyall
10 I am þe blod ryall most of so^vente
Of all empours t̄ kyngs my byrth is best
And all regeōūs obey my myty volūte
Lyfe t̄ leñ t̄ goods all be at my request
So of all so^vens my magnyfycens most mytyest
May nat be agayñ sayd of frend nor of foo
But all abydyn jugment t̄ rewle of my lyst

All grace vpon erth from my goodñ cōmyt fro
 And p^t bryngis all pepell in blysse so
 For pe most worthyest woll I rest in my sete

SERYBYL

20 Syr from yo^r pson growy^t moch grace

INFAT^r

Now for pⁿ answer Belyall blysse y^r face
 Mykyl prosperyte I gyn to porchase
 I^ā wonddyn in welth from all woo
 Herke pⁿ p^vost I gyff pe in cōmādmēt
 All yo^r pepull p^hserve in pesabyll pofsefson
 Yff ony p^r be to my godds [dis] obedyent
 Dyssev^o tho harlott^e and make to me declaracyon
 And I xall make all swych to dye
 Thos p^hcharsse of Crystys incarnacyon

P^VOST

30 Lord of all Lordds I xall gyff yow informacyon

INFAT^r

Lo how all pe word obedyat at my domynacyoñ
 That pson is not born p^t dare me dysseobey
 Syrybbe I warne yow se p^t my lawys
 In all yo^r ptys have dew obeysauns
 Inquere t̄ aske eche day p^t davnn^e
 Yf in my pepul be fovnd ony weryons
 Cōtrary to me in ony chansse

Or w^t my goldyn godds groue ore grooth
 I woll marre swyche harlotts w^t wondor t̄ myschāse
 40 Yff ony swyche remayn put hem in repreffe
 And I xall yow releff

SERYBL

Yt xall be don Lord w'owtyn ony lett or w'owt doth

INPAT^r

Lord t̄ lad^r to my law doth lowte
 Is it not so sey yow all w^t oñ showte
 Here anserry^r all þe pepul at ons 3a my Lord 3a
 So ye froward folks now am I plesyd
 Sett wyñ t̄ spycys to my cōsell full clere
 Now have I told yow my harts I am wyll plesyd
 Now lett vs set doñ all t̄ make good chyr
 Here entyr^r Syr⁹ þe fader of Mary Mavdleyñ

SYR⁹

Empor t̄ kyngs t̄ cōquerors kene
 50 Erls t̄ barons and knyts þ^t byn bold
 Berds in my bow^r so semely to sene
 I cōmand yon at onys my hests to hold
 Behold my pson glysteryn in gold
 Semely to be syn of all other men
 Cyr⁹ is my name be cleffys so cold
 I cōmād yow all obedyent to beyn
 Wo so woll nat in bale I hem bryng
 And knett swyche caytyfys in knotts of care

- Thys castell of Mavdleyne is at my wylddyng
 60 W^t all pe cōtre bothe lesse ⁊ more
 And Lord of Jh̄m who agens me don dare
 Alle Beteny at my bidding be
 I am sett in solas from sȳg sore
 And so xall all my posteryte
 Thus for to leveñ in rest ⁊ ryalte
 I have here a sone p^t is to me fvl trew
 No cōlyar creatu^r of Godds creacyon
 To amyabyll douctors full brygth of ble
 Ful gloryos to my syth an ful of delectacyon
 70 Lazar⁹ my son in my refspeccyon
 Here is Mary ful fayr ⁊ ful of femynyte
 And Martha ful bevte and of delycyte
 Ful of womāly merrorys ⁊ of benygnyte
 Þey have fulfyllid my hart w^t cōsolacyon
 Here is a coleccyon of cyrcūstance
 To my cognysshon nev⁹ swych anothis
 As be demonstracyon knett incōtynens
 Save alonly my lady p^t was p^r mother
 Now Lazar⁹ my sonne wheche art p^r brothis
 80 The Lordshep of Jh̄m I gyff pe aft⁹ my dysses
 And Mary thys castell alonly an non othis
 And Martha xall have Beteny I sey exprefe
 These gyfts I gravnt yow w^towtyn les
 Whyll p^t I am in good mind

LAZAR⁹

Most reverent father I thank yow hartely

1

Of your grett kyndnes shuyd onto me
 Ye haue gravntyd swych a lyfelod worthy
 Me to restreyn from all nefsefsyte
 Now good Lord ʒ hys wyll it be
 90 Gravnt me grace to lyve to thy plesavns
 And azens hem so to rewle me
 Thatt we may have joye w'owtyn weryaūs

MARY MAÛ

Thatt God of pes and pryncypall coußell
 More swetter is pi name pan hony be kynd
 We thank yow fathyr for yo^r gyfts ryall
 Owt of peyns of pov^te vs to onbynd
 Thys is a þ^suatyff from streytnes we fynd
 From worldly laborß to my couforyng
 For thys lyfflod is abyll for pe dowtts of a kyng
 100 Thys place of plesavns pe soth to seye

MARTHA

O ye good fathyr of grete degre
 Thus to depte w^t yo^r ryches
 Cōsederyng our lowlynes ʒ humylyte
 Vs to save from wordly dessetres
 Ye shew vs poynts of grete jentylnes
 So mekly to meyntyn vs to yo^r grace
 Hey in heuen awansyd mot yow be
 In blysse to se p^t Lords face
 Whan ye xal hens passe

CYR⁹

110 Now I reioyse w^t all my myght
 To enhance my chyldryn it was my delyte
 Now wyñ ð spycys ze jentyll knyts
 Onto pes ladys of jentylnes
 Here xal pey be s²uyd w^t wyn ð spycys

INPAT^r

Syr P^rvost ð skryve jugges of my reñ
 My masseng⁹ I woll send into ferre cūtre
 Onto my sete of Jhñm
 Onto Herowde p^r regēt p^r ondyr me
 And onto Pylat jugges of pe covntre
 Myn entent I woll hem teche
 120 Take hede p^r P^rvost my precept wretyn be
 And sey I cūmaūd hem as pey woll be ow^t wrech
 Yf p^r be ony in pe cūtre ageyn my law doth þch
 Or ageyn my goddes ony trobyll tells
 That thus agens my lawys rebels
 As he is regent and in p^r reme dwells
 And holdyth hys crowñ of me be ryth
 Yff p^r be ony harletts p^r agens me make replycacyō
 Or ony moteryng agens me make w^t malynacyō

P^rVOST

Syr of all thys they xall haue informacyō
 130 So to vphold yowr renovn ð ryte
 Now masseng⁹ w^towtyn taryyng
 Have here gold onto pi fe

So bere thes lettyrs to Herowde pe kyng
 And byd hem make inquyrans in euery cūtre
 As he is jugge in p^t cūtre beyng

NUNCYUS

Souereñ yo^r arend it xall be doñ ful redy
 In alle pe haste p^t I may
 For to fullfyll yo^r byddyng
 I woll nat spare nother be nyth nor be day
 Here goth pe maseng^o toward Herowde

HEROWDE

140 In pe wyld wanyng word pes all at onys
 No noyse I warne yow for grevyng of me
 Yff yow do I xall hovrle of yowr heds be Mahonds bonf
 As I am trew kyng to Mahond so fre
 Help help p^t I had a swerd
 Fall doñ ye faytors flatt to pe ground
 Heve of yo^r heds t̄ hatts I cūmavnd yow alle
 Stond bare hed ye beggars wo made yow so bold
 I xall make yow know yo^r kyng ryall
 Thus woll I be obeyyd thorow al the word
 150 And who so wol not he xall be had in hold
 And so to be cast in carys cold
 That w^okyn ony wondyr azens my magnyfycēs
 Behold these ryche rubyys red as ony fyr
 W^t pe goodly grene perle ful sett abowgth
 What kyng is worthy or egall to my pow^o
 Or in thys word who is more had in dowl

Than is pe hey name of Herowde kyng of Jh̄m
 Lord of Alapye Assye ⁊ Tyr
 Of Abyron Berzaby ⁊ Bedlem
 160 All thes byn ondyr my gov̄noūs
 Lo all pes I hold w'owtyn reprobacyon
 No mā is to me egall saue alonly pe empowr
 Tyberyus as I haue in p̄vostycacyon
 How sey pe phylysoṽys be my ryche reyne
 Am nat I pe grettest gov̄nowr
 Lett me ondyrstonnd whatt can ye seyn

PHELYSOFYR

Soueren ⁊ it plece you I woll expresse
 Ye be pe rewar of pis regyon
 And most worthy souereyn of nobylnes
 170 That eu⁹ in Jude barre domynacyon
 Bott Syr skrepto^r gevy^t informacyon
 And doth reherse it werely
 That chyld xal remayñ of grete renovñ
 And all pe word of hem shold magnify
 Et ambulabūt gentes in lumine et reges
 In splendore ort⁹ tui

HEROWDE

And whatt seyst thou

SECŪD⁹ PHȳ

The same weryfyy^t my bok as how
 As pe skrypto^r doth me tell

180 Of a myty duke xal rese ʒ reyn
 Whych xall reyn ʒ rewle all Israell
 No kyng azens hys worthynes xall opteyn
 The whch in profesy hath grett eloquence
 Non avferetur septrum Juda et dux de
 Femore eius donec veniat invitend⁹ est

HEROWD

A owt owt now am [I] greuyd all w^t pe worst
 Ye dastard^f ye doggs pe dylfe mote yow draw
 W^t fleyyng flapps I byd yow to a fest
 A swerd a swerd pes lordeynⁿ wer slaw
 190 Ye langbann^f losells forsake ʒe p^t word
 Þ^t caytyff xall be cawth ʒ suer I xall hem slaw
 For hym many mo xal be marry w^t morder

I⁹ MILES

My souereyn Lord dyssemay yow ryth nowt
 They ar but folys p^r eloquens wantyng
 For in sorow ʒ care sone pey xall be cawt
 Azens vs pey can mak no dysscenddyng

II⁹ MILES

My Lord all swych xall be browte before yo^r awdyens
 And leuyn ondyr yo^r domynacyon
 Or ells dāmyd to deth w^t mortall sentense
 200 Yf we hem gett ond⁹ owr gubernacyon

HEROWD

Now thys is to me a g^rcyous exsortacyon

And grettly reioysyth to my spryts indede
 Thow pes sotts azens me make replycacyon
 I woll suffer nō to spryng of p^t kenred
 Some woys in my lond shall sprede
 Preuely or pertely in my lond abowth
 Whyle I haue swych men I nede nat to drede
 But p^t he xal be browt ond^o w^owtyn doth
 Her^e cōmy^t pe Empow^{er}'s [maseng^o] yn sayyng to Herowde

MASENG^o

Heyll prynse of bovntyowsnefse
 210 Heyll myty Lord of to magnify
 Heyll most of worchep of to exprefse
 Heyll reytyus rewlar in pi regensy
 My sofereyn Tybery^o chyff of chyfalry
 H^e soueren sond hath sent to yow here
 He desyrth zow t̄ preyy^t on eche pty
 To fulfyll h^e cōmavndmēt and desyr
 Here he xall take pe lettys onto pe kyng

HEROWD

Be he sekyr I woll natt spare
 For [to] complyshe h^e cūmavnddmēt
 W^t sharp swerdds to p̄ce pe bare
 220 In all covntres wⁱn thys regent
 For h^e love to fulfyll h^e intentt
 Non swych xall from owr handys stertt
 For we woll fulfyll h^e ryall juggemēt
 W^t swerd t̄ spere to perce thorow pe hartt
 But Maseng^o reseyye thys lett^o wyth

And ber ytt onto Pylattys syth

MESENG^o

My Lord it xall be don ful wygth
In haste I woll me spede

PYLATT

Now ryally I reyne in robys of rychesse
230 Kyd t̄ knowyn both ny t̄ ferre
For juge of Jh̄m pe trewth to exprefse
Ondyr the Empowr Tyber^o Cesar
þ^ofor I rede yow all be warre
Ye do no þgedyse azen pe law
For and ze do I wyll yow natt spare
Tyl he haue jugment to be hangyd t̄ draw
For I am Pylat prmmyfsary t̄ presedent
Alle renogal robber jup rowpent
To put hem to peyn I spare for no pete
240 My s̄jeaunts semle q^ot sey ye
Of pis rehersyd I wyll natt spare
Plesaütly Syrrys avnswer to me
For in my herte I xall haue pe lesse care

I^o s^oINT

As ye haue seyde I hold it for pe best
Yf ony swych among vs may we know

II^o s^oGEAÜT

For to gyf hem jugmēt I hold yt best

And so xall ye be dred of hye t̄ low

PYLATT

A now I am restoryd to felycyte

Her comy^t pe Emprors Masēg^o to Pylat

MASĒG^o

Heyll ryall in rem in robis of rychesse

250 Heyl present pu prynsys pere

Heyl jugge of Jhīm pe treuth to exprefce

Tybery3 pe emprowr seŋdy^t wrytyng herre

And prayy^t yow as yow be hē lov^r dere

Of pis wrytyng to take avysement

In strenthyng of hē lauys cleyr

As he hath set yow in pe seate of jugment

Her Pylat taky^t pe lettyrs w^t grete reverens

PYLAT

Now be Mart^r so mythy I xall sett many a snare

Hē lawys to strenth in al p^t I may

I rejoyse of hē renown t̄ of hē wylfare

260 And for pe tydynggs I geyff pe pis gold to day

MASĒG^o

A lorgeys 3e Lord I crye pis day

For pis is a 3eft of grete degre

PYLAT

Maseng^o onto my sovereyn p^u sey

K

On pe most specyall wyse recūmend me

Her a voydyt pe Masengyr t Syr⁹ taky^t hf deth

SYBUS

A help help I stond in drede

Syknes is sett ond⁹ my syde

A help deth wyll aquyte me my mede

A grete God p^u be my gyde

How I am trobyllyd both bak t syde

270 Now wythly help me to my bedde

A thys rendyt my rybbys I xall nev⁹ goo nor ryde

The dent of deth is hevvar pan led

A Lord Lord what xall I doo pis tyde

A gracyous God have ruth on me

In thys word no longer to abyde

I blys yow my chyldyrn God mot w^t vs be

Here avoydyt Syr⁹ sodenly t than sayyng Lazar⁹

[LAZAR⁹]

Alas I am sett in grete hevynesse

Þ^r is no tong my sorow may tell

So sore I am browth in dystresse

280 In feyntnes I falt⁹ for [p] is fray fell

Thys dewresse wyl lett me no longer dwelle

But God of grace sone me redresse

A how my peyns doñ me repelle

Lord w^tstond p^s duresse

MARY MAGLEY

The in wytt^r synez God p^t eu^r xal reyne

Be hƕ help an sowlys sokor
 To whom it is most nedfull to cūplayn
 He to brȳg vs owt of owr dolor
 He is most mytyest gov̄nowr
 290 From soroyng vs to restrayne

MARTHA

A trow I am sett in sorowys sad
 That long my lyfy may nat indevre
 Thes g^owous peyns make me n^o mad
 Vndyr clow^r is now my fathyris cure
 Þ^t sūtyme was here ful mery ƕ glad
 Our Lords m̄cy be hƕ mesure
 And defeynd hym from peȳns sad

LAZAR^o

Now systers our fatherys wyll we woll exp̄se
 Thys castall is ow^oys w^t all pe fee

MARTHA

300 As hed ƕ gov̄nowr as reson is
 And on pis wyse abydyn w^t you wyll wee
 We wyll natt deseuyr what so befalle

MARIA

Now brothyr ƕ systers welcū 3e be
 And therof specyally I pray 3ow all

Here xal entyr þe kyng of þe Word þe Flesch ƕ þe Dylfe w^t þe seuen dedly
 Synns a bad Angyll and a good Angyl þus seyyng þe Word

[WORD]

I am pe Word worthyest p^t euyr God wrowth
 And also I am pe prymatt portatur
 Next heueyn yf pe trewth be sowth
 And that I jugge me to skrypt^r
 And I am he p^t longest xal induer^r
 310 And also most of domynacyon
 Yf I be hys foo woo is abyll to recure
 For pe whele of fortune w^t me hath sett h^f sētur
 In me resty^t pe order of pe metells seuyn
 Þe whych to pe seuen planytts ar knett ful sure
 Gold pteyny^t to pe Sōne as astronemers nevyn
 Sylvyr to pe Mone whyte ʒ pure
 Iryn onto pe Maris p^t long may endure
 Þe fegetỹ m̄cury onto M^ocury^o
 Copyr onto Venus red in h^r merro^r
 320 The frangabyll tyn to Jubyter yf ʒe can dyscus
 On pis planyt Saturne ful of rancur
 Þe soft metell led nat of so gret puernesse
 Lo alle pis rych tresor w^t pe Word doth indure
 The vij prynses of hell of gret bountosnesse
 Now who may þ̄sume to coñ to my hono^r

PRYDE

Ye worthy Word ʒe be gronddar of gladnese
 To pem p^t dwellyng ondyr your domynacyon

COVETYSE

And who so wol nat he is sone set asyde

When as I Couetyse take mynystracyon

MŪD⁹

330 Of p^t I pray yow make no declaracyon
 Make swyth to know my sov^oreynte
 And pan pey xal be fayn to make supplycacyon
 Yf p^t pey stond in ony nesefsyte

Here xal entyr þe kyng of Flesch w^t Slowth Gloteny [t] Lechary

FLESCH

I Kyng of Flesch florychyd in my flowers
 Of deyntys delycyous I have grett domynacyon
 So ryall a Kyng was neuer borne in bowrys
 Nor hath more delyth ne more delectacyon
 For I haue cōfortatywys to my cōfortacyon
 Dyagalenga ambra t̄ also margaretton
 340 Alle pis is at my lyst azens alle vexacyon
 Alle wykkyt thyngf I woll sett asyde
 Clary pepur long^r w^t granoꝝ paradyse
 Zenzybyr t̄ synamon at euery tyde
 To alle such deyntyys delycyus vse I
 W^t swyche deyntyys I have my blysse
 Who woll covet more game t̄ gle
 My fayer spowse Lechery to halse t̄ kysse
 Here ys my knyth Gloteny as good reson is
 W^t pis plesavnt lady to rest be my syde
 350 Here is Slowth anothyr goodly of to expresse
 A more plesavnt cōpeny doth no wher abyde

LUXURIA

O 3e prynse how I am ful of ardent lowe
 Wt sparkyllŕ ful of amerowsnesse
 Wt yow to rest fayn wqld I aprowe
 To shew plesavns to yo^r jentylnesse

FLESCH

O 3e bewtews byrd I must yow kysse
 I am ful of lofe3 to halse you pis tyde

Here xal entyr þe Prynse of Dylfŕ in a stage and helle ondyrneth þ^t
 stage þ^t seyȳg þe Dylfe

[DYLFE]

Now I prynse pyrhed prykyd in pryde
 Satan our sovereyn set w^t euery cyrcūstanse
 360 For I am atyred in my tow^r to tempt you pis tyde
 As a kyng ryall I sette at my plesavns
 Wt Wroth [t̃] Invy at my ryall retynowns
 The boldest in bow^r I bryng to abaye
 Mānis sowle to besegyn t̃ bryng to obeysavns
 Ya [with] tyde t̃ tyme I do þ^t I may
 For at hem I haue dysspyte þ^t he xold haue þe joye
 That Lucyfer w^t many a legyoun lost for þ^r pryde
 Þe snar^t þ^t I xal set wher nev^o set at Troye
 So I thynk to besegyn hem be every waye wyde
 370 I xal getyn hem from grace wherso^e he abyde
 That body t̃ sowle xal com to my hold
 Hym for to take
 Now my knyhts so stowth

W^t me ye xall ron in rowte
 My cōsell to take for a skowte
 Whytly p^t we were went for my sake

WRATH

W^t Wrath or wyhylls we xal hyrre wynne

ENUY

Or w^t sū sotyllite sett hur in synne

DYLFE

Lo of pan let vs begynne
 380 To werkyn hur sū wrake
 Here xal pe Deywl go to pe Word w^t h^f cōpeny

SATAN

Heyle Word worthyest of aboundans
 In hast we must a cōseyll take
 Ye must aply yow w^t all yo^r afyauns
 A womā of whorshep owr s^vant to make

MŪD⁹

Satan w^t my cōsell I wyll pe awanfse
 I pray pe cū up onto my tent
 Were pe Kyng of Flesch her w^t h^f asemblauns
 Maseng⁹ anon p^t p^u werre went
 Thys tyde
 390 Sey pe Kyng of Flesch w^t grete renown
 W^t h^f cōsell p^t to hym be bowñ

In alle þe hast þat eu^o they mown
Cō as fast as he may ryde

MASĒG^o

My Lord I am yo^r ſvant Sensualyte
Yo^r masege to don I am of glad chyr
Ryth sone in þsens 3e xal hym se
Yo^r wyl for to fulfyller her

Here he goth to þe Flesch thus seyyng

Heyl Lord in lond led w^t lykyng
Heyl Flesch in lust fayrest to behold
400 Heyl lord t̄ ledar of empror t̄ kyng
Ðe worthy Word be wey t̄ wold
Hath sent for yow t̄ yo^r cōsell
Satan is sembled w^t h^f howshold
Yo^r cōuseyl to haue most for a weyle

FLESCH

Hens in hast þat we þ^r where
Lett vs make no lengar delay

SENSWALITE

Gret myrth to y^r herts shold you arere
Be my trowth I dare safly saye

Here comy^t þe kyng of Flesch to þe Word þ^r seyyng

[FLESCH]

Heyl be yow soverens lefe t̄ dere
410 Why so hastely do 3e for me send

MŪD⁹

A we are ryth glad we haue yow here
 Our coūsell togethyr to cōprehend
 Now Satan sey yo^r devyse

SATAN

Serys now ye be set I xal yow say
 Syr⁹ dyyd pis odyr day
 Now Mary h^f dowcter p^t may
 Of p^t castel bery^t pe pryse

MŪD⁹

Sertenly Serys I you telle
 Yf she in v̄tu style may dwelle
 420 She xal byn abyll to destroye helle
 But yf yo^r coūseyll may othyrwyse devyse

FLESCH

Now 3e Lady Lechery yow must don yo^r attendans
 For yow be flow^r fayrest of femynyte
 You xal go desyyr s̄vyse t̄ byn at hur atendavns
 For 3e xal sonest ent^r 3e beral of beute

LECHERY

Serys I obey 3or coūsell in eche degre
 Strytt waye pethyr woll I passe

SATAN

Sp̄ts malyngny xal cō to pe

L

Hyr to tempt in euery plase
 430 Now alle pe vj p^t her be
 Wysely to w^rke hyr fawor to w^yne
 To entyr hyr pson be pe labor of Lechery
 Þ^t she at þe last may cō to helle
 How how sp^ts malyng^r p^u wottyst what I mene
 Cū owt I sey heryst nat what I seye

BAD ANGYLL

Syr I obey yo^r coūsell in eche degree
 Strytt waye pethyr woll I passe
 Speke soft speke soft I trotte hyr to tene
 I prey pe pertly make no more noyse

Here xall alle þe vij dedly s^yns besege þe castell tyll [they] agre to go
 to Jhⁱm Lechery xall entyr þe castell w^t þe bad Angyl þ^r seyyng Lechery

[LECHERY]

440 Heyl Lady most lawdabyll of alyauñs
 Heyll oryent as pe sonne in h^r reflexite
 Myche pepul be cōfortyd be yo^r ben^yg afyauñs
 Bryter pan pe bornyd is yo^r bemys of bewte
 Most debonaring w^t yo^r aungelly delycyte

MARYA

Q^t psonne be ze p^t p^s me comendyd

LUXURYA

Yo^r s^vant to be I wold cōþhende

MARY

Yo' debona^r obedyans rávyssyt me to trankquelyte
 Now syth ye desyre in eche degree
 To receyve yow I have grett delectacyon
 450 Ye be hartely welcū onto me
 Yo' tong is so amyabyll devydyd w^t reson

LUXURYA

Now good Lady wyll ze me expresse
 Why may p^t no gladdnes to yow resort

MARY

For my father I haue had grett heuynesse
 Whan I remēbyr my mynd waxit mort

LUXURYA

Ya Lady for all p^t be of good cōfort
 For swych obusyons may brede myche dysese
 Swych deseptyons potyt peyñ to exsport
 Prynt yow in sports whych best doth yow plese

MARY

460 Forsothe ye be welcū to myn hawdyens
 Ye be my harts leche
 Brother Lazar^o ꝛ it be your plezaūs
 And ze systyr Martha also in substawns
 Thys place I cōmend onto yo' go^vnēs
 And onto God I yow betake

LAZAR⁹

Now Systyr we xal do yo^r intende
 In thys place to be resydent
 Whyle p^t 3e be absent
 To kepe pis place from wreche

Here taky^t Mary hur wey to Jhīm w^t Luxsurya and pey xal resort to a
 Tav⁹ner p^t seyng pe Tav⁹ner

TAV⁹NER

470 I am a Tav⁹ner wytty t wyse
 That wynys haue to sett gret plente
 Of all pe tav⁹ners I bere pe pryse
 That be dwellyng wⁱinne pe cete
 Of wynys I haue grete plente
 Both whyte w^yne t red p^t [ys] so cleyr
 Here ys w^yne of mawt t malmeseyn
 Clary w^yne t claret t other moo
 Wyn of Gyldyr and of Gall^r p^t make at pe grome
 Wyn of Wyañ t V⁹nage I seye also
 480 Ther be no bet^t as ferre as 3e can goo

LUXSURYA

Lo Lady pe comfort t pe sokowr
 Go we ner t take a tast
 Thys xal bryng yo^r spryts to fawor
 Tav⁹ner bryng vs of pe f^ynest pu hast

TAV⁹NER

Here Lady is wyne a repast

To man t̄ womā a good restoratyff
 Ye xall nat thynk yo^r mony spent in wast
 From stodyys t̄ heuynes it woll you relyff

MARY

I wys 3e seye soth 3e grome of blysse
 490 To me 3e be cowrtes t̄ kynde
 Here xal entyr a galavnt p^t seyng

GALAŪT

Hof hof hof a frysch galaūt
 Ware of thryft ley p^t adoune
 What wene 3e Syrrys p^t I were a marchant
 Becavse p^t I am new come to touñ
 W^t sū praty tappyster wold I fayne rownd
 I haue a shert of Reyñ w^t slevys pencaūt
 A lase of sylke for my Lady constant
 A how she is bewtefull t̄ ressplendant
 Whan I am from hyr p̄sens Lord how I syhe
 500 I wol awye sovereyns t̄ socetts I dysdene
 In wynt^o a stomachyr in som^o nō at tal
 My dobelet t̄ my hossys eu^o together abyde
 I woll or euen be shavyn for to seme 3yng
 W^t her a3en pe her I love mych pleyng
 That maky^t me ilegāt t̄ lusty in lykyng
 Thus I lefe in pis word I do it for no pryde

LUXSURYA

Lady pis mā is for 3ow as I se can

To sett yow in sportts ⁊ talkyng pis tyde

MARY

Cal hym in Tavner as ye my loue wyll han
510 And we woll make ful mery yf he wolle abyde

TAVNER

How how my mastyr Coryossyte

CORYOSTE

What is yoʀ wyll Syr what wyl 3e wʰ me

TAVNER

Her ar jentyll womē desyer yoʀ þsens to se
And for to drynk wʰ yow thys tyde

CORYOSTE

A dere dewchesse my daysys iee
Splendaūt of color most of femynyte
Yoʀ sofreyn coloʀ set wʰ synseryte
Cōseder my loue into your alye
Or ells I am smet wʰ peyns of pplexite

MARI

520 Why Sʀ wene 3e pʰ I were a kelle

CORIOSTE

Nay prenses pde ye be my herts hele
So wold to God ye wold my loue fele

MARI

Q^rt cavse p^t ye love me so sodenly

CURIOSTE

Onedys I mvst myn own Lady
Yo^r pson itt^s so womāly
I can nat refreyn me swete lelly

MARI

S^r curtesy doth it yow lere

CORIOSTE

Now g^rcyous gost w^towtyn pere
Mych nort^r is p^t ze coñe
530 But wol yow dauns my own dere

MARI

S^r I asent in good man[?]
Go ze before I sue you ner^r
For a mā at alle tymys bery^t reverens

CORISTE

Now be my trowth ye be w^t other teñ
Felle apese Tavⁿner let vs señ
Sopps in wyne how love ze

MARI

As ye don so doth me
I am ryth glad p^t met we be

My love in yow gȳny^t to close

CORYOST

540 Now derlyng dere wol yow do be my rede
 We haue dronkyn ȓ ete lytyl brede
 Wyll we walk to another stede

MARI

Euyn at yo^r wyl my dere derlyng
 Thow 3e wyl go to þe words eynd
 I wol nev^o from yow wynd
 To dye for yo^r sake

Here xal Mary ȓ þe Galent auoyd ȓ þe bad Angyll goth to þe Word þe
 Flesch ȓ þe Dylfe þ^t sayyng þe bad Angyl

BAD ANGYL

A lorges a lorges Lordds alle at onys
 Ye haue a švāt fayr ȓ afyabyll
 For she is fallyn in owr grogly gromys
 550 Ya Pryde callyd Corioste to hur is ful lavdabyll
 And to hur he is most preyseabyll
 For she hath graüttyd hym al h^e bone
 She thynky^t h^e pson so amyabyll
 To her syte he is semelyar pan ony kyng in trone

DIABL^o

A how I tremyl ȓ trott for pese tydyngs
 She is a so^vyn švant þ^t hath hur fet in sȳne
 Go thow agayn ȓ ew^r be hur gyde

ðe lavdabyll lyfe of lecherry let hur neu^o lynne
 For of hur al helle xal make reioysesying
 Here goth þe bad Angyl to Maria agayn

REX DIABOL^o

560 Farewell farewell 3e to nobyl Kyngs pis tyde
 For hoñ in haste I woll me dresse

MŪD^o

Farewell Satan prynsse of pryde

FLESCH

Farewell semyest all sorowys to sefse

Here xal Satan go hom to h^e stage & Mari xal entyr into þe place alone
 save þe bad Angyl & al þe seuen dedly synnes xal be coveyyd into þe
 howse of Symont Leprevs þey xal be arrayyd lyke vij dylfs & kept close
 Mari xal be in an erbyr þ' seying

MARI

A God be w^t my valentyne
 My byrd swetyng my lovys so dere
 For þey be bote for a blossom of blysse
 Me mervelly^t sore þey be nat here
 But I woll restyn in p^t erbyr
 Amons thes bamys þcyus of prysse
 570 Tyll som lov^o wol apere
 That me is wont to halse & kysse
 Her xal Mary lye doū & slepe in þe erbyr

M

SYMON LEPRUS

Thys day holly I pot in remēberouns
 To solas my gests to my pow^r
 I haue ordeynyd a dyner of substawns
 My chyff freynds p^rw^t to chyre
 Into pe sete I woll apere
 For my gests to make porvyawns
 For tyme dray^t ny to go to dyn^o
 And my offycyrs be redy w^t p^r ordynowñs
 580 So wold to God I myte have aqueynta^cns
 Of pe profyth of trew pfytnesse
 To come to my place t̄ porvyaunce
 It wold rejoyse my hert in grett gladnesse
 For pe report of hys hye nobyllnesse
 Renny^t in contreys fer t̄ nere
 Hys p̄cheyng is of gret pfythnes
 Of rythuysnesse t̄ m̄cy cleyr

Here ētyr Symont into pe place pe good Angyll p^r seyng to Mary

GOOD ANGYLL

Womā womā why art p^u so onstabyll
 Ful byttly thys blysse it wol be bowth
 590 Why art p^u azens God so verybyll
 Wy thynks p^u nat God made pe of nowth
 In syn t̄ sorow p^u art browth
 Fleschly lvt is to pe full delectabyll
 Salve for pi sowle must be sowth
 And leve pi w^oks wayn t̄ veryabyll
 Remēbyr womā for pi pore pryde

How pi sowle xal lynn in helle fyre
 A remēbyr how sorowful itt̄s to abyde
 W^towtyn eynd in angur t̄ ire
 600 Remēbyr pe oñ olȳr m̄cy make pi sowle
 I am pe gost of goodnesse p^t so wold pe gydde

MARY

A how pe speryt of goodnesse ha^t promyt me pis tyde
 And temptyd me w^t tytyll of trew p̄fythnesse
 Alas how bet̄nesse in my hert doth abyde
 I am wonddyd w^t werks of gret dystresse
 A how pynsynesse potyt me to oppresse
 That I haue synnyd on euery syde
 O Lord wo xall put me from pis peynfulnesse
 O woo xal to m̄cy be my gostly gyde
 610 I xal persue pe Prophett wherso he be
 For he is pe welle of p̄fyth charyte
 Be pe oyle of m̄cy he xal me relyff
 W^t swete bawmys I wyll sekyn hym pis nyth
 And sadly folow h^t Lordshep in eche degre
 Here xal entyr pe p̄phet w^t h^t desyplys p^t seyȳg Symōt Leprus

[SYMŌT LEPRUS]

Now ye be welcoñ mastyr most of magnyfycens
 I beseche yow benȳgly ye wol be so g^rcyous
 Yf p^t it be lekyng onto yowr hye p̄sens
 Thys daye to come dyne at my hows

IHS

God a m̄cy Symont p^t p^u wylt me knowe

620 I woll entyr pi hows w^t pes ʔ vnyte
 I am glad for to rest pi grace gȳny^t grow
 For wⁱne pi hows xal rest charyte
 And pe bemys of grace xal byñ illumynows
 But syth p^u wytyst saff a dyner on me
 W^t pes ʔ grace I entyr pi hows

SYMOND

I thank yow mast^o most benȳg ʔ gracyus
 That yow wol of yo^r hye soverente
 To me itt^s a joye most speceous
 Wⁱinne my hows p^t I may yow se
 630 Now syt to pe bord mastyrs alle

Here xal Mary folow alonge w^t pis lamētacyō

MARY

O ʒe cursyd caystyff p^t myche wo hath wrowth
 Azens my maker of myts most
 I have offendyd hym w^t dede ʔ thowth
 But in h^f grace is all my trost
 Or ells I know well I am but lost
 Body ʔ sowle dampynd ppetuall
 Yet good Lord of Lordds my hope phennall
 W^t pe to stond in grace ʔ fawo^r to se
 Thow knowyst my hart ʔ thowt in especyal
 640 Therfor good Lord aft^o my hart reward me

Here xal Mary wasche pe fett of pe pphet w^t pe terrs of hur yys
 whypyng hem w^t hur herre ʔ pan anoynt hym w^t a precyus noyttmēt

IĤS DICIT

Symond I thank 3e speceally
 For pis grett repast p^t her^r hath be
 But Symond I telle pe fectually
 I have thyngs to seyn to pe

SYMOND

Mas^p q^{at} yo^r wyll be
 And it plese yow I will yow her^r
 Seyth yo^r lykyng onto me
 And al pe plesaunts of yo^r mynd t̄ desyr

IĤS

Symond p^r was a mā in pis p̄sent lyf
 650 The whyche had to dettors woll suer^r
 Þe whych wher^r pore t̄ myth make no restoratyf
 But stulle in p^r dett ded induo^r
 Þe oñ ow^t hym an hondryd pense ful suer^r
 And pe other fifty so befell pe chance
 And becawse he coud nat h^f mony recure
 They askyd hym for rewnesse t̄ he for3af in substās
 But Symont I pray 3e answer me to pis sentens
 Whych of pes to psonnes was most beholddyn to p mā

SYMOND

Mas^p t̄ it plese yo^r hey p̄sens
 660 He p^t most ow^t hym as my reson 3ef can

IĤS

Recte iudicasti p^u art a wyse mā

And pis quefson hast dempte trewly
 Yff p^u in pi concyens remēbyr can
 Ye to be pe detto's p^t I of specefy
 But Symond behold pis womā in alwyse
 How she w^t teres of hyr bitt^o wepyng
 She wassheth my fete ̄ doth me ̄vyse
 And anoyty^t hem w^t onymēt lowly knelyng
 And w^t her [hair] fayr ̄ brygth shynnyng
 670 She wypeth hem agayn w^t good entent
 But Symont syth that I entyrd pi hows
 To wasshe my fete p^u dedyst nat aplye
 Nor to wype my fete p^u wer^t nat so fawor^o
 Wherfor in pi cōcyñs p^u ow^tyst nat to reply
 But womā I sey to pe werely
 I forgeyffe pe pi wrechednesse
 And hol in sowle be pu made p^rby

MARIA

O blessyd be pu Lord of eu^rlastyng lyfe
 And blyssyd be pi berth of p^t puer v^gyinne
 680 Blyssyd be p^u repast cōtemplatyf
 Azens my seknes helth ̄ medsyn
 And for p^t I have synnyd in pe synne of pryde
 I wol enabyte me w^t humelyte
 Azens wrath ̄ envy I wyl devyde
 Thes fayr v^tuys pacyens ̄ charyte

IHS

Woman in cōtryfsoñ p^u art expert
 And in pi soule hast inward mythe

That sūtyme were in desert
 And from therknesse hast purchasyd lyth
 690 Thy fayth hath savyt pe t̄ made pe bryth
 Wherfor I sey to pe vade in pace

W^t pis word vij dyvllys xall dewoyde from pe womā and the bad Angyll
 ent^o into hell w^t thondyr

[MARIA]

O p^u gloryu^o Lord pis rehersyd for my sped
 Sowle helth attf tyme for to recure
 Lord for p^t I was in whanhope now stond I in dred
 But p^t pi gret m̄cy we may endure
 My strenth p^u knewyst w^owtyn ony dowth
 Now may I trost pe techeyng of I₃aye in script^r
 Wos report of pi nobyllnesse renny^t fer^r abowt

IHS

Blyssyd be pey at alle tyme
 700 That sen me nott t̄ have me in credens
 W^t cōtryssoñ p^u hast mad a recūpens
 Þi soule to save from all dystresse
 Bewar^r t̄ kepe pe from alle neclygens
 And aft^o p^u xal be pten^o of my blysse

Here devoydy^t Ihs w^t h^f desipylls pe good Angyll reioysyng of Mawdleȳ

BON^o ANGEL^o

Holy God hyst of ðipotēcy
 The astat of good govⁿaⁿs to pe I recūmēd
 Hūbylly besecheyng pyn impall glorye

In pi devyn v'tu vs to cōphend
 And delectabyll Ihu soureyn sapyens
 710 Our feyth we recūmend onto yo' purpete
 Most mekely prayyng to yo' holy aparens
 Illumyn our ygnorans in yo' devynyte
 Ye be clepyd redempcyoñ of soulys defens
 Whyche that ben obscuryd be pi blessyd mortalyte
 O lux vera graunt vs 3owr lucense
 That w^t pe spryte of erro' I nat seduct be
 And speryt⁹ alme to yow most benyne
 Thre psons in trenyte and on God eterne
 Most lowly owr feyth we cōsyngne
 720 Þ^t we may cō to yo' blysse gloryfyed from malȳgne
 And w^t yo' gostely bred to fede vs we desyreñ

REX DEABOL⁹

A owt owt t̄ harow I ā hampord w^t hate
 In hast wyl I set on jugment to se
 W^t thes betyll browyd bycheys I ā at debate
 How Belfago^r t̄ Belzabub cō up here to me
 Here aperyth to dyvllys before pe Mast⁹

SECŪD⁹ DIABOL⁹

Here Lord here q^{ct} wol 3e

TERCI⁹ DIABOL⁹

The jugmēt of harlotts here to se
 Settyng in judycyal lyke astate
 Now thow bad angyll apere before my g^{ce}

S^{ps} MALIGN⁹730 As flat as fox I falle before yo^r faceI⁹ DIABOL⁹

Thow theffe wy hast p^u don alle pis trespas
To lett yoñ womā pi bonds breke

MALIN⁹ S^{ps}

The speryt of g^cce sore ded hyr smyth
And temptyd so sore p^t ipocryte

I⁹ DIABOL⁹

Ya thys hard balys oñ pi bottokkys xall byte
In hast oñ pe I wol be wroke
Cū up 3e horsons t̄ skore away p^r yche
And w^t thys panne 3e do hym pycche
Cū of 3e harlotts p^t yt wer doñ

Here xall pey s^{va} all pe sevyn as pey do pe ferst

740 Now have I a part of my desyer^r
Goo into pis howsse 3e lordeynns here
And loke ye set yt on a feyer
And p^t xall hem awake

Here xall pe tother deylys sett pe howse on a fyer^r and make a sowch t̄
Mari xall go to Lazar t̄ to Martha

So now have we well afrayyd pese felons fals
They be blasyd both body t̄ hals
Now to hell lett vs synkyn als
To owr felaws blake

N

MARI MAVGLEȚ

O brother my harts cōsolasyown
 O blessyd in lyffe ȓ solytary
 750 The blyssyd ꝥphet my cōfortacyown
 He hathe made me clene ȓ delectary
 The wyche was to synne a subiectary
 Thys kyng Cryste cōsedyryd hȓ creacyown
 I was drynychyn in synne deȓsarye
 Tyll p^t Lord relevyd me be hȓ domynacyon
 Grace to me he wold neȓ denye
 Thowe I were neȓyr so synful he seyde revȓtere
 O I synful creature to g^rce I woll aplye
 The oyle of mȓcy hath helyd myȓ infyrmyte

MARTHA

760 Now worchepyd be p^t hey name Iȓhu
 The wych in Latyn is callyd Savyour
 Fulfylling p^t word ewyn of dewe
 To alle synfull ȓ seke he is soko^r

LAZAR^r

Systyr ȓe be welcū onto your tower
 Glad in hart of your obessyawmse
 Wheyl p^t I leffe I wyl ȓve hym w^t hono^r
 That ȓe have forsakyn synne ȓ varyauns

MARY M.

Cryst p^t is pe lyth ȓ pe cler^r daye
 He hath oncuryd pe therknesse of pe cloudy nyth

770 Of lyth pe lucens ⁊ lyth veray
 Was þ̄chyng to vs is a g^{ce}cyows lyth
 Lord we beseche pe as pu art most of myth
 Out of pe ded slep of therknesse defend vs aye
 Gyff vs g^{ce}ce ewyr to rest in lyth
 In quyet ⁊ in pes to s̄ve pe nyth and day
 Here xall Lazar take h̄f deth þus seyyng

[LAZAR]

A help help systyrs for charyte
 Alas dethe is sett at my hart
 A ley on hands wher ar ye
 A I faltyr ⁊ falle I wax all onquarte
 780 A I bome above I wax all swertt
 A good Ihu thow be my gyde
 A no longar now I revte
 I yeld up þe gost I may natt abyde

MARY M.

O good brother take coūforth ⁊ myth
 And lett noñ heuynes in 3our hart abyde
 Lett away all þis feyntnesse ⁊ fretth
 And we xal gete 3ow leches 3our peyns to devyde

MARTHA

A I sych ⁊ sorow ⁊ sey alas
 Thys sorow ys apoynt to be my cōfusyon
 790 Jentyl syst² hye we from þis place
 For pe ꝥphe[t] to h̄y ha^t grett delectacyon

Good brother take some cōfortacyon
 For we woll go to seke yow cure

Here goth Mary ⁊ Martha ⁊ mett w^t Ihu þus seyyng

[MARY ET MARTHA]

O Lord Ihu ovr mellefluuous swettnesse
 Thow art grettest Lord in glorie
 Lov^o to þe Lord in all lowlynesse
 Comfort pi creat^r p^t to þe crye
 Behold your lov^o good Lord specyally
 How Lazar^r lyth seke in grett dystresse
 800 He ys pi lov^o Lord sue^oly
 Onbynd hym good Lord of h^f heuynesse

IHS

Of all infyrmyte p^r is nō to deth
 For of all peynns p^t is inpossyble
 To vnderstond be reson to know þe w^oke
 The joye p^t is in Jh^{īm} heuenly
 Can rev^o be cōpylyd be covnnyng of clerke
 To se þe joyys of þe fathyr in glory
 The joyys of þe sōne whych owth to be magnyfyed
 And of þe therd pson þe holy gost truly
 810 And alle iij but oñ in heuen gloryfyed
 Now womē p^t arre in my þsens here
 Of my wordys take awysemēt
 Go hoñ aȝen to your brothyr Lazer^r
 My grace to hym xall be sent

MARY M.

O thow glory⁹ Lord here þsent
 We yeld to pe salutacyon
 In owr w²gys ye be expedyent
 Now Lord vs defend from trybolacyon

Here goth Mary ꝛ Martha homward ꝛ Ihs devodyt

LAZAR⁹

A in woo I waltyr as wawys in pe wynd
 820 Awey ys went all my soko^r
 A deth deth p^a art onkynd
 A a now brystyt myn hartt pis is a sharp show⁹
 Farewell my systyrs my bodely helth

Mortuus est

MARY M.

Ihu my Lord be yowr sokowr
 And he mott be your gosts welth

P¹M⁹ MILES

Gods grace mott be hys govno^r
 In ioy evlastyng for to be

SECUD⁹ MIL

Amonge alle good sowlys send hym favo^r
 As pi power is most of dygnyte

MARTHA

830 Now Syr pe chans is fallyn soo

That deth hath drewyn hym doñ pis day
 We must nedys owr devyrs doo
 To pe erth to bryng hym w'owt delay

MARY M.

As pe vse is now t̄ hath byn aye
 Wt wepers to pe erth yow hym bryng
 Alle pis must be done as I yowe saye
 Clad in blake w'owtyn lesyng

P¹M⁹ MILES

Gracyows Ladyys of grett hono^r
 Thys pepull is com̄ here in your syth
 840 Wepyng t̄ welȳg wt gret dolo^r
 Because of my Lords dethe

Here pe oñ Knygth make redy pe stoñ and other bryng in pe wepars
 arayyd in blake

Now good frynds p^t here be
 Take vp thys body wt good wyll
 And ley it in h^f sepoltu^r semely to se
 Good Lord hym save from alle man⁹ ille

Lay hym in

Here al pe pepyll resort to pe castell þus seyyng Ihs

[Iñs]

Tyme ys comyn of very cognyssoñ
 My dyssyplys goth wt me
 For to fulfyll possyvull peticion
 Go we together into Jude
 850 Ther^r Lazar my frynd is he

Goo we together as chyldynr of lyth
 And from grevos slepe sawen heym wyll we

DISSIPUL⁹

Lord it plese yowr myty volūte
 Thow he slepe he may be savyd be skyll

IHS

That is trew t̄ be possybilyte
 Therfor of my deth shew yow I wyll
 My fathyr of nemymows charyte
 Sent me h̄f son to make redemcyon
 Whyche was cōseyvyd be pue⁹ v⁹ginyte
 860 And so in my mother had cler^r incarnacyon
 And y⁹for must I suffyr^r grewos passyon
 Ondyr^r Povnse Pylat w^t grett pplexite
 Betyⁿ bobbyd sko⁹nyd crowⁿyd w^t thorne
 Alle pis xall be pe soferons of my deite
 Therfor hastely folow me now
 For Lazar^r is ded verely to þve
 Wherfor I am joyfull I sey onto yow
 That I knowlege yow p^rw^t p^t ye may it beleve

Here xal Ihs com w^t h̄f dissipuls t̄ oñ Jew telly^t Martha

[JEW]

A Martha Martha be full of gladnesse
 870 For pe ꝥphett ys cōyng I sey trewly
 W^t h̄f dyssypylls in grett lowlynesse

He shall yow cōfortt w^t h^f m̄cy

Here Martha xall rone agen Ihs pus seyyng

[MARTHA]

A Lord me sympyl creatur nat denye
 Thow I be wrappyd in wrecchydnesse
 Lord t̄ pu haddyst byn her^r werely
 My brother had natt abyn ded I know well thysse

Iĥs

Martha doutor onto pe I sey
 Thy brother xall reyse agayn

MARTHA

Yee Lord at pe last day
 880 That I beleve ful pleyn

Iĥs

I am pe resurreccyon of lyfe p^t ev² xall reyne
 And whoso belevy^t verely in me
 Xall have lyfe evlastyng pe soth to seyn
 Martha belevyst thow pis

MARTHA

Ye forsoth pu prynnse of blysth
 I beleve in Cryst pe son of sapyens
 Whyche w^towt eynd ryngne xall he
 To redemyn vs freell from owr iniquite

Here Mary xall falle to Ihs pus seyyng Mary

[MARY]

O pu rythewys regent reynȳg in equite
 890 Ðu gracyous Lord pu swete Ihs
 And pu haddyst byn her my brothyr alyfe had be
 Good Lord myn hertt doth pis dyscus

IHS

Wher have 3e put hym sey me thys

MARY M.

In hf moment Lord is he

IHS

To that place 3e me wys
 Thatt g^rve I desyre to se
 Take of pe stoñ of pis monvmēt
 The agrement of g^rce her shewyn I wyll

MARTHA

A Lord your þseptts fulfyllyd xall be
 900 Thys stoñ I remove w^t glad chyr
 Gracyous Lord I aske pe mcy
 Thy wyll mott be fullfyllyd here
 Here xall Martha put of pe grave stoñ

IHS

Now father I beseeke thyn hey patnyte
 That my prayo^r be resoūdable to pi fathyrod in glory
 To opyn peyn erys to pi son in humanyte

o

Nat only for me but for pi pepyll verely
 That pey may beleve t̄ betake to pi m̄cy
 Fathyr for pem I make supplycacyon
 G^rcyous father gravnt me my bone
 910 Lazer Lazer coñ hethyr to me
 Here xall Lazer aryse trossyd w^t towells in a shete

LAZAR^r

A my makar my savyour blyssyd mott pu be
 Here mē may know pi w^oks of wondyr
 Lord no th̄yg ys onpossybyll to the
 For my body t̄ my sowle was deptyd asond^o
 I xuld arottyt as doth pe tondyr
 Fleysch from pe bonys acōsumyd away
 Now is aloft p^t late was ondyr
 The goodnesse of God hath doñ for me here
 For he is bote of all balys to onbynd
 920 That blyssyd Lord p^t here ded apere
 Here all pe pepull t̄ pe Jewys Mari t̄ Martha w^t on woys sey Yes Lord
 we beleve in you Savyour Ihs Ihs Ihs

IHS

Of your good herts I have advtacyonne
 Where thorow in sowle holl made ze be
 Betwyx yow t̄ me be nev^o varyacyonne
 Wherfor I sey vade in pace
 Here devoydy^t Ihs w^t h^r desypylls Mary t̄ Martha t̄ Lazar^r gon hom̄
 to pe castell t̄ here [the kyng of Marcyll] begynny^t hys bost

[KYNG OF MARCYLLE]

Awant awant ye on worthy wrecchesse

Why lowtt ze nat low to my lawdabyll þsens
 Ye brawlyng breells t̄ blabyr lyppyd bycchys
 Obedyently to obbey me w'towt offense
 I am a sofereyn semely p^t ye se butt seyld
 930 No swyche ond^o sonne pe soth for to say
 Whanne I fare fresly t̄ fers to pe feld
 My fomē fle for fer of my fray
 Ewen as an empow^r I am onored ay
 Waur baner gyn to blasse t̄ bemys gyn to blow
 Hed am I heyest of all hethenness holld
 Both kynggs t̄ caysers I woll pey xall me know
 Or ells pey bey the bargayn p^t ew^r pey wer^r so bold
 I am kyng of Marcyll talys to be told
 Thus I wold it wer knowyn ferre t̄ ner^r
 940 Ho sey cōtraly I cast heym in cares cold
 And he xall bey the bargayn wondyr dere
 I have a favorows fode t̄ fresh as the fakown
 She is full fayr in hyr femynyte
 Whan I loke on pis lady I am lofty as the lyon
 In my syth
 Of delyyte most delycyows
 Of felachyp most felecyows
 Of alle fodys most favorows
 O my blysse in bevteys brygth

REGINA

950 O of cōdycyons and most onorabyll
 Lowly I thank yow for pis recūmēdacyon
 The bovnteest t̄ the boldest ond^o baner bryth

No creatur so constāt to my cōsolacyon
 Whan the regent be resydēt itts my refeccyō
 Your dilectabyll deds devydyt me from dyv̄syte
 In my pson I pryde to put me from polucyon
 To be plezāt to your pson itts my prosperyte

REX

Now Godaŋcy berel brytest of bewte
 Godaŋcy rubie rody as pe rose
 960 Ye be so pleavnt to my pay 3e put me frō peyn
 Now cōly knyghths loke p^t 3e forth dresse
 Both spycys t̄ wyn her^e in hast

Here xall pe knygt̄ gete spycys t̄ wynne t̄ here xall ent^o a Dylle in
 orebyll aray pus seyyng

[A DYLLLE]

Owt owt harow I may crye t̄ yelle
 For lost is all owr labo^r wherfor I sey alas
 For of all holdds p^t ev^o hort noñ so as hell
 Owr barrs of iron ar^e all to brost stronge gates of brasse
 The kyng of joy ent̄yd in p^tat as bryth as fyrys blase
 For fray of h̄ ferfull baner^e owr felashep fled asondyr
 Whan he towcheyd it w^t h̄ towkkyng pey brast as ony glase
 970 And rofe asond^o as it byn w^t thondor^e
 Now ar^e we thrall p^t frest wher^e fre
 Be pe passon of h̄ manhede
 Ō a crosce on hye hangyd was he
 Whych hath destroyd owr labo^r t̄ alle owr dede
 He hath ly'tynnyt lymbo t̄ to paradyse zede

Þ^t wondyrfull worke w^okytt vs wrake
 Adam t̄ Abram t̄ all hyr kynred
 Owt of ovr preson to joye wer .pey take
 All pis hath byn wrowth syn freyday at none
 980 Brostyn doñ our gates p^t hangyd wer full hye
 Now is he resyn h^f resurreccyo is don
 And is pcedyd into Galelye
 W^t many a tētacyon we tochyd hym to astrey
 To know whether he was God or noñ
 Ye for all our besynes bleryd is our eye
 For w^t h^f wyld w^oke he hath wonne hem everychō
 Now for pe tyme to come
 Þ^r xall noñ falle to ovr chanse
 But at h^f deleverans
 990 And weyyd be rythfull balans
 And zowyn be rythfull dome
 I telle yow alle infū to helle wyll I gonne
 Here xall ent^o pe iij Maries arayyd as chast womē w^t sygnis of pe passon
 pryntyd vpon þ^t bresta þ^o seyyng Mavdlyn

[MAVDLYN]

Alas alas for p^t ryall beñ
 A pis pcytt my hart worst of all
 For here he turnyd azen to pe womā of Jerusalem
 And for wherynesse lett pe crosse falle

M. JACOB

This sorow is beyttar pan ony galle
 For here pe Jewys spornyd hym to make hym goo

And pey dyspyttyd p^r kyng ryall
 1000 That clyvy^t myn hart ƒ make^t me woo

M. SALOME

Yt ys intollerabyll to se or to tell
 For ony creature p^t strong tormētry
 O Lord pu haddyst a mⁱvelows mell
 Yt ys to hedyows to dyscry
 Al pe Maryys w^t on woyce sey ƒis folowȳg

[MARYYS]

Heylle gloryows crosse pu baryst p^t Lord on hye
 Whych be ƒi mygth deddyst lowly bowe doñ
 Mānys sowle to bye from all thraldom
 That ev^more in peyne shold abie
 Be record of Davyt w^t myld stevyn
 1010 Domine inclina celos tuos et descende

M. MAGDLEȳ

Now to pe monumēt lett vs gon
 Wher^e as our Lord ƒ savyowr layd was
 To anynt hym body ƒ bone
 To make amends for owr trespas
 Ho xall put doñ pe led of pe monvmēt
 Thatt we may anytt h^f g^rcy⁹ wovnds
 W^t hartt ƒ my[n]d to do owr intentt
 W^t ƒcy⁹ bamys ƒis same stovndd

M. SALOME

That blyssyd body w^tin ƒis bovnds

1020 Here was layd w^t rufull monf
 Nev^o creature was borne vpon grouddes
 Þ^t mygth sofer^e so hediows a peyne at onys
 Here xall apere ij angelis in whyte at þe g^rve

[I^o] ANGEL^o

Ye womē þ^resentt dreduyt yow ryth nowth
 Ihs is resun and is natt here
 Loo here is þe place þ^t he was inbrowth
 Go sey to h^r dyspylls t̄ to Pet^r he xall apere

II^o ANGEL^o

In Galelye w^owtyn ony wyre
 Þ^r xall ye se hym lyke as he sayd
 Go your way t̄ take cōfortt t̄ chyr
 1030 For þ^t he sayd xall natt be delayyd
 Here xall þe Maryys mete with Pet^o t̄ Jhon

M. MAGDLEȲ

O Pet^o t̄ Jhon we be begylyd
 Our Lords body is borne away
 I am aferd itt̄s dyfflyd
 I am so carefull I wot natt what to saye

PET^o

Of þes tydynggys gretly I dysmay
 I woll me thether hye w^t all my myth
 Now Lord defend vs as he best may
 Of þe sepulcure we woll have a syth

JHON

A myn inward sowle stōdyng in dystresse
 1040 Þe wheche of my body xuld have a gyde
 For my Lord stōdyng in hevynesse
 Whan I remēbyr hƿ wovnds wyde

PET^s

The sorow ƿ peyne p^t he ded drye
 For our offens ƿ abomynacyon
 And also I forsok hym in hys t^mētry
 I toke no hede to hƿ techyng ƿ exortacyon
 Here Pet^s ƿ Jhon go to þe sepulc^r ƿ þe Maryys folowȳg
 A now I se ƿ know þe sothe
 But g^fcy^o Lord be owr p^texcyon
 Here is nothyng left butt a sudare cloth
 1050 Þ^t of p^s beryyng xuld make mēcyon

JHON

I am aferd of wykkyt opressyon
 Where he is becū it cannatt be devysyd
 Butt he seyð aft^o þe iij^d day he xuld have resur^oxō
 Long beforn thys was p^mysed

M MAGDLEȳ

Alas I may no longar abyde
 For dolo^r ƿ dyssese p^t in my hartt doth dwell

I^o ANGEL^o

Womā womā wy wepest þu

Wom sekest pu w^t dolo^r pus

M. MAGDLEȲ

A fayn wold I wete ȝ I wȳst how
 1060 Wo hath born away my Lord Ihs
 Hic aparuit Ihs

IĤS

Womā womā wy syest thow
 Wom sekest p^u tell me pis

M. MAGDLEȲ

A good Syr tell me now
 Yf p^u have born away my Lord Ihs
 For I have porposyd in eche degre
 To have hym w^t me werely
 The wyche my speeyall Lord hath be
 And I h^f lov^o ȝ cavse wyll phy

IĤS

O Mari

M. MAGDLEȲ

1070 A g^rcy^o Mast^o ȝ Lord you it is p^t I seke
 Lett me anynt yow w^t pis bamys sote
 Lord long hast p^u hyd pe from my spece
 Butt now wyll I kesse pe for my harts bote

IĤS

Towche me natt Mary I ded natt asend

P

To my father in deyyte ʒ onto yow's
 Butt go sey to my brothern I wyll þtende
 To steý to my father in hevly tow's

M. MAGDLEȲ

Whan I sye yow fyrst Lord verely
 I wentt ye had byn Symond pe garden'

IHS

1080 So I am forsothe Mary
 Mānys hartt is my gardyn her'
 Þ'in I sow sedys of v'tu all pe 3er'
 Þe fowle wedf ʒ wycys I reynd up be pe rote
 Whan p't gardyn is watteryd w't terys cler'
 Than spryng v̄tu' ʒ smelle full sote

M. MAGDLEȲ

O p^u dere wurthy ēpowe' p^u hye devyne
 To me pis is a joyfull tydyng
 And onto all pepull p't aft' vs xall reyngne
 Thys knowlege of pi deyyte
 1090 To all pepull p't xall obteyne
 And know pis be posybyle

IHS

I woll shew to synnars as I do to pe
 Yf pey woll w't řuens of love me seke
 Be stedfast ʒ I xall ev' w't pe be
 And w't all tho p't to me byn meke
 Here avoydyt Ihs sodenly þus seyȳg Mary M.

O systyrs p^r pe hey t nobyll infiventt g^rce
 Of my most blessyd Lord Ihs Ihs Ihs
 He aperyd o to me at pe sepultu^r p^r I was
 Þ^t hath relevyd my woo t moryd my blysche
 1100 Itt^f innvmerabyll to expresse
 Or for ony tong for to tell
 Of my joye how myche itt^f
 So myche my peyns itt doth excelle

M. SALOME

Now lett vs go to pe sette to our Lady dere
 Hyr for to shew of h^f wellfare
 And also to dyssypylls p^t we have syñ here
 Þe more yt xall rejoyse pem from care

M. JACOB

Now systyr Magdleÿ w^t glad chyr
 So wold p^t good Lord we myth w^t hym mete

Ihs

1110 To shew desyrows harts I am full ner
 Womē [I] apere to yow t sey awete

SALOME

Now g^rcy⁹ Lord of your nymyos charyte
 W^t hombyll harts to pi þsens cōplayne
 Gravntt vs pi blyssyng of pi hye deyte
 Gostly owr sowlys for to sosteyne

IHS

Alle tho byñ blysyd p^t sare refreÿne
 We blysch yow father t̄ son and holy gost
 All sorow t̄ care to cōstryne
 Be owr pow^r of myt^t most
 1120 In noīe patrys et felii et sp̄s s̄cti amen
 Goo ye to my brethryn t̄ sey to hem p^s
 Ð^t pey p̄cede t̄ go into Gallelye
 And p^r xall pey se me as I seyð before
 Bodyly w^t her^r carnall yye
 Here Ihs devoydy^t agen

MAGDLEÿ

O p^u glory⁹ Lord of heuen regyon
 Now blyssyd be pi hye devynyte
 Thatt ev^r thow tokest incarnacyon
 Thus for to vesyte pi pore švāts thre
 Ði wyll g^ccyows Lord fulfyllyd xall be
 1130 As p^u cōmaūdyst vs in all thyng
 Owr g^ccyows brethryn we woll go se
 W^t hem to seyn all owr lekeyng
 Here devoyd all þe iij Maryys t̄ þe kyng of Marcyll xall begÿne a
 sacryfyce

REX M^oCYLL

Now lordds t̄ ladyys of grett ap^{'se}
 A mater to pe is in my memoryall
 Ðis day to do a sacryfyce
 W^t multetude of myrth before our godds all

W^t þors in aspecyall before h^t þsens
Eche creature w^t hartt demvre

REGINA

To p^t Lord cūteys ʒ keynd
1140 Mahond p^t is so mykyll of myth
W^t mynstrelly ʒ myrth in mynd
Lett vs goñ ofer in p^t hye kyngis syth
Here xall ent^o an hethen Preste ʒ h^t Boye

PBY

Now my clerke Hawkyn for love of me
Loke fast myn awter wer^r arayd
Goo ryng a bell to or thre
Lythly chyld it be natt delayd
For here xall be a grett solēnyte
Loke boy p^u do it w^t abrayd

CLERIC^o

Whatt Mast^o woldyst p^u have pi lemā to pi bedds syde
1150 Thow xall abyde tyll my s^vyce is sayd

PBY

Boy I sey be Sentt Coppyn
No swyche words to pe I spake

BOY

Wether p^u ded or natt pe fryst jorny xall be myñ
For be my feyth p^u beryst Watts pakke
But Syr my mast^o grett morell

Ye have so fellyd yowr bylly w^t growell
 Þ^t it growi^t grett as pe dyvll of hell
 Owr shaply p^u art to see
 Whan womē come to here pi sⁱmon
 1160 Pratyly w^t hem I can houkkyn
 W^t Kyrchon and fayr Maryon
 Þey love me bett^o pan ze
 I dare sey t̄ p^u xull ryde
 Þi body is so grett t̄ wyde
 Þ^t nev^o horse may pe abyde
 Exseptt p^u breke h̄ bakk asovndyr

PBY

A p^u lyst boy be pe dyvll of hell
 I pray God Mahond mott pe quell
 I xall whyp pe tyll pi ars xall belle
 1170 O pi ars cō mych wondyr

BOY

A fartt Mast^o t̄ kysse my grēne
 Þe dyvll of hell was pi eme
 Þis kenred is asprōgn late
 Loo Mastyrs of swyche a stokke he cañ

PBY

Mahovnds blod þcyows knave
 Strypys on pi ars p^u xall have
 And rappys on pi pate
 Bete hym

REX DICIT

Now pry^t t̄ clerkys of pis tempyll cler^r
 Yowr s̄vyse to sey lett me se

P̄BY

1180 A soveryn Lord we shall doñ ovr devyr
 Boy a boke anō p^u br̄yg me
 Now boy to my awter I wyll me dresse
 Ō xall my westmēt t̄ myn aray

BOY

Now pan pe lesson I woll expresse
 Lyke as longy^t for pe s̄vyse of pis day
 Leccyo Mahaūdys viri fortissimi Sarasenor^r
 Glabriosū ad glvmādū glvmardinoꝝ
 Gormodor^r alocoꝝ stāpatinātū cursoꝝ
 Coŵtht̄fulatū cōgrvryandū tersoꝝ
 1190 Mursū malgoꝝ mararazoꝝ
 Skartū sialpoꝝ fartū cardiculoꝝ
 Flavndri strovmppū corboleoꝝ
 Fysugū fuagō werwolffoꝝ
 Standgardū lamba befettoꝝ
 Strowtū stardy strangoleoꝝ
 Rygo^r dago^r flappoꝝ
 Castratū ratyrybaldoꝝ
 Hownds t̄ hoggs in heggs t̄ hells
 Snakes t̄ todods mott be yowr bells
 1200 Ragnell t̄ roffyn t̄ other in pe wavys

Grawntt yow g^æce to dye on pe galows

PBY

Now lordes t̃ ladyys lesse t̃ more
 Knele all don w^t good devocyon
 Yonge t̃ old rych t̃ pore
 Do yowr oferyng to Sent Mahoūde
 And ye xall have grett p̃don
 Þ^t lengyt to pis holy place
 And receyve 3e xall my benesown
 And stond in Mahoūds g^æce

REX DICIT

1210 Mahoūd p^u art of myts most
 In my syth a glory⁹ gost
 Þu comfortyst me both in contre t̃ cost
 W^t pi wesdom t̃ pi wytt
 For truly Lord in pe is my trost
 Good Lord lett natt my sowle be lost
 All my counsell well pu wotst
 Here in pi þ̃sens as I sett
 Thys besawnt of gold rych t̃ rownd
 I ofer ytt for my lady t̃ me
 1220 Þ^t pu mayst be owr counfort in pis stoūd
 Sweth Mahownd remēbyr me

PBY

Now boy I pray pe lett vs have a song
 Owr s̃vyse be note lett vs syng I say

Cowff vp pi brest stond natt to long
 Begynne pe offyse of pis day

BOY

I home t̄ I host I do p̄ I may
 Wt̄ mery tvne pe trebyll to syng
 Syng both

PBY

Hold vp pe dyvll mote pe afray
 For all owt of rule pu dost me bryng
 1230 Butt now S̄ Kyng Quene t̄ Knyth
 Be mery in hartt everychon
 For here may ye se relyks brygth
 Mahoūds oun nekke boñ
 And ze xall se or ewer ye goñ
 Whattsomewer you betyde
 And ye xall kesse all pis holy boñ
 Mahoūdys own yeetyd
 Ye may have of pis grett store
 If ye knew pe cavse wherfor
 1240 Ytt woll make yow blynd for ew̄more
 Þis same holy bede
 Lordds t̄ ladyys old t̄ ynge
 Mahoūd pe body t̄ dragon pe dere
 Golyas so good to blysse may yow bryng
 Wt̄ Belyall in blysse ew̄lastyng
 Þt̄ ye may p̄ in joy syng
 Before p̄ cōly kyng

Þ^t is ovr God in fere

PYLATT

Now 3e s̄jaunts semly q^t sey 3e
 1250 Ye be full wetty mē in pe law
 Of pe dethe of Ihu I woll awysyd be
 Ovr soferyn Sesar pe soth mvst nedf know
 Thys Ihu was a mā of grett v^tu
 And many wondyr in hf tyme he wrowth
 He was put to dethe be cawsys ontrw
 Whech mat^o steky^t in my thowth
 And 3e know well how he was to pe deth browth
 Watchyd w^t knyghts of grett aray
 He is resyn agayn as before he tawth
 1260 And Joseph of Aramathye he hath takyn away

S^oIANTT

Soferyñ Juge all pis is soth p^t 3e sey
 But all pis mvst be curyd be sotylte
 And sey how hf dysypylls stollyn hym away
 And pis xall be pe answer be pe asentt of me

SECŪD S^oIAUNT

So it is most lykly for to be
 Yowr covncell is good ʒ cōmēdabyll
 So wryte hym a pystyll of specyallte
 And p^t for vs xall be most pphytabyll

PYLATT

Now masengyr in hast hether^o pu cōm

1270 Ou^o masage pu movst w^owt wrytyng
 To pe soferyn empow^o of Rome
 But fryst pu xall go to Herod pe kyng
 And sey how p^t I send hym knowyng
 Of Crysts deth how it hath byn wrowth
 I charge pe make no lettyng
 Tyll pis lett^o to pe empow^o be browth

NUNCY^o PYLATI

My Lord in hast your masage to spede
 O^oto p^t Lord of ryall renown
 Dowth ze nat my Lord it xall be doñ indede
 1280 Now hens woll I fast owt of pis town
 Her^o goth pe Masēg^o to Herod
 Heyll soferyn Kyng ond^o crown
 Þe prÿsys of pe law recūmēde to your heynesse
 And sendy^t yow tydyngs of Crystf^t passon
 As in pis wrytyng doth expresse

HEROD

A be my trowthe now am I full of blys
 Þes be mery tydyngs p^t pey have pus doñ
 Now certes I am glad of pis
 For now ar we frends p^t afore wher foñ
 Hold a reward Maseng^o p^t thow were goñ
 1290 And recōmēd me to my soferens g^{ce}
 Shew hym I woll be as stedfast as stoñ
 Ferr t̄ ner^o t̄ in every place
 Here goth pe Masēg^o to pe Empow^o

N̄V̄NCY^o

Heyll be yow Sofereyn setting in solas
 Heyll worthy w'owtyn pere
 Heyll goodly to gravntt all g^{ce}
 Heyll empow^o of pe word ferr t̄ ner^o
 Soferyn t̄ it plese yow^o hye empyre
 I have browth yow wrytyng of grett ap'se
 Whyche xall be pleseyng to yow^o desyre
 1300 From Pylatt yow^o hye Justyce
 He sent yow word w^t lowly intentt
 In ewery place he kepyt yow^o cūmaūdemēt
 As he is bovnd be h^f ofyce

ĒPOW^o

A welcū Maseng^o of grett plezeavn̄s
 Ði wrytyng anō lett me se
 My jugg^f anō gyffe atendans
 To ond^ostond whatt pis wrytyng may be
 Wethyr it be good or ony deṽnyte
 Or ells natt for myn awayll
 1310 Declare me pis in all hast

P̄VOST

Syr pe sentells we woll dyscus
 And it plese yow^o hye exseleyns
 The intentt of pis pystull is pus
 Pylatt recūmēdyt to yow^o p̄sens
 And of a P̄phett is pe sentells
 Whos name was callyd Ihs

He is putt to dethe w^t vyolens
 For he chalyngyd to be kyng of Jews
 Þ^ofor he was crucyfied to ded
 1320 And syn was beryyd as pey thowth reson
 Also he deymyd h̄ysylf son of pe godhed
 Þe therd nygth he was stollyn away w^t treson
 W^t h̄f desypylls p^t to h̄y had dyleccyon
 So w^t hym away pey 3ode
 I m̄veyll how pey did w^t pe bodyys corrupcyon
 I trow pey wer^e fed w^t a froward fode

IMPATOR

Crafty was p^r cōnyng pe soth for to seyn
 Thys pystyll I wyll kepe w^t me yff I can
 Also I wyll have cronekylyd pe 3er^e t̄ pe reynne
 1330 Þ^t nev^o xall be forgott whoso loke p^ron
 Maseng^o owt of pis town w^t a rage
 Hold pis gold to pi wage
 Mery for to make

NUNCY^o

Farewell my Lord of grett renown
 For owt of town my way I take
 Her^e entyr Mawdleyne w^t hyr dysypyll p^r seyng

MAVDLYN

A now I remēbyr my Lord p^t put was to ded
 W^t pe Jewys w^towttyn gyltt or treson
 Þe therd nygth he ros be pe myth of h̄f godhed

Vpon pe sonday had hē glory⁹ resurrexcyon
 1340 And now is pe tyme past of hē glory⁹ asencyoñ
 He steyyd to hevyn t̄ p^r he is kyng
 A hē grett kendnesse may natt fro my mēcyoñ
 Of alle man⁹ tonggs he ȝaf vs knowyng
 For to vndy⁹stond every langwage
 Now have pe dyspylls take p^r passage
 To dy^vs cōtreys her^r t̄ ȝendyr
 To prech t̄ teche of hē hye damage
 Full ferr ar my brothryn deptyd asondy⁹

Here xall hevyn opyn t̄ Ihs xall shew [hymself]

IHS

O pe onclipsyd sonne tempyll of Salamō
 1350 In pe mone I restyd p^r nev⁹ changgyd goodnesse
 In pe shep of Noee fles of Judeoñ
 She was my tapyrnakyll of grett nobyllnesse
 She was pe paleys of Phebȝ brygthnesse
 She was pe wessel of puer^r clennesses
 Wher my godhed ȝaff my manhod myth
 My blyssyd mother of demvre femynyte
 For mākynd pe feynddē defens
 Quewne of Jherusalem p^r hēnly cete
 Empresse of hell to make resystens
 1360 She is pe p̄cy⁹ pyñ full of ensens
 The p̄cy⁹ synamū pe body thorow to seche
 She is pe mvske azens pe cardyakylls wrech
 The goodnesse of my mother no tongē cā expresse
 Ner^r no clerke of hyr hygē joyys cā wryth

Butt now of my ſvantt I remēby^o pe kendnesse
 W^t hevēly masage I cast me to vesyte
 Raphaell m̄y angell in my syte
 To Mary Mavdleyⁿ decēde in a whyle
 Byd her passe pe se be my myth
 1370 And sey she xall cōv̄te pe land of M^ocyll

ANGEL^o

O glory^o Lord I woll resort
 To shew yo^r ſvant of yowr grace
 She xall labor for p^t lord^f cōfortt
 From heuynesse pem to porchasse
 Tunc descēdet Angel^o
 Abasse pe nov^t Mary in pis place
 Ow^o Lord^f ꝑceptt p^u must fullfyll
 To passe pe see in shortt space
 Onto pe lond of Marcyll
 Kyng ʒ Quene cōv̄te xall ʒe
 1380 And byn amyttyd as an holy apostylessse
 Alle pe lond xall be techyd alonly be the
 Godd^f lawys onto hem ʒe xall expresse
 ꝑ^ofor hast yow ferth w^t gladnesse
 Godd^f cōmaūddemēt for to fullfyll

MARI MA^oW

He p^t from my pson vij dewlls mad to fle
 Be v^tu of hym alle thyng was wrowth
 To seke thoys pepyll I woll rydy be
 As p^u hast cōmaūddytt in v^tu pey xall be browth

W^t pi grace good Lord in deite
 1390 Now to pe see I wyll me hy
 Sum sheppyng to asspy
 Now spede me Lord in eⁿnall glory
 Now be my spede allmyty trenite
 Here xall e^tyr^r a shyp w^t a mery song

SHEPMĀ

Stryke stryke lett fall an ankyr to grownd
 Her^r is a fay^o haven to se
 Cōn^ygly in loke p^t ye sownd
 I hope good harbarow have xal wee
 Loke p^t we have drynke boy p^u

BOY

I may natt for slep I make God a wow
 1400 Ð^u xall abyde ytte t̄ p^u wer^r my syer^r

SHEPMĀ

Why boy we ar^r rydy to go to dyner^r
 Xall we no mete have

BOY

Natt for me be of good chyr^r
 Thowe ye be sor honzord tyll ze rave
 I telle yow plenly beforⁿ
 For swyche a cramp on me sett is
 I am a poynt to fare pe worse
 I ly t̄ wryng tyll I pysse

And am a poynt to be forlorn

ÞE MAST^o

1410 Now boy whatt woll ye pis seyll

BOY

Nothyng but a fayer damsell
She shold help me I know it well
Or ells I may rue pe tyme p^t I was born

ÞE MAST^o

Be my trowth syr boye ze xal be sped
I wyll hyr bryng onto yow^o bed
Now xall p^u lern a damsell to wed
She wyll natt kysse pe oñ skorn

Bete hym

ÞE BOY

A skorn no no I fynd it herness
The dewlle of helle motte pe brest
1420 For all my corage is now cast
Alasse I am forlorn

MAUDLEYN

Mast^o of pe shepe a word w^t the

MAST^o

All redy fayr womā whatt wol ze

B

MARY

Of whense is thys shep tell 3e me
And yf 3e seyle w^tin a whyle

MAST^o

We woll seyle pis same day
Yf pe wynd be to ow^o pay
Dis shep p^t [I] of sey
Is of pe lond of Marcyll.

MARY

1430 Syr may I natt w^t yow sayle
And 3e xall have for yow^o awayle

MAST^o

Of sheppyng 3e xall natt faylle
For vs pe wynd is good t̄ saffe
Yond^o is pe lond of Torke
I wher^e full loth for to lye

Now xall pe shepmē s̄yg

Of pis cors we thar nat abaffe
Yond^o is pe land of Satyllye
Stryk bewar^e of sond
Cast a led t̄ in vs gyde

1440 Of Marcyll pis is pe kynggs lond
Go a lond yow fayr womā pis tyde
To pe kynggs place yond^o may 3e se
Sett of sett of from lond

ÞE BOY

All redy mast^o at thyn hand

Her^e goth þe shep owt of þe place

MARY

O Ihu pi mellyfluos name

Mott be worcheppyd w^t reverens

Lord graūt me vycory azens þe fyndf flame

And p^a pi lawys gyf pis pepyll credens

I wyll resortt be grett cōvenyens

1450 Oñ hf þsens I wyll draw ner^e

Of my lordf lawys to shoe þe sentens

Bothe of hf godhed t̄ of hf power^e

Here xall Mary ētyr before þe Kyng

Now þe hye kyng Crist mānf redempcyon

Mote save yow S^t Kyng regnyng in equite

And mote gydde yow þe [way] toward sauasyon

Ihu þe son of þe myhty trenite

That was t̄ is t̄ ev^o xall be

For mānf sowle þe reformacyon

In hf name Lord I beseche þe

1460 W^hin pi lond to have my mācyon

REX

Ihu Ihu q^et deylle is hym p^t

I defye þe t̄ pyn apenyōñ

Thow false lordeyn I xal fell þe flatt

Who made the so hardy to make swych reboñ

MARY

Syr I cō natt to pe for no decepcyon
 But p^t good lord Crist hether me cōpassyd
 To receyve hys name itt^f yow^o refeccyon
 And pi forme of mysbele[f] be hym my be losyd

REX

And whatt is p^t lord p^t thow spoke of her^e

MARY

1470 Is est salvator yf thow wyll ler^e
 Þe secūde pson p^t hell ded conquer^e
 And pe son of pe father in trenyte

REX

And of whatt pow^o is p^t God p^t ze reherse to me

MARY

He mad hevyn t̄ erth lond t̄ see
 And all pis he mad of nowth

REX

Womā I pray ze answer me
 Whatt mad God at pe fyrst begynnyng
 Thys pcesse ondyrstonde wol we
 That wold I lerne itt^f my plesyng

MARY

1480 Syr I wyll declare al t̄ sum

What from God fyrst ded pcedede
 He seyde in principio erat v̄bū
 And w^t p^t he provyd hē grett godhed
 He mad heven for ow^o spede
 Wheras he sytth in troñ hyee
 Hē mynystyrs next as he saw nede
 Hē angelis ⁊ archangylls all the cōpeny
 Vpon pe fyrst day God mad all pis
 As it was plezyng to hē intent
 1490 On pe Mūday he wold natt mys
 To make sōne mone ⁊ sterrys in pe fyrmamēt
 The sōne to begynne hē cors in pe oryent
 And ev^o labor w^owtyn werynesse
 And kep^t hē covrs into pe occedentt
 The Twysday as I ondyrstonde pis
 Grett g^rce for vs he gan to incesse
 Þ^t day he satt vpon wat^ris
 As was lykynge to hē goodnesse
 As holy wrytt bery^t wetnesse
 1500 Þ^t tyme he made both see ⁊ lond
 All p^t w^oke of grett nobyllnesse
 As it was plezyng to hē g^rcyus sond
 On pe Weddysday ow^o Lord of mythe
 Made more at hē plezyng
 Fysche in flod ⁊ fowle in flyth
 And all pis was for ow^o hellpyng
 On the Thorsday p^t nobyll kyng
 Mad dyv^rse bests grett ⁊ smale
 He 3aff hem erth to ther fedynge
 1510 And bad hem cressyn be hylle ⁊ dale

And on pe Fryday God mad man
 As it plezett hē hynesse most
 Aft^o hē own semelytude than
 And gaf hem lyfe of pe holy gost
 Ō pe Satyrday as I tell can
 All hē w^okys he gan to blysse
 He bad them multiply t̄ incesse than
 As it was plezyng to hē worthynesse
 And on pe Sonday he gan rest take
 1520 As skryptur declary^t pleyn
 Þ^t all shold reverens make
 To hyr makar p^t hem doth susteyn
 Vpon pe Sonday to leven in hē s̄vyse
 And hym alonly to s̄ve I tell yow pleyn

REX

Herke womā thow hast many resonnf grett
 I thyngk onto my goddf apteynyng pey beth
 But p^a make me answer soñ I xall pe frett
 And cut pe tong owt of pi hed

MARY

Syr yf I seyde amys I woll return agayn
 1530 Leve yow^o encōberows of pt^bacyon
 And lett me know w^t yow^o goddf byn
 And how pey may save vs from trevbelacyon

REX

Hens to pe tēpyll p^t we war
 And p^o xall thow se a solom syth

Coñ on all both lesse t̄ more
Thys day to se my godd̄f myth

Here goth pe Kyng w^t all h̄f atendant̄f to pe tempyll

Loke now qwatt seyyst thow be pis syth
How plezeavntly pey stond se thow how
Lord I besech pi grett myth

1540 Speke to pis x̄p̄etyñ p^t here sest p^u
Speke good Lord speke se how I do low
Herke p^u pryst q^t meny^t all this
What speke good Lord speke w^t eyly^t pe now
Speke as thow artt bote of all blysse

PRYSBIT^o

Lord he woll natt speke whyle x̄p̄eten her^e is

MARY

Syr kyng t̄ it pleze yow^o gentyllnesse
Gyff me lycens my prayors to make
Onto my God in heven blysch
Sū merakyll to shewyn for yow^o sake

REX

1550 Pray pi fylle tyll pin knees ake

MARY

Domin^o illuminacio mea quē timeo
Domin^o p̄tector vite mee a quo trepedabo
Here xal pe mament tremyll t̄ quake
Now Lord of Lord̄f to pi blyssyd name sanctificatt

Most mekely my feyth I recūmēd
 Pott doñ pe pryd of mamēt(violatt
 Lord to pi lov^o pi goodnesse descēd
 Lett natt p^o pryd to pi poste þtend
 Whereas is rehersyd pi hye name Jhesus
 Good Lord my þor I feythfully send
 1560 Lord pi rythwysnesse here dysc^o
 Here xall come a clowd from heven t sett pe tēpyll on a fyer t pe Pryst
 t pe Cler xall synke t pe Kyng gothe hom þ^o seyyng

[REX]

A owt for angur I am p^o deludyd
 I wyll bewreke my cruell tene
 Alas wⁱⁿ mysylfe I am cōcludytt
 Þ^u womā come hether t wete whatt I mene
 My wyff t I together many zerys have byn
 And nev^o myth be cōceyvvd w^t chyld
 Yf p^u for this Crist fynd a mene
 I wyll abey pi god t to hym be meke t myld

MARY

Now Syr syn p^u seyst so
 1570 To my Lord I pr^eye w^t reythfull lone
 Beleve in hym t in na mo
 And I hope she xall be cōceyvvd sone

REX

Awoyd awoyd I wax all seke
 I wyll to bed pis same tyde

I am so wexyd w^t zon suek
 Ð^t hath ner^e to deth me dyth

Here þe Kyng goth to bed in hast ^þt Mary goth into an old logge w^towt
 þe gate þ^r seyyng

MARY

Now Cryst my creat^r me cōs^{ve} ^þt kepe
 Ð^t I be natt cōfūddyd w^t pis reddure
 For hūgor^e ^þt thurst to þe I wepe
 1580 Lord demene me w^t mesuer^e
 As p^u savydyst Daniell frō þe lyouns regur^e
 Be Abakuk pi masengyr recevyd w^t sustynoūs
 Good Lord so helppe me ^þt sokor^e
 Lord as itt^f pi hye plezeawns

IĤS

My grace xall grow ^þt doñ decēd
 To Mary my lov^o p^t to me doth call
 Hyr astatt for to amend
 She xall be relevyd w^t sustinōs corporall
 Now awngels dyssend to hyr in especyall
 1590 And lede hyr to þe þ^rsysys chābyr ryth
 Bid hyr^e axke of h^f good be weyys pacyfycol
 And goo you before hyr w^t reverent lyth

P^rM^o ANGEL^o

Blyssyd Lord in pi syth
 We dyssend onto Mary

II⁹ ANGEL⁹

We dyssend from yow⁹ blysse bryth
 Onto yow⁹ cūmavndemēt we aplye

Tunc descendit angel⁹

P¹M⁹ DYXIT

Mary ow⁹ Lord wyll cōfortt yow fend
 He bad to pe kyng ye xuld take pe waye
 Hym to asay yf he woll cōdesend
 1600 As he is slepyng hem to asaye

II⁹ ANGEL⁹

Byd hym releve yow to Godd^f pay
 And we xal go before yow w^t solem lyth
 Ī a mētyll of whyte xall be ow⁹ araye
 The dor^f xall opyn azens vs be ryth

MARY

O gracy⁹ God now I undyrstond
 Thys clothyng of whyte is tokenyng of mekenesse
 Now g^rcy⁹ Lord I woll natt wond
 Yow⁹ p^rseptt to obbey w^t lowlynesse

Here goth Mary w^t pe Angelf before hyr⁹ to pe Kyngg^f bed w^t lythys
 beryng p^r seyng Mary

[MARY]

Thow froward Kyng trobelows t̄ wood
 1610 That hast at pi wyll all wordd^f wele
 Depte w^t me w^t sum of pi good

That am in hongor threst t̄ cold
 God hath pe sent warnȳgys felle
 I rede pe torne t̄ amēd pi mood
 Beware of pi lewdnesse for pi owin hele
 And thow Qwen torne from pi good

Here Mari woodyt t̄ pe Angyll t̄ Mary change hyr clotheyng p̄ seyng
 pe Kyng

[KYNG]

A pis day is coñ I am mery t̄ glad
 The son is vp t̄ shynyth bryth
 A m̄velows shewyng in my slep I had
 1620 That sore me trobelyd pis same nyth
 A fay^o womā I saw in my syth
 All in whyte was she cladd
 Led she was w^t an angyll bryth
 To me she spake w^t words sad

REGINA

I trow from good p^t pey wer^e sentt
 In ow^o hartts we may have dowte
 I wentt ow^o chambyr sholld abrentt
 For pe lyth p^t p^r was all abouth
 To vs she spake words of dred
 1630 That we xuld help pem p^t have nede
 W^t ow^o go[o]dē so God ded byd
 I tell yow w^towtȳ dowthe

REX

Now semely wyff 3e sey ryth well

A kynth anon w'owtyn delay
 Now as pⁿ hast byn trew as styлле
 Goo fett p^t womā before me pis daye

MILES

My sovereyn Lord I take pe waye
 She xall coñ at ovr pleseawns
 Your sovereyn wyll I wyll goo saye
 1640 Ittf almesse hyr to awawns
 Tunc transit Miles ad Mariam
 Sped well good womā I am to pe sentt
 You for to speke w^t pe Kyng

MARIA

Gladly S^r at hys intentt
 I come at hf own plezeyng
 Tunc transyt Maria ad Regem
 The mythe ð pe powe^o of pe heye trenyte
 The wysdom of pe son mott go^vne yow in ryth
 The holy Gost mott w^t yow be
 What is yowre wyll sey me in sythe

REX

Thow fay^o womā ittf my delyth
 1650 ðe to refresch is myn intentt
 W^t mete ð mony ð clothys for pe nyth
 And sv w^t swych grace as God hathe me lentt

MARIA

Than fullfyllle 3e Godd^f cūmavndemēt

Pore folk in mysch pem to susteyn

REX

Now blyssyd womā reherse here presentt
The joyys of yow^o Lord in heven

MARY

A blyssyd pe ow^o t blyssyd be pe tyme
Þ^t to Godd^f lawys ze wyll gyff credens
To yow^oselfe ze make a glad pryme
1660 Azens pe fendd^f malysyows violens
From God above cōi^t pe influens
Be pe holy Gost into pi brest sentt down
For to restore pi offens
Þi sowle to bryng to ew^olastyng salvacyō
Thy wyffe she is grett w^t chyld
Lyke as p^u desyerest p^u hast pi bone

REGINA

A ze I fel ytt stir in my wombe vp t down
I am glad I have pe in þsens
O blyssyd womā rote of ow^o savacyon
1670 Þi God woll I worshep w^t dew reverens

REX

Now fay^o womā sey me pe sentens
I beseche pe whatt is pi name

MARY

S^t azens p^t I make no resystens

Mary Mavdley n w'owtyn blame

REX

O blyssyd Mary ryth well is me
 Þ^t ewer I have abedyn pis daye
 Now thanke I pi God t̄ specyally ze
 And so xall I do whyle I leve may

MARY

Ye xall thankytt Pet^o my mast^o w'owt delay
 1680 He is pi frend stedfast t̄ cler
 To allmythy God he holp me pray
 And he xall crestyn yow from pe fyndd^e pow^o
 In pe syth of God on hye

REX

Now suerly ze answer me to my pay
 I am ryth glad of pis tyddyngs
 Butt Mary in all my goods I sese yow pis day
 For to byn at yow^o gydyng
 And pem to rewlyn at yow^o plezeyng
 Tyll p^t I cōme home agayn
 1690 I wyll axke of yow neythyr bond nor rekynyng
 But I here dele^v yow power pleyn

REGINA

Now worshepfull Lord of a bone I yow pray
 And it be plezeyng to yow^o hye dygnite

REX

Madam yow^o dyssyer onto me say

What bone is yt ze desyer of me

REGINA

Now worshepfull sovereyn in eche degre

Þ^t I may w^t yow goo

A crestyn womā made to be

G^ccy⁹ Lord it may be soo

REX

1700 Alas pe wyttf of womē how pey byn wylld

And p^rof fally^t many a chanse

A why desyer it yow t̄ ar w^t chyld

REGINA

A my sovereyn I am knitt in care

But recōsedyr now p^t I crave

For all pe lowys p^t ever ware

Behynd yow p^t ze me nat leve

REX

Wyff syn p^t ze woll take pis wey of pryse

Þ^rto can I no more seyn

Now Iħu be ow⁹ gyd p^t is hye justyce

1710 And pis blyssyd womā Mary Mavgleyn

MARY

Syth ze ar cōsentyd to p^t dede

The blessing of God gyff to yow wyll I

He xall save yow from all dred

In noīe patrys et filii et sp̄s sc̄ti amē

Et tunc navis venit in placeā et Navta dič

[NAVTA]

Loke forth Grobbe my knave
And tell me q^rt tydyngs p^u have
And yf p^u aspye ony lond

BOY

Into pe shrowds I woll me hye
Be my sythe a castell I aspye
1720 And as I ondyrstonnd

NAVTA

Sett p^ow^t yf we mown
For I wott itt^f a havyn town
Þ^t stondy^t vpon a strond
Ett tunc transitt Rex ad navem et d̄ Rex

[REX]

How good mā of whens is p^t shep
I pray 3e S^t tell p^u me

NAVTA

S^t as for p^t I take no kepe
For q^rt cavse enquire 3e

REX

For cawsys of nede seyle wold we

Ryth fayn we wold ow^o byn

NAVTA

1730 Yee butt me thynky^t so mote I the
 So hastely to passe yow^o spendyng is thyn
 I trow be my lyfe
 Ðu hast stollyn sū mans wyffe
 Ðu woldyst lede hyr ow^t of lond
 Neverpeles so God me save
 Lett se whatt I xall have
 Or ells I woll not wend

REX

Ten marke I wyll 3e gyff
 Yf pu wylt set me vp at pe cleff
 1740 In pe holy lond

NAVTA

Set of boy into pe flod

BOY

I xall Mast^o pe wynd is good
 Hens p^t we wer^e
 Lamētatur Regina

[REGINA].

A Lady helpp in pis nede
 Ð^t in pis flod we drench natt
 A Mary Mary flow^o of womāhed
 O blyssyd Lady [for]3ete me nowth

T

REX

A my dere wyffe ne dred ze have
 Butt trost in Mary Mavdleyne
 1750 And she from perellē xall vs save
 To God for vs she woll prayyn

REGINA

A dere hosband thynk on me
 And save yow^osylfe as long as ze may
 For trewly itt wyll no otherwyse be
 Full sor^r my hart it maky^t pis day
 A pe chyld p^t betwyx my sydf lay
 Þe wyche was cōseyvyd on me be ryth
 Alas p^t womans help is away
 An hevy deptyng is betwyx vs in syth
 1760 For now depte wee
 For defawte of womē here in my nede
 Deth my body makyth to sprede
 Now Mary Mavdleyne my sowle lede
 In man^o tuas Dñe

REX

Alas my wyff is ded
 Alas pis is a carefull chans
 So xall my chyld I am adred
 And for defawth of sustynās
 Good Lord pi g^rce gravnte to me
 1770 A chyld betweñ vs of increse
 And it is motherles

Help me my sorow for to relesse
Yf pi wyl it be

NAVTA

Benedicite benedicite
Q^rt wethyr may pis be
Ow^p mast woll all asondyr

BOY

Mast^p I p^rto ley myn ere
It is for pis ded body p^t we bere
Cast hyr owt or ells we synke ondyr
 Make redy for to [cast] hyr owt

REX

1780 Nay for Godds sake do natt so
And 3e wyll hyr into pe se cast
Gyntyll Sers for my love do
Yondyr is a rock in pe west
As ley hyr p^ron all above
And my chyld hyr by

NAVTA

As p^rto I assent well
And she were owt of pe wessell
All we xuld stond pe more in hele
I sey yow werely

REX

1790 Ly here wyff t chyld pe by

Blyssyd Mavdley n be hyr rede
 W^t terys wepyng t̄ grett cavse why
 I kysse yow both in pis sted
 Now woll I pray to Mary myld
 To be y^r gyde here

Tunc remigat a mōte et Navta dič

[NAVTA]

Pay now S^t t̄ goo to lond
 For here is pe portt 3af I ondyrston d
 Ley down my pay in my hond
 And belyve go me fro

REX

1800 I gravnt pe S^t so God me save
 Lo here is all p^t cōnownt
 All redy p^u xall it have
 And a marke more pan pi gravnt
 And p^u page for pi good obedyentt
 I gyff yow besyde yow^o styntt
 Eche of yow a marke for yow^o wage

NAUTA

Now he p^t mad both day t̄ nyth
 He sped yow in yow^o ryth
 Well to go on yow^o passage

PET^o

1810 Now all creaturs vpon mold

Þ^t byn of Crysts creacyon
 To worchep Ihu pey ar behold
 Nor nev^o azens hym to make waryacyon

REX

S^t feythfully I beseche you pis daye
 Wher Pet^o pe apostull is wete wold I

PET^o

Itt^f I Sy^t w'owt delay
 Of yow^o askyng tell me qwy

REX

S^t pe soth I xall yow seyn
 And tell yow myn intentt w'in a whyle
 1820 Y^o is a womā hyth Mary Mavdleyne
 Þ^t hether hath laboryd me ow^t of M^ocyll
 Onto pe whyche womā I thynk no gyle
 And pis pylg^rmage cawsyd me to take
 I woll tell yow more of pe styлле
 For to crestyn me from wo ʒ wrake

PET^o

O blyssyd be pe tyme p^t ʒe ar falle to g^rce
 And ʒe wyll kepe yow^o beleve aft^o my techeyng
 And alle only forsake pe fynd Saʒnas
 The cōmavndmēt^tf of God to have in kepyng

REX

1830 Forsoth I beleve in pe father p^t is of all wyldyng

And in the son Ihu Cryst
 Also in pe holy Gost hf gr^{ce} to vs spredyng
 I beleve in Crysts deth t̄ hf vprysyng

PETYR

S' pan whatt axke ze

REX

Holy father baptyñ for charyte
 Me to save in eche degre
 From pe fynds bond

PETYR

In pe name of pe trenete
 W^t pis wat^o I baptyse ze
 1840 Ð^t pu mayst strong be
 Aʒens pe fynd to stond
 Tunc aspargit illū cū aqua

REX

A holy fathyr how my hart wyll be sor^e
 Of cūmaūdemēt̄ t̄ ze declare nat pe sentens

PETYR

Syr dayly ze xall labor more t̄ more
 Tyll p^t ze have very experyens
 W^t me xall ze walk to have more eloquens
 And goo vesyte pe stacyons by t̄ by
 To Nazareth t̄ Bedlam goo w^t delygens
 And be yow^o own inspeccyon yow^o feyth to edyfy

REX

1850 Now holy father dereworthy t̄ dere
 Myn intent now know 3e
 Itt̄ gon full to 3er̄
 Þ̄t I cā to yow ower̄ pe se
 Cryst̄ ſ̄vantt t̄ yow̄ to be
 And pe lave of hym ev̄ to fulfyll
 Now woll I hoīm into my cōtre
 Yow̄ pver̄ blyssynd gravnt vs tylle
 Þ̄t feythfully I crave

PETRUS

Now in pe name of Iħu
 1860 Cū patre et s̄cto spiritu
 He kepe pe t̄ save
Et tunc Rex transit ad navem et t̄ Rex

[REX]

Hold ner shepmā hold hold

BOY

S̄t 3ondyr is oñ callyd aft̄ cold

NAVTA

A S̄t I ken yow of old
 Be my trowth 3e be welcū to me

REX

Now gentyll marraner̄ I pe pray

Whatsoewer p^t I pay
 Help me ow^o pe se
 In all pe hast p^t ze may

NAVTA

1870 In good soth we byn atenddavnt
 Gladly ze xall have yow^o grawnt
 Cōme in in Godds name
 W^towtyn ony cōnownt
 Grobbe boy pe wynd is nor west
 Fast abowth pe sayle cast
 Rere vp pe seyll in all pe hast
 As well as p^u can

Et tunc navis venit ad circū placeā Rex d̄

[REX]

Mast^o of pe shyp cast forth yow^o yee
 Me thynk^t pe rokke I gyn to aspye
 1880 Gentyll Mast^o pether vs gye
 I xall quyt yow^o mede

NAVTA

I feyth it is pe same stoñ
 Þ^t yow^o wyff lyeth vpon
 Ye xall be p^r even anō
 Werely indede

REX

O p^u myty Lord of hevan region

Yondyr is my babe of myn own nature
 P^svvd t̄ keptt from all corrupcyō
 Blyssyd be p^t Lord p^t pe doth socur
 1890 And my wyff lyeth her^r fayer t̄ puer
 Fayer^r t̄ cler^r is hur colo^r to se
 A good Lord yow^o g^rce w^t vs indure
 My wyvys lyfe for to illumyñ
 A blyssyd be p^t puer v^gyn
 From grevos slepe she gynnt^t revyve
 A pe sonne of grace on vs doth shyne
 Now blyssyd be God I se my wyff alyve

REGINA

O v^go salutata for ovr savacyon
 O pulcra et casta cū of nobyll alyavns
 1900 O almyty maydyn ovr sowlys cōfortacyon
 O demvr^r Mavdlyn my bodyys sustynavns
 Þ^a has wr[a]ppyd vs in wele from all waryawns
 And led me w^t my Lord ito pe holy lond
 I am baptyssyd as ye ar^r be Maryf gyddavns
 Of Sent Pet^oys holy hand
 I sye pe blyssyd crosse p^t Cryst shed on hf þcy^o blod
 Hf blyssyd sepulcur also se I
 Wherfor good hosbond be mery in mode
 For I have goñ pe stacyouns by t̄ by

REX

1910 I thanke at Ihu w^t hart on hye
 Now have I my wyf t̄ my chyld both

u

I thankytt Mavdleyñ ð owr lady
And ev^o shall do w'owtyn othe

Et tunc remigant a monte et Navta ð

[NAVTA]

Now ar 3e past all pelle
Her^e is pe lond of M^ocylle
Now goo a lond Sⁱ whan ye wyll
I pr^eyt yow for my sake

REX

Godamcy gentyll marraner^e
Her^e is x li of nobylls cler^e
1920 And euer pi frynd both ferre ð ner^e
Cryst save pe frō wo ð wrake

Here goth pe shep owt of pe place ð Mavð seyth

[MAGDALENE]

O dere frynds be in hart stabyll
And how dere Cryst hathe yow bowth
Azens God be nothyng vereabyll
Thynk how he mad all thyng^f of nowth
Thow yow in po^vte sūtyme be browth
Itte be in charyte both nyth ð day
For pey byn blyssyd p^t so byn sowth
For paupas est donū Dei
1930 God blyssyt alle po p^t byn mek ð good
And he blyssyt all po p^t wepe for synne
Ðey be blyssyd p^t pe hūgo^t ð pe thorsty gyff fode

Þey be blyssyd p^t byn mīcyfull azen wrecched mē
 Þey byn blyssyd p^t byn dysstroccyon of synne
 Thes byn callyd þe chyld^oyn of lyfe
 Onto þe wyche blysse bryng both yow t̄ me
 That for vs dyyd on þe rode tre amē

Here xall þe Kyng t̄ þe Qwene knele doū Rex t̄

[REX]

Heyll be p^a Mary owr Lord is w^t the
 The helth of ow^r sowlls t̄ repast cōtēplatyff
 1940 Heyll tabyrnakyll of þe blyssyd trenite
 Heyll covnfortabyll sokor^r for mā t̄ wyff

REGINA

Heyll p^a chosyn t̄ chast of womē aloñ
 It passy^t my wett to tell pi nobyllnesse
 Þ^a relevyst me t̄ my chyld on þe rokke of stoñ
 And also savyd vs be pi hye holynesse

MARY

Welcū hoñ prynse t̄ prynsses bothe
 Welcū hoñ yong prynsse of dew t̄ ryth
 Welcū hoñ yo^r own erytage w^owt othe
 And to alle your pepyll þsent in syth
 1950 Now ar^r ze becū Godds-own knyght
 For sowle helth salve ded ze fethe
 In hoñ þe holy Gost hath take resedens
 And drevyn asyde all þe deseptyon of wreth
 And now have ze a knowle[ge] of þe sentens

How 3e xall coñ onto grace
 But now in your go[o]ds a3en I do you sese
 I trost I have govnyd pem to your herts ese
 Now woll I labo^r forth God to plese
 More gostly strenkth me to purchase

REX

1960 O blyssyd Mary to cōphend
 Owr swete sokor on vs have pete

REGINA

To depte from vs why shovld 3e þtende
 O blyssyd lady putt vs nat to p^t provte

MARY

Of yow t yowers I wyll have remēberavns
 And dayly [y]owr bede womā for to be
 Þ^t alle wykydnesse from you may have deleverās
 In quiet t rest p^t leve may 3e

REX

Now thāne your puer blyssyng gravnt vs tulle .

MARI

The blyssyn of God mott yow fulfyll
 1970 Ille vos benedicat qui sine fine vivit et regnat
 Here goth Mary into þe wyldyrnesse t p⁹ seyyng Rex

[REX]

A we may syyn t wepyn also

Þ^t we have forgon pis lady fre
 It brynggy^t my hart in care ⁊ woo
 Þe which owr gydde ⁊ govⁿnor shovld a be

REGINA

Þ^t doth pswade all my ble
 Þe swete sypresse p^t she wold so
 In me resty^t neyther game nor gle
 That she wold from ow^e p^sens goo

REX

Now of hyr goyng I am nothyng glad
 1980 But my londds to gyddyn I most aplye
 Lyke as S^cte Peter me badde
 Chyrchys in cetyys I woll edyfye
 And whoso azens owr feyth woll repleye
 I woll ponysch [s]wych psonn^f w^t pplyxcyon
 Mahond ⁊ h^f lawys I defye
 A hys pryde owt of my love xall have polucyō
 And holle onto I^hu I me betake

MARI IN HERIMO

In pis de^ste abydyn wyll wee
 My sowle from synne for to save
 1990 I wyll ev^o abyte me w^t humelyte
 And put me in pacyens my Lord for to love
 In charyte my w^k I woll g^rve
 And in abstynens all dayys of my lyfe
 Thus my cōcyens of me doth crave

Than why shold I w^t my cōsyens stryffe
 And ferdar more I wyll leven in charyte
 At pe reverens of ovr blyssyd lady
 In goodnesse to be lyberall my soule to edyfye
 Of wordly fodf I wyll leve all refeccyon
 2000 Be pe fode p^t cōmy^t from heven on hye
 Thatt God wyll me send be cōtemplatyff

IHS.

O pe swettnesse of prayors sent onto me
 Fro my well beloved frynd w^towt waryovns
 W^t gostly fode relevyd xall she be
 Angells into pe clowds ye do hyr hav^rns
 Þ^r fede w^t māna to hyr systynovns
 W^t joy of angylls pis lett hur receyve
 Byd hur injoye w^t all hur afauns
 For fyndds frawd xall hur nō deseyve

I^o ANGEL^o

2010 O p^u redulent rose p^t of a v^gyn sprong
 O p^u þcy^o palme of wytory
 O p^u osanna angells song
 O þcy^o gēme born of our lady
 Lord pi cōmavnddemēt we obbey lowly
 To pi švant p^t p^u hast gravntyd blysse
 We angells all obeyyn devowtly
 We woll desend to pon wyld^onesse

Here xall to Angylls desend into wyldyrnesse t̄ other to xall bryng an
 oble opynly aperyng aloft in pe clowdds þe to benethyn xall bryng Mari
 t̄ she xall receyve þe bred t̄ þan go agen into wyldyrnesse

II^o ANGEL^o

Mari God gretyth pe w^t hevenly influens
 He hath sent pe grace w^t hevenly synys
 2020 Þ^u xall byn onoryd w^t joye t̄ reverens
 Inhansyd in heven above v'gynns
 Þ^u hast byggyd pe here among spynys
 God woll send pe fode be revelacyon
 Þ^u xall be receyvyd into pe clowdds
 Gostly fode to reseyyve to pi savacyon

MARI

Fiat volūtas tua in heven t̄ erth
 Now am I full of joye t̄ blysse
 Lavd t̄ preyse to p^t blyssyd byrth
 I am redy as h^t blyssyd wyll isse
 Her^r xall she be halsyd w^t Angylls w^t reverēt song
 Asumpta est Maria in nub³ celi gavgdēt
 Angeli lavdantes filiū Dei
 2030 O p^u Lord of Lordds of hye domenacyon
 In hewen t̄ erth worsheppyd be pi name
 How p^u devydyst me from hovngur t̄ wexacyō
 O glori⁹ Lord in pe is no fravdds nor no defame
 But I xuld s̄ve my Lord I wer^r to blame
 Wyche fullfyllt me w^t so gret felice
 W^t melody of angylls shewit me glee t̄ game
 And have fed me w^t fode of most delycyte
 Her^r xall speke an holy Prest in pe same wyldyrnesse p⁹ seyyng pe
 Prest

[PREST]

O Lord of Lordds what may pis be

So gret mesteryys shewyd from heven
 2040 W^t grett myrth t̄ melody
 W^t angyls brygth as pe lewyn
 Lord Ihu for pi namys sewynne
 As gravnt me grace p^t pson to se
 Her^e he xall go in pe wyldyrnesse t̄ spye Mari in hyr devoocyon p⁹ sey-
 yng pe Prest
 Heyl creature Crysts delecceon
 Heyl swetter pan sugu^r or cypresse
 Mary is pi name be angyls relacyon
 Grett art p^u w^t God for pi pfythnesse
 Þe joye of Ihulm shewyd pe expresse
 Þe wych I nev⁹ save pis xxx wynt⁹ t̄ more
 2050 Wherfor I know well p^u art of grett pfy[t]nesse
 I woll pray yow hartely to she[w] me of your Lord

MARI

Be pe grace of my Lord Ihs
 Þis xxx wynt⁹ pis hath byn my selle
 And thryys on pe day enhansyd p⁹
 W^t more joy pan my tong can telle
 Nev⁹ creature coñ q^r I dwelle
 Tyme nor tyde day nor nyth
 Þ^t I can w^t spece telle
 But alonly w^t Godds angyls brygth
 2060 But p^u art welcū onto my syth
 Yf p^u be of good cōvsacyon
 As I thynk in my delyth
 Thow sholddyst be a mā of deuocyon

PREST

In Crystys lav I am sacryed a pryst
 Mynstryyd be angelf at my masse
 I sakor pe body of our Lord Ihu Cryst
 And be p^t holy māna I leve in sowthfastnesse

MARI

Now I rejoyse of yowr goodnesse
 But tyme is come p^t I xall asende

PRYST

2070 I recūmend me w^t all vmbylnesse
 Onto my sell I woll þtend
 Her^e xall þe Prest go to h^e selle þ⁹ seyyng Ihs

[IHS]

Now xall Mary have possesson
 Be ryth errytaūs a crown to bere
 She xall be fett to eᵛlastyng savacyō
 In joye to dwell w^towtyn fere
 Now angelf lythly p^t 3e wer^e ther
 Onto pe prysts sell apere pis tyde
 My body in forme of bred p^t he bere
 Hur for to hossell byd hym pvyde

I⁹ ANGELF

2080 O blyssyd Lord we be redy
 Your massage to do w^towtyn treson

x

II⁹ ANGEL⁹

To hyr I wyll goo t̄ make reportur
How she xall coñ to your habytacyō

Here xall ij angells go to Mary t̄ to þe Prest þ⁹ seyyng þe Angylls to
þe Prest

[ANGELLS]

S^r Pryst God cūmaūdyt from heven region
Ye xall go hosyll h̄ svont expresse
And we w^t yow xall take mynystracyon
To bere lyth before h̄ body of worthynesse

PRYST

Angylls w^t all vmyllnesse
In a westmēt I wyll me aray
2090 To mynystyr my Lord of gret hynesse
Straytt p^rto I take þe way

II⁹ ANGEL⁹ IN HERIMO

Mary be glad t̄ in hart strong
To reseyyve þe palme of grett wytory
Þis day 3e xall be reseyyvyd w^t angells song
Yowr sowle xall depte from yowr body

MARI

A good Lord I thank þe w^towt weryawns
Þis day I am grovndyd all in goodnesse
W^t hart t̄ body cōclvdyd in substawns
I thanke þe Lord w^t speryt of pfythnesse

Hic aparent Angel⁹ et presbit⁹ cū corpe dominico

[ANGELUS ET PRESBITER]

2100 Þ^u blyssyd womā invre in mekenesse
 I have browth þe þ^t bred of lyf to þi syth
 To make þe suer from all dystresse
 Þi sowle to bryng to evlastyng lyth

MARI

O þ^u mygthty Lord of hye mageste
 Þis celestyall bred for to determyñ
 Thys tyme to reseyye it in me

Here she reseyyv^t it

My sowle þ^rw^t to allumyn
 I thank þe Lord of ardent love
 Now I know well I xall nat opprese
 2110 Lord lett me se þi joyys above
 I recūmend my sowle onto þi blysse
 Lord opyn þi blyssyd gate
 Thys erth at thys tyme fervently I kysse
 In man⁹ tuas Domine
 Lord w^t þi grace me wysse
 Cōmendo sp̄m meū redemisti me
 Domine Deus veritat^f

I⁹ ANGEL⁹

Now reseyye we þis sowle as reson is
 In heven to dwelle vs among

II⁹ ANGEL⁹

2120 W^towtyn end to be in blysse

Now lett vs syng a mery song

Gavdent in celis

PRYST

O good God grett is pi grace
 O Ihu Ihu blessyd be pi name
 A Mary Mary mych is pi solas
 In heven blysse w^t gle t̄ game
 Ði body wyl I cure from alle man^o blame
 And I wyll passe to pe bosshop of pe sete
 Thys body of Mary to berye be name
 W^t alle reverens and solemnyte

2130 Sufferens of pis processe thus enddy^t pe sentens
 That we have playyd in yowr syth
 Allemythty God most of magnyfycens
 Mote bryng yow to h^t blysse so brygth
 In þsens of p^t kyng
 Now frends thus endy^t thys mater
 To blysse bryng po p^t byn here
 Now clerkys w^t woycys cler
 Te Deū laudam^o lett vs syng

Explicit originale de Sca Maria Magdalena

Yff ony thyng amysse be
 2140 Blame cōnyng and nat me
 I desyer pe redars to be my frynd
 Yff p^r be ony amysse p^t to amend

A MORALITY.

Fyrst entreth Wysdam in a ryche ppyll cloth of gold w^t a mantyll of the same ermyned w^tin havyng abought his nek a ryall hood furred w^t ermyn vpon his hed a cheveler w^t browes a berd of gold sypres curled a ryche impiall crowne thervpon set w^t riche stonys and perlys in his left hand a ball of gold w^t a crosse þ^rvpon and i his right hond a ryall scepter þ^r seyng

[WYSDAM]

If ye wyll wete the ppyrte
And the reson of my name impiall
I am clepyd of hem that in erthe be
Eulastyng Wysdam to my noblely egall
Wiche name accordith best in especial
And most to me is conuenyent
Although eche pson of the trinite be wysdam etnall
And all thre on eulastyng wysdam togedyr þsent
Neuþeles forasmoche as wysdam is pperly
10 Applied to the son be reson
And also it fallith to hym specially
Because of his highest genacōn

Therfor the belovyd son hath this signyficaçõn
 Customably Wysdam now God now man
 Spowse of the chirche and verray patron
 Wyfe of eche chose sowle thus Wysdam began

Here entreth Aia as a mayde in a whight cloth of gold gytely purfyled
 w^t menyver a mantyll of blak thervpon a cheueler lyke to Wysdam w^t a
 riche chapetelet lasyd behynd hangyng down w^t ij knotts of gold t^e syde
 tasselys knelyng down to Wysdam p^o seyng

[AIA]

Hanc amaui t^e exquisiui
 Fro my yougthe this have I sought
 To haue to my spowse most specially
 20 For a lou^o of yo^r shapp^r am I wrought
 Above all hele and bewte that eu^o was sought
 I haue louyd Wysdam as for my light
 For all goodnesse w^t hym he brought
 In Wysdam I was made all bewte bright
 Of yo^r name the high felicite
 No creature knowith full exposicion

WYSDAM

Sapiencia specialior est sole
 I am founden light w^tout copison
 Of sterrys above all the disposiçõn
 30 Forsothe of light the very brightnesse
 Merour of the devyne domynaçõn
 And the image of his goodnesse
 Wysdam is bett^o than all wordly p^ocionesse
 And all that may desyred be

Is not in copison to my lykenesse
 The lengthe of the yerf in my right syde be
 And in my lefte syde richesse ioye and pspite
 Lo this is the worthynesse of thy name

AĪA

A soueyn Wysdam if yo^r benygnyte
 40 Wold speke of love that were a game

WYSDAM

Of my love to speke it is myrable
 Beholde now soule w^t ioyfull mynde
 How louely I am how amyable
 To be halsyd t̄ kyssed of mankynde
 To all clene soules I am full hende
 And eu^o p̄sent wher that thei be
 I love the louerf w^towtyn ende
 That ther^e loue have stedfast in me
 The p̄rogatyve of my love is so grett
 50 That who tast therof the lest droppe sur^e
 All lusts t̄ lykengf wordely shall lete
 Thei shall seme tyll hym filthe and ordur
 Thei that of the hevy burthen of synne hath cure
 My love dischargeth and purifieth clene
 It strengtheth the mende the soule makith pure
 And 3evyth wysdam to hem that p̄fight bene
 Who takith me to spowse may veryly wene
 If above all thyng ye love me specially
 That rest and tranquyllite he shall sene

60 And dey sekyrnesse of ioye ppetuall
 The hey loue of my worthynesse of my love
 Angell nor man can tell playnly
 It may be felt expience from above
 But not spoke ne told as it is veryly
 The godly love no creature can specyfie
 What wrech is that lovyth not this love
 That louyth his louers eu^o so tenderlye
 That his sight from them neu^o kan remove

ΔΙΑ

O worthy spouse and soueyne fayr
 70 O swete amyte our joye our blisse
 To yo^r love who doth repeyer
 All felicite in that creatur is
 What may I zeve you agayn for this
 O creato^r louer of yo^r creatur
 Though be our freelte we do amys
 Yo^r gret mcy eu^o sparith reddur
 A soueyn Wysdam sçus sçoz
 What I may I zeve to yo^r most plesaunce

WYSDAM

Fili ꝑbe michi cor tuum
 80 I aske not ellys of all this substaunce
 Thi clere hert thi meke obeisaunce
 Zeve me that and I am content

ΔΙΑ

A soueyn joy myn hert^e affiaunce

The fervour of my love to you I rep^sente
 That mekith my herte yo^r loue so fervent
 Teche me the scolys of yo^r devenynte

WYSDAM

Desire not to sauo^r in cūnyng^f to excellent
 But drede t̄ cōforme yo^r will to me
 For it is the helefull discyplyne that in wysdam may be
 90 The drede of God that is begynnyng
 The wedys of synne it makith to flee
 And swete vertuose herbis in the soule spryng

AÏA

O endeles Wysdam how may I haue knowyng
 Of thi godhed incomp^hensible

WYSDAM

By knowyng of yo^rselff ye may haue felyng
 What God is in yo^r soule sensyble
 The more knowyng of yo^rselff possible
 The more verily ye shall God knowe

AÏA

O soueyn auctour most credible
 100 Yo^r lesson I attende as I owe
 I that rep^sent here the soule of man
 What is his soule wyll ye declare

WYSDAM

It is the ymage of God that all bygan

Y

And not only ymage but his lykenesse ye are
 Of all creatur^f the fayrest ye ware
 Into the tyme of Adamys offence

AÏA

Lord syth we this soules that nought were thare
 Why of the first man bey we the violence

WYSDAM

For e^uy creatur that hath ben or shall
 110 Was in nature of the first man Adam
 Of hym takyng the fylthe of synne orygynall
 For of hym all creatures cam
 Than be hym of reason ye haue blame
 And be made the brondes of helle
 When ye be bore first of your dame
 Ye may in no wyse in hevyn dwelle
 For ye be disfygured be hys synne
 And dampnyd to derkenesse from Godd^f sight

AÏA

How doth g^rce thañ ageyn begynne
 120 What reformyth the sovre to his first light

WYSDAM

Wysdam that was God and man right
 Made a full seth to the fader of hevyn
 Be the dredfull deth to hym was dight
 Of wiche deth spronge the sacrament^f sevyn
 Wiche sacrament^f all synne wasshe away

Fyrst baptem clensyth synne orygynall
 And reformeth the soule in feith verray
 To the glorious lykenesse of God etnall
 And makith it as fayer and as celestiall
 130 As it neu^o diffowled had be
 And in Crists owne speciall
 His restyng place his plesaunt see

AĪA

In a soule what thyng^o be
 By wiche he hath his very knowyng

WYSDAM

Tweyn pties the oñ is the sensualite
 Wiche is clepyd the fleshly felȝg
 The v outward wittys to hym be ſuyng
 Whan thei be not rulyd ordynatly
 The sensualite than w^ot lesyng
 140 Is made the ymage of synne ther of his foly
 That other pte that is clepyd reson
 And that is the ymage of God ppyrly
 For by that the soule of God hath cognycōn
 And be that hym ſvyth and louyth duly
 Be the nether pte of reason he knoweth discretly
 All erthely thyng^o how thei shal be vsyd
 What suffysith to his myghtys bodyly
 And what nedith not to be refusyd
 These tweyne do signifie
 150 Yo^r disgysyng and yo^r araye

Blak and whyt fowle and fayr verylye
 Euy soule here this is no naye
 Blak by steryng of synne that comyth al day
 Wiche felyng comyth of sensualite
 And white be knowyng of reson verray
 Of the blissed infinite Deite
 Thus a soule is both fflowle and fayr
 Fowle as a best be felyng of synne
 Fayr as aungell of hevyn the hayr
 160 By knowyng of God by hys reson w'inne

AIA

Than may I sey thus and begynne
 Wt v prudent virgynes of my reme
 Tho be the v wyttys of my soule w'inne
 Nigra sum ꝛ formosa filia Jerusalem

Here entreth v v'gynes in white kertelys ꝛ mantelys w't chevelers ꝛ cha-
 pelyttꝛ and syng Nigra sū ꝛ3 formosa filia Jeřlem sicut tabernaċla Ce-
 dar ꝛ sicut pelles Salomonis

The doughters of Jeřlem me not lak
 For this dyrke shadowe I bere of humanyte
 That as the tabernacle of Cedar w'owt it is blak
 And w'inne as the skynne of Salomon full of bewte
 Quod fusta sum nolite considerare me
 170 Qꝛ decoloravit me sol Jouis

WYSDAM

Thus all the soules that in this lyve be
 Stondyng in grace be lyke to this

A quinq, prudentes yo' wittf fyve
 Kepe you clene and ye shall neu' deface
 Ye Goddf ymage [n]eu' shall ryve
 For the clene soule is Goddf restyng place
 Thre myghtf eu' cristen soule hase
 Whiche beth applyeth to the trynyte

MYNDE

All thre here la byfore yo' face
 180 Mynde

WYLLE

Wylle

VNDERSTONDYNG

And Vnderstondyng we thre

WYSDAM

Ye thre declare thanne this
 Your signyficaçdn and yo' ppyrte

MENDE

I am Mende that in the soule is
 The very figure of the Deite
 Whan in myselve I haue mynde t̄ se
 The benefetf of God and his worthynesse
 How hole I was made how fayr how fre
 190 How glorious t̄ how gentyll to his lyknesse
 This insight bryngeth to my mynde
 What grates I ough to God ageyn

That thus hath ordeyned w^touten ende
 Me in his blisse euⁿ for to reigne
 Thanne myn insufficiens is to me peyn
 That I haue not wherof to yelde my dette
 Thynkyng myselff creatur^e most veyne
 Than for sorowe my bren I knette
 Whan in my mynde I bring togedyr
 200 The yeers and dayes of my synfulnesse
 The vnstabylnesse of my mynde hedyr t^e thedyr
 Myn horrible falling^e and freilnesse
 Myself right nought than I cōfesse
 For be myself I may not ryse
 W^tout speciall grace of Godd^e goodnesse
 Thus mynde makyth me myself to dispise
 I seke and fynd no where comfort
 But only in God my creature
 Than vnto hym I do resort
 210 And say haue mynde of me my sauour
 Thus mynde to mynde bryngeth that fauour
 Thus be mynde of me God I can knowe
 Good mynde of God it is the fygure
 And this mynde to haue all cristen owe

WILLE

And I of the soule am the wyll
 Of the godhed lyknesse and a fygur^e
 W^t good wyll no man may spyll
 Nor w^touten good wyll of blis be sure
 What soule wyll gret mede recur^e
 220 He must gret wyll haue in thought or dede

Vertuously sett w^t conscience pur^r
 For in wyll onely standyth mannys dede
 Wyll for dede oft is take
 Therfor the will must wele be disposed
 Thanne ther begynnyth all g^rce to wake
 If it w^t synne be not anosed
 Therfor the wyll must be wele apposed
 Or that it to the menyng geve consent
 The lybrary of reason must be vnclosed
 230 And aft^r his domys to take entent
 Oure wyll in God must be only sett
 And for God to do wylfully
 Whan good wyll resyth God is in vs knett
 And he pformeth the dede veryly
 Of hym comyth all wyll sett pfightly
 For of ourself we haue right nought
 But synne wrechednesse and foly
 He is begynner and grounde of wyll and thought
 Than this good wyll seid before
 240 Is behouefull to eche creatur^r
 If he cast hym to restore
 The soule that hath take of cure
 Wiche of God is the fygure
 As longe as the figure is kept fayr
 And ordeigned eu^r to endure
 In blisse of wiche is the very hayr

VNDERSTONDYNG

The iij^{de} pte of the soule is Vndyrstondyng

For by vnderstandyng I behold what God is
 In hymselff begynnyng w'tout begynnyng
 250 And ende w'touten ende that shall neu' mys
 Incōphensible in hymselff he is
 His werkē in me I cannot cōphende
 How should I holly h̄y than that wrought all this
 Thus by knowyng of me to knowyng of God I ascende
 I know in aungelys he is desiderable
 For hym to behold thei desire soueynly
 In his seyntē most delectable
 For in hym thei joy assiduly
 In creaturē his werks ben most wonderfully
 260 For all this is made by his myght
 Bi his wysdam gōūnyd most soueynly
 And be his benygnyte inspired all soules w't light
 Of all creaturē he is louyd soueyne
 For he is God of eche creature
 And thei be his people that eū shall reigne
 In whom he dwellyth as in his temple sure
 When I of this knowyng make reporture
 And se the loue he hath for me wrought
 It bryngeth me to love that p'nce most pur'
 270 For for loue that Lorde made man of nought
 This is that loue wiche is clepyd charite
 For God is charite as auctores telles
 And who is in charite in God dwellith he
 And God that is charite in hym dwelles
 Thus vnderstandyng of God compelles
 To come to charite than haue his lyknesse lo

Blessed is that soule that this speche spellles
Et qui creauit me requieuit in tabernaçlo meo

WYSDAM

Lo these thre myghtf in o soul be
280 Mynde Wyll t Vnderstandyng
Be Mynde of God the fadyr knowyng haue ye
Be vnderstandyng of God the sone ye haue knowyng
By Wyll wiche turnyth into loue brennyng
God the holy Gost that clepyd is love
Not thre goddƒ but on God in beyng
Thus eche clene soule is simylitude of God above
Be Mynde feith in the fader haue we
Hope in our Lorde Ihu by Vnderstandyng
And be Wyll in the holy Gost charite
290 Lo these iij p'ncypall vertues of you iij sprynges
Thus the clene soule standith as a kynges
And above all this ye haue fre Wyll
Of that beware byfore all thynges
For if that puert all this doth spylle
Ye haue iij enemyes of hem beware
The Worlde the Flessh and the Fende
Yo' v wyttf from hem ye spare
That the sensualite thei bryng not to mynde
No thyng shuld offende God in no kynde
300 And if thei do se that the nether pte of reson
In no wyse thereto lende
Than the ou' pte shall have fre domynaçon
Whan suggestion to the mynde doth appere

Vnderstandyng delyte not the therinne
 Consent not Wyll yll lessons to lere
 And than suche steryngf be no synne
 Thei do but purge the soule wher is such cōtraūsie
 Thus in me Wysdam yo^r werkf begynne
 Fyght t̄ ye shall haue the crowne of glorye
 310 That is eūlastyng ioie to be pteners therinne

AĪA

Souereigne Lord I am bound to the
 Whan I was nought thu made me thus glorious
 Whan I pissed thurgh synne thu sauyd me
 Whan I was in grett parell thu kept me X̄pus
 Whan I erryd thu reducyd me Ihus
 Whan I was ignoraunt thu taught me truthe
 Whan I synnyd thu correct me thus
 Whan I was hevy thu confortyd me be ruthe
 Whan I stonde in g^rce thu holdest me that tyde
 320 Whan I falle thu reiseyst me myghtily
 Whan I go wele thu art my gyde
 When I come thu receyvist me most louyngly
 Thu hast anoynted me w^t the oyle of m̄cy
 Thy benefetys Lord be innum̄able
 Wherfor laude endles to the I crye
 Recōmendyng me to thi endles pow^r durable

Her^e in þe goyng out þe v Wyttef syng tota pulc^r es &c. thei goyng be-
 fore Aia next t̄ hir folwyng Wysdam t̄ aft^o h̄y Mynde Wyll t̄ Vnder-
 standyng all iij in whit cloth of gold chevelered t̄ crestyd in on sute And
 aft^o þe song entreth Lucyfer in a deuely aray w^tout t̄ w^tin as a prowde
 galaunt seyng thus on this wyse

[LUCIFER]

Out herrowe I rore
 For envy I lore
 My place to restore
 330 God hath made man
 All come thei not thore
 Woode and thei wore
 I shall tempt hem so sore
 For I am he that synne beganne
 I was aungell of light
 Lucifer I hight
 P^osumyng in Godd^e sight
 Wherfor I am lowest in helle
 In reformyng of my place is dight
 340 Man whom I haue in most dispight
 Eu^o castyng me w^t hem for to fight
 In that heuynly place that he shuld not dwelle
 I am as wyly now as than
 The knowyng that I had yet I can
 I know all compleccōns of man
 Wherto he is most disposed
 And therin I tempte h^y ay whan
 I marre his myndes to thei wan
 That wo is hym God h^y bygan
 350 Many an holy man w^t me is mosed
 Of God man is the figure
 His symylitude his pictur^e
 Gloryosest of ony creatur^e
 That eu^o was wrought

- Wiche I wyll disfigure
 Be my false coniecture
 If he tende my reporture
 I shall bryng hym to nought
 In the soule be iij pties I wys
 360 Mynde Wyll Vnderstandyng of blis
 Figur of the Godhed I know wele this
 And p^r flesh of man that is so chaungeable
 That will I tempte as I gesse
 Though that I puert synne noon is
 But if the soule cōsent vnto mys
 For in the wyll of the soule ben the ded^f dampnabyll
 To the mynde of the soule I shall make suggestion
 And bryng his vnderstandyng to delectacōn
 So that his will make confirmacōn
 370 Than am I seker t̄ noow
 That dede shall sew of dampnacōn
 Than of the soule the devyll hath dñacōn
 I will go make this examynacōn
 To all the develis of helle I make a vowe
 But for to tempt man in my likenesse
 It wold brynge hym to gret ferfulnesse
 I will chaunge me into brightnesse
 And so hym to begyle
 Syn I shall shew hym pfightnesse
 380 And vertu pve it wykednesse
 Thus vnd^r colours all thyng pūse
 I shall neu^r rest tyll the soule I defyle
 Here Lucyfer devoydeth t̄ cōmyth in ageyn as a goodly galaunt

MYNDE

My mynde is eu^p on Ihu
 That endued vs w^t v̄tu
 His doctryne to sue
 Eu^p I purpose

VNDERSTONDYNG

Myn vnderstondyng is in trewe
 That w^t feith vs did renewe
 His lawis to pursewe
 390 Is swett^r to me than the sauo^r of the rose

WYLL

And my wyll is his wyll verily
 That made vs his creatur^f so specialy
 Yeldyng vnto hym laude & glory
 For his goodnesse

LUCYFER

Ye fonnyd faders founders of foly
 Vt quid hic stat^f tota die ociosi
 Ye wyll pisshe or ye it aspy
 The devyll hath accōbred you exp^{sse}
 Mynde mynde Syr haue mynde of this

MYNDE

400 He is not idyll that w^t God is

LUCYFER

No Sir I pve wele pis

Lo this is my suggestion
 All thyng hath dew tymes
 Prayer fastyng labo^r all these
 Whan tyme is not kept that dede is mys
 Be more plenerly to yo^r iformacōn
 Her^e is a man that levith wardly
 Hath wyff children t̄ sū^{er}nt^e besy
 And other charg^e that I not specify
 410 Is it leffull to this man
 To leve his labo^r vsyd truly
 His charg^e parisch that Gød gave duly
 And geve hym to prayer and ese of body
 Whoso do thus wth God is not than
 Martha plesid God gretly thore

MYNDE

Ye but Maria plesid hym moche more

LUCYFER

Yit the lest had blisse for eūmore
 Is not that inow

MYNDE

Contemplatyfe lyff is sett before

LUCYFER

420 I may not beleve that in my lore
 For God hymself whan he was man bore
 What lyff led he answe^re thu nowe

Was he eu^o in contempla^on

MYNDE

I suppose not be my rela^on

LUCYFER

And all his lyff was informa^on
 And example to man
 Sūtyme w^t synners he had conūsac^on
 Sūtyme w^t holy also cōmunycac^on
 Sūtyme he labored p^ryd sūtyme tribula^on
 430 This was vita mixta that God her^e began
 And that lyff shuld ye her^e sewe

MYNDE

I can beleve that ye say is trewe

LUCYFER

Contemplatyff lyff for to sewe
 It is gret dred and se cause why
 Thei must fast wake t̄ pray eu^o newe
 Vse hard levyng^e and goyng w^t disciplyne dewe
 Kepe sylence wepe and surfett^e eschewe
 And if thei faile of this thei offend God highly
 Whan thei haue wastyd be fayntnesse
 440 Than febyll ther witt^e and fallyn to fondenesse
 Sūme into dispeyr and sūme into madnesse
 Wete it wele God is not plesyd w^t this
 Leve leve suche syngler besynesse

Be in the world vse thyngf necesse
 The cōmon is best expresse
 Who clymyth high his ffalle gret is

MYNDE

Truly me seme ye haue reson

LUCYFER

Apply you than to this conclusion

MYNDE

I can make no repplycaōn
 450 Yo^r resons be grete
 I cannot forzete this informaōn

LUCYFER

Thynke therypon it is yo^r saluaōn
 Now and vnderstondyng wold haue delectaōn
 Alle syngler deuocōns he wold lete
 Yo^r v witts abrode let sprede
 Se how comly to man is ꝑcious wede
 What worship it to be manfull indede
 ꝑ^t bryngeth in dñacōn
 Of the symple what ꝑfite it to take hede
 460 Behold how richesse distroyeth nede
 It makyth man fayr hym wele for to fede
 And of lust ꝛ lykyng comyth genācōn
 Vnderstondyng tendr^e ye this informaōn

VNDERSTONDYNG

In this I fele a maner of delectacōn

LUCYFER

A ha Sir than thar make a pawsaçōn
 Se and behold the world abought
 Lytell thyng suffisyth to saluaçōn
 All manⁿ synnys distroyeth contricion
 Thei that despeyer mⁱcy have grett compūcōn
 470 God plesyd best w^t good wyll no dowte
 Therfor wyll I rede you inclyne
 Leve yo^r stodyes tho be devyne
 Yo^r p^ryers your penⁿce of ipocryt^f the signe
 And lede a comown lyff
 What synne is in mete in ale in wyne
 What synne is in richesse in clothyng fyne
 All thyng God ordeigned to man to inclyne
 Leve yo^r nyse chastyte and take a wyff
 Better is fayr frute than foule pollucōn
 480 What seyth Sensualite to this conclusion

WYLL

As the v wyttys zeve informaçōn
 It semeth your resons be good

LUCIFER

The will of the soule hath fre dⁿaçōn
 Dispute not to moche in this w^t reason
 Yitt the nether pte to this takith sūme instrucōn

2 A

And so shuld the ou^o pte but he were woode

WYLL

Me seme as ye sey in body and soule
Man may be in the world and be right good

LUCYFER

Ya Sir be Seynt Powle
490 But trust not these þchours for thei be not good
For thei flater and lye as thei were wood
Ther is a wolfe in a lombe skynne

WYLL

Ya I wyll no more row ageyn the flode
I wyll sett my soule on a mery pynne

LUCYFER

Be my treuthe that do ye wysely
God louyth a clene soule and a mery
Accorde ye iij togeder by
And ye may not mys fare

MYNDE

To this suggestion agre me

VNDERSTONDYNG

500 Delight therein I haue truly

WYLL

And I consent therto frely

LUCIFER

A ha Sir all mery than and away car
 Go in the world se that about
 Gete good ffrely caste no dought
 To the riche ye se men louly lought
 Geve to yo^r body that is nede
 And eu^o be mery lett reuell rought

MYNDE

Ya ellys I beshrewe my snowte

VNDERSTOND

And if I care catche me the gowte

WYLL

510 And if I spare the Deuyll me spede

LUCIFER

Go yo^r wey than and do wysely
 Chaunge that syde aray

MYNDE

I it defye

VNDERSTOND

We will be fressh and it haⁿ la plu joly
 Farewell penⁿce

MYNDE

To worshippys I wyll my mynde applie

VNDERSTOND

Myn vnderstondyngf in worshepys t̄ glorye

WYLL

And I in lustf of lechory
 As was sumtyme gyse of Fraunce
 520 With why whippe
 Farewell q̄d I the Deuyll is vp

Eſia

LUCIFER

Of my desyre now haue I sūme
 Wer onys brought into Cristūme
 Than farewele consciens he were clume
 I shuld haue all my wyll
 Reson I haue made both deff and dūme
 Grace is out and putt a rome
 Whedyr I wyll haue he shall cūme
 So at the last I shall hym spille
 530 I shall now stere his mynde
 To that synne made me a fende
 Pryde wiche is ageyn kynde
 And of all synnes hed
 So to couetyse he shall wende
 For that enduryth to the last ende
 And vnto lechery and I may hym rende
 Than am I seker the soule is ded
 That soule God made incōpable
 To his lykenesse most amyable

540 I shall make it most repuable
 Evyn lyke to a ffende of helle
 At his deth I shall appere informable
 Shewyng hym all hys synnys abhomynable
 Prevyng his soule dampnable
 So w^t dispeyr I shall hym quelle
 Whyll clenness is mankyn
 Verely the soule God is wⁱⁿ
 And whan it is in dedly synne
 It is veryly the Deuelys place
 550 Thus by colours and false gynne
 Many a soule fro hevyn I wynne
 Wyde to go I may not blynne
 With this false boy God geve hym ille g^rce

Here he takith a shrewed boy w^t h^y t^t goth his way cryeng

MYNDE

Lo me here in newe aray
 Whyppe whyrre care away
 Farewele pfeccion
 Me semeth myself most lykly ay
 It is but honest no pride no nay
 I wyll be ffresshest be my fay
 560 For that accordith w^t my cōplexion

VNDERSTONDYNG

And haue here one as ffressh as you
 All mery mery and glad now
 I haue gete good God wote howe

For joye I spryng I skyppe
 Good makith oñ mery to God avowe
 Farewell conscience I knowe not yowe
 I am at ease had I inowe
 Truthe on syde I lete hym slippe

WILL

Lo her oñ as jolye as ye
 570 I am so lykyng me seme I fle
 I haue atastid lust farewele chastite
 Myn hert is eumore light
 I am full of felicite
 My delyte is all in bevtē
 There is no joye but that in me
 A woman me semeth an hevynly sight

MYNDE

And these ben my syngler solace
 Kynde fortune and grace
 Kynde nobley of kynred me ȝovyn hase
 580 And that makyth me soleyne
 Fortune in worldē worshep me doth lace
 Grace gevith coryous elequence t̄ that mase
 That all vnkūnyngē I disdeyne

VNDERSTONDYNG

And my joye is especiall
 To hurde vp rychesse for fere to falle
 To se it to handele it to telle it alle

And streightly to spare
 To behold ryche and ryall
 I bost I avaunt wher I shall
 590 Riches makyth a man equall
 To hem sumtyme his souereigns were

WYLL

To me is joye most laudable
 Fresshe disgysynge to seme amyable
 Spekyng wordys delectable
 Pteynyng vnto love
 It is joy of joyes inestimable
 To halse to kysse the affiable
 A lover is sone pceyvable
 Be the smylyng on me whan it doth remove

MYNDE

600 To avaunte thus me semeth no shame
 For galaunt now be in most fame
 Courtly psones men hem pclame
 Moch we be sett bye

VNDERSTOND

The riche covetouse who dare blame
 Of govele and symonye though he bere the name
 To be false men reportith it game
 It is clepyd wysdam "whar that q̄d Wyly"

WYLL

And of lechory to make avaunt

Men forse it no more than drynke ataunt
 610 These thyng^f be now so conuersaunt
 We seme it no shame

MYNDE

Coryous aray I wyll eu^p haunt

VNDERSTONÐ

And I ffalsnesse to be passaunt

WYLL

And I in lust my flessch to daunt
 No man dispise these thei be but game

MYNDE

I reioyse of these now let vs synge

VNDERSTONÐ

And if I spare euyll joy me wrynge

WYLL

Have at ãd I lo howe I sprynge
 Lust makith me wondyr wyld

MYNDE

620 A tenor to you both I brynge

VNDERSTONÐ

And I a mene for ony kyng

WYLL

And but a trebyll I out wrynge
The Deuyll hym spede that myrth exyled

MYNDE

How be this trowe ye nowe

VNDERSTOND

At the best to God avowe

WYLL

As mery as the byrd on bowe
I take no thought

MYNDE

The weelfare of this world is in vs I avowe

VNDERSTOND

Let eche man telle his condiçõns how

WYLL

630 Begynne ye and haue at yowe
For I am ashamyd of ryght nought
This is cause of my worshippe
I sue myghty lorshiþ
And am in grete tendreshippe
Therfor moche folke me dredys
Men sewe to my frendshiþ
For meyn^enten^ence of her shenshiþ

I support hem by lordshiþ
 For to gete good this a grete spede is

VNDERSTOND

640 And I vse jorourry
 Enbrace quest^f of piury
 Choppe and chaunge w^t symonye
 And take large gifts
 Be the case neu^o so try
 I preve it false I swere I lye
 W^t a quest of myn affye
 The redy wey this now to thrift is

WYLL

And what trowe ye be me
 More than I take spende I thries thre
 650 Sūtyme I geve sumtyme thei me
 And am eu^o ffresshe and gaye
 Few plac^f now ther be
 But vnclennesse ye shall ther se
 It is holde but a nysete
 Lust is now comon as the i waye

MYNDE

Law pcedith not for maynten^{ance}

VNDERSTOND

Trouthe recuryth not for abundaunce

WYLL

And lust is in so grete vsaunce
We forse it nought

MYNDE

660 In vs the worlde hath most affiaunce

VNDERSTOND̃

Non ther be in so grett aqueyntaunce

WYLL

Fewe ther be out of our allyaunce
While the worlde is thus take we no thought

MYNDE

Thought nay then geyne stryve I

VNDERSTOND̃

We haue that nedith vs so thryve I

WYLL

And gyve that I care neu^o wyve I
Let hem care that hath for to sewe

MYNDE

Who lordship shall sue must it by

VNDERSTOND̃

Who wyll haue lawe must haue mony

WYLL

670 Ther pouert is the male wry
 Though right be he shall neu^o renewe

MYNDE

Wronge is born vp boldly
 Though all the world know it opynly
 Maynten^{ce} is now so myghty
 And all is for mede

VNDERSTOND

The law is so coloured falsly
 By sleight^h t̄ by piury
 Bryber be so gredy
 That to the pore trouthe is take right non hede

WYLL

680 Who gete or lese ye be ay wynnand
 Maynten^{ce} and piury now stand
 Ther wer^{er} neu^o so moche reynand
 Seth God was bore

MYNDE

And lechory was neu^o more vsande
 Of lernyd and lewyd in this lande

VNDERST

So we thre be now in hande

WYLL

Ya t̄ most vsyd eūy where

MYNDE

Now wyll we thre do make a daunce
 Of tho that longe to our reten^{ance}
 690 Comyng in be counten^{ance}
 This wer a disporte

VNDERST̄

Therto I geve accordaunce
 Of tho that ben of my affyaunce

WYLL

Let se be tyme ye meynten^{ance}
 Clepe in first yo^r resort

Here entre vj disgysed in the sute of Mynde w^t red berds t̄ Lyons rampaut on her crests t̄ iche a warder in his hand hir menstrall trumpes eche answere for his name

MYNDE

Let se com in Indigna^{cion} and Sturdynesse
 Malyce also t̄ Hastynesse
 Wrethe and Discorde ex^{psse}
 And the vijth am I Maynten^{ance}
 700 Vij is a nombyr of discorde t̄ impfightnesse
 Lo her^e is a yomanry w^t loveday to dresse
 And the Deuyll had swore it thei wold bere vp falsnesse
 And mayntyn it at the best this is the Develys daunce

And here menstrellys be conuenient
 For tromps shulld blowe to the jugement
 Of batayle also it is one instrument
 Gevyng comfort to fight
 Therfor thei be expedient
 To these meny of mayntement
 710 Blow sett Se madame regent
 And daunce ye laddʒ yoʳ hertʒ ben light
 Lo that other spare this meny will spende

VNDERST̃

Ye who is hym shall hem offende

WYLL

Who wyll not to hem condescende
 He shall haue thretys

MYNDE

Thei spille that lawe wolde amende

VNDERST̃

Yit maynten^{ce}nce no man dare reþhende

WYLL

These meny thre synnys comþhende
 Pryde Invy ʒ Wrathe in his hestys

VNDERSTOND̃

720 Now wyll I than begynne my traces

Jourour in one hood berith to ffaces
 Fayre speche ʒ falshed in oñ space is
 Is it not ruthe
 The queste of helborn come into this places
 Ageyne the right eu^o thei rechases
 Of whom thei hold not hard his g^rce is
 Many a tyme haue dampnyd truthe

Her^r entreth vj jorours in a sute gownyd w^t hoodf abowte her necks
 hattf of Maynten^rnce thervpon vyszered diu^osly her mynstrall a bagpype

Let se first Wronge and Sleight
 Doblensse and Falsehed shew yo^r myght
 730 Now Ravyne and Disceyte
 Now hold yow here togedyr
 This menyes conscyens is so streyte
 That report as mede gevith beyte
 Her^r is the quest of helborn an euyll endyreete
 Thei daunce all this londe hyder and thedyr
 And I piury yo^r foundour
 Now daunce on vs all the world doth wonder
 Lo here is a meyne love welefare

MYNDE

Ye thei spende that true men spare

WYLL

740 Haue thei a brybe thei haue no care
 Who hath wronge or right

MYNDE

Thei forse not to swere and stare

WYLL

Though all be false lesse and mare

VNDERST

Wiche wey to the wode wyll the hare
 Thei knewe t̃ thei at rest sett als tight
 Some seme hem wyse
 For the ffader of vs covetyse

WYLL

Now Maynten^{ce}nce t̃ Piury
 Hath shewed the trace of her company
 750 Ye shall se a spryng of Lechery
 Þ^t to me attende
 Her forme is of the stewys clene rybaldry
 The wene seyseth whan that thei lye
 Of the comon thei synge eche weke by t̃ by
 Thei may say w^t tynker I trowe late amende

Her entre vj woman in sute disgysed as galaunt t̃ thre as mat^{nes} w^t
 wonderfull vysers cōregent her mynstrallys an hornpype

Cetera desunt.

GLOSSARY.

GLOSSARY.

- Abrayd, *to wake, to start.*
Accombred, *encumbered, perplexed.*
Aduertacyonne, *information.*
Agre, *eager.*
Alle only, *wholly, altogether.*
Ambra, *ambergris.*
Anosed, *known, acknowledged.*
Apposed, *objected to, questioned.*
Arere, *to rear, to raise up.*
Assiduly, *daily.*
Astert, *to escape.*
Attis, *at this.*
Aunterous, *adventurous.*
Auoyde away, *put away.*
A voydyth read avoydyth, *goeth out, p. 74.*
Awant, *to boast.*
- Bale, *sorrow.*
Balys, *broom, rod.*
Benomme, *took away.*
Ber ytt, *bear it.*
Belyve, *immediately.*
Bey, *buy, purchase.*
Betake, *to commend.*
Bidde, *pray.*
Blasyd, *hurt.*
- Ble, *countenance.*
Bleryd is our eye,—a proverb or saying still
in use.
Blynne, *cease.*
Bobbyd, *taunted, scoffed.*
Bome, *p. 99, l. 780.*
Bonys ten,—a figurative expression for the
hands.
Bote, *remedy.*
Breels, *p. 107, l. 927.*
Brysted, *bursted.*
- Cardyakylls wrech, *the heart's revenge.*
Cheveler with browes, *a peruke or false
hair.*
Clary, *wine mixed with honey and spices.*
Clepe, *call.*
Clume, *silent.*
Conctypotent, *omnipotent.*
Contraly, *contrary.*
Cressen, *to increase.*
Cure, *care.*
- Daunt, *tame, subdue.*
Delacion, *delay, procrastination.*

- Delectary, *delightful, pleasing.*
 Dempste, *deemed, judged.*
 Dere, *hurt.*
 Dereworthy,—The compound dereworthy or dereworth seems to be of the same nature with darling or dearing.
 Desiderable, *desired.*
 Dever, *devoir.*
 Devyde, *devoid, go out.*
 Dey sekynnesse, *daily assurance.*
 Diagalanga, *a confection of galangal and certain hot spices.*
 Domys, *judgment, opinion.*
 Doth, *doubt.*
 Downt, *fear.*
 Drye, *suffer.*
 Drynchyn, *drenched.*
 Duke, *leader.*
 Dyrke, *dark.*
 Dylfe, *devil.*
 Dysscenddyng, *dissenting.*
- Eme, *uncle.*
- Faytors, *idle fellows.*
 Fegyty, *fugitive.*
 Felle a pese, *broach a cask.*
 Ferdell, *bundle.*
 Feruent, Fr. *fiere, burning*; but unless a word is wanting after "feruent" it is here used as a substantive and not adjectively, p. 39.
 Fles of Judeon, *fleece of Gideon.*
 Fondnesse, *foolishness.*
 Fonnyd, *foolish.*
- Forse not, *care not.*
 Foysonnes, *abundance, plenty.*
 Erest, *first, before, formerly.*
 Fretth, *fright.*
 Fyeryng, *company.*
- Gan, *began.*
 Garlement, *garnishment, provision.*
 Gold ebryson, *the finest of gold.*
 Govele, p. 191, l. 605.
 Granorum paradyse, *grains of Paris.*
 Grates, *thanks.*
 Grenne, p. 118, l. 1171.
 Grett morell, *a horse of a dark colour.*
 Grogly gromys,—It is difficult to say what the epithet "grogly" means. The licentious use of words in this piece for the sake of alliteration frequently baffles all attempts at explanation, p. 88, l. 549.
 Grooth, *grotto.*
 Gun, *begun.*
 Gye, *guide.*
 Gynne, *contrivance.*
 Gynyth, *beginneth.*
 Gytely, *in the form or fashion of a gown.*
 Halse, *embrace.*
 Halsyd, *embraced.*
 Harlot,—Harlot was a name formerly given to men as well as to women. Herlode in Welsh is simply a young man, and herloder a young woman.
 Havns, *enhance.*
 Heds, *hoods.*
 Hele, *health.*
 Hem, *him, them.*
 Hende, *civil, courteous.*

- Herimo, eremo, *in the desert.*
 Hir, *their.*
 Ho, *who, she.*
 Hossell, hosyll, *the cucharist.*
 Houkkyn, p. 118, l. 1160.
- Jawell, p. 20, l. 369.
 Jourory, *false swearing.*
 Juper rowpent, *quere from jus perrumpens, breaking through what is right.*
 I waye, *high way.*
 In wytt synez, *quere the within seeing, p. 74, l. 285.*
 Into, *until.*
- Kelle, p. 86, l. 520.
 The knowyng that I had yet I can, *the knowledge that I had yet I know, p. 179, l. 344.*
 Kyd, Sax. *known.*
- Langbannis losells, *long-boned, worthless fellows.*
 Lave, *law.*
 Lefe and dere, *pleasant and dear.*
 Lepe, Sax. *leap, a basket.*
 Lete, Sax. *leave, omit.*
 Lewyn, *lightning.*
 Locucion,—*very locucion, true speech.*
 Lever, *rather.*
 Lone, p. 136, l. 1570.
 Loveday, *a day of amity or reconciliation.*
 Low, *lout, bow down.*
 Lucens, *light.*
- Lynne, Sax. *cease, stop.*
 Lythys, *lights.*
- Male wry, Fr. *hunger.*
 Malynacyon, *fraud, deceit.*
 Malyngny, *malign, evil, bad.*
 Maments, *mawments, idols.*
 Margaretton, *margarites, an herb.*
 Marry, *marred.*
 Mase, p. 190, l. 582.
 Mell, Fr. *mingled, mixed.*
 Meny, meyne, Fr. *attendants.*
 Merrorys,—*womanly merrorys, womanly perfection.*
 Moment, *monument.*
 Moryd, *made more, increased.*
 Mort, *dead.*
 Mosed, p. 179, l. 350.
 Mott, Sax. *may, might.*
 Mown, *may, or can.*
 Mut, *may, might.*
 Myrable, *admirable.*
 Mys, *amiss.*
 Mysz, probably an abbreviation of Fr. *mischief, misfortune.*
- Nevyn, *know.*
 Newe, *news.*
 Nemymous, nymyos, p. 103, l. 857—p. 115, l. 1112.
 Nobley, *nobility, p. 165, l. 4.*
- O, *one.*
 Oble, *a cake sweetened with honey.*

- Obusyons, *abuses*.
- Olyr, *quere* holyer.
- Ouident, *read* occident, *p.* 18.
- On skorn, *in jest*.
- Onclypsyd sonne, *uneclipsed sun*.
- Oncuryd, *uncovered, removed*.
- Onedys, *wounds?* *p.* 87, *l.* 524.
- On quert—quert signifies *hilarity, good spirits*, and with the negative on prefixed, must mean the reverse.
- Onyment, *ointment*.
- Or, *before*.
- Ought, *out*.
- Ow, *read* yow, *p.* 31, *l.* 8.
- On worthy, *read* onworthy, *p.* 106, *l.* 20.
- Owe, *ought*.
- Ower byn, *over been*.
- Owther, *either*.
- Pakke,—thu beryst Watts pakke. This is manifestly an old proverb, familiar enough at the time.
- Pay, Fr. *liking, satisfaction*.
- Pencaunt, *hanging*.
- Peper long, *long pepper*.
- Perde, Fr. *par Dieu*.
- Perhennal, *perennial, unceasing*.
- Pertely, Fr. *apertly, openly*.
- Phy, *p.* 113, *l.* 168.
- Plenerly, Fr. *fully, completely*.
- Pleyn, Fr. *full, ample*.
- Poste, Fr. *power*.
- Poty, Lat. *having power*.
- Pretende, Lat. *to put forward, figuratively, to go*.
- Prmyssary,—This title is not very intelligible, but may be conjectured to be derived from the Lat. *primus*, or Fr. *premier*, *p.* 72, *l.* 237.
- Promyt, Lat. *promised*.
- Provostycacyon,—The term “in provostycation” here used is evidently intended to express Herod’s having the government of Judea under Tiberius, and in charge or subserviency, *p.* 69, *l.* 163.
- Purpete, *care, thought*.
- Pycche, *p.* 97, *l.* 738.
- Pynsynesse, *pensiveness*.
- Q^d a for q^a, *quotha*, *p.* 52, *l.* 442.
- Quest,—Chaucer has “questmongers,” which Tyrwhitt explains “packers of inquests, or juries.” Nares defines a questmonger as one who laid informations and made a trade of petty lawsuits.
- Rebon, *p.* 131, *l.* 1464.
- Rechases, Fr. *drive back, or chase away*.
- Recure, Fr. *recover*.
- Recuryth, *recovereth*.
- Redarguation, Lat. *confutation, rebuke*.
- Reducyd, Lat. *led back*.
- Reddur,—Tyrwhitt explains this word “strength, violence,” Fr. *roideur, force, power*.
- Rede, *counsel, advice, help*.
- Reflexite, Lat. *brightness*.
- Relente,—The sense requires *revert, or turn*, *p.* 43, *l.* 259.
- Reme, *realm*.

- Renogal, *quere* renegat, *renegade*.
 Repelle, Lat. *oppose*, *drive back*.
 Respeccyon, Lat. *consideration*, *regard*.
 Reve, *bereave*, *take away*.
 Rever, *read* never, p. 100, l. 15.
 Rewnesse, Sax. *compassion*.
 Rofe, *rest*.
 Rokke, *distaff*.
 Rome, *aroume*, *at large*.
 Rought, p. 187, l. 507.
 Rownd, *whisper*.
- Sauasyon, *salvation*.
 Save, *saw*.
 Sawen, *saven*, *save*.
 See, *seat*.
 Seker and noow, *sure and know*.
 Sentells, *sentence*, *judgment*, *opinion*.
 Seth, *atonement*.
 Seyld, *seldom*.
 Sharpe, p. 10, l. 166.
 Shenship, *ruin*, *punishment*. Baber explains "schenship," used by Wickliffe, "shame, reproach."
 Shep of Noe, *ship of Noah*, *the ark*.
 Shert of Reyn, *shirt of Rhenish cloth*.
 Skowte, p. 79, l. 375.
 Skryve, *sheriff*.
 Sond, Sax. *a message*, *whatever may be sent*.
 Socetts, p. 85, l. 500.
 Sote, Sax. *sweet*.
 Sowter code, *probably shoemakers' wax*.
 Spece, *speech*.
 Spyll, Sax. *destroy*.
- Spynys, *thorns*, *bushes*.
 Stevyn, Sax. *voice*, *sound*.
 Stey, *steyed*, Sax. *to go up*, *climb*, *ascend*.
 Stound, *stowndd*, Sax. *moment*, *short space of time*.
 Subjugall, Lat. *subdue*, *conquer*, *restrain*.
 Sudare cloth,—The cloth or kerchief wrapped round the head of Christ is here meant. Wickliffe uses "sudaris" in his translation of the New Testament, which his editor explains "handkerchers."
 Sue, *sewe*, Fr. *follow*, *ensue*.
 Suek, *deceit*, *fraud*.
 Swert, *quere* swart, *dark coloured*, or swelt, *faint*.
 Syde, Sax. *long*, *particularly applied to dress*.
 Sye, *saw*.
 Syn, *afterward*, *since*, *then*.
 Syyn, *sigh*.
 Sythens, *since*.
- Tene, Sax. *grief*, *misfortune*.
 Therebe, *read* there be, p. 26, l. 510.
 Therkenesse, *darknesse*.
 Th, *read* th', p. 93, l. 18.
 To, *two*.
 Tondyr, *tender*.
 Trewe, p. 181, l. 387.
 Triacle, Fr. a corruption of *theriaque*, *a remedy in general*.
 Trott, used metaphorically for *shake*, or *quake*.

- Unkunnynge, *unknowing, ignorant.*
 Vernage, *the name of some country, p. 84, l. 479.*
 Volunte, wolunte, *will.*
 Vroken, *injured.*
- Walter, *welter.*
 Wan, *won.*
 Wanhope, *delusive hope.*
 Wanyng, *habitable.*
 Wardly, *worldly, in the world.*
 Wend, Sax. *go.*
 Wete, Sax. *know.*
 Wey and wold,—an alliterative expression, meaning high way and open country, *p. 80, l. 401.*
 Wher, where, *were.*
 Wodman, *madman.*
 Wolunte, Lat. *will.*
 Wonddyn, Sax. *dwelling, living.*
 Word, *world.*
- Wrake, wrech, wreche, Sax. *hurt, injury.*
 Wroke, Sax. *revenged.*
 Wyan, *the name of some country, p. 84, l. 479.*
 Wygth, *quick, soon.*
 Wygthly, wythly, *speedily, quickly, nimbly.*
 Wyhylls, *wiles.*
 Wyldyng, Sax. *ruling, having dominion, or power.* Wickliffe uses “welders” in the sense of “rulers.”
 Wyre, *p. 111, l. 1027.*
 Wyth, *white.*
 Wysse, Sax. *guide, direct.*
 Wytory, *victory.*
 Ycome, *came.*
 Yeetyd, *quere eye teeth, p. 121, l. 1238.*
 Yye, *eye.*
- Zede, zode, Sax. *gone, went.*
 Zete me nowth, *forget me nowth.*
 Zowyn, *given.*

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