The Towneley Plays.

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The Towneley Plays.

RE-EDITED FROM THE UNIQUE MS.

BY

GEORGE ENGLAND

WITH SIDE-NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

ALFRED W. POLLARD, M.A.

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TO

THE MEMORY OF

William Morris,

WHO LOVED THESE PLAYS,

OUR SHARE IN THIS BOOK

A. W. P., F. J. F.
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1 After this play the MS. has lost 12 leaves, containing no doubt the Temptation of Eve and the expulsion of her and Adam from Paradise.

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1 Incomplete. Twelve leaves are out of the MS. between this play and the next.
INTRODUCTION.

The Towneley Plays were printed for the first time by the Surtees Society in 1836, with an introduction which is variously assigned to the Society's secretary, James Raine, and to J. Hunter. The text of the plays as printed in this Surtees edition is, on the whole, very creditably accurate, and is certainly far more free from serious blunders than that of the so-called 'Coventry' Plays, edited by Halliwell-Phillipps for the Shakespeare Society, or even than that of the Chester Plays, as edited by Thomas Wright. It was not, however, a transcript with which students of the present day could be content in the case of a unique manuscript, the ultimate destination of which is still, unhappily, uncertain. Under Dr. Furnivall's superintendence a new transcript was, therefore, made by Mr. George England, who, by the great kindness and liberality of Mr. Quaritch, the present owner of the manuscript, after the book had been placed at his disposal for some weeks at the British Museum, was allowed the use of it a second time at 15 Piccadilly to correct his proofs by the original.

To the text thus produced Dr. Furnivall himself added notes of the metres, and at his request the present writer supplied the usual sidenotes, an interesting and pleasant task in the case of a work of so great variety and literary value. Dr. Furnivall's further commands for the supply of an Introduction were far less agreeable. The Towneley Plays present many problems, more especially as to their language, which deserve to be dealt with by some learned professor, or at any rate by an editor of really wide reading and experience. The learned professor, however, could not be obtained. The difficulty of procuring an introducer threatened to postpone indefinitely the appearance of the new text (a consideration all the more serious since the Surtees edition has long been difficult to procure); and as texts are far more important than introductions, it seemed better to be content to draw attention to a few points of interest rather than further to delay publication.

Short as is the preface to the Surtees edition, it contains much
that is of real value, as being written by a local antiquary to whom the history and topography of the district to which the plays are assigned were thoroughly familiar. I cannot, therefore, make a better beginning than by quoting the most essential passages of what was written in 1836, since it has not yet been superseded:

"The Manuscript Volume in which these Mysteries have been preserved formed part of the library at Towneley Hall, in Lancashire, collected by the family of Towneley; a family which, in the two last centuries, produced several remarkable men, through whom it becomes connected with the arts, with literature, and with science. The library was dispersed in two sales by auction, at Evans' Rooms, in Pall Mall, the first in 1814, when there were seven days' sale; the second in 1815, when the sale lasted ten days."

"This manuscript, as well as the famous Towneley Homer, was in the first sale. It was bought by John Louis Goldsmid, Esq. From his possession it very soon passed to Mr. North, but before 1822 it had returned to the family in whose library it had for so many years found protection."

"By what means the Towneley family became possessed of it, or at what period is not known. There is nothing known with certainty respecting any previous ownership. When, however, the catalogue of the Towneley books and manuscripts was prepared for the sale in 1814, Mr. Douce was requested to write a short notice, for insertion in it. In this notice, after assigning the composition of the Mysteries to the reign of Henry VI. or Edward IV.,¹ he says of the volume itself, that it is supposed to have formerly 'belonged to the Abbey of Widkirk, near Wakefield, in the County of York.'"²

¹ There is a passage in the Iudicium which may assist in determining the period at which it was written. Toutvillus, in describing a fashionable female, tells his brother demons "she is hornyd like a kowe" (p. 312 [Surtees; p. 375, l. 267 in present edition]). He appears to allude to the same description of head dress which Stowe thus records: "1888, King Richard (the second) married Anne, daughter of Veselaus, King of Bohem. In her dayes, noble women used high attire on their heads, pliked like horns, with long trained gowmes."—Surtees Note.

² After returning into the possession of the Towneley family, as narrated above, the Plays were again sold, with the rest of the Towneley MSS., at Sotheby's, on June 27, 28, 1883. The description of the lot was as follows:

202. TOWNELEY MYSTERIES. A most valuable collection of early English Mysteries, supposed to have been written at Woodkirk in the Cell there of Augustinian or Black Canons, for the Amusement
This supposition, however, he appears to have subsequently considered as not worthy of much regard; for when Mr. Peregrine Edward Towneley, in 1822, printed, from this manuscript, the *Judicium*, as his contribution to the Roxburgh Club, an introduction was written by Mr. Douce, in which he says that the volume is 'supposed to have belonged to the Abbey of Whalley,' and to have passed at the dissolution into the library of the neighbouring family of Towneley."

"On what foundation either of these suppositions rests we are not informed. The first, however, is that which has been most generally accepted, and the three principal collections of Mysteries now known have been usually quoted or referred to as those of Chester, Coventry, and Widkirk."

"In the absence of precise information, we may assume that the supposition of its having formerly belonged to 'the Abbey of Widkirk' was the Towneley tradition respecting it; and previously to any investigation it may be assumed, that if we are to trace the possession of such a volume as this in a period before the Reformation, next perhaps to the archives of some guild or other corporation in one of the cities or towns of England, we may expect to find it in the possession of some Conventual society. The question of that early possession is, in fact, the question of the composition of these Mysteries, as to the place and people. We shall now endeavour to determine it."

"The supposition that this book belonged 'to the Abbey of Widkirk, near Wakefield,' has upon it remarkably the characteristics of a genuine tradition. There is no distinct enunciation of the fact which the tradition proposes to exhibit, and yet out of the words of the supposition we may decisively and easily extract what the fact in it originally was. There is no place called Widkirk in the

and Edification of Persons attending these Pageants. *Manuscript on Vellum, written circa 1388, in a bold hand, with initial Letters ornamented with the Pen, having the speeches separated by lines of red Ink, olive morocco extra, gold-tooling, tooled leather joints and gilt edges, by C. Lewis, back broken. Sæc. xiv.*

The lot was knocked down to Mr. Quaritch, in whose possession the manuscript has ever since remained. The date assigned to the plays by the cataloguer is clearly derived from the Surtees foot-note on the woman's head-gear satirized by Tutivillus; for a discussion of this, see p. xxiv. Whether the date given to the Plays is right or wrong, that assigned to the MS. is certainly three-quarters of a century too early.
neighbourhood of Wakefield, and neither there nor in any part of England was there ever an Abbey of Woodkirk. But there is a place called Woodkirk in that neighbourhood, and at Woodkirk there was a cell of Augustinian or Black Canons, a dependence on the great house of St. Oswald, at Nostel. Whatever weight there may be attached to the supposition or tradition respecting the original possession, must, therefore, be given to the claim of this Cell of Canons at Woodkirk."

"Woodkirk is about four miles to the north of Wakefield. A small religious community was established there in the first half century after the Conquest, by the Earls Warren, to whom the great Lordship of Wakefield belonged, and they were placed in subjection to the house of Nostel. King Henry I. granted to the Canons of Nostel, a charter, for two fairs, to be held at Woodkirk, one at the Feast of the Assumption, the other at the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Mary. This grant was confirmed by King Stephen. These fairs, in a rural district, continued to attract a concourse of people to the time of the Reformation. In the Valor of King Henry VIII. the profit of the tolls and stallage was returned at £13 6s. 8d., which was more than one-fourth of the yearly revenue of the house. The buildings in which the few Canons resided have gradually disappeared. Some portions of the Cloisters were remaining not long ago. The Church still exists, on a retired and elevated site, and remains of large reservoirs for the Canons' fish in the vale below are still very conspicuous. (Loidis and Elmete, p. 240.)"

The writer of the Introduction inserts here a few paragraphs of no great value, pointing out resemblances between the language of the plays and the dialect spoken in his own day in the West Riding of Yorkshire. We may take advantage of his pause to note, that Professor Skeat, in a letter to the Athenæum of December 2, 1893, proved decisively that the difficulty as to the place called Widkirk, of whose existence the writer of the preface could find no trace, is only an instance of a variation of spelling, Widkirk being merely an older form of Woodkirk, and one which still survives in the mouths of the country people (cp. the parallel forms Wydeville and Woodville, for the name of the Queen of King Edward IV.).

After the philological remarks the Introduction proceeds:—

"Perhaps the supposition in the Towneley family, on whatever it
may have been founded, and the striking resemblance which there is between the language of several of these pieces and the language of the same class of society as it may still be heard on the hills and in the plains of Yorkshire, may be sufficient to render it at least a point of probability that the composition of these Mysteries, and the original possession of this volume, are to be attributed to the Canons of Woodkirk; or that the possession is to be traced to them, and the composition, perhaps, to some one of the Canons in the far larger fraternity at Nostel. But the manuscript itself contains that which connects it with Wakefield; and there are topographical allusions in one of the pieces, the Secunda Pastorum, which belong to the country near Wakefield and Woodkirk."

"Thus, at the beginning of the first is written in a large hand 'Wakefeld' and 'Berkeres,' the meaning of which seems to be, that on some occasion this Mystery was represented at the town of Wakefield by the company or fellowship of the Barkers or Tanners. To the second is prefixed 'Glouer Pag...' without the word Wakefield. The imperfect word is 'Pagina,' which appears to have been used as the Latin term for these kinds of exhibitions or pageants. The meaning appears to be that this was exhibited by the Glovers. At the head of the third, however, we find 'Wakefield' again, without the name of any trade. These are the only notices of the kind, except that at the head of the 'Peregrini,' the words 'Fyssher Pagent' occur." 2

"It is in the Secunda Pastorum, which is truly described by Mr. Collier as 'the most singular piece in the whole collection,' that the local allusions occur which tend so strongly to corroborate the claim of Woodkirk and its Canons to the production of these Mysteries. Intended in the first instance for the edification or the amusement of the persons in the immediate vicinity of the places in which these Pageants were to be exhibited, we may expect to find that there will be, when the subject fairly admitted of it, attempts to arrest their attention, and to interest their minds, by such a simple artifice as the introduction of the names of places with which they were familiar. Thus, in the Chester Mysteries, the River Conway is spoken of, and

1 Mr. England notes that these words are in a later hand.—A. W. P.

2 The words Lytster Play occur at the head of the Pharaon. They were overlooked by the copyist, but the mistake is noticed in the errata.—Surtees Note.
Boughton is mentioned, a kind of suburb to Chester. In the
Secunda Pastorum.

Secundus Pastor.  Who shuld do us that skorne? that were a fowlle spott.
Primus Pastor.  Some shrewes.
I have soght with my doges
All Horbery shroges
And of XV hokes
Fond I bot oone ewe.

"Horbury is the name of a village about two or three miles south-
west from Wakefield. Shroges or Scroggs is a northern term applied
to any piece of rough uninclosed ground more or less covered with
low brushwood."

"The other local allusion is less decisive than this. When the
two Shepherds appoint to meet, the place which they appoint is 'the
crokyd thorne.' Now, though it cannot, perhaps, be shown that
there was any place or tree then precisely so denominated, yet it can
be shown that, at no great distance from Horbury, there was at that
time a remarkable thorn tree which was known by the name of the
Shepherd's Thorn. It stood in Mapplewell, near the borders of the
two manors of Notton and Darton. A jury in the 20th of Edward
IV., on a question between James Strangeways of Harlsey, and the
Prior of Bretton, found that the Shepherd's Thorn 'was in Darton';
and in the time of Charles I., one John Webster of Kexborough,
then aged 77, deposed that the inhabitants of Mapplewell and
Darton had been accustomed to turn their sheep on the moor at all
times, and that it extended southward to a place called 'The Shep-
herd's Thorn,' where a thorn tree stood. There must be here more
than an accidental coincidence."

Since the publication of the Surtees Society edition of the
Towneley Plays in 1836, all the three other great cycles of
English Miracle Plays have been printed, the so-called 'Coventry'
cycle in 1841, the Chester in 1843, and the York Plays, admirably
edited by Miss Toulmin Smith, in 1885. The publication of
this last cycle revealed the fact that five of the York Plays
were based, in whole or in part, on the same originals as five
of the Towneley. The importance of this discovery for the study
of Miracle Plays and of the conditions under which they were
produced, is hardly to be over-estimated. There is no reason to
believe that it is by a mere chance, some peculiarly malicious freak of
the arch-enemy Time, that, as far as I am aware, in no single case are there two early copies extant of any miracle play. Human nature, we may presume, was much the same in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries as in our own, and the ordinary author, when he had written a poem or a chronicle, no doubt did everything in his power to multiply copies of it, since every fresh copy would increase his chance of obtaining the patronage or preferment which constituted the rewards of authorship in those days. But in the case of plays we can easily see that a wholly different motive would come into action. With the highly doubtful exception of the Chester cycle, not a single Miracle Play has the name of any author connected with it. The author's personality is wholly lost in that of the actors and their pay-masters; and in the absence of any law of copyright or custom as to 'acting rights,' it was to the interest of these jealously to guard their book of the words, lest the popularity of their entertainment should suffer from unauthorized rivalry. Since many of the players probably could not read, even the multiplication of 'actors' parts' would be very limited, and fresh copies would only be made when the plays underwent revision. The apparent exception to this theory, the five copies extant of the Chester cycle, really only confirm it, for all of these were made between 1590 and 1607, and must owe their existence to the desire of literary antiquaries either simply for their preservation or, more probably, for their revival, at a time when miracle plays were almost gone out of fashion.

For the reason thus hazarded, opportunities for the study of the genesis of any given cycle of plays are extremely small. We know that a fragment of the old poem of the Harrowing of Hell, beginning, 'Harde gatys haue I gon,' is found imbedded in the 'Coventry' Play of the Resurrection, and, thanks once more to the industry of Miss Toulmin Smith, in the Brome 'Common-Place Book' we can now study a version of the Sacrifice of Isaac closely similar to that in the Chester cycle. But the relations of the five plays in the York and Towneley cycles are much more interesting and important than these, and it will be worth while to examine them with some minuteness.

The first of these five plays is that called by Miss Smith, 'the Departure of the Israelites from Egypt,' No. xi. in the York Cycle,\(^1\) acted by the 'Hoseers,' No. viii. in the Towneley Cycle, where it is

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\(^1\) Printed, with the generous addition of the Towneley text at the foot of the page, on pp. 68—92 of Miss Smith's edition (York Plays. Edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. Oxford at the Clarendon Press, 1885).
called *Pharao*, and where also the sidenote 'Litsters Pagonn' informs us that it is one of the plays acted by the Craft-Gilds of Wakefield.

In comparing the two texts, the first point we notice is, that while the York Play consists of 408 lines, divided with unbroken regularity into 34 twelve-line stanzas, the metrical scheme of the Towneley Play is far less orderly. At the outset, indeed, it is evident that the Wakefield reviser mistook the metre, for by the addition of a quatrains of mere surplusage, he has turned the first 12-line stanza into two octetts. After seven long stanzas (divided in this text into octetts and quatrains, 3—16), we find similar additions in ll. 113—117 and 127—133, turning two 12-line stanzas into four octetts. Everything then proceeds regularly till we come to Towneley stanza 49, when we find a line—

> Als wele on myddyng als on more

— missing after l. 308.

Again in stanza 55 the two lines—

> Lorde, was they wente than walde it sese,
> So shuld we sav vs and oure seede

—are omitted after l. 340.

In stanzas 57, 58, ll. 355—359 appear in the Towneley MS. as—

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*Primus Miles.* A, my lord!

*Pharao.* hagh!

*iijus Miles.* Grete pestilence is comyn;

It is like ful long to last.

*Pharao.* In the dwyllys name!

then is oure pride ouer past.

---

—in place of the regular York text (ll. 344—348)—

---

*i Egip.* My lorde, grete pestelence

Is like ful lange to last.

*Rex.* Owe! come that in oure presence,

Than is oure pride al past.

---

Lastly, we find that the Towneley text has added, or more probably retained, twelve lines at the end of the play which do not appear in the York edition.

If now we turn our attention to single lines, we shall find numerous instances in which the Towneley text exhibits an unmetrical corruption of the York. Here are a few—

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1 Numbered by Miss Smith as 406, but the last couplet is really a quatrains, and might with advantage have been so printed.
That wold my fors down fell (T. 32)
That wolde aught fand owre forse to fell (Y. 23)
That shall euer last (T. 39)
They are like and they laste (Y. 34)
I shall sheld the from shame (T. 189)
I sall the saffe from synne and shame (Y. 176)
What, ragyd the dwyll of hell, alys you so to cry (T. 304)
What deuyll ayles you so to crye (Y. 291)

On the other hand, T. 106—
And euer eyleke the leyfes are greyn
— is plainly better than Y. 102—
And the leues last ay in like grene
—and T. 216, 217—
God graunt you good weyndyng,
And euermore with you be
— both for their sense and the purity of the rime to ‘kyng’ are better
than Y. 203, 204—

Lastly we may take a pair of lines—
My lord, bot if this menye may remeve (T. 270)
Lord, whills ve [sic] with this menyhe meve (Y. 277)
—in which we may reasonably suspect that both texts are corrupt
forms of some such original as—

The inevitable conclusion from these notes is, that the Towneley
text of *Pharao* is a corrupted and edited version of the York play of
‘The Hoseers’ in a slightly purer form than we have it at present.
I think we may also say that the majority of the corruptions in the
Towneley text are of the kind which would most naturally arise in
oral transmission, rather than from the blunders of a scribe.

Turning now to the second play in which the two cycles partly
agree, *The Play of the Doctors* (Towneley xviii.; York xxii.,
played by the ‘Sporiers and Loriners’), we find that the Towneley
text, which lacks the opening speech of ‘Primus Magister,’ begins in
its present form with twelve quatrains which are quite different
from the York version, and then follows closely the York twelve-line
stanzas to the end, only interrupting them to substitute a longer

T. PLAYS.
exposition of the Ten Commandments, for which again quatrains are used. In some instances, as before, the Towneley text is better than the York, but we cannot doubt that the nearly homogeneous York play represents the original on which the Towneley playwright incorporated his variations in a different metre.

A comparison of the third pair of plays—the York play of the Sadilleres (No. xxxvii.) and Towneley No. xxv.—representing the Extraccio Animarum or Harrowing of Hell, yields still more striking results. The York play, as usual quite regular, consists of 34 twelve-line stanzas, and it is clear that the Towneley play-wright had these in his mind all the way through, though sometimes, perhaps from failure of memory on the part of his informants, he can do no more than imbed a few York lines into new stanzas of his own, while elsewhere he makes intentional additions.

Summarizing the result of these changes, we find that the first twenty-four lines of Towneley reproduce ten from York; then we have York stanzas 4—10 with interpolations between 4 and 5, 8 and 9, and the omission of the last quatrain of 5. Stanzas 11 and 12 are represented by ll. 115—147, but only nine lines are preserved. Stanzas 13—15 are intact; stanza 16 is docked of its first quatrain; then we have an interpolation of twelve lines; then the first quatrain of 17, the second and third being expanded into twelve lines. Stanzas 18—28 are only interrupted by an interpolation (ll. 314—322) between 25 and 26. In 29 there is a substitution of a new third quatrain for four lines in the octett, the effect being so good that we may doubt whether in this case we have not really a preservation of an older text. Then come stanzas 30 and 31, and eight lines of 32, and with two substituted quatrains the Towneley play reaches its rather abrupt end.

In the fourth pair of plays, treating of ‘The Resurrection’ (York xxxviii. ‘The Carpenteres’: Towneley xxvi.), the resemblance begins four lines earlier than Miss Toulmin Smith has noted, T. 41—44 answering to Y. 31, 32, 35, 36, while the ‘rybaldys’ of T. 42 is a better reading than the York ‘rebelles.’ In the preceding speech of Pilate we may note how the Towneley adaptor altered the York metre by lengthening the last line of the first four stanzas from two beats to three. We find the same difference in the added stanzas 9—11 (ll. 51—73), while five (or rather seven) lines tacked on to the

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1 There is a slight disturbance, in which Towneley agrees, in York, stanzas 19, 20 (ll. 216—240) and Towneley, stanzas 44—46 (ll. 204—228).
last of these are outside the metrical scheme altogether. Stanzas 12 and 13 have half their lines as in York and half new. Stanzas 14—22, though with many corruptions, reproduce York 11—22. Stanza 23 is added; 24 (which should have been printed as in four lines) agrees with York 20, omitting the two opening lines; 25, save in its third line, is the same as York 21. In stanza 26 some of the York phrases are retained, but every line has been changed, and the bad times ‘emang’ and ‘stand’ show the work of a botcher. After this, with various corruptions, too numerous to mention, stanzas 27—35 reproduce York 23—31, but there is nothing in the York play to answer to ll. 214—333 (stanzas 36—55). The first ten of these 120 lines continue the talk of the soldiers, the rest is made up of the monologue of the risen Christ. The metre continues regular; with a few exceptions, the origin of which can easily be seen, the last line of each stanza remains quadrissyllabic, instead of being lengthened as in the added stanzas at the beginning of the play, and I think there can be no doubt that this speech of Christ once formed part of the York Cycle, but was subsequently omitted. Similar speeches occur in the ‘Coventry’ and Chester cycles, and in the last-named there are some positive resemblances which, in case they have not been noticed before, I set forth in a footnote.1

It will be noticed that this play falls naturally into three parts, of which Christ’s monologue is the centre; and it is much easier to

1 Towneley, ll. 226—231.

Erthly man, that I haue wroght
Wighty wake, and slepe thou noght !
With bytter bayll I haue the boght,
To make the fre ;
Into this dongeon depe I soght
And all for luf of the.

ll 322—327.

ffor I am veray prync e of peasse,
And synnes seyr I may release,
And whoso will of synnes seasse
And mercy cry,

I grauntt theym here a measse
In brede myn awn body.

Chester, vol. 2, p. 89. (Sh. Soc. ed.)

Eirthly man that I have wroghte,
Awake out of thy slepe ;
Eirthly man that I have bought,
Of me thou have no kepe.
From heaven man’s soule I soughte
Into a dongion depe
My dere lemon from thense I broughte
For ruthe of her I wepee.
I am vereye prync e of peace,
And kinge of free mercye ;
Who will of synnes have release
On me the call and crie.
And yf the will of synnes cease
I graunte them peace trewlye,
And therto a full rich messye,
In brede my owne body.

The verbal resemblances here seem almost too close to be explained by a common original. If there has been direct transmission, it must have been southwards.
believe that in some process of amalgamating or dividing the different parts, this speech was omitted from the York manuscript, than that so important a feature in the plays was not represented in the cycle.

After l. 333 in Towneley, etc., agreement between the two cycles is resumed, and continues, with the usual verbal variations, to l. 561, the agreement of the stanzas being as follows—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Towneley</th>
<th>York</th>
<th>Towneley</th>
<th>York</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>56—66</td>
<td>32—42</td>
<td>88 partly</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67</td>
<td>parts of 43, 44</td>
<td>89</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68—85</td>
<td>45—62</td>
<td>90—93</td>
<td>70—73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>86, 87</td>
<td>64, 65</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Stanzas 63, 66 and 69 of York are unrepresented. L. 562 in Towneley is extra metrum, and cuts short the rather wearisome talk of Pilate which lasts in the York play for another eighteen lines. The scene between Christ and S. Mary Magdalene, which follows in the Towneley cycle, forms a separate play (No. xxxix.) in the York, and there are no textual resemblances. It will be noticed that of the first eight of the eleven stanzas into which it is divided, every one has a different metre—a sure sign, I think, of the hasty work rendered necessary by an incident which could not be omitted having to be tacked on to a different play.

The case of the last of the five parallel texts, that of the play of the Last Judgment (Towneley xxx. Judicium; York xlviii. acted by the 'Merceres'), is again very striking and interesting. The Towneley play, unfortunately, lacks some lines (the speech of Primus Malus') at the beginning, and the first sixteen lines which have been preserved to us, written in two different metres, are additions to the York text. The next three stanzas, with the exception of the last half of the fourth, are founded on York stanzas 19—21, then we have an inserted speech by 'Quartus Malus' (32 lines), then two more York stanzas, then the broad comedy of the Demons (stanzas 16—48, ll. 89—384), which takes the place of a short passage in York (ll. 185—228), the greater part of which is occupied by the speeches of Christ and the Apostles. After l. 385 the borrowings begin again, and for the whole of the Judgment-scene proper (Towneley, st. 49—67, ll. 386—531 = York, st. 30—47, ll. 229—372), the regular 8-line stanzas of the York dramatist are only interrupted by a single insertion of four lines (st. 65). But between
the final dooming of the damned and the thanksgiving of the saved (l. 612—620), the Towneley play-wright inserts a long passage in which the fiends gloat over their victims, and this is all his own. Where the last stanza was taken from we cannot say. It is quite different from the York text, and bears more resemblance to the Towneley ending of the Extraccio Aniinorum (p. 305).

The foregoing conspectus of the points of agreement and disagreement between the Towneley and York texts of these five plays has probably been found almost as tedious to read as it certainly was to compile. But it was worth while to work it out in full, since the most cursory perusal of it must suffice to show that, in the circumstances under which the borrowings took place, it was practically impossible for a play to pass from one cycle to another without showing signs of the process in marked disturbances of metre and frequent corruptions both of sense and rhyme. It follows from this that wherever we find a play (not merely a fragment) the metre of which is uniform, or is obviously varied only in correspondence with the character of the speakers, while at the same time the rhymes are regular and the text good, in the absence of positive evidence to the contrary we are not only entitled, but bound, to assume that the play was composed for the place and the cycle to which it now belongs. A play full of obvious corruptions need not be a borrowed play, because corruptions may have arisen in many other ways; but a play which is creditably free from corruptions can hardly by any possibility have been borrowed.

Now if we apply this canon to the Towneley Plays, it will enable us to set some limit to the amount of imported work which we can safely recognize as existing in the cycle as it has come down to us. Long before the publication of the York Plays, the composite character of the Towneley was recognized by its first editor, though the reasons he assigned were less happy than his surmise itself, and later writers have not failed to enlarge on the point. It thus becomes interesting to see how much of the cycle we can claim on sure evidence as composed especially for it. It is no bad beginning to be able to say at once, at least one-fourth, and this the fourth which contains the finest and most original work. The evidence for

1 c. g. He says that there are no Yorkshireisms in the Pharao, which we now know to be mainly borrowed from the York cycle, and remarks "Cesar Augustus is plainly by the same hand as Pharao. The heroes in both swear by 'Mahowne'"—a habit shared by most potentates in miracle plays.
this is irresistible. We find the Wakefield or Woodkirk editor interpolating two broadly humorous scenes, the one containing 297 lines, the other 81, on the impressive York play of the Judgment. These scenes are written in a complex metre, a 9-line stanza riming $aaaa$ $becc$, with central rimes in the first four lines (I should prefer to write it $aaaa$ $bccc$), and we find this same metre used with admirable regularity throughout five long plays, viz.—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Lines</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Processus Noe cum filiis</td>
<td>558</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prima Pastorum</td>
<td>502 (2 lines lost)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Secunda Pastorum</td>
<td>754 (2 lines lost)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magnus Herodes</td>
<td>513</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coliphizacio</td>
<td>450</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

—or, including the two passages in the Judicium, in no less than 3155 lines, occupying in this edition almost exactly 100 pages out of 396. If any one will read these plays together, I think he cannot fail to feel that they are all the work of the same writer, and that this writer deserves to be ranked—if only we knew his name!—at least as high as Langland, and as an exponent of a rather boisterous kind of humour had no equal in his own day. We may also be sure that the two other plays, Flagellacio (No. xxii.) and Processus Talentorum (No. xxiv.), contain about the same proportion of his work as does the Judicium. They are closely akin to the Coliphizacio, and contain the one 24, the other 8 of his favourite stanzas.

For one other play which it is very tempting to assign to the same hand, the Mactacio Abel (No. ii.), we lack the evidence of identity of metre; in fact, the frequent changes from one metrical form to another would make us suspect that we had here an instance of editing, if it were not quite impossible to isolate from the present text any underlying original. But the extraordinary boldness of the play, and the character of its humour, make it difficult to dissociate it from the work of the author of the Shepherds' Plays, and I cannot doubt that this also, at least in part, must be added to his credit.

When the work of this man of real genius has been eliminated, the search for another Wakefield, or Woodkirk, author becomes distinctly less interesting. It will be worth while, however, now to pass the whole cycle in review, adding what notes we can to each play, especially as to their metres.

1 This play is further stamped as especially composed for the Wakefield district by the allusion to 'Horbury' noted above, p. xiv.
The List of the Toynceley Plays and their Metres. xxiii

I. Creation. Couplets (aa\(^4\)) and stanzas, mostly aa\(^4\)b\(^2\)a\(^4\)b\(^3\). Connected with Barkers of Wakefield.


III. Noah. 9-line stanza aaaa\(^2\) bbbb\(^2\). Connected with Wakefield.

IV. Abraham. abababab\(^4\). Cp. No. xix.

V. Jacob. Fragments of 71 couplets (aa\(^4\)).

VIII. [VII.] Pharaoh. abababab\(^4\)cde\(^2\), with many corruptions. Connected with Wakefield.

IX. Caesar Augustus. aa\(^4\)b\(^3\)aa\(^4\)b\(^3\).

X. Annunciation. Couplets (aa\(^4\)) and stanzas aa\(^2\)b\(^3\)cc\(^4\)b\(^2\).

XI. Salutation. aa\(^4\)b\(^3\)cc\(^4\)b\(^3\).

XII. Prima Pastorum. 9-line stanza, as III.

XIII. Secunda Pastorum. As XII.

XIV. Magi. aa\(^4\)b\(^2\)a\(^4\)b\(^2\), with four disturbances. Alliterative.

XV. Flight into Egypt. ababaabab\(^2\)c\(^3\)b\(^2\). Alliterative.

XVI. Herod. 9-line stanza as III., etc.

XVII. Purification. aa\(^4\)b\(^3\)cc\(^4\)b\(^2\) and aa\(^4\)b\(^3\)cc\(^4\)b\(^2\).

XVIII. Doctors. abababab\(^4\)cde\(^2\), with corruptions and interpolations. Based on York xxiii.

XIX. John the Baptist. abababab\(^4\). Cp. No. iv.

XX. Conspiratio. abababab\(^4\)cde\(^2\). Speech of Pilate prefixed in 9-line stanzas.

XXI. Capelo. Couplets and quatrains (aa\(^4\) and abab\(^4\)) with interpolations.

XXII. Colipizacio. 9-line stanza, as III., &c.

XXIII. Flagellacio. Mixed metres. About half the play in 9-line stanzas.

XXIV. Processus Cruciis. Much edited and interpolated from an original basis of aa\(^4\)b\(^3\)cc\(^4\)b\(^2\).


XXVI. Extracatio Animatum. abababab\(^4\)cde\(^2\), with additions and corruptions. Based on York xxxvii.

XXVII. Processus Ternionum. Metres very confused. Much interpolation.

XXVIII. S. Thomas. aa\(^4\)b\(^3\)cc\(^4\)b\(^2\) followed by a\(^3\)b\(^2\)a\(^4\)b\(^3\)a\(^4\)b\(^4\).

XXIX. Ascension. Metres very confused.

XXX. Judgment. Based on ababab\(^4\) of York xlvi., with interpolations of ababab\(^3\) and 8-line stanzas.

Lazarus. Couplets with stanzas in several different metres.

Suspensio Iude. Fragment in aaaa\(^2\)b\(^2\)a\(^3\)b\(^2\). [Cp. xxvi., xxvii.]

In this conspectus, besides the plays written in the 8-line stanza, we may note that we have two fragments (Nos. iv. and v.) written in couplets on the history of Isaac and Jacob; two plays, the Creation (No. 1.) and Annunciation (No. x.), in which couplets are joined with a 6-line stanza rhyming aa\(^4\)b\(^3\)cc\(^4\)b\(^3\), or aa\(^4\)b\(^3\)aa\(^4\)b\(^3\), and three plays,
the Processus Prophetarum (No. vii.; it should of course change places with the Pharaoh, No. viii.), the Caesar Augustus (No. ix.) and Salutation (No. xi.), written throughout in this stanza, which is also employed for parts of the plays of the Purification (No. xvii.), Processus Crucis (No. xxiii.), and S. Thomas of India (xxviii).

As to the two fragments (iv. and v.) the late Professor Ten-Brink wrote

"About a generation—but hardly much more—separates this oldest extant English drama [i.e. the Harrowing of Hell, 'composed shortly after the middle of the thirteenth century'] from the next. The play of Jacob and Esau, as we take the liberty of calling it, appears to have been composed not far from the mouth of the Humber, and probably to the north of the dialect line. The influence of the East Midlands is seen in the choice of subject, which was not popular on the earlier stage elsewhere, and the manner of treatment also reminds us of the districts and the century which produced the poems of Genesis and Exodus."

"In Jacob and Esau the dramatic art is still of a low standard; the situations are not made much use of; the characteristics show little depth or originality. The poet is full of reverence for his subject, and dramatizes faithfully what seems to him its most important traits, without putting to it much of his own originality," etc.

In his Appendix (vol. iii. p. 274), Prof. Ten-Brink supported this view of the play with the following note—

"This play has been handed down in the Towneley Collection: unfortunately it is mutilated at the beginning, and also divided into two parts: Isaac and Jacob. However, it originally formed, and, in fact, still forms, one drama, which was produced independently without regard to any cycle of mysteries, and indeed earlier than most of the others, probably than all the other parts of the cycle in which it was subsequently incorporated. All this can easily be proved by means now at the disposal of philology, but this is not the place for entering into the subject. Less certain is the local origin of the piece. The assumption that few of the rhyming words have been altered in their transmission could, for instance, allow of the supposition that the drama might have been produced in the north of the East-Midland territory, rather than in the southern districts of Northumbria, a supposition which would coincide very well with many other peculiarities of the work."

I have quoted these passages from Prof. Ten-Brink in full, because the opinion of the writer who has produced the only really good history of our early literature, is a thousand times more important than my own. But my difficulties in accepting his theory in

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1 History of English Literature (English edition), vol. ii. p. 244.
its entirety are both numerous and great. The Harrowing of Hell itself seems to me—as it has seemed to my betters before me—rather a dramatic poem than a Miracle Play properly so called, and I cannot conceive on what occasion, or by whom, an isolated play on Jacob and Esau could come to be acted in the vernacular. In a cycle, the presence of a play on Abraham might easily suggest a continuation dealing with his immediate descendants, and its simpler and more archaic form might be partly accounted for by the nature of its subject. I should prefer, also, to attribute differences of dialect to the removal from one district to another of a play-writing monk, rather than to the acceptance in one district of a play which had been composed for another many years before. It is obvious, however, that these two fragments do belong to a period, whether praecyclic or cyclic, at which the narrative and didactic interest of the representation was uppermost, and before the constantly increasing importation of external attractions had produced a distaste for the simpler and more exclusively religious form of drama. We know from Chaucer's allusions, as well as from the evidence of the York plays, that by the last quarter of the fourteenth century Noah and his quarrelsome wife and the ranting Herods and Pilates were already stock characters, and we may thus well believe that the cycle 'of matter from the beginning of the world' in its simplest form, must have been in existence during the first half of that century. The fact that this play has only come to us in fragments, is probably good evidence that it was considered antiquated at the time our manuscript was written, and that only a few speeches from it were used.

I must confess, however, that I cannot find anything either in the style or the language of these fragments which need compel us to separate them from the couplets in the play of the Creation and the Annunciation; and I incline strongly to believe that in these plays, and the others which I have mentioned as written wholly or partly in the aa\textsuperscript{4}b\textsuperscript{5}cc\textsuperscript{4}b\textsuperscript{3} stanza, we possess part of an original didactic cycle, of much the same tone as the Chester Plays, on to which other plays, mostly written in a more popular style, have been tacked from time to time. In any case I do not think it can be doubted that the four plays, vii., ix., x., and xi., are the work of the same writer, and the rest seem to me to go with them.

The plays of the Magi (xiv.) and of the Flight into Egypt (xv.) are marked off from this group by their much greater use of alliteration,
and seem to me—though my opinion on questions of dialect is worth very little—to have been written by an author of somewhat different speech. The Abraham and John the Baptist again are in a totally different metre, and may belong to the period when the York plays were being incorporated into the cycle. As regards these York plays, enough has already been said; but it is worth noting that the predominant metre of the Conspiracio (xxvii.) is the same as that of three out of the five plays connected with York (the Pharaoh, Doctor, and Extraccio Animarum), and may possibly be based on a lost alternative to the extant York play on this subject. A similar guess may be hazarded as to the play of the Peregrini (xxvii.), the metre of which is the same as that of the Resurrectio (xxvi., York xxxviii.), while the obvious corruptions and interpolations of the text may well lead us to doubt its being indigenous. The fragment of the Suspenocio Iude, printed at the end of the cycle, but which would naturally come immediately before the Resurrectio, is in the same metre, and subject to the same hypothesis.

As regards the work of the one real genius of the Towneley cycle, the author of the two plays of the Shepherds, and of the others written in the same metre, the converse of the arguments of which we admitted the force as regards the Isaac and the Jacob, will naturally lead us to assign to them as late a date as possible.

As noted by the Surtees editor, the allusion in the Judicium to the head-gear which could make a woman look 'horned like a cow,' enables us to be sure that this play-wright was a younger contemporary of Chaucer. We must not, indeed, like the cataloguer of the auction-room, argue that because Stow writes that in the days of Anne of Bohemia 'noble women used high attire on their heads, piked like horns,' therefore these plays may be assigned approximately to the date of her arrival in England. I imagine that in those days as in these the fashions in the Yorkshire country-side were apt to be a little behind those of London; the piked head-gear is found in manuscripts as late as about 1420 (e.g. Harl. 2897, f. 188a, and Harl. 4431, f. 2, kindly pointed out to me by Sir E. M. Thompson), and the other allusions of these plays, e.g. the reference to tennis (Sec. Past. 736), the frequent

1 See also Lydgate's 15th century 'Dyté of Womenhis Hornys' in his Minor Poems, Percy Soc. p. 46-9, and Harl. MSS. 2255, 2251, etc. Horns were in fashion in the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries; see Fairholt's Costume in England, ed. Dillon, 1885, ii. 224-5, and Planche's paper therein named.—F. J. F.
and rather learned talk about music (Sec. Past. 186—89, 656—60, Judicium 537, 538), and the general talk of Shepherds and Devils about the state of the country — all agree very well with the early years of the fifteenth century. In a writer so full of allusions, the absence of any reference to fighting tends, I think, to show that the plays were not written during the war with France, and thus everything seems to point to the reign of Henry IV. as the most likely date of their composition. The date of our text is probably about half a century later, but the example of the York Plays shows us that in its own habitat the text of a play could be preserved in tolerable purity for a longer period than this. In the direction of popular treatment it was impossible for any editor, however much disposed towards tinkering, to think he could improve on the play-wright of the 9-line stanzas, while it is reasonable to presume that the hold of these plays on the Yorkshire audience was sufficiently strong to resist the intrusion of didactics.

As regards the only plays not yet mentioned in the survey, the Capeio (xxb.), Processus Talentorum (xxiv.), Ascension (xxixb.) and Lazarus, there has been so much editing and interpolating, and the consequent mixture of metres is so great, that it is difficult to arrive at any clear conclusion about them. But, subject to such corrections as the survey of the dialect now being undertaken by Dr. Matthews may suggest, I think we may fairly regard this Towneley cycle as built up in at least three distinct stages. In the first of these we find the simple religious tone which we naturally assign to the beginning of the cyclical religious drama, the majority of them being written in one of the favourite metres of the fourteenth-century romances which were already going out of fashion in Chaucer's day.

1 Note especially the allusions to 'maintenance' in Let. Past. 1. 35, and the claim of Tutivillus to be a 'master lollar' in Jud. 213.

2 The Lazarus, for instance, seems to be built up in three layers, the last of them the grim passage on death being strikingly in the style of some of the 9-line stanzas.

3 A curious reminiscence of these romances is preserved in stanza 26 of the Processus Prophetarum:

Now have I songen you a fytt;
loke in mynd that ye hawe it,
I rede with my myght;
He that maide vs with his wytt,
Sheld vs all from hell pytt,
And graunt us heuen lyght
—which might have come straight out of a romance.
stage we have the introduction by some playwright, who brought the knowledge of them from elsewhere, of at least five—possibly seven or eight—of the plays which were acted at York, and the composition of some others in the same style. In the third stage a writer of genuine dramatic power, whose humour was unchecked by any respect for conventionality, wrote, especially for this cycle, the plays in the 9-line stanza which form its backbone, and added here and there to others. Taken together, the three stages probably cover something like half a century, ending about 1410, though subsequent editors may have tinkered here and there, as editors will, and much allowance must be made for continual corruption by the actors.

It may be as well to note here that whatever weight we may be disposed to attach to the tradition that the cycle belonged to the Woodkirk monks and was acted at Woodkirk Fair, it is impossible to believe that the plays noted in the MS. as connected with Wakefield form in any way a group by themselves. The Barkers' play of the Creation, however much edited, belongs in its origin to our first stage; the Pharaoh, played by the Wakefield Litsters, but based on York xi., to our second, to which also I should assign the Peregrini played by the Fishers, written in the metre of the York Resurrectio. Lastly, the Noah, against which Wakefield is written, is in the 9-line stanza of the Shepherds' Plays, and the Glovers' play of Abel, whether re-written by the same author or not, is, in its present form, certainly late work. With the exception of the Fishers, we might say, without much exaggeration, that all the three crafts named, Dyers, Tanners, and Glovers, had some connection with the sheep, their hides and wool, which were probably the chief commodities sold at the Woodkirk fair,¹ and so might have taken a special interest in any pageant likely to bring customers to it. But we are bound to remember that the connection with Woodkirk is a mere tradition, and that it is quite possible that the whole cycle belongs to Wakefield, which is the only place with which it is authoritatively connected.

To bring literary criticism to bear on a cycle built up, even approximately, in the manner which I have suggested, is no easy

¹ If the Fishers, as at York, were allied with the Mariners, they too might be dragged in as concerned with the export trade. If they were Fishers, 'purse simples,' one is tempted to say that they may have lent a hand at play-acting for the lack of sufficient employment in an inland town!
task. The plays were not written for our reading, but for the edification and amusement of the uncritical audience of their own day; and we can certainly say of them that, whatever effect the playwright aimed at, he almost always attained. Of the simply devotional plays the Annunciation seems to me the finest. The whole of this play, indeed, is full of tenderness; and there are touches in it in which Rossetti, if he knew it, must have delighted. The reconciliation between Joseph and the Blessed Virgin is delightful; and the passage in which Joseph describes his enforced marriage is really poetically written. One verse is especially quotable:

When I all thus had wed hir thare,
We and my madyns home can fare,
That kyngys daughters were;
All wroght thay sylk to find them on,
Marie wroght purpyld, the oder none
bot othere colors sere.

If this touch had been entirely of the dramatist's own invention he must, indeed, have been Rossetti's spiritual forbear; but it is needless to say that it comes from the apocryphal gospel of Mary, though he deserves all credit for bringing together two widely separated verses.\(^1\)

The plays which I have put into my second group are on the whole very dull. The dramatist of the Abraham could not fail to attain to some pathos in the treatment of the scene between Isaac and his father; but though he avoids the mistake of the York playwright who represented Isaac as a man of thirty, his handling of the scene is distinctly inferior to that of the Brome Play and the Chester cycle. The general characteristic, indeed, of the group is, that the playwright plods perseveringly through his subject, but never rises above the level of the honest journeyman.

Between the dull work and the abounding humour and constant

\(^1\) Chap. vi. 7: "But the Virgin of the Lord, Mary, with seven other virgins of the same age, who had been appointed to attend her by the priest, returned to her parents' house in Galilee;" and Chap. iv. 1—4: "And it came to pass, in a council of the priests it was said, 'Let us make a new veil for the temple of the Lord.' And the high-priest said, 'Call together to me seven undefiled virgins of the tribe of David.' And the servants went and brought them unto the temple of the Lord; and the high-priest said unto them, 'Cast lots before me now, who of you shall spin the golden thread, who the blue, who the scarlet, who the fine linen, and who the true purple.' Then the high-priest knew Mary, that she was of the tribe of David; and he called her, and the true purple fell to her lot to spin, and she went away to her own house." (Hone's Apocryphal Gospels, 1820.)
The Writer of the Shepherds' Plays probably a Monk.

The allusiveness of the author of the plays in the 9-line stanza, the distance can only be measured by the two words respectability and genius. It is all the more pleasant to use the first to denote the dull level from which he keeps aloof, in that I have a strong suspicion that during his life the author of our 9-line stanza plays may have been censured for the lack of this very quality. His sympathy with poor folk, and his dislike of the "gentlery men" who oppressed them, seem something more than conventional; and his satire is sometimes as grim as it is free. From his frequent allusions to music, his scraps of Latin and allusions to Latin authors, his dislike of Lollards, and the daring of some of his phrases, which seems to surpass what would have been permitted to a layman, it is probable that he was in orders; and the vision of the Friar Tuck of Peacock's Maid Marian rises up before me as I read his plays. As a dramatist it is difficult to praise him too highly, if we remember the limitations under which he worked, and the feeble efforts of his contemporaries and successors.

The Secunda Pastorum, the survival of which "in Archie Armstrong's Aith" Prof. Kölbing has so pleasantly illustrated (see his Appendix), is really perfect as a work of art; and if in the Prima Pastorum our author was only feeling his way, and in the Noah, Herod, etc., was cramped by the natural limitation of his subject, we have the more reason to regret that a writer of such real power had no other scope for his abilities than that offered by the cyclical miracle play. Even within these limits, however, he had room to display other gifts besides those of dramatic construction and humour. The three speeches of the Shepherds to the little Jesus are exquisite in their rustic tenderness, and even if we may not attribute to him the really terrific picture of corruption in the Lazarus, there is contrast enough between these and the denunciation of the usurers and extortioners in the Judicium. Without his aid, the Towneley cycle would have been interesting, but not more interesting than any of its three competitors. His additions entitle it to be ranked among the great works of our earlier literature.

Alfred W. Pollard.
APPENDIX.

THE SECONDA PASTORUM OF THE TOWNELEY PLAYS (p. 116 ff.) AND
ARCHIE ARMSTRANG’S AITH.

BY PROF. E. KÖLBING, PH.D.

So far as I know, nobody has yet discovered that the leading incident in the Second Play of the Shepherds is repeated in quite another department of English Literature, viz. in Archie Armstrang’s Aith, by the Rev. John Marriott, printed in ‘Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,’ 5th ed. vol. iii. Edinb., 1821, p. 481 ff. Archie Armstrang was, as we learn from the Notes of this poem, p. 487 f., “a native of Eskdale, and contributed not a little towards the raising his clan to that pre-eminence which it long maintained amongst the Border thieves . . . . and there distinguished himself so much by zeal and assiduity in his professional duties, that at length he found it expedient to emigrate. . . . He afterwards became a celebrated jester in the English Court. . . . He was dismissed in disgrace in the year 1637. . . . The exploit detailed in this ballad has been preserved, with many others of the same kind, by tradition, and is at this time current in Eskdale.”

The story runs as follows:—

Archie has stolen a sheep, and is pursued by the shepherds, but manages to reach his house, where, with the assistance of his wife, he skins the sheep, throws its entrails and hide into the river, and stuffs the body into a child’s cradle. Then he sits down by it and sings a lullaby. At this very moment the pursuers enter the house and declare him to be the thief. But Archie protests, wants them to be quiet, because his child is dying, and swears an oath, that, if he has ever lessened the herds of his neighbour, he will eat the flesh that is now lying in the cradle. Besides, he gives them leave to ransack every corner of his house in order to find the sheep which they say he has stolen. So they search—naturally without result,—and the shepherds conclude that it was either the devil himself, that they saw running off with the sheep, or that they mistook the culprit, and that Maggie Brown is the real thief. As to Archie, when the shepherds are gone, he piques himself not a little on his ability in representing a nurse; and, at the same time, says that nobody is entitled to call him a perjurer, for he really eats up the sheep in the cradle.
We see at once the striking point in the story, that the thief and his wife hide the stolen sheep from the suspicious shepherds in a cradle, is common to both versions. Besides, I ask my readers to compare the following single passages.

When the thief returns to his house, his wife is afraid that he will be discovered and tied up; he wants her to be quiet and to help him. *Towneley*, p. 126—

*Uxor:* By the nakyd nck art thou lyke for to hyng.
*Mak:*  Do way . . . .
*Uxor:* It were a fowH blott to be hanged for the case.
*Mak:*  I have skapyd, Jelott, oft as hard a glase.
*Uxor:* Bot so long goys the pott to the water, men says At last
Comys it home broken.
*Mak:*  WeH knowe I the token,
Bot let it never be spoken,
Bot com and help fast.
I wold he were slayn, etc.

corresponds to *Archie Armstrong's Aith*, st. 6 ff.

And oh! when he stepp'd o'er the door,
His wife she look'd aghast.
"A, wherefore, Archie, wad ye slight
Ilk word o' timely warning?"
I trow ye will be ta'en the night,
And hangit i' the morning."
"Now hawd your tongue, ye prating wife,
And help me as ye dow;
I wad be laith to lose my life
For ae poor silly yowe."

In *Town.,* p. 130, the thief's wife gives the following advice—

Harken ay, when thay calle: thay will com anone.
Com and make redy alle, and syng by thyn oone,
Syng lullay thou shalle . . . .
Syng lullay on fast,
When thou heris at the last.

According to *Archie Armstrong's Aith*, st. 13 f., Archie performs this skilful service—

And down sat Archie daintillie,
And rock'd it wi' his hand;
Siccan a rough nourice as he
Was not in a' the land.
And saftlie he began to croon,
"Hush, hushabye, my dear."
He hadna sang to sic a tune,
I trow, for mony a year.
Appendix. Archie Armstrong's Aith.

For the rhyme *croon : tune* we may compare the following lines in the conversation of the shepherds in front of Mak's hut (p. 131)—

*Tertius Pastor:* ' Witt ye here how thay hak? Oure syre, lyst, *croyne!*
*Primus Pastor:* 'Hard I never none crak so clere out of *toyne."

In *Towneley*, p. 133, *Uxor* says—

I pray to God so mylde,  
If ever I you begyld,  
That I ete this chylde,  
That *lygys* in this creyld.

Likewise in *Archie Armstrong's Aith*, st. 18, the husband—

If e'er I did sae fause a feat,  
As thin my neebor's faulds,  
May I doom'd the flesh to eat  
This vera eradyl halds!

In both versions the shepherds, not having found anything, believe they have made a mistake; *Town.,* p. 134—

*Primus Pastor:* ' We have merkyd amys: I hold us begyld.

*Archie Armstrong's Aith*, st. 22—

Or aiblins Maggie's ta'en the yowe,  
And thus *beguiled* your e'e.

The principal difference between the two versions of the same story is, that in the play the thief, in spite of this trick, is finally discovered and punished by lynch-law, whilst according to the ballad the thief and his wife succeed in their plot, and the suspicion falls upon another. It is in harmony with this difference that the seemingly not realizable oath is only of a secondary interest in the play, while in the ballad it forms the centre of the whole.

Now the only MS. of the Towneley Plays seems to have been written in the beginning of the fifteenth century, whilst Archie Armstrong's Aith, belonging to the "Imitations of the ancient ballad," was scarcely composed long before 1802, in which year the 'Minstrelsy' made its first appearance in the literary world. It is most unlikely that John Marriott,—who, according to Allibone's Dictionary, was Curate of Broad Clift, Devon, and Rector of Church Liford, Warwickshire, and in 1820 and 1836 published some collections of sermons,—borrowed this story from the then unprinted MS. of the Towneley Plays and transferred it, of his own authority, to Archie Armstrong, so that the whole of his notes were a forgery. 1 It is much

1 It is perhaps worth noting that the *Secundae Pastorum* was printed in the *Collection of English Miracle Plays* published at Basel in 1838 by a Dr. William Marriott, who may possibly have been a relation of the Rev. John Marriott of Prof. Köbling's ballad.—A. W. P.
Appendix. Archie Armstrang's Aith.

more credible that this funny tale was preserved by oral traditions, possibly in a metrical form. The tale was first brought into the Christmas story by the author of the Towneley Play, and afterwards, in the seventeenth century, transferred to the famous thief and jester, Archie Armstrang.

Whether the happy or unhappy end of the story is to be considered as the original one, is a question, which, in the want of other materials, we shall perhaps never be able to solve with any certainty.¹

This little paper is enlighst from the original in the Zeitschrift für vergleichende Litteraturgeschichte, herausgegeben von M. Koch. Neue Folge. Elfter Band, p. 137 ff.—E. K.

¹ As "bang went saxpence" would have been the result of the Shepherds kissing the babe in the cradle, I suggest that Scotch shepherds, at any rate, would never have thought of incurring such an awful liability.—F. J. F.
THE TOWNELEY PLAYS.

(I.)
[267 lines, in stanzas and couplets. Stanzas 12—15 have 10 (aabab aabab), 7 (aab ab ab), 5 and 5 (aabab) lines respectively, the rest 6 (aab ccb).]

[Dramatis Personae.

Lucifer. | | Eua.]

IN dei nomine amen.

Assit Principio, Sancta Maria, Meo. Wakefeld.

[Scene I. Heaven.]

[Deus] (1) Ego sum alpha et o,
I am the first, the last also,
Oone god in mageste;
Meruelus, of myght most,
father, & son, & holy goost,
Ood god in trinyte.

(2) I am without begynnynge,
My godhede hath none endynge,
I am god in trone;
Oone god in persons thre,
Which may neuer twynnyd be,
for I am god alone.

(3) All maner thyng is in my thoght,
Withouten me ther may be noght,
for all is in my sight;
hit shal be done after my will,
that I haue thoght I shal fullfi
And manteyn with my myght.

1 These may be the same.
God begins the work of creation. The 1st day: the parting of darkness & light.

At the beginnyng of our dede make we heuen & erth, on brede, and lyghtys fayre to se, ffor' it is good to be so; darknes from light we parte on two, In tyme to serue and be.

Darknes we caH the nyght, and lith also the bright; It' shaH be as I say; after my wiH this is furth broght, Euen) and morne both ar' thay wroght; and thus is maid a day.

In medys the water, bi oure assent; be now maide the firmament; And parte ather' from othere, Water aboue, I-wis; Euen) and morne maide is this A day, [so was] the tothere.

Waters, that' so wyde ben) spred, be gedered to geder in to one stede, that' dry the erth may seym; that' at' is dry the erth shaH be, the waters also I caH the see; this warke to me is queme.

Out' of the erth herbys shal spryng', Trees to florish and frute furth bryng', thare kynde that it' be kyd. This is done after my wiH; Even) & morn) maide is ther' tiH A day, this is the thryd. [MS. thyrd.]

Son) & moyne set in the heuen), With starnes, & the planettys seuen), To stand in thare degre;
The son to serve the day lyght;
The moyne also to serve the nyght;
The fourte day shall this be.

(10)
The water to norish the fyssh swymand,
The erth to norish bestys crepeand,
That fly or go may.
Multiplye in erth, and be
In my blyssyng, wax now ye;
This is the fyft day.

(11)
Cherubyn. Oure lord god in trynyte,
Mythi and loyng be to the,
Mythi and loyng ouer al thyng;
for thou hast made, with thi bidyng,
Heuen, & erth, and al that is,
and giffen vs Ioy that newe shal mys.
Lord, thou art full mych of myght,
that has maide lucifer so bright;
we loue the, lord, bright ar we,
bot none of vs so bright as he:
He may wel hight lucifere,
for lufly light that he doth bere.
He is so lufly and so bright
It is grete ioy to se that sight;
We lofe the, lord, with aloure thoght,
that sich thyng can make of noght.

hic deus recedit à suo solio & lucifer sedebit in eodem solio.

(12)
Lucifer. Certys, it is a semely sight,
Syn that we ar al angels bright,
and euer in blis to be;
If that ye will behold me right,
this mastre longys to me.
I am so fare and bright,
of me commys al this light,
this gam and al this gle;

1 The words "has made" are in a later hand, the originals having been obliterated.
Agans my grete myght

daye [no]thyng stand [ne] be.  

And ye weH me behold
I am a thousand fold
brighter then) is the sow
my strengthe may not be told,
my myght may no thyng kon;

In heuen, therfor', wit I wold
Above me who shuld won.

ffor I am lord of blis,
ouer aH this warl<, I-wis,
My myrth is most of aH;
the[r]for' my wif is this,
mastre' ye shaH me caH.

And ye shaH se, fuH sone onone,
How that me semys to sit' in trone
as kyng< of blis;
I am so semely, blode & bone,
my sete shaH be ther< as was his.

Say, felows, how semys now me
To sit in seyte of trynyte?
I am so bright of ich a lym)
I trow me seme as weH as hym.

primus angelus malus. Thou art' so fayre vnto my
syght,
thow semys weH to sytt onl hight';
So thynke me that thou doyse.

primus bonus angelus. I rede ye leyfe that vanys
royse,

ffor' that' seyte may now angeH seme
So weH as hym) that' aH shaH deme.

Secundus bonus angelus. I reyde ye sese of that ye sayn,
ffor' weH I wote ye carpe in vayne;
hit semyd hym) neuer, ne neuer shaH,
So weH as hym) that has maide aH.

1 MS. may thyng< stand them< be.
Secundus malus angelus. Now, and by oght that I can witt, he semys full well theron to sitt; He is so fayre, withouten les, he semys full well to sitt on des. therfor, fellow, hold thi peasse, and vmbithynke the what thou sayse.

he semys as well to sitt there as god hymself, if he were here.

Lucifer. leyt fellow, thynk the not so?

primus malus angelus. Yee, god wote, so dos othere mo.

primus bonus [Angelus]. Nay, forsoth, so thynk not vs.

Lucifer. Now, therof a leke what lekys vs?

Syn) I my self am so bright therfor, wele, hold thi peasse, and vmbithynke the what thou saysse.

he semys as weH to sitt there as god hymself, if he were here.

Lucifer says he will take a fliht.1

Tunc exibunt demones clamando, & dicit primus,

[Scene II. Hell.]

primus demon. Alas, alas, and wele-wo!

Lucifer, whi feH thou so?

We, that were angels so fare, and sat so hie aboue the ayere,

Now ar we waxen blak as any coyH, and vgly, tatyrd as a foyH.

What' alyd the, lucifer, to faH?

was thow not farist of' angels aH?

Brightist', and best, & most' of' luft

With god hymself, that syttys aboyf'?

thow has maide [neyn,2] there was [ten,3]

thow art' fouH comyn from' thi kyn'; thou art' fallen', that' was the teynd, from an angeH to a feynd.

thow has vs doyn a vyle dispyte, and broght' thi self' to sorow and sitt'.

Alas, ther' is noght els to say but' we ar' tynt' for' now and ay.

Secundus demon.—Alas, the ioy that' we were In hane we lost', for oure syn).

1 A scribe has mistaken Lucifer's boastful flight for his fall. One or more stanzas containing either a speach of Deus (cp. Chester and Coventry Plays) or the exclamations of the devils as they fall (cp. York Plays) must have been omitted.

2 MS. ix.

3 MS. x.
Towneley Plays. I. The Creation.

We may curse our wicked pride: "so may ye all that stand beside."

We were in myrth and Ioy enoghe
When lucifer to pride drogh.
Alas, we may warrie wikkyd pride,
so may ye aH that standys be side;
We held with hym ther he saide leasse,
and therfor' hane we aH vnpeasse.
Alas, alas,oure Ioye is tynt;
We mon haue payne that' neuer shalH stynt.

[Scene III. Earth.]

Deus.—Erthly bestys, that may crepe and go,
bryng ye furthi and wax ye mo,
I se that' it' is good ;
now make we man to oure liknes,
that' shaH be keper of more & les,
of fowles, and fysh in flood.

spreyte of' life I in the blaw,
good and iH both shalH thou' knaw ;
rise vp, and stand bi me.
AH that' is in water or land,
It' shaH bow vnto thi hand,
and sufferanH shaH thou be ;

I gif' the witt, I gif the strenght,
of' aH thou sees, of brede & lengthe ;
thou shaH be wonder wise.
Myrthi and Ioy to haue at wiH,
AH thi likyng to fulfiH,
and dweH in paradise.

This I make thi wonnyng playce,
ffuH of' myrthi and of solace,
and I seasse the therin.
It' is not' good to be alone,
to walk here in this worthely won,
In aH this welthly wyn ;
(21) therfor, a rib I from the take,
therof shalt be [maide] thi make,
    And be to thi helpynge.
Ye both to gouerne that here is,
and euer more to be in blis,
ye wax in my blissyng.

(22) ye shal have Ioye & blis therin,
whils ye wiH kepe you out of syn,
    I say without[ten] lese.
Ryse vp, myn angel cherubyn,
    (Pole 2, a.)
Take and leyd theym both in,
    And leyf them there in peasse.

Tune capit cherubyn adam per manum, & dicit eis dominus,

Heris thou adam, and cue thi wife,
I forbede you the tre of life,
And I commaund, that it be gat;
Take which ye wiH, bot negh not that.
Adam, if thou breke my rede,
that shalt dye a dulfH dede.

Cherubyn. Oure lord, oure god, thi wiH be done;
I shal go with theym fuH sone.
flor sothi, my lord, I shal not sted
tiH I haue theym theder led.
we thank the, lord, wiH fuH good chere,
that has maide man to be oure feere. [Exit Deus.] 209

Com furth, adam, I shal the leyd;
take tent to me, I shal the reyd.
I rede the thynk how thou art wroght,
and luf my lord in aH thi thoght,
That has maide the througH his wiH,
angels ordir to fulfiH.
Many thynlngs he has the giffen, 217
and maide the master of aH that liH.
He has forbed the bot a tre;
look that thou let it be,
Adam and Eve congratulate themselves & thank God.

Adam bids Eve keep away from the Tree of Life.

The tenth order of angels is fallen.

ffor' if thou breke his commaundment, thou skapys not' bot' thou be shent. 221
Weynd here in to paradise, and luke now that' ye be wyse, And kepe you weH, for' I must' go vnto my lord, ther' I cam) fro. [Exit Cherubyn.] 225

Adam'. Almyghty lord, I thank' it the that' is, and was, and shaH be, Of thi luf' and of' thi grace, ffor' now is here a mery place;
Eue, my fellow, how thynk the this?

Eua. A stede me thynk of' Ioye and blis, Thau god has giffen) to the and me;
Withoutten) ende blissyd be he.

Adam'. Eue, felow, abide me thore, ffor' I wiH go to viset more,
To se what trees that' here been);
here ar' weH moo then) we have seen), Gresys, and othere smalH floures, that' smecH fuH swete, of seyr' coloures.

Eua. Gladly, sir, I wiH fuH fayne;
When) ye haue sene theym), com) agane.

Adam'. Bot' luke weH, eue, my wife, that' thou) negh not the tree of' life;
ffor' if' thou) do he bese ih paide;
then be we tynt), as he has saide.

Eua. Go furth) and play the aH aboute, I shaH not' negh it' while thou) art' oute;
ffor' be thou sekyr' I were fuH loth
ffor' any thyng that' he were wroth. [Exeunt Adam & Eve.]

[Scene IV.  Hell.]

Lucifert'. Who wend euer this tyme haue seyn)?
We, that in sicH myrth haue beyn), That we shuld suffre so mych wo?
Who wold euer traw it' shuld be so?

[1 Ten] orders in heuen were of' angels, that' had office sere;
Of ich order', in thare degre,
the ['t teynd] parte feH downe with me;

1 MS. X.  2 MS. x.
ffor' thay held with me that you dyde, 261
and maintenyd me in my pride;
Bot' herkyns, felows, what I say—
the Ioy that we haue lost for ay,
God has maide man with his hand, 265

to haue that blis withouten end,
The 1 neyn ordre to fullH,
that' after' vs left, sych is his wiH.
And now ar' thay in paradise;
bot' thens thay shaH, if we be wise. 267

The MS. has apparently lost 12 leaves here, containing (no doubt) the Temptation of Eve and the Expulsion of her and Adam from Paradise.

(II.)

Mactacio abel. Secunda pagina.

[Dramatis Personae.


Garcio. (1) Glover Pag.²...

H hayH, aH hayH, both blithe and glad,
ffor' here com I, a mery lad;
be peasse youre dyn, my master' bad,
Or' els the dwiH you spedee.

Wote ye not' I com before?
Bot who that' Ianglis any more
He must' blaw my blak hoiH bore,
both behynk and before,
Tih' his tethe blede.

Who so is so hardy to do that' dede
The dwiH³ hang hym vp to dry.

¹ MS. ix. ² In a later hand. ³ MS. dwiH; the “e” having been overlined by a later hand.
His master is a good yeoman:

Gedlyngis, I am a full He grete wat,
A good yoman my master' hat,
fful weH ye aH hym kew; 16

ill to quarrel with.

Begyn he with you for to stryfe,
certi, then mon ye neuer thryfe;
Bot' I trow, bi god on life,
Som of' you ar' his men.

Bot' let youre lippis couer youre ten,
harlottis, euerichon!
ffor if' my master' com, welcom hym thon'.
ffareweH, for' I am gone. [Exit Garcio.] 24

[Enter Cain, ploughing.]

Cain calls to his mare.

Cayn'. Io furth, greyn-horne! and war' oute, gryme!

Drawes on! god gif you iH to tyme!
Ye stand as ye were fallen in swyme;
What'! wiH ye no forther', mare? 23

Pull on a bit, you shrew.

War'! let' me se how down' wiH draw;
Yit', shrew, yit', puH on a throw!
What'! it' semys for' me ye stand none aw!

I say, donnnyng, go fare!

A, ha! god gif the soro & care!

You're the worst mare I ever had in plough.

Io! now hard she what I saide;
now yit' art thou the warst mare

In plogH that' euer I haide. 36

(3)

He calls the Boy.

How! pike-harnes, how! com heder belife!

[Enter Garcio."

They wrangle.

Garcio. I fend, godis forbot, that' euer thou thrife!

Cayn. What', boy, shal I both' hold and drife?

herys thou not how I cry?

Garcio. Say, maH and stott, wiH ye not' go?

Lemyng', moreH, white-horne, Io!

now wiH ye not se how thay hy? 43

(5)

Cayn'. Gog gif the sorow, boy; want' of mete it gars.

Garcio. thare prouand, sir, for' thi, I lay beyhnd thare ars,
And tyes them fast bi the nekis,
With many stanys in thare hekis.

'Fol. 3, b.] Cayn'. That' shaH bi thi fals chekis. 48
(6)

Garcio. And haue agane as right.

Cayn. I am thi master, wilt thou fight?

Garcio. Yai, with the same mesure and weglit

That I be ro wiH I qwite.

Cayn. We! now, no thyng, bot' caH on tyte, that we had ploide this land.

Garcio. harrer', moreH, iofurth, hyte!

and let the ploghi stand.

[Enter Abel.]

(7)

AbeH. God, as he bothi may and can, Spede the, brother', & thi man.

Cayn. Com kis myne ars, me list not ban, As welcom standis ther' oute.

Thou shuld haue bide til thou were cald;

Com nar', & other' drife or' hald,

and kys the dwllis toute.

Go grese thi shepe vnder' the toute,

for that' is the moste lefe.

AbeH. broder', ther' is none here aboute

that' wold the any grefe;

(8)

bot', leif' brother', here my sawe—

It' is the custom of' our law,

AH that' wyrk as the wise

shaH worship god with sacrifice.

Oure fader' vs bad,oure fader' vs kend,

that' oure tend shuld be brend.

Com furth, brothere, and let vs gang

To worship god; we dweH fuH lang';

Gif' we hym parte of oure fee,

Corne or' cataH, wheder it' be.

(9)

And therfor', brother', let vs weynd,

And first' clens vs from the feynd

or' we make sacrifice;

Then blis withouten end

get we for' oure seruyce,
(10)

Of hym that isoure saulis leche.

*Cayn*. How! let furth youre geyse, the fox wiH preche;

How long wilt thou me appech

With thi sermonyng?

Hold thi tong, yit I say,

Euen ther the good wife strokid the hay;

Or sit downe in the dwiH way,

With thi vayn earyng:

(11)

Shuld I leife my plough & aH thyng

And go with the to make offerynge?

Nay! thu fyndis me not so mad!

Go to the dwiH, and say I bad!

What gifys god the to rose hym so?

me gifys he noght bot soro and wo.

(12)

*AbeH*. Caym, leife this vayn earyng,

ffor* god gifys the aH thi lifyng.

*Cayn*. Yit* borooed I neuer a farthyng

of hym, here my head.

*AbeH*. Brother*, as elders have vs kend,

first shuld we tend withoure hend,

and to his lofyng sithen be brend.

(13)

*Cayn*. My farthyng is in the preest hand

syn last tyme I offyr.

*AbeH*. leif brother*, let vs be walkand;

I wold oure tend were profyr.

(14)

*Cayn*. We! wherof shuld I tend, leif brothere?

ffor* I am ich yere wars then othere,

here my trouth it is none othere;

My wynnyngis ar* bot meyn,

No wonder if* that* I be leyn;

IshH long thiH hym I may me meyn,

ffor* bi hym that me dere boght,

I traw that* he wiH leyn me noght.
Towneley Plays. II. The Killing of Abel.

(15)

Abel. Yis, aH the good thou hast in wone
Of god's grace is bot a lone.

Cayn!. Lenys he me, as com thriue apon the so?
for he has euer yit beyn my fo;
for had he my freyn beyn,
Other' gatis it had beyn seym.
When aH mens corñ was fayre in feld;
Then was myne not' worthly a neld;
When I shuld saw, & wantyd seyde,
And of corñ had ful grete neyde,
Then gaf' he me none of his,
No more wiH I gif hym of this.
hardely hold me to blame
bot' if' I serue hym of the same.

Abel. Leif' brother', say not so,
bot let vs furth togeder go;
Good brother, let vs weynd sone,
no longer' here I rede we hone.

Cayn!. Ye, yei, thou langyls waste;
the dwiH me spede if' I haue hast,
As long as I may lif,
to dele my good or' gif'
Ather to god or' yit' to man',
of any good that' euer I wan';
for had I giffen away my goode,
then myght I go with a ryfHn hood,
And it is better' hold that' I haue
then go from doore to doore & craue.

Abel. Brother', com furth, in god's name,
I am fulH ferd' that we get blame;
Hy we fast' that' we were thore.

Cayn!. We! ryn on', in the dwiHs nayme Before!

Wemay, man, I hold the mad!
wenys thou now that' I list gad
To gif' away my warldis aght?
the dwiH hym spede that me so taght!
what' nede had I my trauH to lose,
to were my shoyn & ryfH my hose?

1 MS. an eld.
Abel doesn’t want to go without him.

Abel. Dere brother, hit were grete wonder
that I & thou shuld go in sonder;
Then wold our ealter haue grete ferly;
Ar' we not brethren, thou & I?

Cayn'. No, bot' cry on, cry, whyls the thynk good;
Here my trowth, I hold the woode;
Wheuer that' he be blithe or' wroth
to dele my good is me fuH lothi.
I haue gone ofte on softer' wise
ther? I trowed som prow wold rise.

Bot' weH I se go must' I nede;
now weynd before, iH myght' thou sped !
syn that' we shaH algatis go.

Abel. leif' brother', whi sais thou so ?

Let us go together, says Abel.

Bot' go we furth botli togeder ;
blissid' be god we haue fare weder.

Cayn'. lay downe thi trusseH apone this hiH.

Abel. fforsothi broder, so I wiH :

You tithe first, says Cain.

Gog of' heuen, take it' to good.

Cayn'. Thou shaH tend first if thou were wood.

Abel. God that' shope both erthi and heuen),
I pray to the thou here my steven),
And take in thank, if thi will be,
the tend that I offre here to the ;
ffor' I gif' it' in good entent' to the, my lord, that aH has sent.

Abel burns his tithes.

I bren it now, with stedfast thoght,
In worship of' hym that' aH has wroght.

Cayn'. Ryse ! let' me now, syn thou has done ;

lord of' heuen, thou here my boyne !
And ouer, godis forbot', be to the
thank or' thew to kun me ;
ffor', as browke I thise two shankys,
It is fuH sore, myne vnhankys,
The teynd that' I here gif' to the,
of' corn, or' thyng, that' newys me ;
Bot now begyn wiH I then,
syn I mus' nede my tend to brenl.

Cain begins tithing.

Oone shefe, one, and this makys two,
bot' nawder of' thise may I forgo:
Two, two, now this is thre,
yei, this also shall be left with me:

He chooses and keeps the best for himself, grumbling all the time.

ffor I will chose and best have,
this hold I thrift of aH this thrafe;
Wemo, wemo, foure, lo, here!
better grove me no this yere.

At yeire tyme I sew faire corn,
yit was it sith when it was shorne,
Thystyls & brerys, yei grete plente,
And aH kyn wedis that myght be.

Cain keeps on counting.

ffoure shefs, foure, lo, this makis fyfe—
deyH I fast thus long or I thrafe—
fyfe and sex, now this is sevyn,
bot this getwis neuer god of heaven;
Nor none of thise foure, at my myght,
shaH neuer com in godis sight.

Sevyn, sevyn, now this is aght,

AbeH. Cain, brother', thou art not god betaghth.

Cain. We! therfor is it' that I say,
ffor I will not deyle my good away:
Bot' had I gyffen hym this to teynd
Then wold thou say he were my Freynd;
Bot' I thynk not, bi my hode,
To departe so lightly fro my goode.
we! aght', aght, & neyn, & ten is this,
we! this may we best mys.

We may best do without this one.

Gift hym that that ligis thore?
It' goyse agans myn hart' fulH sore.

It tell me se now how it is—
lo, yit' I hold me paide;
I teyndyd wonder weft bi ges,
And so even I laide.

1 MS. xij, xv, xvi.
Devil speed me if he get a sheaf more.

I had many a weary back in getting this.

Never you mind how I'm tithing.

Here are two sheaves, and that must do.

Cease your jangling.

(18)

_AbeH_. Came, of god me thynke thou has no drede.

_Came_. Now and he get more, the dwiH me spede!

As mych as oone reepe,
ffor' that cam hym fuH light chepe;
Not as mekiH, grete ne smalH,
as he myght wipe his arcs with aH.
ffor' that', and this that lyys here,
haue cost me fuH dere;
Or' it was shorne, and broght in stak,
had I many a wery bak;
Therfor' aske me no more of this,
ffor' I haue giffen that' my wiH is.
_AbeH_. Cam, I rede thou tend right'
ffor' drede of hym that' sittis on hight.

_Cayn*. How that I tend, rek the newer a deiH,
bot' tend thi skabbid shepe wele;
ffor' if' thou to my teynd tent' take,
It' bese the wares for' thi sake.
Thou wold I gaH hym this shefe, or' this sheyfe;
na, nawder of' thise [two?] wil I leife;
Bot take this, now has he two,
and for' my sauH now mot' it' go,
Bot' it gos sore agans my wiH,
and shal he like fuH iH.

_AbeH_. Cam, I reyde thou so teynd
that' god of heuen be thi freynd.

_Cayn*. My freynd? na, not' bot' if' he wiH!
I did hym neuer yit' bot' skiff.
If' he be neuer so my fo,
I am avisid' gif' hym no mo;
Bot' chaunge thi conscience, as I do myw,
yit' teynd thou not' thi mesel swyne?

_AbeH_. If' thou teynd right' thou mon' it fynde.

_Cayn*. Yei, kys the dwiHs arcs behynde;
The dwiH hang the bi the nek!
how that I teynd, newer thou rek.

WiH thou not' yit hold thi peasse?
of' this Ianglyng I reyde thou sensse.
And teynd I weH, or' tend I iH,
bere the euen & speke bot' skiff.

1 MS. ij.
Bot now syn thou has teyndid thyne,
Now wiff I set fyr on myne.
We! out! haro! help to blaw!
It wiff not bren for me, I traw;
Puf! this smoke dos me mych shame—
now bren, in the dwiHys name!
A! what dwiH of heH is it?
Almost had myne breth beyn dit:
I had beyn choked right thore;
It stank like the dwiH in heH,
that longer ther' myght I not dweH.

Abel. Cam, this is not' worthi oone leke;
thy tend shuld bren withouten smoke.

Caym!. Com kys the dwiH right' in the ars,
for' the it' brens bot' the wars;
I wold that' it were in thi throte;
ffyr, & shefe, and ichi a sprote..
[God appears above.]

Deus. Cam, whi arth thou so rebel
Agans thi brother' abelH?
Thar' thou nowther' flyte ne chyde,
it' thou tend right' thou gettis thi mede;
And be thou sekir', if' thou teynd fals,
thou bese alowed ther' after als.
[Exit Deus.]

(19)

Caym!. Whi, who is that hOB-ouer-the-waH?
we! who was that' that' piped so smaH?
Com go we hens, for' perels ahH;
God is out' of hys wit;
Com furth, abelH, & let' vs weynd;
Me think that' god is not' my freynd,
on land then wiff I flyt.

(20)

AbelH. A, Caym, brother', that' is iH done.

Caym!. No, bot' go we hens sone;

1 The writer of MS. has by mistake continued his lines on Fol. 6 a, instead of fol. 5 b, and has made a note in red ink on top of fol. 5 b. as follows:—"[M]jl that' this syde of the leyf' [sh]uld' folow the other next' syde [ac]cordingly to the tokyns here maide, [an]l then after al stondys in ordr."
Towneley Plays. II. The Killing of Abel.

He says he will go to his beasts.

Cain stops him and says it is time to pay Abel what he owes him.

Why did your tithe burn & not mine?

I will take your life for it with this cheek bone.

Abel cries for vengeance.

If any one thinks he did amiss, Cain will make things worse.

Bot now, syn he is Broght on Slepe, Into Som hole fayn wold I crepe; ffor ferd I qwake and can no rede, ffor be I taken, I be bot dede;

1 Originally written "I am not to wite"; "I" and "not" have been struck out with red ink, and "I" placed after "am."
here will I lig this as forty dayes,  
And I shrew hym that me fyrst rayse.

_Deus._ Caym, Caym!  
[Caym._ who is that that calleth me?  
[God appears above._]

I am yonder, may thou not see?  
_Deus._ Caym, where is thy brother?  
_Caym._ what askis thou me? I trow at heH:

At heH I trow he be—
who so were ther then myght he se—
Or somwhere fallen on slepyng;
when was he in my kepyng?

_Deus._ Caym, Caym, thou was wode;  
The voyce of thy brother's blode
That thou has slayn, on fals wise,
from erth to heuen venyance cryse.

And, for thou has broght thy brother downe,
here I gift the my malison.

_Caym._ Yei, dele aboute the, for I will none,  
or take it the when I am gone.

Syn I haue done so mekiH syn,
that I may not thy mercy wyn,
And thou thus dos me from thi grace,
I shaH hyde me fro thi face;
And where so any man may fynd me,
Let hym slo me hardely;
And where so any man may me mayte,
Ayther bi sty, or yit bi strete;
And hardely, when I am dede,
bery me in gudeboure at the quareH hede,
ffor, may I pas this place in quarte,
bi aH men set I not a fart.

_Deus._ Nay, caym, it be not so;
I will that no man other slo,  
ffor he that sloys yong or old
It shaH be punyshid sevenfold.

_Caym._ No force, I wote wheder I shaH;  
In heH I wote mon be my staff.
It is no boyte mercy to craue,
ffor if I do I mon none haue;

1 Opposite this line a later hand has added in the margin,  
"& that shaH do thy boddy der."

Exit Deus.

God calls to Cain.
Where is thy brother?
Cain answers he may be in hell or asleep.
Cain says since he has lost God's grace he will hide himself.
God curses him.
Cain says if any man find him, let him slay him; and bury him "in gudeboure at the quarell head."
God will not let him be slain.
Cain knows that hell will be his place.
He wants to hide the body.

If Pike-harnes were there they would bury it together.

Cain calls Pike-harnes and hits him to keep his hand in.

[Vol. 6, b.] He tells him he has slain Abel.

The boy cries out upon him.

We shall come off ill if the bailies catch us.

Cain promises to cry his peace.

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<td>Bot this cors I wold were hid, for som man myght com at vngayn, file fals shrew; wold he bid, And weyn I had my brother slayn.</td>
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<td>381</td>
<td>Bot were pike-harnes, my knafe, here, we shuld bery hym both in fere. How, pyke-harnes, scape-thryft! how, pike-harnes, how!</td>
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<td>385</td>
<td>Cain'. harstow, boy! the is a podyng in the pot: take the that, boy, tak the that!</td>
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<td>389</td>
<td>Ah! the day to ryn and trott; And cuer amang thou srykeand, Thus am I comen bofetti to fott.</td>
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<td>393</td>
<td>(24) Cain'. Peas, man, I did it bot to vse my hand;</td>
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<td>397</td>
<td>Bot Harke, boy, I haue a counsell to the to Say— I slogh my brother this same day; I pray the, good boy, and thou may, to ryn away with the bayn.</td>
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<td>throughout this land?</td>
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Caym’. Hey, that I gif god a vow, belife. Garcio. how wilt thou do long or thou thrife? Caym’. Stand vp, my good boy, belife, and thaym peasse both man & [w]ife;
And who so will do after me shall he be.
Bot thou must be my good boy,
and cry oyes, oyes, oy!

Garcio. Browes, browes, to thi boy.

Cain makes proclamation of pardon for himself & his boy. The boy mocks him in audible 'asides.'

Garcio makes proclamation of pardon for his son.

Cain. I commaund you in the kyng's nayme,
Garcio. And in my masteres, fals Cayme,
Cain. That no man at thame fynd fawt ne blame.
Garcio. Yey, cold rost is at my masteres hame.

Garcio. Yit ete I never half my fiH.

Cain. The kyng wrytis you vntill.

Caym. Nowther with hym nor with his knafe,
Garcio. What, I hope my master rafe.
Caym. for that that ar trew, frue many fold; 
Garcio. My master suppis no coyle bot cold.
Caym. The kyng wrytis you vntill.
Garcio. Yit ete I never half my fiH.

Cain. The kyng wiH that thay be safe,
Garcio. Yey, a draght of drynke fayne wold I hayfe.
Caym. At there awne wiH let tham wafe;
Garcio. My stomak is redy to receyfe.

Cain. Loke no man say to thaym, on nor other;
Garcio. This same is he that slo his brother.
Caym. Byd euery man thaym luft and lowt,
Garcio. Yey, ih spen weft ay comes foule out.
Caym. long or thou get thi hoyse and thou go thus aboute.

Byd euery man thaym pleasse to pay.
Garcio. Yey, gift don', thyne hors, a wisp of hay.
Caym. we! com downe in twenty dwiH way,
The dwiH I the betake;
ffor bot if were abeH, my brother,
yit knew I neuer thi make.

This line should probably be Garcio's.
The boy wishes the spectators the blessing God gave Cain.

**Garcio.** Now old and young, or that ye weynd,
The same blissyng withouten end,
    Ah sam then shal ye haue,
That God, of heuen my master has giffen;
Browke it weH, whils that ye liffen,
    he vowche it fuH weH safe.
(34)

Cain makes the boy go to the plough.

**Cayme.** Com downe yit in the dwiHis way,
    And angre me no more;
And take yond plough, I say,
    And weynd the furth fast before;
And I shal, if I may,
    Tech the another' lore;
I warn the lad, for ay,
    flo now furth, euermore,
    That thou greue me noght;
flor, bi Godis sydis, if thou do,
I shal hang the apon this plo,
    with this rope, lo, lad, lo!
    By hym that me dere boght.
(35)

If he angers him he will hang him on it.

Now fayre weH, felows aH,
    flor I must nedis weynd,
And to the dwiH be thraH,
    warH withouten end.
Ordand ther' is my staH,
    with sathanas the feynd,
Euer ih myght hym befaH
    that theder me commen?,
This tyde.
flare weH les, & fare weH more,
    flor' now and euer more,
I wiH go me to hyde.
(36)

His own place must be in hell.

Explicit Mactacio AbeH.
Sequitur' Noe.
(III.)

Processus Noe cum filiis. Wakefeld.

[In 62 nine-line stanzas, aababcccb, with central rhymes in aaaa, marked here by bars.]

[Drumatis Personae.]

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<td>Primus filius.</td>
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Noe.

MyghtfuH god veray / Maker of anH that is,
Thre persons withouten nay / oone god in endles blis,
Thou maide both nyght & day / beest, fowle, & fysh,
AH creatures that lif may / wroght thou at thi wish,
As thou wel myght;
The son, the moyne, verament,
Thou maide; the firmament,
The sternes also fulH feruent,
To shyne thou maide ful bright.

Angels thou maide ful euen / anH orders that is,
To haue the blis in heuen / this did thou more & les,
fH mervelus to neuen / yit was ther vnkyndnes,
More bi foldiH seuen / then I can weH expres;
ffor whi?

Ofi anH angels in brightnes
God gaH lucifer most lightnes,
Yit prouldy he flyt his des,
And setiH hym euen hym by.

He thoughti hymself as worthi / as hym that hym made,
In brightnes, in bewty / therfor he hym degrade;
put hym in a low degre / soyn after, in a brade,
hym and anH his menye / wher he may be unglad
ffor euer.

shaH thay neuer wyn away
hence vnto domysday,
Bot burne in bayle for ay,
shaH thay neuer dysseuer.
Noah recalls the creation of Adam & Eve

Soyne after that gracious lord / to his liknes maide man,
That place to be restord / even as he began,
Of the trinite bi accord / Adam & eue that woman,
To multiply without discord / In paradise put he thaym,
    And sithen to both
Gaf in commaundement,
On the tre of life to lay no hend;
Both yit the fals feyned
    Made hym with man wroth,

Entysyd man to glotony / styrd him to syn in pride;
Bot in paradise securly / myght no syn abide,
And therfor man ful hastely / was put out, in that tyde,
In wo & wandreth for to be / In paynes ful vnrid;
    To knawe,
ffyrst in erth, in sythen in heH
with feyndis for to dweH,
Both he his mercy meH
    To those that wiH hym trawe.

Oyle of mercy he Hus hight / As I haue Hard red,
To euery lifyng wight / that wold luf hym and dred;
Both now before his sight / euery lifyng leyde,
Most party day and nyght / syn in word and dede
    fful bold;
Som in pride, Ire, and enuy,
Som in Couet[yse] & glotyny,
Som in sloth and lechery,
    And other' wise many fold.

Therfor' I drede lest god / on vs will take venance,
ffor' syn is now alod / without any repentance;
Sex hundreth yeris & od / haue I, without distance,
In erth, as any sock / liffyd with grete gervance
Ah way;

1 MS. knowe.  
2 MS. Couetous.
And now I wax old,
seke, sory, and cold,
As muk apon mold
I widder away;

(8)
Bo' yit wiH I cry / for' mercy and caH;
Noe thi servaut', am I / lord ouer aH!
Therfor' me and my fry / shal with me faH;
saue from velany / and bryng to thi haH
In heuen;

And kepe me from syn,
This world within;
Comly kyng' of' mankyn,
I pray the here my steyvn!  [God appears above.]

(9)
_ Deus._ Syn I haue maide aH thyng / that is lissand,
Duke, emperou', and kyng / with myne awne hand,
for to haue thare likyng / bi see & bi sand,
Every man to my bydyng / shulde be bowand
fuH fervent';
That' maide man siche a creatoure,
faarest of' favoure,
Man must luf me paramoure,
by reason, and repent.

(10)
Me thoght I shewed man luf / when I made hym to be
AH angels abuf / like to the trynyte;
And now in grete reprufe / fuH low ligis he,
In erth hymself to stuff / with syn that displease me
Most' of' aH;
Venance wiH I take,
In erth for syn sake,
My grame thus wiH I wake,
both of grete and smaH.

(11)
I repente fuH sore / that euer maide I man,
Bi me he settis no store / and I am his soferan;
I wiH distroy therfor' / Both beest, man, and woman,
AH shalH perish les and more / that bargain may thay
ban,
The earth is full of sin.

That it has done.

In earth I see right night;

Bot' syn that is vnsoght;

Of' those that weH has wroght

ffynk I bot a fone.

God will destroy it with floods,

Therfor' shaH I fordo / AH this mediH-end

with floods' that shaH flo / & ryn with hidous renk;

I haue good cause therfo / ffor' me no man is ferk,

As I say shal I do / of' venance draw my swerd,

And make end of all that beis life,

Say' noe and his wife,

ffor' thay wold neuer stryfe

With me [ne] me offend.

[MS. then.]

God bids Noah build a ship

hym to mekiH Wyn / hastily wiH I go,

To noe my seruand, or' I blyn / to warn hym of his wo.

In earth I se bot' syn / reynand to and fro,

Emangi both more & myn / ichon other fo;

With all thare entent;

AH shaH I fordo

with floods' that shall floo,

wirk shaH thaym wo,

That will not repent. [God descends & comes to Noah.]

Noe, my freend, I thee commaund / from cares the to keyle,

A ship that thou ordand / of nayle and bord ful wele.

Thou was alway weH wirkand / to me trew as stele,

To my bydyng obediand / frendship shal thou fele;

To mede;

of lennthe thi ship be

Thre hundreth cubettis, warn I the,

Of heght even thrirte,

of fyfty als in brede.

Anoynthe thi ship with pik and tar / without & als within,

The water out to spar / this is a noble gyn;

1 MS. bot.
look no man the mar/ thre ches1 chambers begun,
Thou must spend many a spar/ this wark or thou wyn
To end fully.
Make in thi ship also,
parloures one or two,
And houses of office mo,
for' beestis that ther must be.
(16)
Oone cubite on hight / A wyndo shal thou make;
on the syde a doore with slyght/ be-neyth shal thou take;
With the shal no man fyght/ nor do the no kyn wake.
When aH is doyne thus right / thi wife, that is thi make,
Take in to the;
Thi sonnes of good fame,
Sem, Iaphet, and Came,
Take in also hame,
Thare wifis also thre.
(17)
for' aH shal be fordone / that lif in land bot ye,
with floodis that from abone / shal faH, & that plente;
It shal begun fH sone / to rayn vncessantle,
After dayes seuen be done / and induyr dayes fourty,
withouten fayH.
Take to thi ship also
of ich kynd beestis two,
MayH & femayH, bot no mo,
Or thou puH vp thi sayH.
(18)
for' thay may the avayH / when al this thynge is wroght;*
Stuf thi ship with vitayH, / for' hungre that ye perish
noglit;*
Of beestis, fouH, and catayH / for' thaym haue thou in
thoglit,
for thaym is my counsayH / that som socour be soght,
In hast;
Thay must haue corn and hay,
And oder mete alway;
Do now as I the say,
In the name of the holy gast.

1 MS. "chefe." Compare line 231.
28 Towneley Plays. III. Noah and the Ark.

(19)

Noah asks who it is who speaks.

Noe. A! benedicite! / what art thou that thus Tellys afore that shall be? / thou art full meruelus! Tell me, for charite / thi name so graciis.

God declares Himself.

Deus. My name is of dignyte / and also full glorius
To knawe.¹

I am god most myghty,
Oone god in trynyty,
Made the and ich man to be;
To luf me weH thou awe.

(20)

Noah thanks Him for appearing to a simple knave like himself, & begs His blessing.

Noe. I thank thee, lord, so dere / that wold vowch sayf
Thus low to appere / to a symple knafe;
Blis vs, lord, here / for charite I hit crafe,
The better may we stere / the ship that we shal hafe,
Certayn).

Deus. Noe, to the and to thi fry
My blyssyng graunt I;
Ye shalt wax and multiply,
And fH the erth agane,

When all thisse floodis ar past / and fully gone away.

Noe. lord, homward wiH I hast / as fast as that I may;
My [wife] wiH I frast / what she will say, [Exit Deus.]
And I am agast / that we get som fray Betwixt vs both;
ffor she is full tether, ffor litH off angre,
If any thyng wrang be,
Soyne is she wroth. Tunc perget ad vxorem! ¹

(21)

Noah says he will go tell his wife.

God spede, dere wife / how fayre ye?
Vxor. Now, as ever myght I thryfe / the wars I thee see;
Do teH me belife / where has thou thus long be?
To dede may we dryfe / or’ lif for the,
ffor’ want.

¹ MS. knowe.
When we swete or' swynk,
thou dos what thou thynk,
Yit of mete and of' drynk
haue we veray skant.

(23)
_Noe._ Wife, we ar haad' sted / with thyngis new.
     _Noah._ Bot' thou were worthi be cled / _In Stafford blew;_
     _Thou spekis ever off sorow;_
     _God send the onys thi fiH!_

(24)
_We women may wary / aH iH husbandis;_  
I haue oone, bi mary! / that lowsyd me of my bandis;
If' he teyn I must tary / how so ever it standis,
With seymland fuH sory, / wryngand both my handis
     _Bot' yit other while;_
     _Women may curse all ill husbands, but she knows how to pay out hers._
    _And quite hym his' mede._

(25)
_Noe._ We! hold' thi tong, ram-skyt / or I shall the stih.
     _Noah._ By my thiyft, if' thou smyte / I shall turne the vntiH.
     _Noe._ We shall assay as tyte / haue at the, giH!
_Apon the bone shall it byte._ /
     _Noah._ A, so, mary! thou smytis iH!
    _Bot' I suppose_
I shall not' in thi det,'
     _She hits back,_
     _flyt' of this flett!_
Take the ther' a langett
     _She hits her._
    _To tye vp thi hose!_

(26)
_Noe._ A! wilt thou so? / mary, that' is myne.
     _Noah._ Thou shall thre for' two / I swere bi godis pyne.
Towneley Plays.  III. Noah and the Ark.

Noah promises to pay her back.

Noe. And I shal qwyte the tho / In fayth or syne.  228

Vxor'. Out apon the, ho! /

Noe. Thou can both byte and whyne,

with a ren'k; 230

for aH if she strike,

with fast' she skryke,

In fayth I hold' none slyke

In aH mediH-en'; 234

There is no wife like her on earth.

Bot' I wiH kepe charyte / for' I haue at do.

Vxor'. Here shal no man tary the / I pray the go to!

ffuH weH may we mys the / as euer haue I ro;

To spyn wiH I dres me. /

Noe. We! fare weH, lo;

She says she will go spin.

Bot wife,

Pray for me besele,

To eft I com vnto the.

Vxor'. Euen as thou prays for me,

As euer myght' I thirfe.  [Exit Vxor'.]  243

[fol. 10, a.]

Noah begins work on the ark,

Noe. I tary fuH Lang / Fro my warke, I traw;

Now my gere wiH I fang / and thederward draw;

I may fuH iH gang / as euer haue I ro;

Bot if god help amang / I may sit' downe daw

To ken'; 248

Now assay wiH I

first invoking the Trinity.

how I can of wrightrity,

In nomine patris, & filii,

Et spiritus sancti, Amen.  252

He gets the ark of the right dimensions.

To begyn of this tree / my bonys wiH I bend,

I traw from the trynyte / socoure wiH be send';

It fayres fuH fayre, thyk me / this wark to my hend;

Now blissid be he / that this can amen'.

lo, here the lenghit,

Thre hundreth cubettis euenly,

of' breed lo is it fyfty,

The heght is euen thrirty

Cubettis fuH strenght.  261
(30)
Now my gowne wH I cast / and wyrk in my cote,
Make wH I the mast / or I flyt one foote,
A! my bak, I traw, wH brast ! / this is a sory note!
hit is wonder that I last / sich an old dote
AH dold,
To begyn sich a wark!
My bonys ar so stark,
No wonder if thay wark,
ffor I am fuH old.

(31)
The top and the sayH / both wH I make,
The helme and the casteH / also wH I take,
To drife ich a nayH / wH I not forsake,
This gere may neuer fayH / that dar' I vndertake
Onone.
This is a nobuH gyn,
Thise nayles so thay ryn,
Thoro more and myn,
Thise bordis ichon ;

(32)
wyndow and doore / even as he saide,
Thre ches chambre / thay ar' well maide,
Pyk & tar' fuH sure / ther apon laide,
This wH euer endure / therof' am I paide ;
ffor why ?
It' is better wroght
Then I coude haift thoght ;
hym that' maide aH off' noght
I thank oonly.

(33)
Now wH I hy me / and no thyng be leder',
My wife and my meneye / to bryng eveno heder.
Tent hedir tydelv / wife, and consider,
hens must vs fle / AH sam togeder'
In hast.
V:cor! Whit, syr', what alis you?
Who is that asalis you?
To fle it avalis you,
And ye be agast.
Noah tells his wife of the coming flood.

Noe. Ther is garū on the reyH / other, my dame.

Vxor'. TeH me that ich a deyH / els get ye blame.

Noe. He that cures may keiH / blisst be his name!

he has for oure seyH / to sheld vs fro shame,

And sayd,

Ah this world aboute
With floodis so stoute,
That shal ryn on a route,

Shal be ouerlaide.

(35)

he saide aH shal be slayn / bot onely we,
Oure bernes that' ar' bayn / and thare wifis thre ;
A ship he bad me ordayn / to safe vs & oure fee,
Therfor with aH oure mayn / thank we that fre

Beytter of' bayH ;

by vs fast, go we thedir'.

Vxor'. I wote neuer whedir',

She is afraid at his tale.

I dase and I dedir

flor' ford of that tayH.

(36)

Noe. Be not aferd', haue done / trus sam oure gere,
That we be ther' or none / without more dere.

primus filius. It shal be done fuH sone / brether', help
to bere.

Secundus filius. fiuH long shal I not hoyne / to do my
devere,

Brether sam.

Tercius filius. without any yelp,
At my myght shal I help.

Vxor'. Yit for' drede of' a skelp
help weH thi dam.

(37)

Noe. Now ar' we there / as we shuld be;

Do get in oure gere / oure cataH and fe,

In to this vesseH here / my chylder fre.

Vxor'. I was neuer bard ere / As euers myght I the,

In sich an oostre as this.
In fath I can not fynd
which is before, which is behynd;
Bot shaH we here be pynd,
Noe, as haue thou blis?

(38)
Noe. Dame, as it is skilH / here must vs abide grace;
Therfor, wife, with good wiH / com into this place.

Vxor1. Sir, for Iak nor for giH / wiH I turne my face
ThiH I haue on this hiH / spon a space
on my rok;
WeH were he, myght get me,
Now wiH I downe set me,
Yit reede I no man let me,
ffor' drede of a knok.

(39)
Noe. Behold to the heuen / the cateractes aH,
That are open fuH euen / grete and smaH,
And the planettis seuen / left has thare staH,
Thise thoners and levyn / downe gar' faH
ffuH stout,
Both halles and bowers,
Castels and towres;
ffuH sharp ar' thise showers,
that renys aboute;

(40)
Therfor', wife, haue done / com into ship fast.

Vxor1. Yei, noe, go cloute thi shone / the better wiH
thai last.

prima mulier1. Good moder, com in sone / ffor' aH is over
cast,
Both the son and the mone. /
Secunda mulier1. and many wynd blast'
ffuH sharp;
Thise floodis so thay ryn,
Therfor' moder come in.

Vxor1. In fayth yit wiH I spyn;
AHH in vayn ye carp.

(41)
Tercia Mulier1. If' ye like ye may spyn / Moder, in the
ship,
T. PLAYS.
Noe. Now is this twyys com in / dame, on my frenship.

Vxor. Wheder I lose or' I wyn / In fayth, thi felowship,

set I not at a pyn / this spyndiH wiH I slip

Apon this hiH,

Or' I styre oone fote.

Noe. Peter! I traw we dote;

without any more note

Come in if ye wiH.

(42)

Vxor. Yei, water nyghys so nere / that I sit not' dry,

Into ship with a byr / therfor wiH I hy

ffor' drede that I drone here. /

Noe. dame, securly,

It bees boght fuH dere / ye abode so long by

out of ship.

Vxor. I wiH not', for thi bydyng,

go from doore to mydyng.

Noe. In fayth, and for' youre long taryng

Ye shal lik on the whyp.

(43)

Vxor. Spare me not, I pray the / bot euen as thou thynk,

Thise grete wordis shaH not flay me. /

Noe. Abide, dame, and drynk,

ffor betyn shaH thou be / with this staf to thou stynk ;

Ar strokis good? say me. /

Vxor. what say ye, wat wynk?

Noe. speke!

Cry me mercy, I say!

Vxor. Therto say I nay.

Noe. Bot thou do, bi this day,

Thi hede shaH I breke.

(44)

Vxor. Lord, I were at ese / and hertely fuH hoylle,

Might' I onys haue a measse / of wedows coyH;

ffor thi sauH, without lese / shuld I dele penny doyH,

so wold mo, no frese / that I se on this sole

of wifis that ar' here,
ffor the life that thay leyd,  
Wold thare husbandis were dede,  
ffor, as euer ete I brede,  
So wold Ioure syre were.  

(45)

Noe. Yee men that has wifis / whyls they ar' yong,  
If ye luf youre lifis / chastisce thare tong:  
Me thynk my hert ryfis / bothi levyr? and long,  
To se sich stryfis / wedmen emong;  
Bot I,  
As haue I blys,  
shaH chastysse this.  
[Vxor]. Yit may ye mys,  
NichoH nedy!  

(46)

Noe. I shaH make be stH as stone / begynnar? of  
blunder!  
I shaH bete the bak and bone / and breke aH in sonder?.  
[They fight.] She cries out  
& beats her.  
[Vxor]. Out, alas, I am gone! / oute apon the, mans  
wonder!  
Noe. Se how she can grone / and I lig vnder;  
Bot, wife,  
In this hast let vs ho,  
ffor my bak is nere in two.  
[Vxor]. And I am bet so blo  
That I may not thryfe.  
[They enter the Ark.]  

(47)

Primus jilius. A! whi fare ye thus? / ffader and moder  
bothi!  
Secundus jilius. Ye shuld not be so spitus / stondyng  
in sici a wotli.  
Tercius jilius. Thise ar' so hidus / with many a cold cotli.  
Noe. we wiH do as ye bid vs / we wiH no more be  
woth,  
Dere barnes!  
Now to the helme wiH I pent,  
And to my ship tent.  
[Vxor]. I se on the firmament,  
Me thynk, the seven starnes.
The flood rises.

**Noe.** This is a grete flood / wife, take hede. 424

**Vxor.** So me thought, as I stode / we ærm in grete drede;

Thise wawghes ar' so wode. /

**Noe.** help, god, in this neede!

As thou art stere-man good / and best, as I rede,

Of aH;

Thou rewle vs in this case,

As thou me behete hase.

**Vxor.** This is a perilous case:

help, god, when we call!

(48)

---

Noah calls on God.

**Noe.** Wife, tent the stere-tre / and I shalH asay

The dephes of the see / that we bere, if I may.

**Vxor.** That shalH I do ful wysely / now go thi way,

ffor apon this flood haue we / flett many day,

with pyne.

**Noe.** Now the water wilH I sound:

A! it is far to the ground;

This traueH I expound

had I to tyne.

(49)

---

Noah bids his wife take the helm while he sounds.

The waters are 15 cubits above the hills, but now they will abate, after the 40 days' rain.

Aboue aH hillys bedeyn / the water is rysen late

Cubettis fylteyn,1 / bot in a highter state

It may not be, I weyn / for this weH I wate,

This forty dayes has rayn beyn / and therfor' abate

FuH lele.

This water in hast,

eft wilH I tast;

Now am I agast,

It is wanyd a grete dele.

(50)

---

He sounds again.

Now are the weders cest / and cateractes knyt,

Both the most and the leest. /

**Vxor.** Me thynk, bi my wit,

The son shynes in the eest / lo, is not yond it?

we shuld haue a good feest / were thise flood's flyt

So spytus.

455

---

1 MS. xv.
Townley Plays. III. Noah and the Ark.

Noe. we haue been here, alwe, they have now been 350 days in the ark.

thre hundredth^1 dayes and fynty.

Vxor. Yei, now wanys the see; at.

Noe. I may towch with my lufe / the grond evyn here.

Vxor. Then begynnys to grufe / to vs mery chere;

Bot, husband,

What grond may this be?

Noe. The hyllys of armoyne.

Vxor. Now blissid be he

That thus for vs can ordand!

Noe. I see toppys of hyllys he / manys at a syght,

No thyng to let me / the wedir is so bright.

Vxor. Thise ar of mercy / tokyns full right.

Noe. Dame, thi counseH me / what fowH best mygfit,

And Cowth,

with flight of wyng

bryng, without taryying,

Of mercy som tokynyg

Ayther bi north or southe?

ffor this is the fyrst day / of the tent moyne.

Vxor. The ravyn, durst I lay / wiH com agane sone;

As fast as thou may / cast hym furth, haue done,

He may happyn to day / com agane or' none

With grati.

Noe. I wiH cast out also

Dowfys oone or' two:

Go youre way, go,

God send you som wathe!

Now ar' thise fowles flone / Into seyr' countre ;

Pray we fast ichton / kneland on our kne,

^1 MS. ccc.
Noah and his family pray to God that the birds may return with good news.

He wonders why they tarry so long.

He hopes most from the dove. The wife sees her coming with an olive-branch in her bill.

Noah blesses the dove. Her return is a true token they shall be saved.

To hym that is alone / worthiest of degre, That he wold send anone / oure fowles som fee

To glad vs.

\textit{Vxor}. Thai may not fay\textit{H} of land, The water is so wanand.

\textit{Noe}. Thank we god ah weldand, That lord that made vs.

\begin{align*}
\text{He is a wonder thynge / me thynk sothly,} \\
\text{Thai ar so long tarryynge / the fowles that we} \\
\text{Cast out in the mornynge. /} \\
\text{\textit{Vxor}.} \\
\text{Syr’, it’ may be} \\
\text{Thai tary to thay bryng. /} \\
\text{\textit{Noe}.} \\
\end{align*}

\text{The ravyn is a hungyre AH way;} \\
\text{He is without any reson,} \\
\text{And he fynd any caryon,} \\
\text{As peraventure may befon,} \\
\text{he wi\textit{H} not away ;}

\begin{align*}
\text{The dowfe is more genti\textit{H} / her’ trust I vntew,} \\
\text{like vntoo the turti\textit{H} / for’ she is ay trew.} \\
\text{\textit{Vxor}. hence bot a liti\textit{H} / she commys, lew, lew!} \\
\text{she bryngys in her bi\textit{H} / som novels new ;} \\
\text{Behald!} \\
\text{It’ is of\textit{H} an olif\textit{E} tre} \\
\text{A branch, thynkys me.} \\
\text{\textit{Noe}. It’ is sothi, perde,} \\
\text{right’ so is it’ calk’.
}\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Doufe, byrd\textit{€} fu\textit{H} blist / ffayre myght the befa\textit{H}!} \\
\text{Thou art trew for’ to trist / as ston in the walt;} \\
\text{Fu\textit{H} we\textit{H} I it wist / thou wold com to thi ha\textit{H},} \\
\text{\textit{Vxor}. A trew tokyn ist’ / we sha\textit{H} be sanyd ah’ :} \\
\text{ffor’ whi?} \\
\text{The water, syn she com,} \\
\text{Of’ depl\textit{E}es plom,} \\
\text{Is fallen a fathom,} \\
\text{And more hardly.}
\end{align*}
Toineley

Flays.

III.

Noah

and the

Ark.

(59)

Primus filius. This floodis ar' gone / fader, behold.
Secundus filius. Ther' is left right' none / and that be ye boldk.
Tercius filius. As still as a stone / oure ship is stold.

Noe. Apon land here anone / that we were, fayn I wold;
My childer dere,
Sem, Japhet and Cam,
with gle and with gam,
Com go we all sam,
we wiH no longer abide here.

(60)

Vxor'. here hace we beyn / noy long enogh,
with tray and with teyn / and dred mekiH woghi.

Noe. behaldk on this greyn / nowder cart' ne ploghi
Is left', as I weyn / nowder tre then bogh,
Ne other thyng',
Bot aH is away;
Many castels, I say,
Grete townes of' aray,
flitt has this flowyng'.

(61)

Vxor'. This floodis not' afright / aH this warkk so wide has mevid with myght / on se and bi side.

Noe. To dede ar' thai dyght' / prowdist of' pryde,
Euer-ich a wyght' / that euer was spyde,
With syn',
AHR ar' thai slayn,
And put vnto payn.

Vxor'. ffrom thenz agayn
May thai neuer wyn ?

(62)

Noe. wyn? no, l-wis / bot' he that myght hase
Wold myn of' thare mys / & admytt thaym to grace;
As he in bayH is blis / I pray hym in this space,
In heven hye with his / to purvaye vs a place,
That we,
May God bring Noah & his family to heaven with His saints!

with his saints in sight,
And his angels bright,
May com to his light:
Amen, for charite.

Explicit processus Noe, sequitur Abraham.

(IV.)

Sequitur Abraham.

[Incomplete. 35½ eight-line stanzas, ab ab ab ab.]

[Dramatis Personae.

Primus Puer. Isaac.

Abraham. (1)
donay, thou god veray,
Thou here vs when we to the caH,
As thou art he that best' may,
Thou art most soucre and help of aH;
MightfuH lord! to the I pray,
Let' onys the oyle of' mercy faH,
ShaH I neuer abide that day,
Truly yit I hope I shaH.

(2)
Mercy, lord omnipotent!
long syn he this warld has wroght;
Wheder ar' aH our elders went?
This musys mekiH in my thoght.
ffrom adam, vnto eue assent',
Ete of' that' appyH sparid he noght,
ffor aH the wisdom that he ment';
ffuH dere that' bargan has he boght;

(3)
ffrom' paradise thai bad hym gang';
He went' mowrnyn' with symple chere,
And after liffyd he here fuH lang,
More then thre hundredth 1 yere,

1 MS. ccc.
In sorrow and in truecH strang,
   And euery day he was in were;
his childre angred hym amang;
   Caym slo abeH, was hym fuH dere.

Sithen Noe, that was trew and good,
   his^ and his chyldre thre,
was saued when aH was flood:
   That was a wonder thyg to se.
And lotH fro sodome when he yode,
   Thre cytees brent, yit eschapyd he;
Thus, for thai menged my lordis mode,
   he vengid syn throuH his paustê.

when I thynk of oure elders aH,
   And of the mervels that has been,
No gladnes in my hart may faH,
   M[y] comfort goys away fuH cleyn.

lord, when shaH dede make me his thrayH?
   An hundreth^ yeris, certis, haue I seyn;
Ma fa! sone I hope he shaH,
   ffor it were right hie tyme I weyn).

Yit^ adam is to heH gone,
   And ther^ has ligen many a day,
And 4 aH oure elders, euerychon,
   Thay ar gone the same way,
Vnto god wiH here thare mone;
   Now help, lordA, adonay!
ffor, certis, I can no better wone,
   And ther^ is none that better may.

Deus. I wiH help adam and his kynde,
Might I luH and lewte fynd;
Wold thay to me be trew, and blyn
Of thare pride and of thare syn:
My servant I wiH found & frast,
Abraham, if he be trast;

1 Query "he."
2 MS. yede.
3 MS. c.
4 MS. And and.
On certan wise I wille hym prowe,
If he to me be trewe of louf:

(8)

Abraham! Abraham!

Abraham. Who is that? war! let me se!
I herd oone neven my name.

Deus. It is I, take tent to me,

That fourmed thi fader adam,
And euery thyng in it degree.

Abraham. To here thi will, redy I am,
And to fulfiH, what euer it be.

(9)

Deus. Of mercy haue I herd thi cry,
Thi devoute prayers haue me bun;
If thou me louf, look pat thou hy
Vnto the land of Visyon;
And the thryd day be ther, bid I,
And take with the, Isaac, thi son,
As a beest to sacrify,
To slo hym look thou not shon,

(10)

And bren hym ther to thyn offerand.

Abraham. A, lovyd be thou, lord in throne!
hold ouer me, lord, thy holy hand,
ffor certis thi bidying shalt be done.
Blissyd be that lord in euery land
wold viset his seruand thus so soyn.
ffyn wold I this thyng ordand,
ffor it profettis noght to hoyne;

[Exit Deus.]

(11)

This commaundement must I nedis fulfiH,
If that my hert wax hevy as leyde;
Shuld I offend my lordis will?
Nay, yit were I leyffer my child were dede.
What so he biddis me, good or iH,
That shall be done in euery steede;
Both wife and child, if he bid spiH;
I wille not do agans his rede.
wist Isaac, wher so he were,
he wold be abast now,
how that he is in dangere.

Isaac, son, wher art thou?
Isaac. Ah redy, fader, Lo me here;
Now was I commyng vnto you;
I luft you mekiht, fader dere.

Abraham. And dos thou so? I wold wit how

lufis thou me, son, as thou has saide.

Isaac. Yei, fader', with aH myn hart,
More then aH that euer was maide;
God holde me long youre life in quart!

Abraham. Now, who would not be glad that had
A child so luftand as thou art?
Thi luftly chere makis my hert glad,
And many a tyme so has it gart.

Go home, son; com sone agane,
And teH thi moder I com ful fast;

So now god the saif and sayne!
Now weH is me that he is past!
Alone, right here in this playn,
Might I speke to myn hart brast,
I wolde that aH were weH ful fayn,
Bot iti must nedis be done at last\(^1\);

And it\(\text{'}\) is good that I be war',
To be avised fuH good it were.\(^1\)
The land of\(\text{'}\) vision is ful far',
The thrid day end must I be there;\(^1\)
Myn ase shalH with vs, ifi it thar',
To bere oure harnes les & more,
for my son may be slayn no nar';
A sword must with vs yit therfore,

\(^1\) The rhyme needs 'wore, thore.'
Abraham will start this night, for God's will must be done.

And I shall find to make me yare;
This nyght wilt I begyn my way,
Jobf Isaac be neuer so fayre,
And myn awn son, the sothi to say,
And thof he be myn right haire,
And all shuld weld after my day,
Godis bydyng shuld I not spare;
shuld I that ganstand? we, nay, ma fay!

Isaac!

Isaac.—sir!
Abraham.—luke thou be bowne;
ffor certan, son, thi self and I,
we two must now weynd furth of towne,
In far' country to sacrifice,
ffor certan skyllys and encheson.
Take wod and fyere with the, in hy;
Bi hillys and dayllys, both vp & downe,
son, thou shal ride and I wille go bi.

looke thou mys noght but thou shuld need;
Do make the redy, my darlyng!

Isaac. I am redy to do this dede,
And euere to fulfiI youre bydyng.

Abraham. My dere son, look thou haue no drede,
We shal com home with grete lovyng;
Botli to & fro I shal vs lede;
Com now, son, in my blyssyng.

Ye two here with this asse abide,
ffor Isaac & I wille to yond hille;
It is so hie we may not ride,
therfore ye two shal abide here stille.

primus puer. sir, ye ow not to be denied:
we ar redy youre bydyng to fulfiI.
sectundus puer. What' so euere to vs betide.
To do youre bidyng ay we wille.
Abraham. Godis blyssyngs haue ye bothi in fere;
I shaH not tary long you fro.

Abraham. Childre, ye ar' ay to me fuH dere;
I pray god kepe [you] euer fro wo.

Abraham. Isaac, now ar' we bot' we two,
we must go a fuH good paase,
ffor it is farther than I wend;
we shaH make myrth & grete solace,

Isaac. woD and fyere ar' in my hend;
Tell me now, if' ye haue space,
where is the beast' that' shuld' be brend?

Abraham. Now, son, I may no longer layn.
sich wiH is into myne hart went;
Thou was euer to me fuH bayn
Euer to fuHfiH myn entent.

Isaac. I am hevy and nothyng fayn,
Thus hastely that shaH be shent.

Abraham. Isaac !

Isaac. sir ?

Abraham. Com heder, bid I;
Thou shal be dede what so euer betide.

Isaac. A, fader, mercy ! mercy !

Abraham. That' I say may not' be denyde;
Take thi dede therfor' mekely.

Isaac. A, good sir, abide ;
fader !

Abraham. What son?

Isaac. to do youre wiH I am redy,
where so euer ye go or' ride,
Isaac says since he has trespassed he would be beaten.

If: I may oght ouertake youre wiH,
syn I haue trepa[s]t I wold be bet.

Abraham. Isaac!

Isaac. What, sir?

Abraham. good son, be stiiH.

Isaac. fiader!

Abraham. what, son!

Isaac. think on thi get!

what haue I done?

"Truly, no ill," Abraham answers, yet that may not help him.

Truly, none iH.

Isaac. And shaH be slayn?

Abraham. so haue I het.

Isaac. sir, what may help?

Abraham. certis, no skill.

Isaac. I ask mercy.

Abraham. that may not let.

(25)

Isaac. when I am ddee, and closed in clay,
who shaH then be youre son?

Abraham. A, lord, that I shuld abide this day!

Isaac. sir, who shaH do that I was won?

Abraham. speke no sich wordis, son, I the pray.

Isaac. shaH ye me slo?

Abraham. I trow I monl;

lyg stiiH! I smyte!

Isaac. sir, let me say.

Abraham. Now, my dere child, thou may not shou.

(26)

Isaac. The shynyng of youre bright blayde
It gars me quake for ferde to dee.

Abraham. Therfor groslyngis thou shaH be layde,
Then when I stryke thou shal not se.

Isaac. What haue I done, fader, what haue I saide?

Abraham. Truly, no kyns iH to me.

Isaac. And thus gyltles shaH be arayde.

Abraham. Now, good son, let sich wordis be.

(27)

Isaac. I luf you ay.

Abraham. so do I the.
Isaac. ffader!

Abraham. what', son?

Isaac. let now be seyn).

ffor' my moder luf.

Abraham. let be, let be!

It' wille not help that thou wold' meyn;

Bot' ly styH till I com to the,

I mys a lytyH thyng, I weyn.

he spekis so ruffully to me

That' water shotis in both myn eeyn,

(28)

I were leuer than aH wardly wyn,

That I had fon hym onys vnkynde,

Bot' no defawf I faund' hym in :

I wold be dede for' hym, or' pynde;

To slo hym thus, I thynk grete syn,

So rufuH wordis I with hym fynd;

I am fuH wo that we shuld' twyn,

ffor he wille neuer oute of' my mynd.

(29)

What shal I to his moder say?

ffor "where is he," tyte wille she spyr;

If' I teH hir', "ron away,"

hir' answere bese belife—"nay, sir!"

And I am ferd' hir' for to slay;

I ne wote what I shal say till hir'.

he lyys fuH stiH ther' as he lay,

ffor to I com, dar' he not' styrr.

(30) [God appears above.]

Deus. AngeH, hy with aH thi mayn!

To abraham thou shalH be sent;

say, Isaac shalH not' be slayn;

he shalH lif', and not' be Brent.

My bydyng standis he not agane,

Go, put hym out of' his intent;

Byd' hym go home agane,

I know welH how he ment.
The Angel rejoices in his errand.

Angelus. Gladly, Lord, I am redy:

thi bidyng shaH be magnyfyyed;

I shaH me spede ful hastely,
the to obeye at euery tyde;

Thi wiH, Thi name, to glorifie,
Ouer aH this world so wide;

And to thi seruand now in hy,
good, trew, abraham, wiH I glyde.

Abraham says to himself he must run up suddenly & slay Isaac where he lies.

Abraham. Bot myght I yt of wepyng sese,
tiH I had done this sacrifice;
It must nedis be, withouten lesse,
thof aH I carpe on this kyn wise,
The more my sorow it wiH incres;
when I look to hym, I gryse;

I wiH ryn on a res,
And slo hym here, right as he lyse.

The Angel bids him hold his hand.

Angelus. Abraham! Abraham! [Seizes him.]

Abraham. Who is ther' now?

War! let the 1 go.

Angelus. stand vp, now, stand;

Thi good wiH com I to alow,
Therfor I byd the hold' thi hand.

Abraham. say, who bad' so? any bot' thou?

Angelus. Yei, god; & sendis this beest to thy offerand.

Abraham. I spake with god latter, I trow,
And doyng he me commaund.

Abraham doubts which is God's final order.

Angelus. He has persauyd thy mekenes
And thi good wiH also, Iwis;

he wiH thou do thi son no distres,
for' he has graunt to the his blys.

Abraham. Bot wote thou weH that it is
As thou has sayd?

Angelus. I say the yis.

Abraham. I thank the, lorH, weH ofg goodnes,
That' aH thus has relest' me this;

1 Query "me."
Towneley Plays.  V. Isaac.

(35)
To speke with the haue I no space,
with my dere son thi I haue spokyn.
My good son, thou shal haue grace,
On the now wiH I not' be wroky;
Ryse vp now, with thi frely face.

Isaac.  sir', shal I lif?
Abraham.  yei, this to tokyn.

Et oculatur eum.
son thou has skapid a faH hardy grace,
Thou shuld' haue byn both brent & brokyn.  

(36)
Isaac.  Bot, fader, shal I not' be slayn?
Abraham.  No, certis, son.

Isaac.  then am I glad;
Good sir, put vp youre sword agayn.
Abraham.  Nay hardly, son, be thou not adrad'.
Isaac.  Is aH for geyn?
Abraham.  yei, son, certan.
Isaac.  for ferH, sir, was I nere-hand' mad.

*  *  *  *  *

[Two leaves of the MS. are wanting here, sigs. d 4 and d 5. They contained the end of Abraham and the beginning, almost all, of Isaac.]

(V.)

[Isaac.]
[Incomplete.  The last 35 couplets only left.]

[Dramatis Personae.
Isaac.  Jacob.  Esaw.  Rebecca.]

[Isaac.] Com nere son and kys me, that' I may feyle the smeH of the.
The smeH of' my son is lyke
to a feld with flouris, or' hony bike.
where art' thou, Esaw, my son?

Jacob.  here, fader, and ask'is youre benyson.
Isaac. The blyssyng my fader gaf to me,
god of heuen & I gaf the;
God gaf the plente grete,
of wyne, of oyH, and of whete;
And graunt thi childre aH
to worship the, bothi grete and smaH;
who so the blyssys, blyssed be he;
who so the waris, wared be he.
Now has thou my grete blyssyng,
loue the shaH aH thyne oyspryng;
Go now wheder thou has to go.

Iacob. Graunt mercy, sir, I wiH do so.

[Esaw advances.]
I will send him to Aram, there my brother dwell, Laban; And there may he serve in peace till his brother's wrath cease.

why should I aye a day lose both my sons? better nay.

Isaac. Thou sayest so, wife; call him here,
And let us tell him where & whether
That he may flee Esaw, that is both his bale to brew.

[Jacob advances.]

Rebecca. Jacob, son! thine father & I would speak with thee; come, stand vs by!
Out of the country must thou flee,
that is Esaw slo not the.

Jacob. Whether shall I go, dame?
Rebecca. To Mesopotamia,
To my brother, and thy name,
that dwell by the Jordan streme;
And ther' may thou with hym won,
to Esaw, my other son,
forget, and all his wrath be dene.

Jacob. I will go, fader, at thy rede.

Isaac. Yei, son, do as thy mother says;
Com kys vs both, & weynd thy ways.

et osculatur.

Jacob. Have good day, sir and dame!

Isaac. God shiled the, son, from syn and shame!

Rebecca. And gift the grace, good man to be,
And send me glad tythynge to the.

Explicit Isaac.
Towneley Plays. VI. Jacob.

(VI.)

Siquitur iacob.

[71 couplets sa.]

[Dramatis Personae.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Jacob.</th>
<th>Lya. [Leah.]</th>
<th>Joseph.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Deus.</td>
<td>Turnae.</td>
<td>Benjamin.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rach.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Esau.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Jacob.

Help me lord, adonay,
And halde me in the right way
To mesopotameam;
for I cam neuer or now where I am;
I cam neuer here in this contre;
lord of heuen, thou help me!
for I haue maide me, in this strete,
sore bonys & warkand feete.
The son is downe, what is best?
her purpose I aH nyght to rest;
Vnder my hede this stond shal ly;
A nyghtis rest take wiH I.

Deus. Iacob, iacob, thi god I am; [Deus appears above.]

Of thi forfader abraham,
And of thi fader Isaac:
I shal the blys for thare sake.
This land that thou slepys in,
I shal the gift, and thi kyn;
I shal thi seede multyply,
As thyk as powder on erth may ly.
The kynd of the shal sprede wide,
from eest to west on every syde,
from the south vnto the north;
Ah that I say, I shal forthi;
And aH the folkis of thyne ofspring,
shal be blyssyd of thy blyssyng:
Iacob, haue thou no kyns drede!
I shal the clethe, I shal the fede.
WhartfuH shalH I make thi gate;
I shal the help erly and late;
And aH in qwart' shaH I bryng the home agane to thi countre.
I shaH not' fayH, be thou bold'!
Bot I shaH do as I haue told'.

hic vigilet.

Jacob. A! lord! what may this mene?
what haue I her? in slepe, and sene?
That god leynyd hym to a stegfi,
And spake to me, it is no leghe;
And now is here none othere gate,
bot godis howse and heuens yate.
lord, how dreadfull is this stede!
ther' I layde downe my hede,
In godis lovyng I rayse this stone,
And oH will I putt' theron).
lord of heuen, that aH wote,
here to the I make a hote:
If thou gif' me mete and foode,
And close to body, as I behoued',
And bryng me home to kyth and kyn,
by the way that I walk in,
without skathe and in quarte,
I promyse to the, with stedfast' hart',
As thou art' lord' and god myne,
And I Iacob, thi trew hyne,
This stone I rayse in sygne to day
shaH I hold' holy kyrk for' ay;
And of aH that' newes me
rightwys tend' shaH I gif' the.

hic egrediatur iacob de aran in terram nativitatis sue.

A, my fader, god of heuen,
that' saide to me, thurgli thi steven,
when I in aran was dwelland',
that' I shuld tume agane to landt
Ther' I was both fed and borne,
warnyd thou me, lord, before,
As I went toward aran
with my staff, and passyd' Jordan:
And now I come again to thy house,
with two hosts of men with me.

Thou hate me, lord, to do well with me,
to multiply my seed as sand of the see;
Thou save me, lord, through vertew,
from veniance of Esaw,
That he slay not, for old greme,
these moders with thare barne teme.

*RacheH. Oure anguysh, sir, is many fold.*
syn that oure messyngere vs told*
That Esaw wold you slo,
with foure hundreth men and mo.

*Jacob. Sir for soth, racheH, I have hym sent*
of many bestis sere present.
May tyde he will oure gifts take,
And right so shall his wrath slake,
where ar oure thyngis, ar thay past Jordan?

*Lya. Go and look, sir, as ye can.*

*hic scrutetur superlectile, & luctetur angelus cum eo.*

*Deus. The day sprungis; now let me go.*

*Jacob. Nay, nay, I will not so,*
Bot thou blys me or thou gang:
If I may, I shall hold the lang.

*Deus. In tokynyng that thou spekis with me,*
I shall toche now thi thee,
That halt shall thou euermore,
bot thou shall fele no sore ;

*What is thy name, thou me tell?*

*Jacob. Iacob.*

*Deus. nay, bot Israel;*
syn thou to me sich strengthe may kythe,
to men of erth thou must be stythe.

*Jacob. what is thy name?*

*Deus. whi askis thou it?*

'wonderful,' if thou wil wyt.

*Jacob. A, blys me, lord!*

*Deus. I shall the blys,*
And be to the full propyce,
And gyf the my blyssyng for ay,  
As lord and he that aH may.  
I shaH grayth thi gate,  
And fuH weH ordcyn thi state;  
when thou has dred, thynk on me,  
And thou shal fuH weH saynyd be,  
And look thou trow weH my sayes;  
And farewell now, the day days.  

Iacob. Now haue I a new name, israeH;  
this place shaH [hight] funueH,  
for I haue seyn in this place,  
god of heuen) face to face.  

Rachel. Iacob, lo we haue tythand  
that Esaw is here at aH hand.  

hic dividit turmas in tres partes.  

Iacob. RacheH, stand thou in the last eschele,  
for I wold thou were sauyd wele;  
CaH Ioseph and beniamin,  
And let theym not fro the twyn.  
If it be so that Esaw  
vs before ah-to-hew,  
Ye that ar' here the last  
Ye may be sauyd if ye fle fast.  

& vadat iacob osculand Esaw; venit iacob, flectit  
genua exorando deum, & leuando, occurrit illi Esav  
in amplexibus.  

Iacob. I pray the, lord, as thou me het,  
thou saue me and my gete.  

Esaw. welcom brother, to kyn and kyth,  
thi wife and childre that comes the with.  
how has thou faren in far land?  
teh me now som good tythand.  

Iacob. WeH, my brother Esaw,  
If that thi men no bale me brew.  

dicit servus sui.  

Esaw. wemo! felows, hold youre hend,  
ye se that I and he ar' frend,  

1 MS. that.
And frendship here wiH we fulfiH,
syn that it is gods wiH.

Iacob. God yeld you, brothe, that it so is
that thou thyne so wold kys.

Esaw. Nay, Iacob, my dere brothe, I shaH the teH aH anothere;
Thou art my lord through destyny;
go we togeder both thou and I,
To my fader and his wife,
that lofys the, brother, as thare lyfe.

Explicit Iacob.

(VII.)

Processus Prophetarum.

[Incomplete : 39 six-lined stanzas, aab ceb, and 4 bits of Latin.]

[Dramatis Personae.]


Moyses. (Prolog.)

Rophetam excitabit deus de fratribus vestris;
Omnis anima, que non audierit prophetam illum,
externiabitur de populo suo;
Nemo propheta sine honore nisi in patria suâ.

(1)

AH ye folk of israelH,
herkyn to me! I wiH you teH
Tythyngis farly goode;
AH wote ys how it be feH
wherfor Adam was dampnyd to heH,
he, and aH his blode.

(2)

Therfor wiH god yr styr and rayse
A prophete, in som man dayes,
Of ourh brethere kyn;
And aH trowes as he says,
And wiH walk in his ways,
from heH he wiH theym twyn.
when his tyme begynnys to day,
I rede no man fro hym dray,

In way, ne stand on strut;

ffor he that wiH not here his sagh,
be shewed as an out-lagh,
And from his folkis be putt.

I warne you weH that same prophete
shaH com hereafterward, fuH swete,
And many meruels shew ;

Man shaH faH tiH his feete,
ffor cause he can bales beete,
ThrougH his awne thew.

Ah that wiH in trowth ren
shaH he saue, I warne you then,
Trust shaH his name be.

Bot aH ouer wiH man prophete ken
with worship, amangis men,

Bot in his awne countre.

herkyns aH, bothi yong and old!
God that has aH in wold,

Gretys you bi me ;
his commaundementis ar' ten ;
Behold, ye that ar' his men,
here ye may theym se.

his commaundementis that I haue broght',
looke that ye hold theym noght';

ffor tryfyls, ne for' fables ;

ffor ye shaH weH vnderstand;

That' god wrote theym with his hand
In thysse same tables.

Ye that' thysse in hart wiH halde,

They who hold them in their heart shall go to heaven; those who do not, to hell.

They who hold them in their heart shall go to heaven; those who do not, to hell.

The first commandment is against idols.

Do now as I shall you say;
The fyrst commandement is this
That I shall you say;
Make no god of stok ne stone,
And trow in none god bof oone,
That mayde both nyght and day.

The second, against swearing falsely by God's name.

Anothere bydis thou sall not swere,
ffor no mede, ne for no dere,
ffalsly, bi godis name;
If thou swere wrongwosly,
Wit thou weH and wytterly,
Thou art worthi grete blame.

The third, to keep the holy day.

The thyrd is, thou sall weH yheme
Thi holy day, and servne to wheme
God with aH thi hart.

The fourth, to honour father and mother.

The fourt commandement is bi tayH,
ffader and moder worship thou sall,
In pouert and in qwarte.

The fifth, to forsake fornication & take a mate.

The fyft commandis thou sall forsake
ffornycacyon, and take the a make,
And lyf in rightwys state.

The sixth, to be no manslayer.

The sext commandis thou shal not be
Man sloer, for gold ne fee,
Ne for' luf, ne for hate.

The seventh, not to steal.

The senha th commandis that thou sall leue,
And nather go to stele ne reue,
ffor more then for les.

The eighth, to be true of tongue.

The aghth bydis both old & yong,
That thay be traw of thare tong,
And bere no fals witnes.
The nenth bydis the, bi thi lif;
Thou desyre not' thi neighbur's wife,
Ne mayden that' is his.
The tent' bid's the, for' no case,
Desyre not' wranwosly thyng thi neighbur' has;
Do thus, and do no mys.

I am the same man that' god chase,
And toke the ten commaundementis of peasse
In the monte synay;
Thise wordis, I say, ar no les;
My name is callyd moyses;
And haue now ah good day!  

David. Omnes reges adorabunt eum, omnes gentes
seruient ei.

herkyn, ah, that' here may,
And perceyf weH what I shaH say,
AH with righ[t]wisnes.
loke ye put' it' not' away,
Bot' thynk theron both nyght' and day,
ffor' it' is sotlifastnes.

Iesse son, ye wote I am;
David is my right' name,
And I bere crowne;
Bot' ye me trow, ye ar to blame;
Of Israel, both wyld' and tame,
I haue in my bondon.1

As god of' heuen has gyffyn me wit,
shaH I now syng you a fytt,
With my mynstrelsy;
loke ye do it' weH in wrytt',
And theron a knot' knytt',
ffor' it' is prophecy.

1 The ryme needs 'bondowne.'
David sings of the coming of God's Son

Myrth I make th' aH men,
with my harp and fyngers ten,
    And warn theym that thay glad;
ffor god wiH that his son down send,
    That' wroght' adam with his hend,
And heuen and erthi mayde.

(19)

to be man's Saviour. Of His coming he is glad.

He wiH lyght' fro heuen towre,
ffor to be mans saueyoure,
    And saue that' is forlorne ;
ffor that' I harp, and myrth make,
Is for he wiH manhede take,
    I teH you thus beforne ;

(20)

God's Son shall return to the highest seat in heaven.

And thider shaH he ren agane,
As gyant' of mych mayne,
    Vnto the hyest' sete ;
Ther is nawther' kyng, ne swayn,
Then no thyng that' may hym layn,
    Ne hyde from his hete.

(21)

He shall be lord of all. Kings shall kneel to Him,

he shaH be lord' and kyng of aH,
TyH hys feete shaH kyng'is faH,
    To offre to hym wytterly.
Blyssyd' be that' swete blome,
That' shaH saue vs at his com'!
    IoyfuH may we be.

(22)

and bring Him rich gifts.

Riche gyftis thay shaH hym bryng,
And tiH hym make offeryng,
    kneland on thare kne ;
wef' were hym that' that lordyng,
And that dere derlyng;
    Myght' bide on lyfe and se.

(23)

[ Fol. 19, a. Sig. E. 1.]

Men may know hym bi his marke,
Myrth and lovyn' is his warke,
    that' shaH he luf' most.
lyght shalt be born that tyne in darke,
Both to lawd man and to clerk,
the luft of rightwys gost.

Therfor', both emperoure and kyng,
Ryche and poore, both olde and ying,
temper weH youre gle,
Agans that kyng lyghts downe,
ffor' to lowse vs of pryson,
And make vs aH free.

Ostende nobis domine misericordiam tuam, et salutare tuum da nobis.

Thou shew thi mercy, lord, tyH vs,
ffor to thou com, to heH we trus,
we may not go beside;
lord, when thi wiH is for' to dele
TyH us thi salue and thi hele,
whom we aH abyde.

Now haue I songen you a fytt';
loke in mynd that ye haue it;
I rede with my myght';
he that maide vs aH with his wytt,
shield vs aH from heH pytt,
And graunt vs heuen lyght!

The Sibyl calls ou men to hear her.

Who so wyH here tythyngis gladt,
of hym that aH this warld made,
here me wytterly!

sibilla propheta. Judicii signum tellus sudore madescit,
E celo rex adueniet per secla futurus,
Scilicet in carne presens vt iudicet orbem.
A new king is coming to fight the fiend.

(29) AH men was slayn through adam syn,
And put to pyne that nouer shah blyn,

And put to pyne that neuere shal blyne,
through falsnes of the feynd;

A new kyng comes from heaven to fyght
Agans the feynd, to wyn his right,
so is his mercy heyned.

(30) AH the wark he deme,
And that haue seruyd hym to wheme,

Myrth thaym mon betyde;

AH shal se hym withi thare ee,
Ryche and poore, low and hye,
No man may hym hyde;

(31) Bot thay shal in thare flesh ryse,
That euery man shal quake and gryse,

Agans that ilk dome,
withi his santes, many oone,
he shal be sene in flesh and bone,
that kyng that is to com.

(32) AH that shal stand hym before,
AH shal be les and more,

Of oone eled ichion.

Angels shal quake then for ferd,
And fyre shal bren this mydyern,
yei, erth and all ther apone.

(33) shaH nothyng here in erth be kend,
Bot it shaH be strewyd and brenyd,

AH waters and the see.
sythen shaH bothi hiH and dale
Ryn togeder, grete and smale,
And all shal beuen be.

(34) At hys commyng shaH bemys blaw,
That men may his commyng knaw;

Hic sorrowfull shal be that blast;
Ther is no man that herys it,
Bot he shal qwake for all his witt,
Be he neuer so stedfast.

(35)
Then shaH heH gape and gryn,
That men may know thare dome therin,
Of that hye iustyce;
That iH have done, to heH mon go;
And to heuen the other also,
that has been rightwys.

(36)
Therfor', I rede ilk a man,
kepe, as weH as he can,
ffro syn and fro mysdede.
My prophecy now haue I told ;
God you saue, both yong and old,
And help you at youre nede!
[Exit Sybil.]

Daniel. Cum venerit sanctus sanctorum cessabit vincio vestra.

(37)
God that maide adam and eue,
whils thay dyd weH, he gaf thaym leue
In paradise to dwell;
Sone when thay that' appyH ete,
Thay were damnde, sone and skete,
Vnto the pyne of heH,

(38)
Thrhgh sorow and paynes euer new;
Therfor wyH god apon vs rew,
And his son downe send;
Into erth, flesh to take,
That is aH foroure sake,
oure trespass to amend.

(39)
flesh with fleshe will be boght,
That he lose not that he has wroght
wyth hys awne hend;
Pharaoh calls for Peace.

He is king as his father was before him.

All Egypt is his.

They who hearken not to his words shall be hanged high.

Of a madyn shal he be borne,
To saue a\H that\t ar\t forlorne,
Euermore withouten end.\t1

---

(VIII.)

Incipit Pharao.

P Eas, of payn that\t no man pas;
bot\t kepe the course that I commaunde,
And take good hede of hym that\t has
youre helth\t a\H holy in hys hande;
ffor kyng pharro my fader Was,
And led thys lordshyp of thys land;
I am hys hayre as age Wyll has,
Euer in stede to styrr or stand.

(2)

AH Egypt is myne awne
To leede aifter my law;
I Wold my myght Were knowne\t3
And honoryd, as hyt awe.
ffuH low he shaH be thrawne
That\t harkyns not my sawe,
hanged hy and drawne,
Therfor no boste ye blaw;

---

1 This Play is unfinished, the rest of fol. 19 b, and the whole of fol. 20, being left blank.
2 This is written at top of the page in the margin, in a more recent hand; but about half-way down (and not in the margin) are the words "lyster play," in yet another hand.
3 MS. knowne.
Bot as for kyng I comauand peasse,
To all the people of thys empyre.
looke no man put hym self in preaase,
Bot that WyH do as I desyre,
And of youre Wordis look that ye seasse.
Take tent to me, youre solerand syre,
That may youre comfort most increasse,
And to my lyst bowe lyfe and lyre.

Primus Miles. My lord, if any here Were,
That Wold not wyrk youre Wyll,
If We myght com thaym nere,
shull soyn we shuld theym spyH.

Pharao. Thruh out my kyngdom Wold I ken,
And kun hym thank that Wold me teH,
If any Were so Waryd men
That wold my forse downe feH.

Secundus Miles. My lord, ye haue a maner of men
that make great mastres vs emeH;
The Iues that Won in gersen,
they ar callyd chyldyr of Israel.

Thay multyple fuH fast;
and sothly We suppose
That shaft ever last,
oure lordshyp for to lose.

Pharao. Why, how haue thay sych gawdis begun?
ar thay of myght to make sych frayes?
Primus Miles. Yei, lord, fuH feH folk ther Was fun
In kyng pharao, youre fader dayes.
Thay cam of Ioseph, Was iacob son—
he Was a prince Worthy to prayse—
In sythen in rysts hau thay ay ron;
thus ar thay lyke to lose youre layse,
The Jews will confound Pharaoh, if they go on multiplying.

They were but 70 when they came, and after 400 years are 300,000 men.

Pharaoh determines to crush them by cunning. He is told of a prophecy, & gives orders that the midwives shall kill all Hebrew babies.

Pharaoh. What deuyH is that thay meyn that thay so fast' increse?

Secundus Miles. How thay increse fuH weH we ken, asoure faders dyd vnderstand;

Thay Were bot' sixty and ten when thay fyrst' cam in to thys land;

Sythen haue soierned in gersen [Fower hundreth] ¹ Wynter, I dar warand;

Now ar thay nowmbred of myghty men moo then [thre hundreth] ² thousand,

Wyth' outen Wyfe and chyld, or hyrdis that kepe thare fee.

Pharao. How thus myght we be begyld? bot' shaH it not' be;

ffor wyth' quantyse we shaH thaym queH, so pat thay shaH not far sprede.

Primus Miles. My lord, we haue hard oure faders teH, and clerkis that weH couth rede,

Ther shuld a man walk vs ameH that shuld fordo vs and oure dede.

Pharao. ffy on hym, to the deuyH of heH!

sych destyny wyH we not' drede;

We shal make mydwyfis to spyH them, where any ebrew is borne,

And ah menkynde to kyH them, so shaH thay soyn be lorne.

And as for elder haue I none awe, sych bondage shaH I to thaym beyde, To dyke and delf, bere and draw, and to do ah vnhonest deyde;

¹ MS. iiiijc. ² MS. ccc.
So shah these laddis be halden law,
In thraldom euer thare lyfe to leyde.
Secundus Miles. Now, certis, thys was a soteH saw,
thus shah these folk no farthere sprede.

(14)
Pharao. Now help to hald theym downe,
look I no fayntnes fynde.
Primus Miles. AH redy, lord, We shaH be bowne,
in bondage thaym to bynde.

Tune IntraH moyses cum virga in manu, etc.

(15)
Moyses. Gret god, that ah thys Warld began,
and growndyd it in good degre,
Thou mayde me, moyses, vnto man,
and sythen thou sayyd me from the se;
kyng Pharao had commawndyd\textsuperscript{\textregistered} than,
ther shuld no man chyld sayyd be;
Agans hys Wy\textsuperscript{H} away I wan;
thus has god\textsuperscript{\textregistered} shewed hys myght for me.

(16)
Now am I sett to kepe,
vnder thys montayn syde,
Byshope Iettyr shepe,
to better may be tyde;

(17)
A, lord, grete is thy myght!
What man may of yond meneH meyn?
Yonder I se a selcowth syght,
syc\textsuperscript{i} on in Warld Was neuer seyn;
A bush I se burnand fuH bryght,
and euer elyke the leyfes are greyn;
If it be wark of Warldly Wyght,
I Wy\textsuperscript{H} go wyt wythoutyn Weyn.

Deus. Moyses, Moyses!

\textit{hic pr\textsuperscript{\textregistered}e\textsuperscript{\textregistered}eral ad rubum, et dicit ei deus, etc.
(18) God bids Moses take off his shoes for the place is hallowed. Moyses, com not to nere,  
bot styH in that stede thou dweH,  
And harkyn vnto me here;  
take tent What I the teH.  
do of thy shoyes in fere,  
wyth mowth as I the meH,  
the place thou standis in there  
forsote, is halowd WeH.

(19) He declares himself as the God who blessed Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.  
I am thy lord, Wythouten lak,  
to lengthe thi lyfe even as I lyst;  
I am god that som tyme spake  
to thyn elders, as thay Wyst;  
To abraam, and Isaac,  
and iacob, I sayde shuld be blyst,  
And multytyude of them to make,  
so that thare seyde shuld not be myst.

(20) He will not suffer Pharaoh to hurt the Jews.  
Bot now thys kyng, pharao,  
he hurtys my folk so fast,  
If that I suffre hym so,  
there seyde shuld\' soyne be past;  
Bot I WyH not so do,  
in me if thay WyH trast,  
[Bol. 22, b.] Bondage to bryng\' thaym fro.  
therfor thou go in hast\'  

(21) Moses is bidden to tell Pharaoh to let the Jews go to the Wilderness to worship God.  
To do my message, haue in mynde,  
to hym that me sychi harme mase;  
Thou speke to hym Wyth wordis heynde,  
so that\' he let my people pas;  
To Wyldernes that\' thay may Weynde,  
to Worsyp me as I wyH asse.  
Agans my wyH if that thay leynd,  
ful soyn hys song shaH be \' alas.\'
(22)

_Moyses._ A, lord! pardon me, Wyth thy leyf, that lynage luffis me noght;

Gladly thay Wold me greyi,
if I sych bodworde broght.

(23)

Good lord, lett som othere frast;
that has more fors the folke to fere.

_Deus._ Moyses, be thou nott abast;
my bydyng shaH thou boldly bere;
If thay with wrong away Wold WRast,
out of the way I shaH the Were.

_Moyses._ Good lord, thay WyH not me trast
for aH the othes that I can swere;

To neuen sych noytis newe
to folk of Wykyd WyH,
Wyth outen tokyn trew,
thay wyH not tent ther tyH.

(25)

_Deus._ If that he wyH not vnderstand
thys tokyn trew that I shaH sent,
Afore the kyng cast downe thy Wand,
and it shaH turne to a serpent;
Then take the tayH agane in hand—
boldly vp look thou it hent—
And in the state that thou it fand,
then shal it turne by myne intent.

(26)

Sythen hald thy hand soyn in thy barme,
and as a lepre it shal be lyke,
And hole agane with outen harme;
lo, my tokyns shal be slyke.

(27)

And if he wyH not suffre then
my people for to pas in peasse,
I shaH send venyance [neyn] 1 or ten,
shaH sowe fuH sore or I seasse.

1 MS. ix.
Bot the ebrewes, won in Iessen, 174
shaH not be merkyd with that measse;
As long as thy lawes WyH ken
thare comforth shaH euer increase.

(28)

Moyses. A, lord, to luf the aght vs weH,
that makis thy folk thus free;
I shaH vnto thaym teH
as thou has told to me.

(29)

Moses asks by what
name he is to speak to
Pharaoh of
God.

Bot to the kyng, lord, when I com,
if he aske what is thy name,
And I stand styH, both deyf & dom,
how shuld I [skape] withouten blame?

Deus. I say the thus, 'Ego sum qui sum,'
I am he that is the same;
If thou can nother muf nor mom,
I shaH sheH the from shame.

(30)

Moyses. I vnderstand fuH weH thys thyng,
I go, lord, with aH the myght in me.

[Deus retires.]

[31]

Moses resolves to tell his
friends of
this comfort.

Moyses. A, lord of luf, leyn me thy lare,
that I may truly talys teH;
To my freynidis now wyH I fare,
the chosyn childre of IsraeH,

God manteyn you euermare,

[Moyses accosts the Israelites.]

And mekyH myrthi be you emeH.

(32)

primus puer. A, master moyses, dere!
oure myrthi is aH mowrnyng;
ffull hard halden ar we here,
as carls vnder the kyng.

1 MS. my.
2 MS. skake.
We may mowrne, bot more and myn, ther is no man that oure myrth mase;
Bot syn we ar aH of a kyn,
god send vs comforth in thys case.

*Moses*. Brethere, of youre mowrnyng blyn;
god WyH delyuer you throug his grace,
Out of this wo he wyH you wyn,
and put you to youre pleasyng place;

*ffor* I shaH carp vnto the kyng,
and fownd fuH soyn to make you free.

*primus puer*. God graunt you good Weyndyng,
and euermore with you be.

[Moyses approaches Pharaoh.]

*Moses*. kyng pharao, to me take tent.

*Pharao*. Why, boy, what tythyngis can thou teH?

*Moses*. ffrom god hym self hydder am I sent
to foche the chyldre of IsraelH;
To Wyldernes he wold thay went.

*Pharao*. yei, weynd the to the devyH of heH!
I gyf no force What he has ment,
In my dangere, herst thou, shaH thay dweH;

And, fature, for thy sake,
thay shalbe put to pyne.

*Moses*. Then wyH god venyance take
of the, and of aH thyn.

*Pharao*. On me? fy on the lad, out of my land!
wenys thou thus to lousy oure lay?

[To the soldiers.]

Say, whences is yond warlow with his wand
that thus wold wyle oure folk away?

*Primus Miles*. Yond is moyses, I dar warand,
agans aH egypt has beyn ay,
Greatt defawte with hym youre fader fand;
now wyH he mar you if he may.

They pray
God send
209

Bot &
more
and
213

no man that oure myrth mase;

217

& wish
Moses
success.

221

Moses asks
Pharaoh to
let the
Israelites
go to the
wilderness.

225

Pharaoh
refuses, with
threats.

229

The 1st
soldier says
Moses has
ever been a
foe to Egypt.
Pharaoh. fy on hym! nay, nay, that dawne is done; lurdan, thou leryd to late.

Moyses. God bydis the graunt my bone, and let me go my gate.

Pharaoh. Bydis god me? fals loseH, thou lyse!

Moyses. He sayd thou shuld dyspyse both me, and hys commaundement;

fforth, apon thyse wyse,

my Wand he bad, in thi present;

I shuld lay downe, and the avyse how it shuld turne to oone serpent;

And in hys holy name

here I lay it downe;

lo, syr, here may thou se the same.

Pharaoh. A, ha, dog! the devyH the drowne!

Moyses. He bad me take it by the tayH, for to prefe hys powere playw;

Then he sayde, wythouten fayH, hyt shuld turne to a wand agayn.

lo, sir, behold!

Pharaoh. wyth ylahayH!

Certis this is a soteH swayn!

bot thyse boyes shaH abyde in bayH,

AH thi gawdis shaH thaym not gayn;

Bot wars, both morH and none, shaH thay fare, for thi sake.

Moyses. I pray god send us venyange sone, and on thi Warkis take wrake.

primus Miles. Alas, alas! this land is lorH!

on lyfe we may [no] longer leynd;

Sych myschefe is fallen syn morH, ther may no medsyn it amend.
Pharaoh. Why cry ye so, laddis? lyst ye skorn? i jus Miles. Syr kyng, sych care was neuer kend, In no mans tyme that' euer was borne.

Pharaoh. TeH on, belyfe, and make an end. 273

(44)

Primus Miles. Syr, the Waters that were ordand for men and bestis foyle, Thruh outt all egypt' land, ar turnyd into reede bloyde;

(45)

ffuH svgly and fuH yH is hytt, that both fresh anf fayre was before. Pharaoh. O, ho! this is a wonderfuH thyng to wytt, of all the warkis that' euer wore!

i jus Miles. Nay, lord, ther is anothere yt, that' sodanly sowys vs fuH sore;

ffor todis and froksis may no man flyt, thay venom vs so, both les and more.

(46)

Primus Miles. Greatte mystis, sir, ther is both morn and noyn, byte vs fuH bytterly;

we trow that it be doyn thurgh moyses, oure greatte enmy.

(47)

i jus Miles. My lord, bot' if this menye may remefe, Mon neuer myrth be vs amang.

Pharaoh. Go, say to hym we wyH not' grefe, bot' thay shaH neuer the tytter gang'.

Primus Miles. Moyses, my lord gyffys leyfe to leyd thi folk to lykyng lang, So that' we mend of oure myschefe.

Moyses. ffuH weH I wote, thys wordis ar wrang;

(48)

But hardly all that I heytt

ffuH sodanly it shaH be seyn;

vncowth meruels shalbe meyt

And he of malyce meyn.
The 4th plague: great “loppys” (fleas).

The 5th plague: a murrain on the cattle.

Pharaoh.

The 6th plague: boils & blains.

The 7th plague: hail and rain.

1 The following line in—owre is left out.
2 The singular rymes with the plural now and then.
Pharaoh. yei, bot' how do thay in gessen,  
the Iues, can ye me say?  

Primus Miles. Of aH thyse cares no thyng thay ken,  
thay feyH noglit of our a'ray.  

(55)  
Pharaoh. No ? the ragyd ! the dwyH ! sytt thay in peasse ?  
and we euery day in doute & drede ?  
 iyus Miles. My lord, this care wyll euer encrese,  
to moyses haue his folk to leyd ;  
Els be we lorn, it is no lesse,  
yit' were it better that pai yede.  

(56)  
Pharaoh. Thes folk shah;  
flyt^ no far,  
If he go welland wode.  

Primus Miles. Then wiH it sone be war ;  
It' were better thay yode.  

(57)  
iyus Miles. My lord, new harme is comyn in hand.  
Pharaoh. Yei, ðwiH, wiH it' no better be?  

Primus Miles. wyld wormes ar layd ouer aH this land,  
Thai leyf no floure, nor leyf on tre.  

iyus Miles. Agans that storme may no man stand ;  
And mekyH more merueH thynk me,  
That thise thre^1 dayes has bene durand  
Sich myst, pat no man may other se.  

Primus Miles. A, my lord !  
Pharaoh.  
hagh!  

(58)  
iyus Miles. Grete pestilence is comyn ;^2  
It' is like ful long to last.  

Pharaoh. [pestilence^3] in the dwilys name !  
then isoure pride ouer past.  

(59)  
Primus Miles. My lord, this care lastis lang,  
and wiH, to moyses haue his bone ;  
let hym go, els wyrk we wrang,  
It' may not help to houer ne hone.  

1 MS. iij.  
2 Its ryme name is assonantal.  
3 MS. pentilence.
Pharaoh gives leave for the Jews to go, but hopes to catch them again.

Pharaoh. Then will we gift them leave to gang; Syn it must not dis be doyn;
Perchauns we saH thaym fang and mar them or to mor unh at none.

(60)

\textit{\textit{i}ius Miles.} Moyses, my lord he says thou shalt haue passage playn.

\textit{Moyses.} Now haue we lefe to pas, my freyndis, now be ye fayn;

(61)

Com furth, now saH ye weynd to land of lykyng you to pay.

\textit{Primus puer.} Bot kyng Pharaoh, that fals feynd, he will vs eft betray;
ffuH soyn he will shape vs to sheynd, And after vs send his garray.

\textit{Moyses.} Be not abast, god is oure freynd, And all oure foes will slay;

(62)

Therfor com on with me, haue done and drede you noght.

\textit{i}ius \textit{Puer.} That lord blyst might he be, that vs from bayH has broght.

(63)

\textit{Primus puer.} Sich frenship neuer we fand; bot yt I drede for perels all,
The reede see is here at hand, ther shal we byde to we be thraH.

\textit{Moyses.} I shaH make way ther with my wand,
as god has sayde, to sayf vs all;
On ayther syde the see mon stand, to we be gone, right as a waH.

(64)

\textit{Secundus puer.} O, lord! this way is heynd; Now weynd we aH at casse.
Pharaoh. Say, ar ther any noyes new?

Pharao. how says thou that?

Pharaoh is told of the flight of the Jews.

(65)

Primus Miles. kyng pharao! thyse folk ar gone.

Pharao. We, out tyte, that they were tayn;

That ryett radly shai thay rew,

we shaiH not seasse to thay be slayn,

so to the see we shaiH thaym sew;

(66)

So charge youre chariottis swythe,

And fersly look ye folow me.

Ijus Miles. AH redy, lord, we ar fuH blyth

AtH youre byddying to be.

(67)

Primus Miles. lord, atH youre byddying ar we bowne

Oure bodys boldly for to beyd;

we shaH not seasse, but dyng aH downe,

To aH be dede withouten drede.

Pharao. heyf vp youre hertis vnto mahowne,

he wiH be nere vs in oure nede;

help! the raggyd dwyH, we drowne!

Now mon we dy for aH oure dede.

Tune merget eos mare.

(68)

Moses. Now ar we won from aH oure wo,

And sauyd out of the see;

louyng gyf we god vnto,

Go we to land now merely.

(69)

Primus puer. lofe we may thatH lord on hyght;

And euer teH on this merueH;

Drownyd he has Kyng pharao myght;

louyd be thatH lord Emanuel.

Moses. heuen, thou attend, I say, in syght;

And erth my wordys; here what I teH.

As rayn or dew on erth doys lyght

And waters herbys and trees fuH well,
Honoured be God in Trinity.

Gyf louyng to god dys mageste, hys dedys ar done, hys ways ar trew, honowred be he in trynyte, to hym be honowre and vertew.

Amen.

Explicit pharao.

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(IX.)

Incipit Cesar Augustus.

[Dramatis Personae.

\[\text{Imperator.}\] \[\text{Nuncius. (Lyghtfote.)}\]
\[\text{Primus Consulst.}\] \[\text{Sirinus.}\]
\[\text{Secundus Consulst.}\]

The Emperor
commands, and
magnifies his
own power.

B

E styH, beshers, I commawnd yow,
That no man speke a word here now
Both I my self alon;
And if ye do, I make a vow,
Thys brand abowte youre nekys shaH bow,
ffor thy be styH as stow:

(1)

And looke ye grefe me noght,
ffor if ye do it shaH be boght,
I swere you by mahowne;
I wote weH if ye knew me oght,
To slo you aH how lytyH I roght,
Ston styH ye wold syt downe.

(2)

ffor aH is myn that vp standys,
Castels, towers, townys, and landys,
To me homage thay bryng;

(3)

ffor I may bynd and lowse of band,
Enery thyng bowys vnto my hand,
I want none erthly thyng.
(4) I am lord and syr ouer aH,
AII bowys to me, both grete and smaII,
As lord of euery land;
Is none so comly on to caH,
Whoso this agane says, fowH shaH be faH,
And therto here my hand.

(5) ff I am he that myghty is,
And hardly aH hathennes
Is redy at my wyH;
Both ryche, and poore, more & les,
At* my lykyng for to redres,
whether I wyH saue or spyH.

(6) Cesar august I am cald,
A fayrer cors for to behald,
Is not* of bloode & bone;
Ryche ne poore, yong ne old,
Sych an othere, as I am told,
In aH thys warld is none.

(7) Bot oone thyng doys me fuH mych care,
I trow my land wyH sone mysfare
ffor defawte of counseH lele;
My counsellars so wyse of lare,
help to comforti me of care,
No wyt from me ye fele.

(8) As I am man moost* of renowne,
I shaH you gyf youre waryson
To help me if ye may.

(9) youre messyngere I reede ye caH,
ffor any thyng that may befaH,
His messenger shall proclaim his peace over all the land.

Byd hym go hastely,

Thruh out youre landys ouer aH,

Amang youre folk, both grete and smaH

youre gyrth & peasse to cry ;

(10)

for to commaunde bothi yong & old',

None be so hardy ne so bold,

To hold of none bot you ;

And who so dotli, put them in hold,

And loke ye payn theym many fold.

*Secundus Consultus. My Lord abyde awyle, for why?

A word to you I wold cleryfy.

*Imperator. Go on, then, teH me tytt.

(11)

The Emperor assents.

Of thys counseH weH payde am I,

It' shaH be done fuH hastely,

wyth outen any respytt.

(12)

*Secundus Consultus. AH redy, lord, now permafay,

Thys haue I herd syn many day,

ffolk in the contre teH ;

That in this land shuld dweH a may,

The which saH bere a chylde, thay say,

That shaH youre force downe feH.

(13)

*Imperator. Downe feH? dwyH! what may this be?

Out, harow, fuH wo is me !

I am fuH wyH of reede !

A, fy, and dewyls! whens cam he

That thus shuld reyfe me my pawste ?

Ere shuld I be his dede.

(14)

ffor certys, then were my worshyp lorne,

If sych a swayn, a snake horne,

Shuld thus be my suffrane ;

may I wyt when that' boy is borne,

In certan, had the dwyH hit sworne,

that' gadlyng shuld agane.
(15) Primus Consultus. Do way, lord, greyf you not so,
youre messyngere ye cause furth go
Aftyr youre cosyn dere,
To speke with you a word or two,
The best counseH that lad to slo,
ffuH soyn he can you lere;

(16) ffor a wyse man that knyght men know.
Imperator. Now I assent vnto thi saw,
of witt art thou the weH;
ffor aH the best men of hym blowys;
he shaH neuer dystroy my lawes,
were he the dwyH of heH.

(17) Com lyghtfote, lad, loke thou be yare
On my message furth to fare,
go tytt to sir syryn;
Say sorow takys me fuH sare,
pray hym to comforth me of care,
As myn awne dere cosyn;

(18) And bot if thou com agane to nyght,
look I se the neuer in syght,
neuer where in my land.
Nuncius. yis, certys, lord, I am fuH lyght,
or noyn of the day, I dar you hyght,
to bryng hym by the hand.

(19) Imperator. yai, boy, and as thou luffys me dere,
Luke that thou spy, both far and nere,
Ouer aH in ych place;
If thou here any sages sere,
Of any carpyng, far and nere,
Of that lark where that thou gase.

(20) Nuncius. AH redy, lord, I am fuH bowne,
To spyr and spy in every towne,
Lyghtfoot promises.

After that wykkyd queyd;

If I here any runk or rowne,
I shall found to crak thare crowne,

Ouer ah, in ylk a stede;

(21)

And therfor, lord, haue now good day.

*Imperator.* Mahowne he wyse the on thi way,

That weldys water and wynde;

And specially, here I the pray,

To spede the as fast as thou may.

*Nuncius.* yis, lord, that shall ye fynde.

(22) [To Sirinus.]

Lyghtfoot greets Sirinus in the Emperor’s name,

Mahowne the saue and se, sir syryne!

Cesar, my lord, and youre cosyn,

he greys you weH by me.

Sirinus. Thou art welcom to me and myn;

Com nere and teH me tythandys thyn,

Tyte, what thy may be.

(23)

*Nuncius.* My lord prays you, as ye luf hym dere,

To com to hym, if youre wyH were,

To speke with hym awhyle.

Sirinus. Go grete hym weH, thou messyngere,

say hym I com, and that right nere,

Behynd the not a myle.

(24)

*Nuncius.* Ah redy, lord, at youre byddyng. [To Cesar.]

Mahowne the menske, my lord kyng,

And save the by see and sand.

*Imperator.* Welcom, bewshere, say what tythyng,

Do teH me tyte, for any thyng,

What herd thou in my land?

(25)

*Nuncius.* I herd no thyng, lord, bot goode;

Syr syryn, that I after yode,

he wyH be here this nyght.

*Imperator.* I thank the by mahownes bloode;

This tythyngys mekyH amendys my mode;

Go rest, thou worthy wyght.
(26)  
*Sirinus.* Mahowne so semely on to call,  
he saue the, lord of lordes aH,  
Syttyng with thi meneye.  
*Imperator.* Welcom, sir syrynne, to this haH,  
Besyde my self here sytt thou shaH,  
Com vp belyf to me.  

(27)  
*Sirinus.* yis, lord, I am at youre talent.  
*Imperator.* Wherfor, sir, I after the sent,  
I shaH the say fuH right;  
And therfor take to me intent,  
I am in poynt for to be shent.  
*Sirinus.* how so, for mahownes myght?  

(28)  
*Imperator.* syr, I am done to understand,  
That a qweyn here, in this land,  
shaH bere a chylde I wene,  
That shaH be crowned kyng lyfand,  
And aH shaH bow vnto his hand;  
Thise tythyngys doth me teyne.  

(29)  
he shaH commaunde both ying and old,  
None be so hardy ne so bold  
To gyf servuyce to me;  
Then wold my hart be cold  
If siche a beggere shold  
My kyngdom thus reyf me;  

(30)  
And therfor, sir, I wold the pray,  
Thy best counseH thou wold me say,  
To do what I am best;  
ffor securly, if that I may,  
If he be fonden I shaH hym slay,  
Aythere by eest' or west.  

(31)  
*Sirinus.* Now wote ye, lord, what that I reede;  
I counseH you, as ete I brede,
Sirinus bids the Emperor seek out the boy & kill him,
what best therof may be;

Gar serche youre land in every stede,
And byd that boy be done to dede,
who the fyrst may hym see;

And also I rede that ye gar cry,
To fleme wyth aH that belamH,
That shuld be kyng with crowne;

Byd ych man com to you holly,
And bryng to you a heede penny,
That dwellys in towere or towne;

That this be done by the thyrde day,
Then may none of his freyndys say,
Bot he has mayde homage.

If ye do thus, sir, permafay,
youre worship shaH ye wyn for ay,
If thy make you trowage.

Imperator. I thank you, sir, as myght I the,
for thyse tythyngys that thou tellys me,

Thy counseH shaH avayH;
lord and syre of this cowntre,
ywthouten ende here make I the,
ffor thy good counseH;

My messyngere, loke thou be bowne,
And weyd belyf from towne to towne,
And be my nobyH swane;

I pray the, as thou lufyH mahowne,
And also for thy warison,

That thou com tytt agane.

Commaunde the folk holly ichon,
Ryche ne poore forgett thou none,
To holH holly on me,

And lowtt me as thare lord alone;
And who wyH not thay shaH be slone,
This brand thare bayH shal be.
Toicneley Plays.  IX. Caesar Augustus.

(37)
Therfor thou byd both old and ying,
That ich man know me for his kyng,
ffor drede that I thaym spyH,
That I am lord, and in tokynyng,
Byd ich man a penny bryng,
And make homage me tyH.

(38)
To my statutys who wyH not stand,
ffast* for to fle outt of my land,
Byd thaym, withouten lyte ;
Now by mahowne, god aH weldand,
Thou shaH be maybe knyght with my hand,
And therfor hye the tyte.

(39)
Nuncius.  AH redy, lord, it* shaH be done ;
Bot* I wote weH I com* not sone,
And therfor be not* wroth ;
I swere you, sir, by son and moyne,
I com* not* here by fore eft* none,
 wheder ye be leyfe or lotli ;

(40)
Bot* hafe good day, now wyH I weynd,
ffor longer here may I not* leyul,
Bot* grathe me furth my gate.

Imperator. Mahowne that* is curtes and heynd,
he bryng thi Iornay weH to eynd,
And wysh the that* aH wate.

Explicit Cesar Augustus.
(X.)

Incipit Annunciatio.

[33 couplets aa; 49½ six-line stanzas aab ccb.]

[Dramatis Personae.

(1)

God recalls the creation of Adam and his fall.

Deus. Sythen I haue mayde all thyng of noght,
And Adam with my handis hath wroght,
Lyke to myn ymage, att my devyse,
And gyffen hym Ioy in paradyse,
To won therin, as that I wend,
To that he dyd that I defend;

Then I hym put out of that place,
Bot yit, I myn, I hight hym grace.

OyH of mercy I can hym heyt,
And tyme also his bayH to beytt.

for he has boght1 his syn fuH sore,
Thise fyfe1 thowsand yeries and more,
ffyrst in erthe and sythen in heH;
Bot long therin shaH he not dweH.
Outt of payn he shaH be boght;
I wyH not tyne that I haue wroght.

I wyH make redeempcyon,
As I hyght for my person,
AH wythi reson and with right,
Both through mercy and through myght.

he shaH not, therfor, ay be spylt;
for he was wrangwysly begylt;
he shaH out of preson pas,
for that he begyled was
Throu the edder, and his wyfe;
Thay gart hym towcli the tree of lyfe,
And ete the frute that I forbed,
And he was dampned for that dede.

Ryghtwysnes wyH we make;
I wyH that my son manhede take,

1 MS. v.
for reson wyH that ther be thre, 32
A man, a madyn, and a tre:
Man for man, tre for tre,
Madyn for madyn; thus shal it be.
My son shaH in a madyn light,
Agans the feynd of heH to fight';
wythouten wem, os son thugh glas,
And she madyn as she was.
Both god and man shaH he be,
And she moder and madyn fre.
To abraham I am in detf'
To safe hym and his gett;
And I wyH that aH prophecy
Be fulfyllyd here by me;
for I am lord and lech of heyle,
My prophetics shaH be funden leyle;
As moyses sayd, and Isay,
Kyng dauid, and Jeromy,
Abacuk, and danieH,
SybyH sage, that sayde ay weH,
And myne othere prophetics aH,
As thay haue [said] it shaH befaH.1
Ryse vp, gabrieH, and weynd
vnto a madyn that is heynd,
To nazareth in galilee,
Ther she dwellys in that cytee.
To that vyrgyn and to that spouse,
To a man of dauid house,
Joseph also he is namyd by,
And the madyn name mary.
AngeH must to mary go,
ffor the feynd was eue fo;
he was foule and layth to syght,
And thou art angeH fayr and bright;
And hayls that madyn, my lemman,
As heyndly as thou can.
Of my behalf thou shaH hyr grete,
I haue hyr chosen, that madyn swete, 68

1 The word "said" has been inserted in the MS. by a later hand.
God has chosen Mary to conceive his darling.

She shall conceive my darling,
Through thy word and thy heryng.
In thy body I light,
That's to me cleanly dyght;
She shall of thy body bere
God and man withouten dere.

She shall be blyssyd withouten ende;
Grayth the Gabriel, and weynd.

[Gabriel goes to Mary.]

Gabriel, hay, madyn and god's spouse!
Unto the lowte;
Of all virgyns thou art qwene,
That ever was, or she shall be seyn,
Wythouten dowte.

My lord of heaven is with her.

Hay, mary, and we thou be!
My lord of heaven is wyth the,
Wythouten end;
Hay, woman most of mede!
Goodly lady, haue thou no drede,
That I commend;

She shall conceive a child of might.

For thou has fonden all thy oone,
The grace of god, that was out gone,
For adam plyght.
This is the grace that the betydys,
Thou shall conceive within the sydys
A chyld of myght.

He shall be called Jesus.

When he is comen, that thy son,
He shall take cyrcumsacyon,
Ca hym ihesum.
Mightfu man shall be he that,
And god's son shall he hat,
By his day com.

My lord also shall gyf hym thy
Hys fader sete, dauid, at wyth,
Therin to sytt:
he shal be kyng in Iacob kyn,
hys kyngdom shal neuer blyn,
lady, weH thou wytt.

(7)
Maria. What is thi name?
Gabriel. gabriell;
godys strengthe and his angeH,
That comys to the.

Maria. Sferly gretym thou me gretys;
A child to bere thou me hetys,
how shuld it be?

(8)
I cam neuer by man's syde,
Bot has avowed my madynhede.
ffrom fleshly gett.
Therfor I wote not how
That this be brokyn, as a vow
That I haue hett;

(9)
Neuer the les, weH I wote,
To wyrk thi word and hold thi hote
MightfuH god is;
Bot I ne wote of what manere,
Therfor I pray the, messyngere,
That thou me wysh.

(10)
GabrielH. lady, this is the preuate;
The holy gost shaH light in the,
And his vertue,
he shaH vmshade and fulfyH
That thi madynhede shaH neuer spyH,
Bot ay be new.

(11)
The child that thou shal bere, madame,
ShaH godys son be callid by name;
And se, mary,
Elesabeth, thi Cosyn, that is cald geld,
She has conceyffed a son in elde,
Of zacary;
Towneley Plays. X. The Annunciation.

(12) And this is, who wyH late,
The sext moneth of hyr conceytate,
That geldk is caulk.

(13) Nothing is impossible with God.

No word, lady, that I the bryng,
Is vnmyghtfull to heuen kyng,
Bot al shaft halde.

Mary praises God, & believes the angel's message.

(14) Maria. I love my lord al weldand,
I am his madyn at' his hand,
And in his wold;
I trow bodword that thou me bryng,
Be done to me in aH thyng,
As thou has told.

(15) Gabriel. Mary, madyn heynd,
me behovys to weynd,
my leyf at' the I take.
Maria. ffar to my freynd,
Who the can send,
ffor mankynde sake.

[Gabriel retires; Joseph advances.]

(16) Joseph. Ah-myghty god, what may this be!
Of mary my wyfc mervuels me,
Alas, what has she wroght?
A, hyr body is grete and she with childe!
ffor me was she neuer fylyd,
Therfor myin is it' noght.

(17) He bemoans himself that ever he married one so young.

I irke fulH sore with my lyfe,
That euer I wed so yong a wyfe,
That' bargan may I ban;
To me it was a carefuH dede,
I myght well wyf that yowtiede
wold haue lykyng of man.

I am old, sothly to say,
passed I am aH preuay play,
The gams fro me ar gane.  
It is ill to wed youth with age.

169

I wote weH, for I am vnwelde,  
It is ill to wed youth with age.

172

som othere has she tane.

(18)

she is with chyld, I wote neuer how;

Joseph determines to go to Mary & question her.

175

Now, who wolde any woman trow?  
Mary & question her.

178

Certys, no man that can any goode;

He greets her,

190

I wote not in the warld, what I shuld do,

Joseph denies any part therein.

196

Bot now then wyH I weynyd hyr to,

Mary repeats it is God's & his.

199

And wytte who owe that foode.

(19)

HayH, mary, and weH ye be!

He greets her,

181

why, bot woman, what chere with the?

[Pol. 30, a.  
Sig. ff. 1.]

184

Maria. The better, sir, for you.

[Pol. 30, a.  
Sig. ff. 1.]

187

Iosephi. So wold I, woman, that ye wore;

& asks whose is the child?  
She replies his & the God of heaven's.

190

Bot certys, mary, I rew fuH sore

Joseph denies any part therein.

196

It standys so with the now.

[Pol. 30, a.  
Sig. ff. 1.]

199

(20)

Bot of a thyng frayn the I shaH,

Mary repeats it is God's & his.

199

who owe this child thou gose with ah?

(21)

Maria. Syr, ye, and god of heaven.

Joseph denies any part therein.

196

Iosephi. So wold I, woman, that ye wore;

He greets her,

181

Bot certys, mary, I rew fuH sore

Joseph determines to go to Mary & question her.

175

It standys so with the now.

[Pol. 30, a.  
Sig. ff. 1.]

184

(22)

But of a thyng frayn the I shaH,

He greets her,

181

who owe this child thou gose with ah?

[Pol. 30, a.  
Sig. ff. 1.]

184

Maria. The better, sir, for you.

[Pol. 30, a.  
Sig. ff. 1.]

187

Iosephi. So wold I, woman, that ye wore;

& asks whose is the child?  
She replies his & the God of heaven's.

190

Bot certys, mary, I rew fuH sore

Joseph denies any part therein.

196

It standys so with the now.

[Pol. 30, a.  
Sig. ff. 1.]

184

(20)

Bot of a thyng frayn the I shaH,

He greets her,

181

who owe this child thou gose with ah?

[Pol. 30, a.  
Sig. ff. 1.]

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Maria. The better, sir, for you.

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Sig. ff. 1.]

187

Iosephi. So wold I, woman, that ye wore;

& asks whose is the child?  
She replies his & the God of heaven's.

190

Bot certys, mary, I rew fuH sore

Joseph denies any part therein.

196

It standys so with the now.
Mary denies knowledge of any other man.

(23) Maria. At godys wyH, Ioseph, must it be, for certainy bot' god and ye
I know none othere man; 205
for fleshly was I neuer fylyd.

Ioseph. how shuld thou thus then be with chyld?
Excuse the whIch thou can; 208

(24) Joseph does not blame her; it is but the way of women.

I blame the not', so god me saue, 211
woman maners if that thou haue,
Bot' certys I say the this,
weH wote thou, and so do I,
Thi body fames the openly,
That' thou has done amys.

(25) Maria. yee, god he knowys aH my doyng.
Ioseph. we! now, this is a wonder thynge,
I can noght' say therto; 217
Bot' in my hart' I haue greatt care,
And ay the longer mare and mare;
ffor doyH what' shaH I do?

(26) Godys and myn she says it' is;
I wyH not' fader it', she says amys;
ffor shame yit' shuld' she let, 223
To excuse hir velany by me;
with hir I thynk no longer be,
I rew that euer we met.

(27) He describes the origin of their betrothal.

And how we met' ye shaH wyt sone;
Men vse yong childrren for to done
In temple for to lere; 229
Soo dyd thay hir, to she wex more
Then othere madyns wyse of lore;
then byshopes sayd to hir,

(28) "Mary, the behowfys to take
Som yong man to be thi make,
As thou seys other hane,
In the temple which thou wyH neuen;}”
And she sayd, none, bot god of heuen,
To hym she had hir tane;

(29)
She wold none othere for any saghi;
Thay sayd she must, it was the lagh,
She was of age thertiiH.
To the temple thay somond old and ying,
AH of Iuda ofspryng,
The law for to fulfiH.

(30)
Thay gaf iche man a white wand,
And bad vs bere them inoure hande,
To offere with good intent;
Thay offered thare yer dys vp in that tyde,
ffor I was old? I stode be syde,
I wyst not what thay ment;

(31)
Thay lakyd’ oone, thay sayde in hy,
AH had offered, thay sayd, bot I,
ffor I ay withdrew me.
ffurthi with my wand thay may’d me com,
In my hand it floryshed with blome;
Then sayde thay aH to me,

(32)
“If thou be old merueH not the,
ffor god of heuen thus ordans he,
Thi wand shewys openly;
It florishes so, withouten nay,
That the behovys wed mary the may;”
A sory man then was I;

(33)
I was suH sory in my thoght,
I sayde for old I myght not hir haue neuer the wheder;
I was unlykely to hir so yong,
Thay sayde ther helpyd’ none excusyng,
And wed vs thus togeder.
After the wedding the maidens, kingly daughters, worked silks; Mary alone wrought purple.

when I a[ll] thus had wed hir thare, 
we and my madyns home can fare, 
That kyngys doghters were ;
A[ll] wroght thay sylk to fynd them on, 
Marie wroght purpyr, the oder none 
bot othere colers sere.

Joseph went into the country to work.

I left thaym in good peasse wenyd I, 
Into the contre I went on hy, 
My craft to vse with mayn ;
To geteoure lyfynyng I muste nede, 
On marie I prayd them take good hede, 
To that I cam agane.

After nine months he returns & finds her with child.
The women say an angel visited her,

Neyn 1 monethes was I fro that myld ;
when I cam hom she was with chylde ;
Alas, I sayd, for shame !
I askyd ther women who that had done, 
And thay me sayde an angele sone, 
syn that I went from hame ;

An angele spake with that wyght ,
And no man els, bi day nor nyght, 
"sir, therof be ye bold." 
Thay excusyd hir thus sothly, 
To make hir clene of hir foly, 
And babyshed me that was olde. 

Shulde an angele this dede hau wyshort ?
Sich excusynge helpys noght , 
for no craft that thay can ;
A heuenly thynge, for sothe, is he, 
And she is erthly ; this may not be, 
It is som othere man.

Certys, I forthynk sore of hir dede, 
Bot it is long of yowth-hede,
Young women will needs play with young men.

But Mary & he never played together.

She is clean as crystal for him, and shall be so while he lives.

If it be God's Son she has for her child, then Joseph is not worthy to lie beside her.

He will steal away to the wilderness so that they meet no more.

An Angel warns him to mend his thoughts and return to his wife.

Yshe hase consaund the holy gast.

1 Is half a stanza of the original left out?
Mary is with child of the Holy Ghost.

And she shall bear God's son;
for thy with her, in this degree,
Make and buxom looke thou be,
And with her dwell and won.

(46)

Joseph. A, lord, I lose the all alone,
That vowes true that I be one
To tent that child so young;
I that thus have ungratefully gone,
And untruly taken upon
Mary, that dere darlyng.

(47)

He grieves for his suspicions, &
go to ask Mary's forgiveness.

I rewe full sore that I haue sayde,
And of hir byrdyng hir vpbrade,
And she not gylty is;
for thy to hir now Why I weynde,
And pray hir for to be my freynde,
And aske hir forgynnes.

(48)

A, mary, wyfe, what chere?

Maria. The better, sir, that ye ar here;
Thus long where haue ye lent?

Joseph. Certys, walkyd aboute, lyke a fon,
That wrangwysly hase taken upon;
I wyst neuer What I ment;

(49)

Joseph says he has sinned
against God & her, and
asks forgiveness.

Bot I wote weH, my leman fre,
I haue trespasted to God and the;
foogyf me, I the pray.

Maria. Now all that euer ye sayde me to,
God forgyf you, and I do,
With all the myght I may.

(50)

He thanks her. A man may be well content
with a meek wife,
though she have no goods.

Iosephi. Gramercy, mary, thi good wyH
So kyndly forgyfys that I sayde yH,
When I can the vpbrade;
Bot weH is hym hase sich a fode,
A, meke wyf, withouten goode,
he may weH hold hym payde.
A, what! I am light as lynde!
he that may both lowse and bynde,
And ever my ser amend,
leyn me grace, powere, and myght,
My wyfe and hir swete yong wight,
To kepe, to my lyfys ende.

Explicit Annunciacio beate Marie.

(XI.)

Incipit Salutacio Elizabeth.

[15 six-line stanzas, aab, ccb.]

[Dramatis Personae.
Maria. Elizabeth.]

Maria. (1)
My lord of heuen, that syttys he,
And all thyng seys with ee,
The safe, Elizabethi.

Elizabethi. Welcom, mary, blyssed blome,
JoyfuI am I of thi com
To me, from nazareth.

Maria. how standys it with you, dame, of quarte?
Elizabethi. weH, my doghter and dere harte,
As can for myn elde.

Maria. To speke with you me thought fuH lang,
For ye with childe in elde gang,
And ye be cald geld.

Elizabethi. fuH lang shaH I the better be,
That I may speke my fyH with the,
My dere kyns Woman;
To wytt how thi freyndys fare,
In thi countre where thay ar,
Therof teH me thou can,

T. PLAYS.
And how thou farys, my dere derlyng.

Maria. WeH, dame, grameracy youre askyng, 21
for good I wote ye spyr.

Elzebethi. And Ioachym, thy fader, at hame, 24
And anna, my nee, and thi dame,
how standys it with hym and hir?

Maria. Dame, yit ar thay bothi on lyfe, 27
Both ioachym and anna his wyfe.
Elzebethi. Els were my hart fuH sore.

Maria. Dame, god that aH may,
yeld you that ye say,
And blys you therfore.

Elzebethi. Blyssed be thou of aH women, 30
And the fruyte that I weH ken,
Within the wombe of the;
And this tyme may I blys,
That my lordys moder is
Comen thus vnto me.

ffor syn that tyme fuH I wote, 33
The steyvn of angell voce it smote,
And rang now in myñ ere ;
A selcouth thyng is me bytde,
The chyld makys Ioy, as any byrd,1
That I in body here.

And als, mary, blyssed be thou, 39
That stedfastly wold trow,
The wordys of oure heven kyng ;
Therfor aH thyng now shaH be kend,
That vnto the were sayd or send,
By the angell gretyng.

Maria. Magnificat anima mea dominum ; 45
My sauH lufys my lord abuf,
And my gost gladys with luf,

1 The rhyme requires bryd.
The Salutation of Elizabeth.

In god, that is my hele;
for he has bene sene agane,
The buxumnes of his bane,
And kept me madyn lele.

(10)
Lo, therof what me shaH betyde—
AH nacyons on every syde,
Blyssyd shaH me caH;
for he that is fulH of myght,
MekyH thyng to me has dyghtt,
his name be blyssed over aH;

(11)
And his mercy is also
from kynde to kynde, tyH aH tho
That' ar hym dredand.
Myghtt in his armes he wroghtt,
And dystroed in his thoghtt,
Prowde men and hygh berand.

(12)
Myghty men furth of sete he dyd,
And he hyghtynd in thatt stede
The meke men of hart;
The hungre With aH good he fyld,
And left the rich outt shyld,
Thaym to Vnquart.

(13)
IsraelH has vnnder law,
his awne son in his awe,
By menys of his mercy;
As he told before by name,
To oure fader, abraham,
And seyd of his body.

(14)
Elezhabeth, myn awnt dere,
My lefe I take at you here,
for I dweH now fuH lang.

Elezhabeth, wyH thou now go, godys fere?
Com kys me, doghter, with good chere,
or thou hens gang;
Elizabeth bids Mary farewell & sends greeting to her kinsfolk.

(15)

ffareweH now, thou frely foode!
I pray the be of comforthil goode,
ffor thou art fuH of grace;
Grete weH aH oure kyn of bloode;
That lord, that the with grace infude,
he saue aH in this place.

Explicit Salutacio Elizabeth.

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(XII.)

Incipit Pagina pastorum.

[54 nine-line stanzas, aaab cccb, and 1 seven-line (no. 15), aab cccb. The aaaa lines have central rymes markt by bars.]

[Dramatis Personae.

| Primus Pastor. | Iak Garcio. | Ihesus. |
| Tercius Pastor. |

Primus Pastor. (1)

Ord, what thay ar weyH / that hens ar past!
ffor thay noght feyH / theym to downe cast.
here is mekyH vnceyH / and long has it last;
Now in hart, now in heyH / now in weytt, now in blast,
Now in hart, now in heyH / now in weytt, now in blast,
Now in care,
Now in comforth agane,
Now is fayre, now is rane,
Now in hart fuH fane,
And after fuH sare.

(2)

Thus this Warldt, as I say / farys on ylk syde,
ffor after oure play / com sorows vnryde;
ffor he that most may / When he syttytys in pryde,
When it comys on assay / is kesten downe wyde,
This is seyn;
When ryches is he,
Then comys pouerte,
hors-man lak cope
Walkys then, I weyn.

I thank it, God / hark ye what I mene,
ffor euen or for od / I haue mekyH tene;
As heuy as a sod / I grete with myn eene,
When I nap on my cod / for care that' has bane,
And sorow.
Ah my shepe ar gone,
I am not' left oone,
The rott has theym slone;
Now beg I and borow.

My handys may I wryng / and mowrnyng make,
Bot' if good wylH spryng / the countre forsake;
ffermes thyk ar comyng / my purs is bot' wake,
I haue nerehand nothyng' / to pay nor to take;
I may syng'
With purs penneles,
That' makys this heuynes,
Wo is me this dystres!
And has no helpyng.

Thus sett' I my mynde / truly to neuen,
By my wytt to fynde / to cast' the world in seuen;
My shepe hauue I tynde / by the moren fuH euen;
Now if hap wylH grynde / god from his heuen
Send grace.
To the fare wylH I me,
To by shepe, perde,
And yit' may I myntyle,
ffb or aH this hard case.

Secundus pastor. Benste, benste¹ / be vs emang,
And sane aH that' I se / here in this thrang,

¹ Benedicite, benedicite!
he saue you and me / ouertwhart and endlang,
That' hang on a tre / I say you no wrang;
Cryst saue vs
ffrom aH myschefys,
ffrom robers and thefys,
ffrom those mens grefys,
That' oft' ar agans vs.

Both bosters and bragers / god kepe vs fro,
That with thare long dagers / dos mekyH wo ;
ffrom aH byH hagers / with colknyfys that go ;
Sich wryers and wragers / gose to and fro
ffor to crak.

Who so says hym agane,
were better be slane ;
Both ploghe and wane
Amendys wH not make.

he wH make it as prowde / a lord as he were,
With a hede lyke a clowde / fFeltrd his here ;
he spekys on lowde / with a grym bere,
I wold not haue trowde / so galy in gere
As he glydys.
I wote not' the better,
Nor wheder is gretter,
The lad or the master,
So stowtly he strydys.

If he hask me oght / that' he wold to his pay,
fluH dere bese it' boght / if I say nay ;
Bot' god that' aH wroght' / to the now I say,
help that' they were broght / to a better way
ffor thare sawlys ;
And send theym good mendyng
With a short' endyng,
And with the to be lendyng
When that' thou callys.

how. gyb, goode morne / wheder goys thou ?
Thou goys ouer the corne / gyb, I say, how !
primus pastor. Who is that? John horne / I make god a vowe!

I say not in skorne / thom, how farys thou?

Secundus pastor. hay, ha!

Ar ye in this towne?

primus pastor. yey, by my crowne.

ijus pastor. I thought by youre gowne

This was youre aray.

(11)

primus pastor. I am euer elyke / wote I neuer what it' gars,

Is none in this ryke / a shepard farys wars.

ijus pastor. poore men ar in the dyke / and oft tyme mars,

The warld is slyke / also helpars

Is none here.

primus pastor. It is sayde fuH ryfe,

"a man may not' wyfe

And also thryfe,

And aH in a yere."

(12)

ijus pastor. ffyrst must vs crepe / and sythen go.

primus pastor. I go to by shepe. /

Secundus [pastor]. 

What, dreme ye or slepe? / where shuld thay go? [Fol. 34, a.] here shaH thou none kepe. /

primus pastor. A, good sir, ho!

Who am I?

I wyH pasture my fe

where so euer lykys me,

here shaH thou theym se.

ijus pastor. Not' so hardy!

(13)

Not' oone shepe tayH / shaH thou bryng hedyr.

primus pastor. I shaH bryng, no fayH / A hundreth togedyr.

ijus pastor. What', art' thou in ayH / longys thou oght' whedir?

primus pastor. Thay shaH go, saunce fayH / go now, beH weder!
Shep'turds' Play, I.

The two shepherds call out contradictory orders to the imaginary sheep.

Gyb threatens to break Horne's head.

Slow-pace asks where the sheep are, and chaffs him.

ijus pastor. I say, tyr!

primus pastor. I say, tyr, now agane!

ijus pastor. I say skyp over the plane.

ijus pastor. wold thou neuer so fane, Tup, I say, whyr!

primus pastor. What, wyth thou not yit / I say, let the shepe go?

Whop!

ijus pastor. abyde yit. / primus pastor. Will thou bot so?

knafe, hens I byd flytt / as good that thou do,

Or I shal the hytt / on thi pate, lo,

shaH thou reyH;

I say, gyf the shepe space.

ijus pastor. Syr, a letter of youre grace, here comys slaw-pase

ffro the mylH whele.

Tercius pastor. What a do, what a do / is this you betweyn?

A good day, thou, and thou. / primus pastor. hark what I meyn

You to say:

I was bowne to by store,

drofe my shepe me before,

he says not oone hore

shaH pas by this way;

Bot and he were wood / this way shaH thay go.

ijus pastor. yey, bot tell me, good / where ar youre shepe, lo?

ijus pastor. Now, sir, by my hode / yit se I no mo,

Not syn I here stode. /

ijus pastor. god gyf you wo

and sorow!

ye fysh before the nett,

And stryfe on this bett,

sich folys neuer I mett

Eryn or at morow.
Tennyson

(17)

It is wonder to wyt / where wytt\'s shulde be fownte ;
here ar old knafys yit / standys on this grownde,
these wold by thare wytt / make a shyp be drownde ;
he were wef\' qwytt / had sold\' for a pownde
sich two.
thay fygyt\' and thay flyte
ffor that\' at\' comys not tyte ;
It is far to byd hyte
To an eg or it go.

(18)

Tytter want\' ye sow\H / then sorow I pray ;
Ye Brayde of mow\H / that\' went\' by the way—
Many shepe can she po\H / bot\' oone had she ay—
Bot\' she happenyd fu\H fow\H / hyr pycher, I say,
Was broken\;
"ho, god," she sayde,
bot\' oone shepe yit she hade,
The mylk pycher was layde,
The skarthise was the tokyn.

(19)

Bot\' syn ye ar bare / of wysdom to knawe,\1
Take hede how I fare / and lere at\' my lawe ;
ye nede not\' to care / if ye folow my sawe ;
hold\' ye my mare / this sek thou thrawe
On my bak,
Whylst\' I, with my hand,
lawse the sek band ;
Com nar and\' by stand
Both gyg and lak ;

(20)

Is not a\H shakyn owte / and no mey\H is therin ?
primus pastor. yey, that\' is no dowte. /
Tercius pastor. so is youre wyttys thyn.
And ye look we\H abowte / nawther more nor myn,
So gese youre wyttys owte / evyn as It com In :
Geder vp
And seke it\' agane.
ijus pastor. May we not be fane !
he has told vs fu\H plane
Wysdom to sup.

Here are
two old
knaves not
worth a
pound
between
them,
fighting for
nothing.

[Fol. 34, b.]
They are
like Moll
who, while
counting up
many sheep,
broke her
pitcher, and
had but one
sheep all the
time.

1 MS. knowe. He makes
them hold
his mare
while he
shakes his
sack empty,
Jack the boy comes in.
Save the men of Gotham he thinks they bear the bell of all fools from heaven unto hell.

_Iak garcio._ Now god gyf you care / foles aH sam;
Sagfi I neuer none so fare / bot' the foles of gotham.
Wo is hir that yow bare / youre syre and youre dam,
had she broght furth an hare / a shepe, or a lam,
had bene weH.
Of aH the foles I can teH,
from heaven vnto hell,
ye thre bere the beH;
God gyf you vnceyH.

Gyb asks after his sheep and then proposes to sit down & drink.

_Horne asks, “What is drink without meat?”_

If ye wiH ye may se / youre bestes ye ken.

_Horne asks, “What is drink without meat?”_

I am leuer ete;
what' is drynk withoute mete?
Gett' mete, gett;
And sett vs a borde,

Then may we go dyne / oure bellys to fyH.

My seruyse I tyne / I fare fuH yH,
At' youre mangere.

_Iijus pastor._ Trus! go we to mete,
It' is best' that we trete,
I lyst' not' to plete
To stand in thi dangere;

Thou has euer bene curst / syn we met togedert.

_Note the rymes of -eder, -oder._
ijus pastor. Syrs, let vs cryb forst / for oone thyng or oder,
That* thise wordis be purst* / and let vs go foder

Oure mompyns;
lay furti of oure store,
lo, here! browne of a bore.

primus pastor. Set* mustard afore,
oure mete now begyns;

here a foote of a cowe / weH sawsed, I wene,
The pesteh of a sowe / that* powderd has bene,
Two blodyngis, I trow / A leueryng betwene;
Do gladly, syrs, now / my breder bedene,

With more.
Both befe, and moton
Of an ewe that* was roton,
Good mete for a gloton;
Ete of this store.

ijus pastor. I haue here in my mayH / sothen and rost*,
Enen of an ox tayH / that* wold* not* be lost*;
ha, ha, goderhayH! / I let for no cost,
A good py or we fayH / this is good for the frost*;

In a mornyng;

And two swyne gronys,
A† a hare bot† the lonys,
we myster no sonyys
here, at† oure mangyng.

ijus pastor. here is to recorde / the leg of a goys,
with chekyns endorde / pork, partryk, to roys;
A tart† for a lorde / how thynk ye this doys?†
A calf lyuer skorde / with the veryose;

Good sawse,
This is a restorete
To make a good appete.

primus pastor. yee speke aH by clerge[te],
I here by your clause;
They drink good wholesome ale as a cure for their ills. As each drinks the others chaff him.

Cowth ye by youre gramery / reche vs a drynk, I shuld be more mery / ye wote What I thynk. "ijus pastor." hane good ayH of hely / bewar now, I wynk, ffors and thou drynk drel y/ in thy poH wyH it synk.

"primus pastor." A, so; This is boyte of oure bayH,1
good holsom ayH.

"ijus pastor." ye holde lond the skayH,
Now lett me go to. 250

Secundus pastor. I shrew those lyppys / bot thou leyff me som parte.
"primus pastor." be god, he bot syppys / begylde thou art;
Behold how he kyppys. / Secundus pastor. I shrew you so smart,
And me on my hyppys / bot if I gart Abate. 255

Be thou wyne, be thou ayH,
bot if my brethe fayH,
I shaH sett the on sayH ;
God send the good gayte. 259

Tercius pastor. Be my dam sauH, alyce ; It was sadly dronken.
"primus pastor." Now, as euer haue I blys / to the bothom it is sonken.
"ijus pastor." yt a boteH here is. /
Tercius pastor. that is weH spoken !
By my thryft we must kys. /
Secundus pastor. that had I forgotten.2
Bot hark ! 264

Who so can best syng
ShaH haue the begynnyng.
"primus pastor." Now prays at the partyng
I shaH sett you on warke ; 268

1 The MS makes 2 lines of this: 1 A so ; 2 This etc.
2 Note the assonance t and k.
We haue doneoure parte / and songyn right weyH, I drynk for my parte. / 

ijus pastor. Abyde, lett' cop reyH.

primus pastor. Godys forbot, thou sparts / and thou drynk euery deyH.

ijus pastor. Thou has dronken a quart / therfor choke the the deyH.

primus pastor. Thon rafys;

And it were for a sogli Ther is drynk enoghi.

ijus pastor. I shrew the handys it' droghi! ve be both knafys.

primus pastor. Nay! we knaues aH / thus thynk me best, so, sir, shuld ye caH. /

ijus pastor. furth let it' rest;

we wH not' braH. /

primus pastor. then wold I we fest, This mete Who shalH / into panyere kest.

ijus pastor. syrs, herys;

ffor our saules lett vs do

Poore men gyf it' to.

primus pastor. Geder vp, lo, lo! ye hungre begers ffrerys!

(32)

ijus pastor. It' draes nere nyght / trus, go we to rest'; I am euen redy dyght' / I thynk it the best.'

ijus pastor. ffor ferde we be fryght' / a crosse lett vs kest, Cryst' crosse, benedyght / eest' and west', ffor drede.

Ihesus,\(^1\) onazorus, Crucyefixus, Morcns, andreus, 

God be oure spede!

(33)

(34) [They sleep.]

Angelus. herkyn, hyrdes, awake! / gyf louyng ye shalH, he is borne for [y]oure\(^2\) sake / lorde perpetuaH; They drink again, each still anxious for his fair share. 

They prepare to sleep. 

Slow-pace says a night-spell.

The angels bid them awake.

\(^1\) MS. ihe.

\(^2\) Originally oure, the "y" having been added by a later hand.
he is comen to take / and rawson you aH,
youre sorowe to slake / kyng emperiah,
he behestys;

That chyld is borne
At bethlehem this morn,"e,
ye shaH fynde hym before
Betwix two bestys.

(35)

Primus Pastor. A, godys dere dominus! / What was
that sang?
It was wonder curiose / with smaH noytys emang;
I pray to god saue vs / now in this thrang;
I am ferd, by ihesue1 / somwhat be wrang;
Me thoght,
Oone scemyd on lowde;
I suppose it was a clowde,
In m yn rys it sowde,
By hym that me boght!

(36)

Secundus pastor. Nay, that may not be / I say you
certan,
ffor he spake to vs thre / as he had bene a man;
When he lemyd on this lee / my hart shakyd than,
An angeH was he / teH you I can,
No dowte.

he spake of a barne,
We must seke hym, I you warne,
That betokyns yond starne,
That standys yonder owte.

(37)

Tercius pastor. It was merueH to se / so bright as it
shone,
I wold haue trowyd, veraly / it had bene thoner flone,
Bot I sagH with m yn ee / as I lemyd to this stone;
It was a mery gle / sich hard I neuer none,
I recorde.
As he sayde in a skreme,
Or els that I dreme,
we shuld go to bedleme,
To wyrship that lorde.

1 MS. ihc.
(38)  
*primus pastor.* That same childe is he / that* prophetys of told,  
Shuld make them fre / that* adam had sold.  
*ijus pastor.* Take tent vnto me / this is inrold,  
By the wordys of Isae / a prync most* bold  
shalt he be,  
And kyng with crowne,  
Sett on dauid trone,  
Sich was neuer none,  
Seyn with oure ee.  

(39)  
*ijus pastor.* Also Isay says / oure faders vs told  
That a vyrgyn shuld pas / of Iesse, that* wold  
Bryng furth, by grace / a flore so bold ;  
That* vyrgyn now has / these wordys vphold  
As ye se ;  
Trust* it* now we may,  
he is borne this day,  
Exiet* virga  
De radice iesse.  

(40)  
*primus pastor.* Of hym spake more / Sybyl as I weyn,  
And nabugodonosor / from oure faythe alyene,  
In the fornace where thy wore / thre childre sene,  
The fourt stode before / godys son lyke to bene.  
*ijus pastor.* That fygure  
Was gyffen by reualacyon  
That* god wold haue a son) ;  
This is a good lesson,  
Vs to cousydure.  

(41)  
*Tercius pastor.* Of hym spake Ieromys / and moyses also,  
Where he saug hym by / a bushe burnand, lo !  
when he cam to aspy / if it* were so,  
Vnburnyd was it* truly / at commyng therto,  
A wonder.  
*primus pastor.* That* was for to se  
hir holy vyrgynyte,  
That* she vnfylyd shuld be,  
Thus can I ponder,
They marvel how a virgin may bear a son,

They marvel how a virgin may bear a son.

And shuld haue a chyld / sich was neuer sene.

\textit{ijus pastor.} pese, man, thou art\' begyld / thou shal\H se hym with eene,

Of a madyn so myld / greatt merueH I mene;

\textit{ijus pastor.} So sayng,

\textit{primus pastor.} Nothyng is inpossybyH sothly, that\' god wyH;

\textit{primus pastor.} he is godys son alon,

\textit{primus pastor.} weme! tord! what\' speke ye / here in myn eeres?

Gyb quotes Virgil's Eclogue,

Gyb quotes Virgil's Eclogue,

Gyb expounds Virgil's text.

Gyb quotes Virgil's Eclogue,

\begin{itemize}
\item primus pastor. Virgill\H in his poetre / sayde in his verse, Even thus by gramere / as I shal\H reherse; "IAM noua progenies celo demittitur alto, Iam rediet virgo, redeunt\' saturnia regna."
\item \textit{ijus pastor.} weme! tord! what\' speke ye / here in myn eeres?
\item Te\H vs no clerge / I hold you of the freres, ye preche;
\item It\' semys by youre laton ye haue ler\H youre caton.
\item \textit{primus pastor.} herk, syrs, ye fon, I shal\H you teche;
\item Gyb expounds Virgil's text.
\item And yit more to neuen / that samyne shal\H bend
\end{itemize}

1 The first five lines on this leaf having become indistinct, have apparently been touched up by a later hand.
Peace and plenty, love and charity shall come among us.

Tercius pastor. And I hold it's trew / for ther shuld be,

When that kyng commys new / peasse by land and se.

ijus pastor. Now brethere, adew I / take tent vnto me;

I wold that we knew / of this song so fre

Of the angeH;

I hard by hys stenen,
he was send downe ffró heuen.

primus pastor. It's is trouth that ye neuen,

I hard hym well speff.

ijus pastor. Now, by god that me boght / it's was a
mery song;

I dar say that he boght / foure & twenty to a long.

ijus pastor. I wold it were soght / that same vs emong.

primus pastor. In fayth I trow noght / so many he throng

On a heppe;

Thay were gentyH and smalH,
And weH tonyd with ah.

ijus pastor. yee, bot I can thaym ah,

Now lyst I lepe.

primus pastor. Brek outt youre voce / let se as ye yelp.

ijus pastor. I may not for the pose / bot I haue help.

secundus pastor. A, thy hart is in thy hose! /

primus pastor. now, in payn of a skelp

This sang thou not lose.

ijus pastor. thou art an yH qwelp

fior angre!

secundus pastor. Go to now, begyn!

primus pastor. he lyst not weH ryn.

ijus pastor. God lett vs neuer blyn;

Take at my sangre.

Slow-pace tries to sing over the song, but finds he has a cold. The others must help & take him up.

T. PLAYS.
When the song is done, they think of starting off, though there is no moon.

When the song is done, they think of starting off, though there is no moon.

They pray that they may see this Babe, whom prophets & saints have desired to see.

They pray that they may see this Babe, whom prophets & saints have desired to see.

A star appears to guide them.

A star appears to guide them.

Gyb is sent in first.

Gyb is sent in first.

\(\text{primus pastor. Now an ende haue we doyn / ofoure song this tyde.} \)

\(\text{ijus pastor. fayr fah thi growne / weH has thou hyde.} \)

\(\text{iijus pastor. Then furth lett vs ron / I wyH not/ abyde.} \)

\(\text{primus pastor. No lyght makethe mone / that haue I asspyde;} \)

\(\text{Neuer the les} \)

\(\text{lett vs hold/ oure beheste.} \)

\(\text{ijus pastor. That hold I best.} \)

\(\text{iijus pastor. Then must we go eest,} \)

\(\text{After my ges.} \)

\(\text{(50)} \)

\(\text{primus pastor. wold/ god that/ we myght / this yong/ bab see !} \)

\(\text{ijus pastor. Many prophetys that syght / desyryd veralee to haue seen that/ bright. /} \)

\(\text{iijus pastor. and god so hee wold shew vs that Wyght/ we myght say, perde,} \)

\(\text{We had sene That/ many sant/ desyryd,} \)

\(\text{with prophetys inspyryd,} \)

\(\text{If thay hym requyryd,} \)

\(\text{yit I-closyd ar thare cene.} \)

\(\text{(51)} \)

\(\text{ijus pastor. God graunt vs that grace. /} \)

\(\text{Tercius pastor.} \)

\(\text{god so do.} \)

\(\text{primus pastor. Abyde, syrs, a space / lo, yonder, lo !} \)

\(\text{It' commys on a rase / yond sterne vs to.} \)

\(\text{ijus pastor. It' is a grete blase / oure gate let vs go,} \)

\(\text{here he is!} \)

\(\text{\[They go to Bethlehem.\]} \)

\(\text{iijus pastor. Who shah go in before?} \)

\(\text{primus pastor. I ne rek, by my hore.} \)

\(\text{ijus pastor. ye ar of the old store,} \)

\(\text{It sennys you, Iwys.} \)

\(\text{\[They enter the stable.\]} \)

\(\text{(52)} \)

\(\text{primus pastor. hayH, kyng I the caH! / hayH, most of myght !} \)

\(\text{hayH, the worthyst of aH! / hayH, duke! hayH, knyght !} \)
Of greatt and smalH / thou art lorde by right;
HayH, perpetuaH! / hayH, faryst wyght!
here I offer!
I pray the to take—
If thou wold, for my sake,
with this may thou lake,—
This lytyH spruse cofer.

(53)
Secundus pastor. hayH, lytyH tym mop / rewarder of
mede!
HayH, bot' one drop / of grace at' my nede;
HayH, lytyH mylk sop! / hayH, dawid sede!
Of oure crede thou art crop / hayH, in god hede!
This ball
That' thou wold resaue,—
LytyH is that' I hauue,
This wyH I vowche saue,—
To play the with att.

(54)
iijus pastor. hayH, maker of man / hayH, swetyng!
HayH, so as I can / hayH, praty mytyng!
I cowche to the than / for fayn nere gretvyng;
HayH, lord! here I ordan / now at' oure metyng,
This boteH—
It' is an old by-worde,
It' is a good bowrde,
for to drynk of a gowrde,—
It' holdys a mett' poteH.

(55)
Maria. he that aH myghtys may / the makere of heuen,
That is for to say / my son that I neuen,
Rewarde you this day / as he sett aH on seuen;
he grauntt you for ay / his blys fuH euen
Contynuyng;
He gyf you good grace,
TefH furth of this case,
he spede youre pase,
And graunt you good endyng.
The shepherds take their leave, singing the laud of this Lamb.

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(56)

*primus pastor.* fare weH, fare lorde! / with thy moder also.

*ijus pastor.* we shaH this recorde / where as we go.

*iiijus pastor.* we mon aH be restorde / god graunt' it be so!

*primus pastor.* Amen, to that' worde / syng we therto

On hight;

To Ioy aH sam,

With myrth and gam,

To the lawde of this lam

Syng we in syght.

Explicit Vna pagina pastorum.

(XIII.)

*Incipit Alia eorundem.*

[83 nine-line stanzas, aaaab, cccb, and 1 seven-line (No. 30), aab, cccb. The aaaa lines have central rymes marked by bars.]

[Dramatis Personae.

| Tercius Pastor. | | Maria. |

Primus Pastor. (1)

Lord, what these weders ar cold! / and I am yH happyd;

I am nere hande doldf / so long haue I nappyd;

My legys thay foldf / my fyngers ar chappyd,

Itv is notv as I woldf / for I am al lappyd

In sorow.

In stormes and tempest,

Now in the eestf, now in the west,

wo is hym has neuer rest

Myd day nor morow!

(2)

Bot' we sely shepards1 / that walkys on the moore,

In fayth we are nere handys / outv of the doore;

1 assonant to handys, &c.
No wonder as it standys / if we be poore,
for the tythe of oure landys / lyys falow as the floore,
As ye ken.
we ar so hamyd,
for-taxed and ramyd,
We ar mayde hand tamyd,
with thyse gentlery men].
(3)
Thus thay refe vs oure rest / oure lady thaym wary !
These men that ar lord fest / thay cause the ploghe tary.
Thatt men say is for the best / we fynde it contrary ;
Thus ar husbandys opprest / in po[i]nte to myscary,
On lyfe.
Thus hold thay vs hunder,
Thus thay bryng vs in blonder ;
Itt were greate wonder,
And euer shuld we thryfe.
(4)¹
tifor may he gett a paynt slefe / or a broche now on dayes,
wo is hym that hym grefe / or onys agane says !
Dar noman hym reprefe / whatt mastry he mays,
And ytt may noman lefe / oone word that he says,
No letter.
he can make purveance,
with hoste and bragance,
And aH is through maintance
Of men that are gretter.
(5)¹
Ther shaH com a swane / as prowde as a po,
he must borow my wane / my ploghe also,
Then I am fulH fane / to grauntt or he go.
Thus lyf we in payne / Anger, and wo,
By nyght and day ;
he must haue if he langyd,
If I shuld forgang it,
I were better be hangyd
Then oones say hym nay.
(6)
Itt dos me good, as I walk / thus by myn oone,
Of this world for to talk / in maner of mone.
To my shepe wyH I stalk / and herkyn anone,
Ther abyde on a balk / or sytt on a stone
ffull soyne.
ffor I trowe, perde,
trew men if thay be,
we gett more compane
Or it be noyne.

(7) Secundus pastor. Benste and dominus! / what may this bemeyne?
why, fares this warld thus / oft haue we not sene?
lord, thyse weders ar spytus / and the weders fuH kene.
And the frostys so hydus / thay water myn eeyne,
No ly.
Now in dry, now in wete,
Now in snav, now in slete,
When my shone freys to my fete,
It is not aH esy.

(8) Bot as far as I ken / or yit as I go,
we sely wedmen / dre mekyH wo ;
We haue sorow then and then / it' fallys oft so ;
Sely capyle, oure hen / both to and fro
She kakyls ;
Bot' begyn she to crok,
To groyne or [to clo]k,
Wo is hym is of oure cok,
ffor he is in the shekyls.

(9) These men that ar wed / haue not aH thare wyH,
when they ar fuH hard sted / thay sygh fuH styH ;
God wayte thay ar led / fuH hard and fuH yH ;
In bower nor in bed / thay say noght ther tyH,
This tyde.
My parte haue I fun,
I know my lesson.
wo is hym that is bun,
ffor he must abyde.
Bot now late in oure lyfys / a merueH to me,
That I thynk my hart ryfys / sikh wonders to see.
what that destany dryfys / it shuld so be;
Som men wyH have two wyfys / and som men thre, 86
In store;
Som ar wo that has any,
Bot so far can I,
wo is hym that has many,
for he felys sore.

Bot yong men of wowyng / for god that you boght,
Be weH war of wedyng / and thynk in yourthoght
"had I wyst" is a thyng / it seruys of noght;
MekyH styH mowrnyng / has wedyng home broght.
And grefys;
with many a sharp showre,
for thou may eacH in an owre
That shaH [savour]¹ fulle sowre
As long as thou lyffys.

fiHr, as euer red I pystyH / I haue oone to my fere,
As sharp as a thystyH / as rugh as a brere;
She is browyd lyke a brystyH / with a sowre loten clere;
had She oones Wett Hyr Whystyll / She couth Syn fuH clere
Hyr pater noster.
She is as greatt as a whaH,
She has a galon of gal:
By hym that dyed for vs aH,
I wald I had ryn to I had lost hir.

The first shepherd greets him, & says he has heard
the third, Daw, blow- ing his pipe; he is near
at hand.

¹ The word in brackets is illegible in the MS.
Stand, styH.

Daw will make them some lie, unless they beware.

Daw invokes Christ's cross & S. Nicholas, & complains of the world's brittleness.

The floods now are worse than ever before.

They that walk at night see strange sights. He spies shrews peeping.

He greets the shepherds & wants meat & drink.

(i4) Tercius pastor. Crystys crosse me spede / and sant
nycholas!

Ther of had I nede / it is wars then it was.
Whoso couthe take hede / and lefte the world pas,
It is euer in drede / and brekyH as glas,
And slythys.

This world fowre neuer so,
With meruels mo and mo,
Now in weyH, now in wo,
And aH thyngh wrythys.

The floods so thay drowne,
Both in feyldys and in towne,
And berys aH downe,
And that is a wonder.

We that walk on the nyghtys / ooure cateH to kepe,
We se sodaw syghtys / when othere men slepe.¹
yit me thynk my hart lyghtys / I se shrewys pepe;
ye ar two aH wyghtys / I wyH gyf my shpe
A turne.

Bot fuH yH haue I ment,
As I walk on this bent,
I may lyghtly repent,
My toes if I spurne.

(i5) Was neuer syn noe floode / sich floodys seyn;
Wyndys and ranys so rude / and stormes so keyn;
Som stamerd, som stock / in dowte, as I weyn;
Now god turne aH to good / I say as I mene,
.for ponder.

These floodys so thay drowne,
Both in feyldys and in towne,
And berys aH downe,
And that is a wonder.

(i6) A, sir, god you saue j and master myne!
A drynk fayn wold I haue / and somwhat to dyne.

¹ Originally "slepy"; altered in red ink.
primus pastor. Crystys curs, my knaue / thou art a ledyr hyne!

ijus pastor. What! the boy lyst rave; / abyde vnto syne;

We have maybe it. 149

yH thryft on thy pate!

Though the shrew cam late, yit is he in state
To dyne, if he had it. 153

(18)

Tercius pastor. Sicli seruandys as I / that swettys and swynkys,

Etys oure brede fuH dry / and that me forthynkys;

We ar oft wytt and wery / when master-men wynkys,
yit commys fuH lately / both dyners and drynkys,

Bot nately. 158

Both oure dame and oure syre, when we haue ryn in the myre,
Thay can nyp at oure hyre,

And pay vs fuH lately. 162

(19)

Bot here my trouth, master / for the fayr that ye make,

I shaH do therafter / wyrk as I take;

I shaH do a lytyH, sir / and emang euer lake,

for yit lay my soper / neuer on my stomake

In feyldys. 167

Wherto shuld I threpe?

with my staf can I lepe,
And men say “lyght chepe

letherly for-yeldys.”. 171

(20)

primus pastor. Thou were an yH lad / to ryde on wowyng

With a man that had / bot lytyH of spendyng.

ijus pastor. Peasse, boy, I bad / no more laungling,

Or I shaH make the fuH rad / by the heuen’s kyng!

with thy gawdys;

wher ar oure shepe, boy, we skorne?

ijus pastor. Sir, this same day at morne

I thaym left in the corne,
when thay rang lawdys; 180
Thay haue pasture good / thay can not go wrong.

primus pastor. That is right, by the roode! / thys nyghtys ar long,
yet I wold, or we yode / oone gaf vs a song.
iijus pastor. So I thoght as I stode / to myrth vs emong.
iijus pastor. I grauntte.

primus pastor. lett me syng the tenory.
iijus pastor. And I the tryble so hye.
iijus pastor. Then the meyne fallys to me;
lett se how ye chauntt.

Tunc intrat mak, in clamide se super togam vestitus.

Mak. Now lord, for thy naymes sevyn / that made both moyn & starnes
WeH mo then I can neuen / thi wiH, lorde, of me tharnys;

I am aH vneuen / that moves oft my harnes,
Now Wold god I were in heuen / for there wepe no barnes
So styH.

primus pastor. Who is that pypys so poore?
Mak. wold god ye wyst how I foore!
Io, a man that walkys on the moore,
And has not aH his wyH!

secundus pastor. Mak, where has thou gon? / teH vs tythyng.

Tercius pastor. Is he commen? then ylkon / take hede to histhyng.

& accipit clamidem ab ipso.

Mak: what! ich be a yoman / I teH you, of the king;
The seHf and the same / sond from a greatt lordyng,
And sich.

ffy on you! gorthi hence
Out of my presence!
I must haue reverence;
why, who be ich?

1 MS. vij. 2 MS. the. 3 MS. gom.
Towneley Plays.  XIII. Shepherds' Play, II.  123

(24)

\textit{primus pastor.} Why make ye it so qwaynt? / mak, ye do wrang.

\textit{ijus pastor.} Bot, mak, lyst ye saynt? / I trow that ye lang.

\textit{ii jus pastor.} I trow the shrew can paynt, / the dewyH myght' hym hang!

\textit{Mak.} Ich shalH make complains / and make you aH to thwang

At a worde,

And teH euyu how ye doth.

\textit{primus pastor.} Bot, Mak, is that sothe?

Now take outt that sothren tothe,

And sett in a torde!

(25)

\textit{ijus pastor.} Mak, the dewiH in youre ee / a stroke woldt I leyne you.

\textit{ii jus pastor.} Mak, know ye not me? / by god I couthe teyn 1 you.

\textit{Mak.} God looke you aH thre! / me thought I had sene you,

ye ar a fare compane. /

\textit{primus pastor.} can ye now mene you?

\textit{secundus pastor.} Shrew, Iape!

Thus late as thou goys,

what wyH men suppos?

And thou has an yH noys

of stelyng of shepe.

(26)

\textit{Mak.} And I am trew as steyH / aH men waytt,

Bot a sekenes I feyH / that hal dys me fuH haytt,

My belly farys not weyH / it is out of astate.

\textit{ii jus pastor.} Seldom lyys the dewyH / dede by the gate.

\textit{Mak.} Therfor

fuH sore am I and yH,

If I stande stone styH;

I cte not an nedyH

Thys moneth and more.

1 MS. teyle; but the letters "le" have been written over the original by a later hand.
Towneley Plays. XIII. Shepherds' Play, II.

(27)

_primus pastor._ how farys thi wyff? by my hoode /
  how farys sho?

_Mak._ lyys walteryng, by the roode / by the fyere, lo!
And a howse fuH of brude / she drynkys weH to;
_yH spede edere good / that she wyH do!

Bot so
Etys as fast as she can,
And ilk yere that commys to man
She bryngys furth a lakan,
  And som yeres two.

(28)

Bot were I not more graeyus / and rychere befar,
I were eten outt of howse / and of harbar;
Yit is she a fowH dowse / if ye com nar:
Ther is none that trowse / nor knowys a war,
Then ken I.

(29)

_Secondus pastor._ I wote so forwakyd / is none in this
  shyre:
I wold slepe if I takyd / les to my hyere.

_iiijus pastor._ I am cold and nakyd / and wold haue a
  fyere.

_primus pastor._ I am wery, for-rakyd / and run in the
  myre.
Wake thou!

_iiijus pastor._ Nay, I wyH lyg downe by,
  ffor I must slepe truly.

_iiijus pastor._ As good a man's son was I
  As any of you.

(30)

Bot, mak, com heder! betwene / shah thou lyg downe.

_Mak._ Then myght I lett you bedene / of that ye wold
  rowne,1

1 Possibly 2 lines in -owne are missing in this couplet. But see the like, stanza 15 in the first Shepherds' Play, p. 104.
No drede.
ffro my top to my too,
Manus tuas commendoo,
poncio pilato,
Cryst crosse me spede!

Tunc surgit, pastoribus dormientibus, & dicit;

(31)
Now were tyme for a man / that lakys what he wold,
To stalk preuely than / vnto a fold,
And neemly to wyrk than / and be not to bold,
ffor he might aby the bargan / if it were told
At the endynge.

Now were tyme for to reyH;
Bot he nedys good counseH
That fayn wold fare weyH,
And has boH lytyH spendyng.

(32)
Bot abowte you a serkyH / as rownde as a moyn,
To I haue done that I wyH / tyH that it be noyn,
That ye lyg stone styH / to that I haue doyne,
And I shall say thertyH / of good wordys a foyne.

On hight
Ouer youre heydys my hand I lyft,
Outt go youre een, fordo your syght,
Bot yit I must make better shyft,
And it be right.

(33)
lord! what thay slepe hard! / that may ye aH here;
was I neuer a shepard / bot now wyH I lere.
If the flok be skard / yit shaH I nyp nere,
how! drawes hederward! / now mendysoure chere
from sorow:

A fatt shepe I dar say,
A good flese dar I lay,
Eft whyte when I may,
Bot this wiH I borow.

(34)
how, gyH, art thou In? / gett vs som lyght.

Vxor eius. Who makys sich dyn / this tyme of the
nyght?
Gyll says she is spinning & can't be interrupted for nothing.

When she recognizes Mak's voice she let's him in; 'his sheep-stealing will end in his being hanged.'

Mak has done it before, but 'so long goes the pot to the water that it is broken at last!'

Mak wants a dinner off the sheep at once, but they are afraid the shepherds may follow him.

I am sett for to spyn / I hope not I myght
Ryse a penny to wyn, / I shrew them on hight!

So farys
A huswyff that has bene
To be rasyd thus betwene:
here may no note be sene
ffor sich smal charys.

Mak. Good wyff, open the hek! / seys thou not what
I bryng?

Vxor. I may thole the dray the snek. / A, com in,
my swetyng!

Mak. yee, thou thar not rek / of my long standyng.

Vxor. By the nakyd nek / art thou lyke for to hyng.

Mak. Do way:
I am worthy my mete,
ffor in a strate can I gett
More then thay that swyne and swette
AH the long day,

Thus it feH to my lott / gyH, I had sich grace.

Vxor. It' were a fowH blott / to be hanged for the case.

Mak. I haue skapyd, 1elott / oft' as hard a glase.

Vxor. Bot' so long goys the pott / to the water, men says,
At last

Comys it' home broken.

Mak. weH knowe I the token,
Bot let' it' never be spoken;
Bot' com and help fast.

I wold he were slayn / I lyst weH etc:
This twelmothe was I not' so sayn / of oone shepe mete.

Vxor. Com thay or he be slayn / and here the shepe blete!

Mak. Then myght I be tane, / that' were a colt swette!

Go spar

The gaytt doore.

Vxor. Yis, Mak,
ffor and thay com at thy bak,
Mak. Then myght I by, for ah the pak,

The dewiH of the war.
(38)  

_vxor._ A good bowrde haue I spied / syn thou can none.

here shal we hym hyde / to thay be gone ;

In my credyH abyde / lett me alone,

And I shal lyg besyde / in chylbed, and grone.

_Mak._ Thou red ;

And I shal say thou was lyght

Of a knaue child this nyght.

_Vxor._ Now weH is me day bright,

That euer was I bred.

(39)

This is a good gyse / and a far cast ;

Yit a woman avys / helpys at the last.

I wote neuer who spys, / agane go thou fast.

_Mak._ Bot I com or thay ryse / els blawes a cold blast !

I wyH go slepe.  [Mak returns to the shepherds,

yit slepys aH this meneye, and resumes his place.]

And I shal go stalk preuely,

As it had neuer bene I

That caryed thare shepe.

(40)

_primus pastor._ Resurrex a mortruis ! / haue hald my hand.

Iudas carnas dominus ! / I may not weH stand :

My foytt slepys, by ihesus 1 / and I water fastand.

I thoght that we layd vs / fuH nere yngland.

_Secundus pastor._ A ye !

lord ! what I hauie slept weyH ;

As fresh as an eyH,

As lyght I me feyH

As leyfe on a tre.

(41)

_Tercius pastor._ Benste be here in ! / so my [hart?] qwakys,

My hart is outt of skyn / what' so it makys.

Who makys aH this dyn ? / so my browes blakys,

To the dowore wyH I wyn / harke felows, wakys !

We were fowre :

se ye awre of mak now ?

_primus pastor._ we were vp or thou.

_ius pastor._ Man, I gyf god a vowe,

yit' yede he nawre.

1 MS. ihc.
Daw had dreamed
Mak had trapped one
of the sheep, but he is

reassured by the others.

A fatt shepe he trapt / bot he mayde no dyn.

They wake
Mak, who pretends to have a stiff
neck, and to have been frightened
by a dream.

He dreamt
his wife had
another boy!
Wo is him
that has
many bairns
and little
bread.

IIjus pastor. Me thoght he was lapt / in a wolfe skyn.

Primus pastor. So are many hapt / now namely within.

IIjus pastor. When we had long napt / me thoght with
a gyn

Tercius pastor. Be styH:

'Thi dreme makys the woode:
It is bot fantom, by the roode.

Primus pastor. Now god turne aH to good,
If it be his wyH.

IIjus pastor. Ryse, mak, for shame! / thou lygys right
lang.

Mak. Now crystys holy name / be vs emang!
what is this? for sant Iame / I may not weH gang!
I trow I be the same / A! my nek has lygen wrang
Enogh;
MekH thank, syn yister euen,
Now, by sant strevyn,
I was flayd with a swevyn,
My hart out of sloghe.

I thoght gyH began to crok / and trauH fuH sad,
welner at the fyrst' cok / of a yong lad,
for to mend oure flok / then be I neuer glad.
I haue tow on my rok / more then euer I had.
A, my heede!
A house fuH of yong tharmes,
The dewiH knok outt thare harnes!
wo is hym has many barnes,
And therto lytyH brede!

I must go home, by youre lefe / to gyH as I thoght.
I pray you looke my slefe / that I steyH noght:
I am loth you to grefe / or from you take oght.
IIjus pastor. Go furth, yH myght thou chefe! / now
wold I we soght,
This morne,
That we had all oure store.

*primus pastor.* Bot' I wiH go before,
let vs mete.

*iijus pastor.* whore?

*iijus pastor.* At the crokyd thorne.

(46)

*Mak.* Vndo this doore! who is here? / how long shalt
I stand?

*Vxor eius.* Who makys siche a bere? / now walk in the
Wenyand.

*Mak.* A, gyH, what chere? / it is I, mak, youre husbande,

*Vxor.* Then may we be here / the dewiH in a bande,

Syr gyle;

lo, he commys with a lote
As he were holden in the throte.
I may not syt at my note,
A hand lang while.

(47)

*Mak.* wyH ye here what fare she makys / to geth hir a
glose,
And dos noght' bot lakys / and clowse hir toose.

*Vxor.* why, who wanders, who wakys / who commys,
who gose?
who brewys, who bakys? / what makys me thus hose?

And than,

It' is rewthe to beholde,
Now in hote, now in colde,
fluH wofuH is the householde
That wantys a woman.

(48)

Bot' what ende has thou mayde / with the hyrdys,

mak?

*Mak.* The last' worde thay sayde / when I turnyd
my bak,
Thay wold looke thay hade / thare shepe ah' the pak.
I hope thay wyH notts' be weH payde / when thay thare
shepe lak,

Perde.

T. PLAYS.
Bot' how so the gam gose,
To me thay wyH suppose,
And make a fowH noyse,
And cry outt apon me. 430

(49)

Bot' thou must' do as thou hyght' /

Vxor. I accorde me thertyH.
I shall swedyH hym right / In my credyH;
If it' were a gretter slyght / yt' couthe I help tyH.
I wyH lyg downe stright ; / com hap me;

Mak. I wyH.

Vxor. Behynde. 435

Com coH and his maroo,
Thay wiH nyp vs fuH naroo.

Mak. Bot' I may cry out 'haroo,'

The shepe if thay fynde. 439

(50)

Vxor. harken ay when thay caH / thay wiH com onone.
Com and make redy aH / and syng by thyn oone;
Syng lullay thou shaH / for I must' grone,
And cry outt by the waH / on mary and Iohn,
  ffor sore. 444

Syng lullay on fast'
when thou heris at' the last';
And bot' I play a fals cast,
  Trust' me no more. 448

(51)

Tercius pastor. A, coH, goode morne / why slepys thou
  noott ?

primus pastor. Alas, that euer was I borne ! / we haue
  a fowH blott.
A fat wedir haue we lorne. /

Tercius pastor. mary, godys forbott !
ijus pastor. who shuld do vs that' skorne?
  that' were a fowH spott.

primus pastor. Som shrewe. 453
I haue soght' with my dogys
AH horbery shrogs,
And of fefteyn¹ hogys
  ffond I bot oone ewe. 457

¹ MS. xv.
1ijus pastor. Now trow me, if ye wiH / by sant thomas of kent,
Ayther mak or gyH / was at that' assent'.
primus pastor. peasse, man, be stiH ! / I sagli when he went;
Thou sklanders hym yH / thou aght to repent,
   Goode spede.  462
ijus pastor. Now as ener myght I the,
If I shuld euyn here de,
 I wold say it' were he,
   That' dyd that same dede.  466

(53)
1ijus pastor. Go we theder, I rede / and ryn on oure feete.
ShaH I neuer ete brede / the sothe to I wytt.
primus pastor. Nor drynk in my heede / with hym tyH I mete.
Secundus pastor. I wyH rest' in no stede / tyH that I [Pol. 43, b.] hym grete,
   My brother.
Oone I wiH hight :
TyH I se hym in sight'
shaH I neuer slepe one nyght'
   Ther I do anothere.  475

(54)
Tercius pastor. wiH ye here how thay hak' / oure syre, 
   lyst', croyne.
primus pastor. hard I neuer none crak / so clere out of toyne ;
CaH on hym.
   1ijus pastor. mak ! / vudo youre doore soyne.
Mak. Who is that' spak, / as it were noyne,
   On loft'?  480
Who is that' I say ?
   1ijus pastor. Goode felowse, were it day.
Mak. As far as ye may,
   Good, spekys soft',  484
(55)

Every foot-step goes through Gyll’s nose.

Ouer a seke woman’s heede / that is at mayH easse ;
I had leuer be dede / or she had any dyseasse.

Voer. Go to an othere stede / I may not weH qwecasse.

Ich fote that ye trede / goys thorow my nese.

So hee !

primus pastor. TeH vs, mak, if ye may,
how fare ye, I say ?

Mak. Bot’ ar ye in this towne to day ?

Now how fare ye ?

(56)

Mak bids the shepherds sit down.
His dream has come true.

ye haue ryn in the myre / and ar weytt yit :
I shaH make you a fyre / if ye wiH syt.

A nores wold I hyre / thynk ye on yit,
weH qwytt is my hyre / my dreme this is itt,

A seson.

I haue barnes, if ye knew,
weH mo then enewe,
Bot’ we must’ drynk as we brew,
And that’ is bot’ reson.

(57)

The shepherds decline his hospitality,
& hint that he has stolen their sheep.

I wold ye dynyd or ye yode / me thynk that’ ye swette.

Secundus pastor. Nay, nawther mendys oure mode /
drynke nor mette.

Mak. why, sir, alys you oght’ bot goode ? /

Tercius pastor. yee, oure shepe that we gett,
Ar stollyn as thay yode / oure los is grette.

Mak. Syrs, drynkys !

had I bene thore,
Som shuld haue boght’ it fuH sore.

primus pastor. Mary, som men trowes that’ ye wore,

And that vs forthynkys.

(58)

Mak bids them search the house.

ijus pastor. Mak, som men trowys / that’ it shuld be ye.

ijus pastor. Ayther ye or youre spouse / so say we.

Mak. Now if ye haue suspowell / to giH or to me,
Com and rype oure howse / and then may ye se
who had hir,
If I any shepe fott,
Aythor cow or stott;
And gyH, my wyfe, rose nott
here syn she lade hir.

(59)
As I am true and lele / to god here I pray,
That' this be the fyrst mele / that' I shalH ete this day.

*primus pastor.* Mak, as haue I ceyH, / Avyse the, I say;
he lernyd tymely to steyH / that' couth not' say nay.

*Vxor.* I swelt!
Outt, thefys, fro my wonys!
ye com to rob vs for the nonys.

*Mak.* here ye not how she gronys?
youre hartys shuld melt'.

(60)

*Vxor.* Outt', thefys, fro my barne! / negH hym not
thor'.

*Mak.* wyst ye how she had farne / youre hartys wold
be sore.
ye do wrang, I you warne / that' thus commys before
To a woman that' has farne / bot' I say no more.

*Vxor.* A, my medyH!
I pray to god so mylde,
If euer I you begyld,
That' I ete this chylde
That lygys in this credyH.

(61)

*Mak.* peasse, woman, for godys payn / and cry not' so:
Thou spyllys thy brane / and makys me fuH wo.

*Secundus pastor.* I trow ore shepe be slayn / what
finde ye two?

*tijus pastor.* AH wyrk we in vayn / as weH may we go.

Bot hatters,

I can fynde no flesh,
hard nor nesh,
Salt nor fresh,

Bot two tome platers.
Whik cæth both this / tame nor wylde,
None, as haue I blys / as lowde as he smylde.

Vxor. No, so god me blys / and gyf me Ioy of my chylde!

primus pastor. We haue merkyd amys / I hold vs begyld.

ijus pastor. Syr don,

Syr, oure lady hym saue!

Is youre chylde a knaue?

Mak. Any lord myghte hym haue
This chylde to his son.

when he wakyns he kyppys / that ioy is to se.

ijus pastor. In good tyme to hys hyppys / and in cele.

Bot who was his gosspyppys / so sone rede?

Mak. So fare faH thare lyppys ! /

primus pastor.

hark now, a le !

[Farre wordys may ther be / bot a luf is ther none.

this yere.

ffare weH all thre / aH glad were ye gone.

Mak. So god thaym thank,

ijus pastor. In good fay, he made aH the garray,

With the greatt shank.

ijus pastor. Mak, freyndys wiH we be / ffor we ar aH oone.

'Mak. we ! now I hald for me / for mends gett I none.

ffare weH all thre / aH glad were ye gone.

[The shepherds leave.]

ijus pastor. ffare wordys may ther be / bot a luf is ther none.

Mak, gyf ye the chylde any thyng ?

ijus pastor. I trow not oone farthyng.

ijus pastor, ffast agane wiH I flyng,

Abyde ye me there.  

[Goes back to the house.]

Mak, take it to no grefe / if I com to thi barne.

Mak. Nay, thou dos me greatt repreffe / and fowH has thou farne.

ijus pastor. The child wiH it not grefe / that lytyH day starne.

Mak, with youre leyfe / let me gyf youre barne,
Bot' sex 1 pence.

Mak. Nay, do way: he sleyps.

iiijus pastor. Me thynk he pepys.

Mak. when he wakyns he wepy.

I pray you go hence. [The other shepherds come back.]

(iiij 66) 

iiijus pastor. Gyf me lefe hym to kys / and lyft vp the clowtt.[Seeing the sheep.] 

what' the dewiH is this? / he has a long snout.

primus pastor. he is merkyd amys. / we wate iH abowte.

iijus pastor. Ht spon weft, Iwys / ay commys fouH owte.

Ay, so! 

he is lyke to oure shepe!

iiijus pastor. how, gyb! may I pepe?

primus pastor. I trow, kynde wiH crepe 

where it may not go.

(67) iiijus pastor. This was a qwant' gawde / and a far cast.

It was a hee frawde. / iiijus pastor. yee, syrs, wast.

leth bren this bawde / and bynd hir fast.

A fals skawde / hang at' the last ;

So shaH thou.

wyH ye se how thy swedyH his foure feytt in the medyH? Sagh I neuer in a credyH

A hornyd lad or now.

(68) 

Mak. Peasse byd I: what'! / leth' be youre fare ;

I am he that hym gatt / and yonH woman hym bare.

primus pastor. What' dewiH shaH he hatt? / Mak, lo god makys ayre.

iijus pastor. leth' be aH that' / now god gyf hym care,

I sagli. 

Vxor. A pratty child is he 

As syttys on a waman's kne ;

A dyllydowne, perde,

To gar a man laghe.

1 MS. vj.
A clerk had told Mak the child was forspokyn, & Gyll saw an elf change him as the clock struck twelve.

iiijus pastor. I know hym by the eere marke / that is a good tokyn.

Mak. I teH you, syrs, hark! / hys noyse was brokyn.

Sythen told me a clerk / that he was forspokyn.

primus pastor. This is a fals wark / I wolde fayn be wrokyn:

Gett' wepyn.

Vxor. he was takyn with an elfe,

I saw it myself.

when the clock stroke twelf

was he forshapyn.

615

But Mak pleads guilty, and the shepherds let him off with a good blanketing.

iiijus pastor. ye two ar weH feft / sam in a stede.

iiijus pastor. Syn thay manteyn thare theft / let do thaym to dede.

Mak. If I trespass eft / gyrd of my heede.

with you wiH I be left. /

primus pastor. syrs, do my reede.

ffor this trespass,

we wiH nawther ban ne flyte,

flyght nor chyte,

Bot' haue done as tyte,

And cast hym in canvas. [They toss Mak in a sheet.]

624

They toss him till they are tired, & then lie down to rest.

lord! what' I am sore / in poynt' for to bryst.

In fayth I may no more / therfor wyH I ryst.

iiijus pastor. As a shepe of sevyn skore / he weyd in my fyst.

ffor to slepe ay whore / me thynk that' I lysit.

iiijus pastor. Now I pray you,

lyg downe on this grene.

primus pastor. On these thefys yit I mene.

iiijus pastor. wherto shuld ye tene

So, as I say you?

633

Angelus cantat "gloria in exelsis:" postea dicat:

637

An angel bids them rise.

Angelus. Ryse, hyrd men heynd! / for now is he borne

That' shall take fro the fcynd / that' adam had lorne:

1 MS. vij.
That warlo to sheynd / this nyght is he borne.
God is made youre freynd / now at this morne.

he behestys,
At bedlem go se,
Ther lygys that fre

In a cryb full poorly,
Betwyx two bestys.

(73)

primus pastor. This was a qwant stevyn / that euer yit
I hard.¹

It is a merueH to neuyn / thus to be skard.

iijus pastor. Of godys son of heuyn / he spak vpward.

AH the wod on a leuyn / me thoghtt that he gard

Appere.

iijus pastor. he spake of a barne
In bedlem, I you warne.

primus pastor. That betokyns yond starne.

let vs seke hym there,

(74)

iijus pastor. Say, what was his song? / hard ye not
how he crakyd it?

Thre brefes to a long. /

iijus pastor. yee, mary, he hakt it.

was no crochett wrong / nor no thyng that lakt it.

primus pastor. for to syng vs emong / right as he
knakt it,

I can.

iijus pastor. let se how ye croyne.²

Can ye bark at that mone?

iijus pastor. hold youre tonges, haue done!

primus pastor. hark after, than.

(75)

iijus pastor. To bedlem he bad / that we shuld gang:
I am full fard / that we tary to lang.

iijus pastor. Be mery and not sad / of myrth isoure

sang,

Euer lastyng glad / to mede may we fang,

¹ 'That euer yit I hard' was originally "he spake vpward," from l. 649, but this has been crossed out with red ink.
² 'Croyne' for 'crone'
Though they be wet & weary, they must see that child & that lady.

Without noyse.

*primus pastor.* hy we theder for thy;

If we be wete and wery,

To that chyld and that lady

we haue it not to lose.

(76)

*ijus pastor.* we fynde by the prophecy— / let's be youre dyn—

Of dauid and Isay / and mo then I myn,

Thay prophecied by clergy / that's in a vyrgyn

shuld he lyght & ly / to slokyn oure syn

And slake it,

Oure kynde from wo ;

ffor Isay sayd so,

Citi 1 virgo

Concipiet a chylde that is nakyd.

(77)

If Daw could once kneel before that child it would ever be well with him.

Citi 2 pastor. ffuH glad may we be / and abyde that's day

That lufty to se / that's ah myghtys may.

lورد weH were me / for ones and for ay,

Myghtys I knele on my kne / som word for to say

To that chylde.

Bot the angelH sayd,

In a cryb wos he layde ;

he was poorly arayd

Both moner and mylde.

(78)

*primus pastor.* patryarkes that's has bene / and prophetys beforne,

Thay desyryd to haue sene / this chylde that's is borne.

Thay ar gone fuH clene / that's haue thay lorne.

We shaH se hym, I weyn / or it be morne,

To tokyn.

When I se hym and fele,

Then wote I fuH weyH

It's is true as steyH

That's prophetys haue spokyn.

(79)

'Twas promised He should appear to the poor.

To so poore as we ar / that's he wold appere,

ffyrst fynd, and declare / by his messyngere.
They enter the stable.

[They enter the stable.]
Mary promises to pray her Son to keep them from woe.

Maria. The fader of heuen / god omnipotent,
That sett aH on seuen, / his son has he sent.
My name couth he neuen / and lyght or he went,
I conceuyd hym fuH euen / through myght as he ment;
And now is he borne.

he kepe you fro wo!
I shaH pray hym so;
TeH furth as ye go,
And my on this morn.

[Pol. 46, b]
The shep-

[Fol. 46, b.]

The shep-

herds go
their way
singing.

primus pastor. ffareweH, lady / so fare to beholde,

with thy childe on thi kne! /

ijus pastor. hot he lygys fuH cold.

lord, weH is me / now we go, thou behold.

ijus pastor. ffor sothe aH reddy / it semys to be told

fuH oft.

primus pastor. what grace we haue fun.

ijus pastor. Com furth, now ar we won.

ijus pastor. To syng ar we bun:

let take on loft.

Explicit pagina Pastorum.

XIV.
Incipit oblacio magorum.

[Dramatis Personae.

Primus Rex, Jaspar.
Secundus Rex, Melchior.
Tercius Rex, Balthasar.]

[One 12-line stanza (no. 100), ab ab ab ddc; 105 six-line stanzas, aaab ab, except stanza 72, ab ab ab, and one 4-line stanza 22, aaab.

herodes.

(1)

Easse, I byd, both far and nere,
I warne you leyf youre sawes sere;
who that makysh noyse whyls I am here,
I say, shaH dy.
Of aH this world, sooth, far & nere,
The lord am I.
Lord am I of every land,
Of towre and towne, of se and sand;
Agans me dar noman stand,
That berys lyfe;
Aß erthly thyng bowes to my hand,
Both man and wyfe.

Man and wyfe, that warne I you,
That in this warld is lyfand now,
To mahowne & me aß shaH bow,
Both old& and ying;
On hym wyH I ich man trow,
ßr any thyng.

ßr any thyng it shaH be so;
lord ouer aß where I go,
who so says agane, I shaH hym slo,
where so he dweH ;
The feynd, if he were my fo,
I shuld' hym feH.

To feH those fatures I am bowne,
And dystroy those dogys in feyld& and towne
That wiH not' trow on sant' Mahowne,
Oure god so swete ;
Those fals fatures I shaH feH downe
Vnder my feete.

Vnder my feete I shaH thaym fare,
Those ladys that' wiH [not] lere my lare,
ßr I am myghty man ay whare,
Of ilk a pak ;
Clenly shapen, hyde and hare,
withouten lak.

The myght of me may no man mene,
ßr aß [that] dos me any teyn,
He will ding down all who give him trouble.

So he will send to see if there be any traitors in the land.

He bids his messenger go .

& spy if there be any who trow not on Mahound.

If there be, he will flay them.

The messenger offers to kill them, but Herod bids him bring them to him.

I shall dyng thaym downe bydeyn,
   And wyrk thaym wo ;
   And on assay it' shaH be seyn,
   Or I go.  

And therfor wiH I send and so
   In ah this land, full hastely,
   To looke if any dwelland be
   In towre or towne,
   That' wyH not hold holly on me,
   And on mahowne.

If ther be fonden any of tho,
   [To the messenger.]  
   My messynger, swyth looke thou go  
   Throug ilk countre,
   In ah this land, both to and fro,
   I commaunde the ;

And truly looke thou spyr and spy,—
   In every stede ther thou commys by,—
   who trowes not' on mahowne most myghty,
   Oure god so fre ;
   And looke thou bryng thaym hastely heder unto me.

And I shaH fownd' thaym for to flay,
   Those ladys that' wiH not' lede oure lay ;
   Therfor, boy, now I the pray
   That' thou go tytt.
   Nuncius. It' shaH be done, lord, if I may,
   withouten lett :

And certys, if I may any fynde,
   I shaH not leyfe oone of them behynde.
   herodes. No, bot' boldly thou thaym bynde
   And with the leyde :
   Mahowne, that weldys water and wynde,
   The wish and sped e !

1 In the MS. this line reads "My messynger [lord] swyth looke thou go."
Nuncius. Ah peasse, lordlyngys, and holdȝ you styȝ, 
To I haue sayde whatȝ I wiȝ; 
Take goode hede Vnto my skyȝ, 
Both olȜ and ying ;
In message what is commen you tyȝ 
ffrom herode, the kyng.

he commaundȝs you, euerilkon, 
To hold no kyng botȝ hym alon, 
And othere god ye worship none 
Bot mahowne so fre ;
And if ye do, ye mon be slone ;
Thus toldȝ he me.

Tunc venit primus rex equitans ; & respiciens stellam dicit,

primus rex. Lord, of whom this lightȝ is lentȝ, 
And vnto me this sightȝ has sentȝ, 
I pray to the, with good intentȝ, 
ffrom shame me shelde ;
So that I no harmes hent 
By way[s] wylde.

Also I pray the specyally, 
Thou grauntȝ me grace of company, 
Thatȝ I may haue som beyldyng by, 
In my trauayȝ:
And, certys, for to lyf or dy 
I shaȝ not fayȝ,

To thatȝ I in som land haue bene, 
To wyt whatȝ this starne may mene, 
Thatȝ has me led, with bemys shene, 
fiȝro my cuntre ;
Now weynd I wiȝ, withoutten weyn, 
The sothe to se.

Secundus rex. A ! lord, thatȝ is withouten ende ! 
whens euer this selcouth light dyscende,
That thus kyndly has me kende  
Oute of my land,  
And shewyd to me ther I can leynd,  
thus brighte shynand?

(Certys, I sagli neuer none so bright;  
I shaH neuer ryst by day nor nyght,  
To I wytt whens may com this lyght,  
And from what place;  
he that it send vnto my sight  
leyne me that grace!

(20)

primus rex. A, sir, wheder ar ye away?  
TeH me, good sir, I you pray.

Secundus rex. Certys, I trow, the sothe to say,  
None wote bot I;  
I haue folowed yonde starne, veray,  
ffrom araby;

(ffor I am kyng of that cunte,  
And melchor ther' caH men me.

(21)

primus rex. And kyng, sir, was I wont' to be,  
In tars, at hame,  
Both of towne and cyte;  
Jaspar is my name;

(22)

[Fol. 48, a.]  
They praise  
God for the star.

The light of yonde starne sagli I thedyr.  
Secundus rex. That lord be louyd that' send me hedyr!  
ffor it' will grathly ken vs whedyr,  
that' we shall weynd;  
we owe to loue hym bothi togedyr,  
That' it' to vs wold send.

(23)

Tercius rex. A, lord! in land what' may this mene?  
So selcouth sight' was neuer sene,  
Sich a starne, shynand so shene,  
Sagh I neuer none;  
It' gyflys lyght' ouer aH, bedene,  
By hym alone.
142

(24) What it may mene, that know I nought; But yonder ar two, me thynk, in though; I thank hym that thaym heder has broght
    Thus vn to me; 142
I shalH assay if thay wote oght
    what it may be. 144

(25) [Turns to the Magi.]

lordyngys, that ar leyf and dere,
I pray you teH me with good chere
wheder ye weynd, on this manere,
    And where that ye haue bene ; 148
And of this starne, that shynys thus clere,
    what it may mene. 150

(26) primus rex. Syr, I say you certanly,
    from tars for yond starne soght haue I. 154
ijus rex. To seke yond light from araby,
    sir, haue I went. 154

ijus rex. Now hertely I thank hym for-thy,
    That it has sent. 156

(27) primus rex. Good sir, what cuntre cam ye fra?

ijus rex. This light has led me fro saba ; 160
And balthesar', my name to say,
The soth to teH.

ijus rex. And kyngis, sir, are we twa,
    Ther as we dweH. 162

(28) ijus rex. Now, syrs, syn we ar semled here,
    I rede we ryde togeder, in fere,
vnto we wytt, on all manere,
    ffor good or yH, 166
what it may mene, this sterne so clere
    Shynand vs tyH.

(29) primus rex. A, lordyngys! behold the lyght
    Of yond starne, with bemys bright ! 168
T. PLAYS.
the star's brightness.

ffor sothe I sagh neuer siche a sight
   In no-kyns land;
A starre thus, aboute mydnyght,
   so bright shynand.

(30)

It gyfys more light yt selfe alone
Then any son that euer shone,
Or mone, when he of son has ton
   his light so cleyn;
Sich selcouth sight haue I sene none,
   what so euer it may meyn.

(31)

Secundus rex. Behold, lordyngys, vnto his pase,
And se how nyght the erth hit gase;
It is a tokyn that it mase
   Of nouethry;
A merueyl it is, good tent who tase,
   Now here in hy.

(32)

ffor siche a starne was neuer ere seyn,
As wyde in warld as we haue beyn,
ffor blasyng bemys, shynand fuH sheyn,
   ffrom hit ar' sent';
MerueH I haue what it may meyn
   In myn intent.

(33)

Tercius rex. Certys, syrs, the sothe to say,
I shalh dyscry now, if I may,
what it may meyn, yond starne veray,
   Shynand tyH vs;
It has bene sayde syn many a day
   It shulde be thus.

(34)

The star betokens the birth of a prince, unless the rules of astronomy deceive him.
yond starne betokyns, weH wote I,
The byrth of a prynce, syrs, securly,
That shewys weH the prophecy
   That it so be;
Or els the rewlys of astronomy
   Dyssauys me.
(35)
primum rec. Certan, balaam spekys of this thyng,
That of Iacob a starne shaH spryng
That shaH ouercom kasar and kyng,
Withouten stryfe;
AH folk shalbe to hym obeyng
That berys the lyfe.

(36)
Now wote I weH this is the same,
In euery place he shaH hauen home,
AH shaH hym bowe that berys name,
In ilk cuntre;
who trowys it' not, thay ar to blame,
what' so thay be.

(37)
iijus rec. Certys, lordyngys, fuH weH wote I,
fulfyllyd' is now the prophecy;
That' prynce that' shaH ouer com in hy
kasar and kyng,
This starne berith witnes, wytterly,
Of his beryng.

(38)
iijus rec. Now is fulfyllyd here in this land
That' balaam sayd, I vnderstand;
Now is he borne that' se and sand
ShaH weylt' at wyH:
That' shewys this starne, so bright' shynand,
vs thre vntyH.

(39)
primum rec. Lordyngys, I rede we wynd ah thre
for to wyrship that' chylt' so fre,
In tokyn that' he kyng shalbe
Of alkyn thyng;
This gold¹ now wyH I bere with me,
To myn oferyng.

(40)
iijus rec. Go we fast', syrs, I you pray,
To worship hym if that' we may;

¹ The word "gold" is omitted, by mistake of the original copier, probably.
I bryng rekyls, the sothe to say, 
here in myn hende, 
In tokyn that he [is] god veray, 
Withouten ende.  

(iiijus rex. Syrs, as ye say right so I red; 
hast we tytt vnto that sted 
To wirship hym, as for ooure hed, 
with ooure offerynge; 
In tokyn that he shaibe ded, 
This Myrr I bryng. 

Jaspar asks where the king is to be found. 

primus rex. where is that kyng of Iues land, 
That shaibe lord of se and sand, 
And folk shaH bow vnto his hand 
Both more and myn? 
To wyrship hym with ooure offerand 
we wyH not blyn. 

(iiijus rex. we shaH not rest, euen nor morne, 
vnto we com ther he is borne. 
(iiijus rex. folowe this light, els be we lorne, 
for sothe, I trowe, 
That frely to we com beforne; 
Syrs, go we now. 
[The kings retire. Herod and his messenger advance.] 

Herod's messenger is reproached for his long absence. 

Nuncius. Mahowne, that is of greatt pausty, 
My lord, sir herode, the saue and se! 
herodes. where has thou bene so long fro me, 
Vyle stynkand lad? 
Nuncius. Lord, gone youre herand in this cuntre, 
As ye me bad. 

Nuncius. Lord, ye wyte me al with wrang. 
Herodes. what tythyngys? say! 
Nuncius. Som good, som yH, mengyd emang. 
herod. how? I the pray. 

(iijus rex. we shaH not rest, euen nor morne, 
vnto we com ther he is borne. 
(iiijus rex. folowe this light, els be we lorne, 
for sothe, I trowe, 
That frely to we com beforne; 
Syrs, go we now. 
[The kings retire. Herod and his messenger advance.] 

Herod. Thou lyys, lurdan, the dewiH the hang! 
why has thou dwelt away so lang? 
Nuncius. Lord, ye wyte me al with wrang. 
Herodes. what tythyngys? say! 
Nuncius. Som good, som yH, mengyd emang. 
herod. how? I the pray.
Do thee fast how thou hast farne;
Thy waryson shalt thou not thame.

Nuncius. As I cam walkand, I you warne,
Lord, by the way,
I met three kyngis sekeand a barne,
Thus can thy say.

Herodes. To seke a barne! for what thyng?
Told? thay any new tythyng?
Nuncius. yey, lor! thay sayd he shuld be kyng
Of towne and towre;
for thy thay went, with thare offeryng,
hym to honour.

Herod. Kyng! the dewiH! bot of what empyre?
Of what land shuld that lad be syre?
Nay, I shuld with that tature tyre;
Sore shuld he rewe!
Nuncius. lord, by a starne as bright as fyre
This kyng thay knew;

It led thaym out of thare cuntre.
Herod. we, fy! fy! dewyIs on thame aH thre!
he shuld never haue myght to me,
That new borne lad;
when thare wytt in a starne shuld be,
I hold thaym mad.

Those lurdans wote not what thay say;
Thay ryfe my hede, that dar I lay;
Ther dyd no tythyngis many a day,
Sich harme me to;
for wo my wytt is aH away;
what shuld I do?

1 MS. iij.
2 "Thay" is overliued, but the original word "I" remains unalterd.
why, what the dewy\H is in thare harnes?
Is thare wytt\v aH in the starnes?
These tythyngis mar my mode in ernes;
   And of this thyng
To wytt the sothe, fuH sore me yarns,
   Of this new kyng.

Kyng? what\v the dewy\H, other then I!
we, fy on dewyls! fy, fy!
Certys, that\v boy shaH dere aby!
his ded is dight!
ShaH he be kyng thus hastely?
   who the dewiH made hym knyght?

He continues to rage,
Alas, for shame! this is a skorne!
Thay fynde no resou thaym beforne;
Shuld\v that\v brodeH, that\v late is borne,
   Be most\v of mayn?
Nay, if the dewyH of heH had sworne,
he shaH agane.

resolves to seek the truth of clerks & learned men,
Alas, alas! for doyH and\v care!
So mekyH sorow had I neuer are;
If it\v be sothe, for euer mare
   I am vndoyn;
At\v good clerkys and wyse of lare
   I wyH wyt soyn.

but first will send for the three kings
The answere of those lurdans thre. [Calls to messenger.]
Messyngere, tytt hy thou the,
   And make the yare;
Go, byd those kyngys com speke with me,
   That\v told\v thou of are.

The messenger is sent off.
Say I haue greatt\v herand thaym tyH.
Nuncius. It\v shalbe done, lord, at\v youre wyH,
Towneley Plays. XIV. Offering of the Magi.

youre byddying shal I soyn fulfyH
   In ilk cuntre. 334
Herod. Mahowne the shelde from aH kyns yH,
    ffor his pauste.
   [The messenger goes to where the kings stand.]

(57) Nuncius. Mahowne you saue, sir kyngys thre,
I haue message to you preuë,
ffrom herode, kyng of this cuntre,
    That is oure chefe ;
And lo, syrs, if ye trow not me,
    ye rede this brefe.

(58) primus rex. welcom be thou, belamy !
what is his wyH? teH vs in hy.
Nuncius. Certys, sir, that\'t wote not I,
   Bot\' thus he sayde to me,
That\'ye shuld\' com fuH hastely
   To hym aH thre,

(59) ffor nede herand, he sayd me so.
Secundus rex. Messynger, before thou go,
And teH thi lord we ar aH thro
   his wyH to do ;
Both I and my felose two
    ShaH com hym to. [The messenger returns to Herod.]

(60) Nuncius. Mahowne you looke, my lord so dere.
herod. welcom be thou, messyngere !
how has thou farne syn thou was here ?
   Thou teH me tytt.
Nuncius. lord, I haue trauekd\' far and nere
    withouten lett,

(61) And done youre herand, sir, sothcly ;
Thre kyngis with me broght\' haue I,
ffro saba, tars, and araby;
   Then haue thay soght.
herodes. Thi waryson shaH thou haue for thy,
   By hym me boght;
And, certanly, that is good skyH,
And syrs, ye ar welcom me tyH.

iiJus rex. Lord, thi bydyng to fulfyH

Are we fuH thro.
herodes. A, mekyH thank of youre good wyH
That ye wyH so.

ffor, certys, I haue conett greattly
'To speke with you, and here now why :
TeH me, I pray you speclyally,
ffor any thyng,
what' tokynyng saw ye on the sky
Of this new kyng?

primus rex. we sagh his starne ryse in the eest;
That' shaH be kyng of man and best,
ffor thy, lord, we haue not eest,
Syn that' we wyst,
with oure gyftys, riche and honest,
To bere that' blyst.

ijus rex. lord', when that' starne rose vs beforne,
Ther by we knew that' chylH was borne.
herodes. Out, alas, I am forlorne
ffor euer mare!
I wold? be rent and al to-torne
ffor doyH and care!

Alas, alas, I am fuH wo!
Syr kyngys, syt downe, & rest you so.
By scrypture, syrs, what' say ye two?
withouten lytt;
what ye can say ther to
let se now tytt.

These kyngys do me to vnderstand,
That' borne is newly, in this land,
A kyn that* shaH welk se and sand;
Thay teH me so;
And therfor, syrs, I you commaunde
youre bookys go to,

(68)
And looke grathly, for any thyng,
If ye fynd oght* of sich a kyn.

primus consultus & doctor. It* shaH be done at* youre
bydyng,
By hym me boght;
And soyn we shaH you tythyngys bryng
If we fynd oght.

(69)
ijus consultus & doctor. Soyn shaH we wyt, lord, if I may,
If oght* be wretyn in our law.
herod. Now, masters, therof I you pray
On aH manere.

primus consultus. Com furth, let vs assay
Oure bookys both in fere.

(70)
ijus consultus. Certys, sir, lo, here fynk* I
weH wretyn in a prophecy,
how that* profett* Isay,
That* neuer begylk,
Tellys that* a madyn of hir body
ShaH bere a chylk.

(71)
primus consultus. And also, sir, to you I teH
The meruellest* thyng that euer feH,
Hyr madynhede with hir shaH dwelH,
As dyd before;
That child shaH hight 'emanueH'
when he is borne.

(72)
ijus consultus. lord, this is sothe, securely,
wytynes the profett Isay.¹
herod. Outt*, alas! for doyH I dy,
long or my day!
ShaH he haue more pauste then I?
A, waloway!

¹ The expected ryme aaa is turnd into aba.
XIV. Offering of the Magi.

(73)
He bids them look where the boy shall be born.

(74)
The doctors must be quick or Herod will go mad.

(75)
They say that according to the prophet Micah a duke shall come forth from Bethlehem.

(76)
Therefore in Bethlehem is the king born.

(77)
They bid him read for himself.

(78)
It is so written down.
Towneley Plays. XIV. Offering of the Magi.

herod. Go hens, harlottys, in twenty\(^1\) dewiH way, 
ffast\(\text{'}\) and belyfe!

Mighty mahowne, as he weH may, 
leH you neuer thrythe!

(79)
Alas, wherto were I a crowne?
Or is cald of greatt renowne?
I am the fowlest borne downe
That euer was man;
And\(\text{'}\) namely with a fowH\(\text{'}\) swalchon,
That no good can.

(80)
Alas, that euer I shuld be knyght,
Or holdyn man of mekyH myght,
If a lad shuld\(\text{'}\) reyfe me my right
AH thus me fro;
Myn dede ere shuld I dyght,
Or it\(\text{'}\) were so.

(81) \([\text{Turns to the kings.}]\)
ye nobyH kyngys, harkyns as heynd!
ye shalt haue saue condyth to weynd;
Bot com agane with me to leynd,
Syrs, I you pray;
ye shalt me fynd a faythfuH freynd,
If ye do swa.

(82)
If it\(\text{'}\) be sothe, this new tythyng,
Som worship wold I do that\(\text{'}\) kyng,
Therfor I pray you that ye bryng
Me tythyngys soyn.

\(\text{primus rex. }\) AH redy, lord, at youre bydyng
It shalbe doyn.

\(\text{ijus rex. }\) Alas, in wark\(\text{'}\) how haue we sped!
where is the lyght that vs has led?
Som clowde, for sothe, that\(\text{'}\) starne has cled
ffrom vs away;
In strong stowre now ar we sted;
what\(\text{'}\) may we say?

\(^1\) MS. xx.

Herod curses all the more.

He laments his fate.

Alas that a lad should reive his right from him.

He gives the kings a safe-conduct, but bids them come to him again.

If this news be true he would fain do that king some worship.

Jaspar promises to do his bidding.

Melchior notes that the star has disappeared.
Melchior
curses
Herod,
through
whose guile
they have
lost sight of
the star.

Melchior's
prayer.

Melchior's
prayer.

Jaspar sug-
gests that
they pray to
the lord
whose birth
the star be-
tokens, that
he show it to
them again.

Jaspar sug-
gests that
they pray to
the lord
whose natu-
yte

Balthasar's
prayer.

Balthasar's
prayer.

(84)

iijus rex. wo worth herode, that' cursyd wyght!
wo worth that tyrant' day and nyght!
ffor throug hym haue we lost' that' sight,
And for his gyle,
That' shoy to vs with bemy bright
within a whyle.

here lyghtys the kyngys of thare horses.

(85)

primus rex. lordyngys, I rek we pray aH thre
To that' lord, whose natuyte
The starne betokyned that we can se,
AH with his wyH;
pray we speycyly that' he
wold show it vs vntyH

here knele aH thre kyngys downe.1

(86)

iijus rex. Thou chyld, whose myght' no tong may telly,
As thou art lord of heuen and heH,
Thy nobyH starne, emanuelH,
Thou send vs yare;
That' we may wytI by fyrth and feH
how we shaH fare.

(87)

iijus rex. A, to that chyld be euer honoure,
That in this tyd has stynt oure stoure,
And lent vs lyght to oure socoure,
On this manere;
we loue the, lord of towne and towre,
holly in fere.

here ryse thay aH vp.

(88)

we owe to loue hym ouer aH thyng,
That thus has send vs oure askyng;
Behold, yond starne has made styngyng,
Syrs, securly;
Of this chyld shay we haue knowyng,
I hope, in hy.

1 "the" has been inserted in the MS. after "all" by a later hand, but seems unnecessary.
Towceley Plays. XIV. Offering of the Magi. 157

(89)

ijus rex. lordyngys dere, drede thar vs noght,
Oure greatt trauet hyll end is broght ;
yond is the place that we hawe soght
 from far cuntre ;
yond is the chylde that aH has wroght,
Behold and se !

(90)

ijus rex. I red we make offeryng, aH thre,
vnto this chylde of greatt pauste,
And worship hym with gyftys fre
 That we haue broght ;
Oure boyts of bayH ay wyH he be,
 weH haue we soght;.

(91) [They enter the house.]

primus rex. hayH be thou, maker of aH kyn thyng !
That boyts of aH oure bayH may bryng !
In tokyn that thou art oure kyng,
And shalbe ay ,
Resayf this gold to myn offeryng,
pryne, I the pray.

(92)

ijus rex. hayH, ouercomer of kyngr and of knyghts !
That fourmed fysh, and fowyH in flyght!
for thou art god's son most of myght,
And aH weyland ,
I bryng the rekyls, as is right,
To myn offerand.

(93)

ijus rex. hayH, kyng in kylly, cowrand on kne!
hayH, oone-fold god in persones thre !
In tokyn that thou dede shalbe,
By kyndly skyH,
To thy granyng this myr of me
Resaue the tyH.

(94)

Maria. Syr kyngys, make comforth you betweyn,
And merueH not what it may mene;

Melchior recognizes that their 
travel is at 
an end & the 
child near at 
hand.

Balthasar proposes to make 
their 
offerings at 
onece.

Jaspar offers 
the child 
gold in token 
of his king-
ship.

Melchior offers in-
cense in 
token of his 
godhead.

Balthasar offers myrrh 
in token of 
his death.

Mary tells 
them of he. 
child's
This chyll, that on me borne has bene,
All by may blyn;
I am his moder, and madyn clene
withouten syn.

(95)

Therfor, lordyngys, where so ye fare,
Boldly looke ye tell ay whare
how I this blyst of bcsom bare,
That best shalbe;
And madyn cleyn, as I was are,
Thruh his pauste.

(96)

And truly, syrs, looke that ye trow
That othere lord is none at-lowe;
Both man and beest to hym shalH bowe,
In towne and flyel;
My blyssyng, syrs, be now with you
where so ye beyld.

(97)

primus rex. A, lordyngys dere! the sothe to say,
we haue made a good Iornay;
we loun this lord, that shalH last ay
with outten ende;
he is oure beyld, both nyght and day,
where so we weynd.

(98)

ijus rex. lordyngys, we haue traneld lang,
And restyd haue we lytyH emang,
ffor-thi I red now, or we gang,
with aH oure mayn
et vs fownde a slepe to fang;
Then were I fayn;

(99)

ffor in greatt stowres we haue ben sted.
lo, here a lytter redy cled.
ijus rex. I loun my lord! we haue weH speck,
To rest with wyn;
lordyngys, syn we shalH go to bed,
ye shalH begyn. [They sleep: an angel appears above.]
Angelus. Syr curtes kyngys, to me take tent,
And turne by tyme or ye be tenyd;
ffrom god his self thus am I sent
To warne you, as youre faythfuH freynd,
how herode kyng has malyce ment,
And shapys with shame you for to sheynd;
And so that ye no harms hent,
By othere ways god wyH ye weynd
Into youre awne cunte;
And if ye ask hym boyn,
for this dede that ye haue done,
youre beyld ay wyH he be. [Exit.] 606

(101)

primus rex. wakyns, wakyns, lordyngys dere!
Oure dwellyng is no longer here;
An angeH spake tyH vs in fere;
Bad vs, as heynd,
That we ne shuld, on no manere,
home by herode weynd.

(102)

ijus rex. AH myghty god in trynyte,
with hartv enterely thank I the,
Thatv thyn angeH send tyH vs thre,
And kend vs so,
Oure fals fo man for to fle,
Thatv woldv vs slo.

(103)

ijus rex. We aghtv to loue hym more and myn,
Thatv comly kyng of ah man-kyn;
I rew fuH sore thatv we shaH twyn
On this manere;
ffor commen we hane, with mekyH wyn,
By wayes sere.

(104)

primus rex. Twyn must vs nedys, syrs, permafay,
And ilk on weynd by dyuers way;
This wyth me lede, the sothe to say,
To my cuntre;
ffor-thy, lordyngys, now haue good day!
God with you be!

(105)

Melchior finds his road & com-
mends the other kings to heaven.

Balthasar also departs, praying
God's help against the fiend.

An angel bids Joseph awake, &
warns him to flee from danger.

[13 stanzas of 13 lines, abab aab aab, cbc; 1 of 12 lines abab aab
aa cbc.]

[Drumatis Personae:


Angelus.

(1)

wake, Joseph, and take intent!
Thou ryse, and slepe nomare!
If thou Wyth saue thy self vnshent
ffownde the fast to fare;
I am an angeH to the sent;
ffor thou shalH no harmes hent,
To each the outt of care.
If thou here longer lent,
ffor rewth thou mon repent,

1 MS. ty.
And rew it wonder sare.

*Joseph.* A! myghtful*H* god,
what euer this ment;
so swete of toyn?  

(2)

*Angelus.* lo, *Joseph,* it is I,
An angel send to the.

*Joseph.* we! leyf, I pray the why?
what is thy wy*H* with me?

*Angelus.* hens behufys the hy,
And take with the mary,
Also hir chyld so fre;
ffor herode dos to dy
AH knaue chylfren, securly,
with in two yere that be
Of eld.

*Joseph.* Alas, fu*H* wo is me!
where may we beyld?

(3)

*Angelus.* Ty*H* egypp shalt thou fare
with aH the myght*H* thou may;
And, *Joseph,* hold the thare,
ty*H* I wyll the at*H* say.

*Joseph.* This is a feby*H* fare,
A seke man and a sare
To here of sicli a fray;
My bonys ar bursyd and bare
ffor to do; I wold it*H* ware
Comen my last*H* day
Ty*H* ende;
I ne wote which is the way;
how shalt we weynde?

(4)

*Angelus.* Ther of haue thou no drede;
weynd furthi, & leyf thi dyn;
The way he shalt you lede,
the kyng of aH man-kyn.

1 Note the absence of ryme.
thinks on his age and feebleness. Joseph. That heyn til vs take hede,
  ffor I had lytylle nede
  Sicli bargans to begyn ;
No wonder if I wede,
  I that may do no dede ;
how shuld I theder wyn
  ffor eld ?
I am full bare and thyn,
  And aH vnweld ;

(5)

My fors me falys to fare,¹ [Mary with her Babe advances.]
  and sight that I shuld se.
Mary, my darlyng dere,
  I am full wo for the !
Mary. A, leyf Joseph, what chere ?
youre sorow on this manere
  Itt mekiH meruels me.
Joseph. Oure noyes ar neghand here
If we dweti longer here ;
  ffor-thi behofes vs fle,
  And flytt.
Mary. Alas! how may this be?
  what euer menys it'?

(6)

Joseph. It menys of sorow enoghe.
Mary. A, dere Joseph, how so ?
Joseph. As I lay in a swogh,
  ffluH sad slepand and thro,
An angel to me drogh,
  As blossom bright on bogh,
  And told betwix vs two,
That herode wroght greater wogh,
  And aH knaue children slogh
In land that he myght to,
  That feynd !
And he thy son wold sło
  And shamely sheynd.

¹ The ryme needs ' fere.'
(7) 

Maria. My son? alas, for care!
who may my doyllys dyH?
wo worth fals herode are!
my son why shulH he spyH?
Alas! I lurk and dare!
To slo this barne I bare,
what wight in warld had wyH?
his hart shuld be fuH sare
Sichon for to fare,
That' neuer yit' dyd yH,
Ne thoht'.
Joseph. Now leyfe mary, be styH!
This helpys noght;

(8) 

It is no boytt to grete,
truly withouten trayn;
Oure bayH it' may not boytt
bot weH more make oure payn.
Maria. Alas! how shuld' I lete?
My son that' is so swete
Is soght for to be slayn;
ffuH gytle may I grete,
My fomen and I mete;
TeH me, Ioseph, with mayn,
youre red.
Joseph. Shortly swedyH vs this swayn,
And fle hys dede.

(9) 

Maria. his ded wold I not se,
for ah this warld to wyn;
Alas! fuH wo were me,
In two if we shulH twyn;
My chylH so bright of ble,
To slo hym were pyte,
And a fuH hedus syn.
Dere Ioseph, what' red ye?
Joseph. TyH egyp weynd shaH we;

1 The ryme needs 'bete' or 'beytt,' remedy.
Towneley Plays. XV. The Flight into Egypt.

They are to go to Egypt.

They are to go to Egypt.

There is nothing to say, but pack up quickly.

There is nothing to say, but pack up quickly.

Mary calls to God to protect them.

Mary calls to God to protect them.

She is full of woe.

She is full of woe.

Joseph says he may well be also.

Joseph says he may well be also.

Young men should beware, for wedding is making him all wan.

Young men should beware, for wedding is making him all wan.

ffor-thi let be thi dyn

And cry.

Maria. how shal we theder wyn?

Ioseph. fulle weff wote I;

(10)

The best wyse that we may hast vs outt of this here.

Ther is noght els to say

but tytt pak vp oure gere;

[Pol. 54, b.]

ffor ferd of this affray,

leff vs weynd hens away,

Or any do vs dere.

Maria. Greatt god, as he weff may,

That shope both nyghtt and day,

ffrom wandreth he vs were,

And shame;

My chylf how shuld I bere

So far from hame?

(11)

Alas! I am fuH wo!

was neuer wyght so wyH!

Ioseph. God wote I may say so,

I haue mater ther tyH;

ffor I may vnyth go

To lede of land sich two;

No wonder if I be wyH,

And sythen has many a fo.

A, why wyH no ded me slo?

My lyfe I lyke yH

And sare;

he that aH doyls may dyH,

he keyH my care!

(12)

So wyH a wyght as I,

In warld we neuer man;

howsehold and husbandry

ffuH sore I may it ban;

That bargain dere I by.

yong men, beware, red I:

wedyn makys me aH wan.
Take me thi bryd Wy, marie;
Tent thou to that page grathly
with aH the craft thou can;
And may
he that this warld began,¹
wysh vs the way!

(13)

Maria. Alas, fuH wo is me!
Is none so wyH as I!
My hart wold breke in thre,
My son to se hym dy.

Joseph. we! leyf mary, lett be,
And nothyng drede thou the,
Bot hard hens lett vs hy;
To saue thi foode so fre,
ffast furth now lett vs fle,
Dere leyf;
To mete with his enmy,
It were a great myschefe,

(14)

And that wold I not wore,²
Away if we myght wyn;
My hart wold be fuH sore,³
In two to se twyn.

TyH egyp lett vs fare;
This pak, tyH I com thare,
To bere I shal not blyn:
ffor-thi haue thou no care;
If I may help the mare,
Thou fyndys no fawte me in,
I say.
God blys you more and myn,
And haue now aH good day!

Explicit fugacio Iosep & marie in egyptum.

¹ MS. beban.  [² ? wold...ware,]  [³ ? wold...sare.]
(XVI.)

Incipit magnus Herodes.

[57 nine-lined stanzas, aaab ccccb, (no. 6, has aaaaa ccca) with central rhymes marked by bars.]

[| Dramatis Personae. |
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(1)

Nunciws.

Moste myghty mahowne / meng you with myrth!
Both of burgh and of towne / by fellys and by fryth,
Both kyng with crowne / and barons of brith,
That radly wyH rowne / many greatt' grith
Shall be happ.

Take tenderly intent'
what sondys ar sent',
Els harmes shalt ye hent',
And lothes you to lap.

(2)

Herode, the heynd? kyng / by grace of mahowne,
Of Iury, Iourmontyng / sternly with crowne,
On lyfe that' ar lyfying / in towre and in towne,
Gracyus you gretynge / commaundys you be bowne
At' his bydyng;
luf hym with lewte,
drede hym, that' doughty!
he chargys you be redy
lowly at' his lykyng.

(3)

Any treason shall be paid
for twelve thousand fold. He is now absolved

What man upon moly / menys hym agane,
Tytt teyn shall be told', knyght, sqwyere, or swayn;
Be he neuer so bold' / byes he that bargain,
Twelf thousand fold' / more then I sayn
May ye trast;
he is worthy wonderly,
Salcouthly sory;
for a boy that is borne her by
Standys he abast.

(4)
A kyng thay hym caH / and that we deny;
how shulke it so fah / greatt merueH haue I;
Therfor ouer aH / Shal I make a cry,
That ye busk not to braH / nor lyke not to ly
This tyde;
Carpys of no kyng
Bot herode, that lordyng,
Or busk to youre beyl lyng,
youre heedys for to hyde.

(5)
He is Kyng of Kyngys / Kyndly I Knowe,
Chefe lord of lordyngys / chefe leder of law;
Ther watys on his wyngys / that boldost wyH blaw,
Greatt dukys downe dyngys / ffor his greatt aw,
And hym lowtys.
Tuskane and turky,
All Inde and Italy,
CecyH and surry;
Drede hym and dowtys.

(6)
ffrom paradyse to padwa / to mownt flascon;
ffrom egyp to mantua / vnto kemp townes;
ffrom sareny to susa / to grece it abowne;
Both normoudly and norwa / lowtys to his crowne;
his renowne
Can no tong teH,
ffrom heuen vnto heH;
Of hym can none speH
Bot his cosyn mahowne.

(7)
he is the worthyest of aH / barnes that are borne;
free men ar his thraH / full teynfully torne;
Begyn he to braH / many men eacH skorne;
Obey must we aH / or els be ye lorne
Touriieley Plays. XVI. Herod the Great.

Att' onys.

Downe dyng of youre knees,
Aþ that' hym seys,
Dyspleyd he beys,
And byrkyn many bonys.

(8)

here he commys now, I cry / that lorþ I of spake;
ffast' afore wyH I hy / radly on a rake,
And welcom hym worshipfully / laghyng with lake,
As he is most worthy / and knele for his sake
So low;

(9)

Downe derly to faH,
as renk most' ryaH:
hayH, the worthyes' of aH!
to the must' I bow! [Herod advances.]

[Herod advances.]

hayH, luf lord! lo / thi letters haue I layde;
I haue done I couth do / and peasse haue I prayd?
MekyH more therto / opynly dysplayd;
Bot' romoure is rasyd so / that boldly thay brade
Emangis thame;
Thay carp of a kyng,
thay seasse not' sych chateryng.
herodes. Bot' I shaH tame thare talkyng,
And let' thame go hang thame:

(10)

Stynt', brodels, youre dyn / yei, enerychon!
I red that' ye harkyn / to I be gone,
ffor if I begyn / I breke ilka bone,
And puH fro the skyn / the carcas anone,
yei, perde!
Sesse aH this wonder,
and make vs no blonder,
ffor I ryfe you in sonder,
Be ye so hardy.

(11)

They are not to speak or stir, till he has said his say.

Peasse both yong and old / at' my bydyng, I red,
ffor I haue aH in wolk*/ in me standys lyfe and dede;
who that' is so bold / I brane hym through the hede;
Speke not' or I haue told' / what' I will in this stede;
ye wote not
A\H that I wiH mefe;
Styr not bot ye haue lefe,
ffor if ye do, I clefe
you smaH as flesh to pott.

(12)
My myrthes ar turned to teyn / my mekenes into Ire,
And aH for oone I weyn / with-in I fare as fyre.
May I se hym with eyn / I shaH gyf hym his hyre;
Bot I do as I meyn / I were a fuH lewde syre
In wonys;
had I that lad in hand,
As I am kyng in land,
I shuld with this steyH brand
Byrkyn aH his bonys.

(13)
My name spryngys far and nere / the doughyest, men me caH,
That euer ran with spere / A lord and kyng ryaH;
what ioy is me to here / A lad to sesse my staH!
If I this crowne may bere / that boy shaH by for aH.
I anger;
I wote not what dewiH me alys,
Thay teyn me so with talys,
That by gottys dere nalys,
I wyH peasse no langer.

(14)
what dewiH! me thynnk I brast / ffor anger and for teyn;
I trow thysy kyngys be past / that here with me has beyn;
Thay promysed me fuH fast / or now here to be seyn,
ffor els I shuld haue cast / an othere sleght, I weyn;
I teH you,
A boy thay sayd thay soght,
with offeryling that thay broght;
It mefys my hart right noght;
To breke his nek in two.

(15)
Bot be thay past me by / by mahowne in heuen,
I shaH, and that in hy / set aH on sex and seuen;
him, he will set all things at sixes and sevens.

Trow ye a kynge as I / wiH suffre thaym to neuen
Any to haue mastry / bot my self fuH euen?
Nay, leyfe!

The dewiH me hang and draw,
If I that loseH knaw,
Bot I gyf hym a blaw,
That lyfe I shaH hym reyfe.

If any one hears tell of them, Herod prays him to report to him.

ffor parels yit? I wold / wyst? if thay were gone;
And ye therof her told / I pray you say anone,
ffor and thay be so boldy / by god that sytys in trone,
The payn can not? be told? / that? thay shaH haue ilkon,
ffor Ire;
Sich panys hard? neuer man teH,
ffor vgly and for feH,
That? lucyfere in heH
Thare bonys shaH aH to-tyre.

The first knight tells him that the kings have passed by another way.

primus Miles. Lord, thynk not? iH if I / teH you how thay ar past?
I kepe not? layn, truly / Syn thay cam by you last?
An uther way in hy / thay soght, & that? fuH fast.

Herodes. why, and ar thay past? me by? / we! outt! for teyn I brast?
we! fy!

ffy on the dewiH! where may I byde?
Bot? fyght? for teyn and al to-chyde 1!
Thefys, I say ye shuld? haue spyde
And tolH when thay went? by;

They grumble at his threats.

ye ar knyghtys to trast? / nay, losels ye ar, and thefys;
I wote I yelde my gast / so sore my hart? it? grefys.

Secundus Miles. what nede you be abast? / ther ar no great? myschefys
ffor these maters to gnast. /

Tercius Miles. why put ye siche reprefys

1 MS. alto chyde.
Thus shuld ye not thrett vs,
vngaynly to bete vs,
ye shuld not rehett vs,
withoutt othere sawes.

(19)
herod. fly, losels and lyars! / lurdans ilkon!
Tratoures and weH wars! / knafys, bot’ knyghtys none!
had ye bene woth youre cress / thus had thay not gone;
Gett’ I those land lepars / I breke ilka bone;
ffyrst’ vengeance
ShaH I se on thare bonys;
If ye byde in these wonys
I shaH dyng you with stonys,
yei, ditizance doutance.

(20)
I wote not where I may sytt’ / for anger & for teyn;
we haue not done aH yit’ / if it’ be as I weyn;
ffy! dewiH! now how is it? / as long as I haue eyn
I think not’ for to flytt / bot’ kyng I wiH be seyn
ffor euer.
Bot’ stand I to quart’,
I teH you my hart,
I shaH gar thaym start,
Or els trust’ me neuer.

(21)
primus Miles. Syr, thay went sodanly / or any man wyst,
Els had mett’ we, yei, perdy / and may ye tryst’.
Secundus Miles. So bold’ nor so hardy / agans oure lyst,
was none of that’ company / durst’ me mete with fyst
ffor ferd’.
Tercius Miles. IH durst’ thay abyde,
Bot’ ran thame to hyde;
Might I thaym hame spyde,
I had made thaym a herd.

(22)
what couth we more do / to saue youre honoure?
primus Miles. we were redy therto / and shal be ilk howre.
herod. Now syn it’ is so / ye shaH haue fauoure;
Go where ye wyH, go / by towne and by towre,
He forges them; and calls his privy council.

**He bids his clerks enquire in** Virgil, in Homer, and everywhere but in legend— in Boece and tales but not in service-books— as to this talk of a maiden and her child.

**The first councillor quotes the prophecy of Isaiah as to the birth of Emmanuel.**

**The second quotes the prophecy of the birth of a king at Bethlehem.**

**Heiod rages but them,** and one spake in myne eere / A wonderfull talkyng, And sayde a madyn shuld here / another be kyng; Syrs, I pray you inquere / in aH wrytyng, In vyrgyl, in homere / And aH other thyng Bot legende; **[They look at their books.]**

Sekys poece tayllys; lefe pystyls and grales; Mes, matyns, noght' analys, AH these I defende; **[203]**

I pray you tell Heyndly / now what' ye fynde. *primus consultus.* Truly, *sir,* prophecy / It' is not' blynd; we rede thus by Isay / he shalbe so kynde, That' a madyn, sothely / which never synde, **[212]**

"virgo concipiet, Natumque pariet;" "EmanueH" is hethe, his name for to lere, **[216]**

"God is with vs," that' is forto say. *Secundus consultus.* And other says thus / tryst me ye may:

"Of bedlem a gracyus / lord shaH spray, That' of Iury myghtys / kyng shalbe ay, lord myghty ; **[221]**

And hym shaH honoure both kyng and emperoure." herodes. why, and shuld I to hym cowre? Nay, ther thou lyys lyghtly! **[225]**

**Herod rages at them, and** ffy! the dewiH the spede / and me, bot' I drynk onys! This has thou done in dede / to anger me for the nonys;
And thou, knafe, thou thy mede / shah haue, by cokys

dere bonys!

Thou can not' half thi crede! / ouutt, thefys, fro my wonys!

fly, knafys!

fly, dotty-pols, with youre bookys!

Go kast thaym in the brookys!

with sikh wylys and crokys

My wytt' away rafys!

(27)

hard I neuer sich a trant' / that' a knafe so sleght

Shuld' com lyke a sant' / and refte me my right;

Nay, he shal on slant' / I shalH kyH hym downe stryght;

war! I say, let' me pant / now thynk I to fyght

for anger;

My guttys wiH ouutt' thryng

Bot I this lad hyng;

without' I haue a vengyng,

I may lyf no langer.

(28)

Shuld a carH in a kafe / bot' of oone yere age,

Thus make me to rafe? /

primus consultus. Syr, peasse this outrage!

A-way let ye wafe / alH sich langage,

yore worship to safe / is he oght' bot' a page

Of a yere?

we two shah hym teyn

with oure wyttys betweyn,

That', if ye do as I meyn,

he shalH dy on a spere.

(29)

Secundus consultus. ffor drede that' he reyn / do as we re;

Thrug ouutt bedlem / and ilk othere stede,

Make knyghtys ordeyn / and put vnto dede

AH knaue chylfren / of two yerys brede,

And wiH-in;

This chylf may ye spyH

Thus at' youre awne wiH.

Herodes. Now thou says here tyH

A right' nobyH gyn!
Herod thinks this a right noble gin; if he lives he will make the Councillor Pope; meanwhile he shall have castles and lands.

If I lyf in land / good lyfe, as I hope,
This dar I the warand / to make the Pope.¹
O, my hart is rysand / now in a glope!
ffor this nobyl tythand / thou shalt haue a drope
Of my good grace;
Markys, rentys, and powndys,
Great castels & groundys;
Thruh all seys and sandys
I gyf the the chace. [The Council retires.] 266

Herod bids his messenger call the flower of his knights.

Now wyH I procede / and take veniance;
Afl the flowre of knygithede / call to legage;
Bewmshe, I the byd ² / it may the avance.
Nuncius. lord, I shal me spede / and bryng, perchaunce,
To thy syght. [Herod retires. Knights advance.] 270

[Fol. 58, a.]
The messenger bids the knights hasten to Herod,

armed and in their best array.

In afl the hast tye may / in armoure full bright,
In youre best aray / looke that ye be dight.
primus Miles. why shuld we fray? /
Secundus Miles. this is not afl right.
Tercius Miles. Syrs, withoutten delay I drede that we fight.
Nuncius. I pray you,
As fast as ye may,
com to hym this day.
primus Miles. what, inoure best aray?
Nuncius. yei, syrs, I say you. 288

[ius Miles. Somwhat is in hand / what euer it meyn.
iij Miles. Tarry not for to stand / ther or we haue beyn.
[Nuncius. kyang herode afl weldand / weH be ye seyn! youre knygitys ar comand / in armoure full sheyn,

¹ This word is erased in the MS.
² The ryme needs 'bede.'
At your wyH.

primus Miles. hayH, doughtiest of aH!
we are comen at your caH
if for to do what we shalH,
youre lust to fullfyH.

(34)

herod. welcom, lordyngys, I wys / bothi greatt and smaH!
The cause now is this / that I send for you aH:
A lad, a knafe, borne is / that should be kyng ryaH;
Bot' I kyH hym and his / I wote I brast my gaH;
Therfor, Syrs, 302
Venance shaH ye take,
A'H for that lad' sake,
And men I shaH you make
where ye com ay where, syrs.

(35)

To bedlem loke ye go / And aH the coste aboute,
A'H knae chyldren ye slo / and lordys, ye shalbe stoute;
Of yeres if they be two / and within, of aH that rowte
On lyfe lyefe none of tho / that' lygys in swedyH clowte,
I red you;

Spare no kyns bloode,
lett aH ryn on floode,
If women wax woode;

I warn you, syrs, to spede you;

(36)

hens! now go your way / that ye were thore.
ijus Miles. I wote we make a fray / bot' I wyH go before.
ijus Miles. A, thynk, syrs, I say / I mon whett lyke a bore.
primus Miles. Sett' me before ay / good enoghi for a skore;
hayH heynedly!
we shaH for youre sake
make a dulfiH lake.

herodes. Now if ye me weH wrake
ye shaH fynd me freyndly. [Exit Herod.] 324

(37)

ijus Miles. Go ye now tyH oure noytt / and handyH thaym weyH.
ijus Miles. I shaH pay thaym on the cote / begyn I to reyH.
[First Woman and Child advance.]
They see a woman coming. The first knight tells her not to take it ill if he kill her child.

They see a woman coining. The first knight tells her not to take it ill if he kill her child.

She attacks the knight, but her boy is slain.

She laments over him and calls for vengeance.

The same scene is gone through between a second woman and the second knight.

**Towneley Plays. XVI. Herod the Great.**

*primus Miles.* hark, felose, ye dote / yonder commys vnceyH;

I hold here a grote / she lykys me not weyH

Be we parte; [To the Woman.] 329

Dame, thynk it' not' yH,

thy knafe if I kyH.

*prima Mulier.* what, these! agans my wyH?

lord, kepe hym in qwarte!

(38)

*primus Miles.* Abyde now, abyde / no farther thou gose.

*prima Mulier.* Peasse, these! shaH I chyde / and make here a nose?

*primus Miles.* I shaH reyfe the thy pryde / kyH we these boyse!

*prima Mulier.* Tyd may betyde / kepe weH thy nose, haue on loft' on thy hode.

*primus Miles.* what', hoore, art' thou woode?

[Kills the Child.]

*prima Mulier.* Outt, alas, my chyldys bloode!

Outt, for reprefe!

(39)

Alas for shame and syn / alas that I was borne!

Of wepyng who may blyn / to se hir chylyde forlorne?

My comforth and my kyn / my son thus alto torne!

veniance for this syn / I cry, both euyn and morne.

*Secundus Miles.* weH done!

[Second Woman and Child advance.]

Com hedyr, thou old stry!

that' lad of thyne shaH dy.

*Secunda Mulier.* Mercy, lord, I cry!

It' is myn awne dere son.

(40)

*jus Miles.* No mercy thou mefe / it' mendys the not, mawd!

*Secunda Mulier.* Then thi skalp shaH I clefe! / lyst thou be clawd?

lefe, lefe, now by lefe! /

*Secundus Miles.* peasse, byd I, bawd!

*Secunda Mulier.* ffy, fy, for reprefe! fy, suH of frawde!
No man!
haue at thy tabard,
harlot and harlot!
Thou shalt not be sparde!
I cry and I ban!  [He kills the boy.] 360

(41)

Out! morder! man, I say / strang tratoure & thefe!
Out! alas! and waloway! / my child that was me lefe!
My luf, my blood, my play / that newer dyd man grefe:
Alas, alas, this day! / I wold my hart shuld clefe
In sonder!
veniance I cry and call,
on herode and his knyghtys ah!
veniance, lord, apon thaym faH,
And mekyH warldys wonder!

(42)
Tercius Miles. This is weH wroghte gere / that ever may be;
Comys hederward here! / ye nede not to fle!
Tercia Mulier. wyH ye do any dere / to my chyld and me?
iijus Miles. he shal dy, I the swere / his hart blood shal thou se.

iija mulier. God for-bede!
These! thou shedys my chyldys blood! [He kills the boy.] 364
She laments
Out, I cry! I go near wood!
Alas! my hart is ah on flood,
To se my chyld thus blede!

(43)

By god, thou shalt aby this deede that thou has done.
Tercius Miles. I red the not stry / by son and by moyn.
iija Mulier. hae at the, say I! / take the ther a foyn!
Out on the I cry / haue at thi groyn
An othere!
This kepe I in store.
Tercius Miles. Peasse now, no more!
Tercia Mulier. I cry and I rore,
Out on the, mans mordere!

(44)
Alas! my bab, myn Innocentt / my fleshly get! for sorow
That god me derly sent / of bales who may me borow?

She, also, cries for vengeance for her murdered son.
The third knight kills the child of a third mother.
She cries for vengeance.

T. PLAYS.
Thy body is aH to-rent! / I cry both euens and morow, 
veniance for thi blok thus spent! / out! I cry, and horow!

primus Miles. Go lightly!

Gett' out' of thise wonys! 
ye trattys, aH at' onys,—
Or by cokys dere bonys
I make you go wyghtly! [The mothers retire.]

(45)

They are frightened now, says the second knight.
The third knight proposes to tell their exploits to Herod.

primus Miles. I am best' of you aH / and euer has bene;
The deuyH haue my sauH / bot' I be fyrst' sene;
It' fyttys me to caH / my lord, as I wene.
ijus Miles. what' nedys the to braH? / be not so kene
In this anger;
I shaH say thou dyd best',
sane myself, as I gest.
primus Miles. we! that' is most' honest.
Tercius Miles. go, tary no langer!

(46) [They approach Herod.]

primus Miles. hayH herode, oure kyng / fuH glad may ye be!
Good tythyng we bryng / harkyn now to me;
we haue mayde rydyng / thrugh outt Iure:
weH wyt ye oone thynge / that' morderd! haue we
Many thowsandys.
ijus Miles. I held' thaym fuH hote,
I payd them on the cote;
Thare dammys, I wote,
Neuer bynde them in bandys.

(47)

They boast to Herod of having murdered many thousands,

they are worthy a reward.

ijus Miles. had ye sene howI fard / when I cam emang them!
Ther was none that' I spard / bot lade on and dang them.
I am worthy a rewarde / where I was emangys them.  
I stud and I stard / no pyte to hang them  
had I.  

\textit{herodes.} Now, by myghty mahowne,  
That is good of renowne!  
If I bere this crowne  
ye shalt haue a lady  

(49)  
Ilkon to hym layd, and wed at his wyH.  
\textit{primus Miles.} So haue ye lang sayde / do somwhat theertyH!  
\textit{ijus Miles.} And I was neuer flayde / for good ne for yH.  
\textit{iiijus Miles.} ye might hold you weH payde / oure lust to  
fulfyH,  
Thus thynk me,  
with tresure vntold,  
If it lyke that ye wold,  
BotH syluer and gold,  
To gyf vs greatt plente.  

(50)  
\textit{herodes.} As I am kyng crownde / I thynk it good right!  
Ther goys none on grownde / that has sich a wyghtt;  
A hundreth thousand pownde / is good wage for a knyght,  
Of pennys good and rownde / now may ye go lightt  
with store;  
And ye knyghtys of oures  
ShaH haue castels and towres,  
Both to you and to youres,  
ffor now and euer more.  

(51)  
\textit{primus Miles.} was neuer none borne / by downes ne by  
dalys,  
Nor yit vs beforne / thatt had sicch avalys.  
\textit{ijus Miles.} we haue castels and corne / mych gold in  
oure malys.  
\textit{iiijus Miles.} Itt wyH neuer be worne / withoutt any talys;  
hayH heyndly!  

hayH lord! hayH kyng!  
we ar furth foundyng!  
\textit{herot}. Now mahowne he you bryng  
where he is lord freyndly;
Now in peasse may I stand / I thank the, mahowne!
And gyf of my lande / that longys to my crowne;
Draw therfor nerehande / both of burgh and of towne;
Markys ilkon a thousande / when I am bowne,
ShaH ye haue.
I shalbe fuH fayn
To gyf that* I sayn!
wate when I com agayn,
And then may ye craue.

I sett^ by no good? / now my hart is at easse,
That I shed so mekyH blode / pes aH my ryches!
flor to se this fode / from the fote to the nese
Mefys nothing my mode / I lagh that I whese;
A, mahowne!

So light is my sayn,
that aH of Sugar is my gaH;
I may do what* I shaH,
And bere vp my crowne.

I was castyn in care / so frightly afrayd,
Bot* I thar not dyspare / for low is he layd
That I most dred are / so haue I hym flayd;
And els wonder ware / and so many strayd
In the strete,
That oone shuld be harmeles,
and skape away hafles,
where so many chylde
Thare balys can not* bete.

A hundreth thousand, I watt* / and fourty ar slayn,
And four thousand; ther-at / me aght to be fayn;
Sich a morder on a flat / shaH neuer be agayn.
had I had bot oone bat* / at* that* lurdan
So yong,
It* shuld haue bene spokyn
how I had me wrokyn,
were I dede and rotyn,
with many a tong.
Thus shall I teach knaves / ensampy to take,
In theare wyttyys that' rauys / sich mastre to make;
Añ wantones wafys / no langage ye crak!
No sufferan you sauys / youre nekkys shah I shak
In sonder;
No kyng ye on cañ
Bot on herode the ryañ,
Or els many oone shah
  Apon youre bodys wonder.

ffor if I here it' spokyn / when I com agayn,
youre branys bese brokyn / therfor be ye bayn;
Nothynge bese vnlokyn / it' shalbe so playn;
Begyn I to rekyn / I thynk añ dysdayn
  ffor daunche.
Syrs, this is my counseñ—
Bese not to crueñ,
Bot adew!—to the deuyñ!
I can nomore frañch!

Explicit Magnus Herodes.

Incipit Purificatio marie.

Let knaves take example by it,
and call no man king
but Herod.

If he hear them speak
of any other
he will
knock their
brains out.
But now he "can no
more
French."

Simeon prays to God
to remember
him in his
old age.

Now help, lord, adonay!
He wonders whether the good men of old be safe or lost.

Bot yit I merueH, both euyn and morne,
Of old elders that were beforne,
wheder they be safe or lorne,
where they may be ;
AbeH, noye, and abraham,
Dauid, danimeH, and balaam,
And aH othre mo by name,
Of sere degre.

He thanks God for giving him so long a life.

I thank the, lord, with good intent,
Of aH thy soud thou has me sent,
That thus long tyme my lyfe has lent,
Now many a yere ;
ffor aH ar past now oonly bot I ;
I thank the, lord god almyghty !
ffor so old know I none, sothly,
Now lyfyng here.

He knows no man so old
as himself; no wonder if he be feeble.

ffor I am old symeon :
So old on lyfe know I none,
That is mayde on flesh and bone,
In aH medyH-erd.
No wonder if I go on held :
The feuyrs, the flyx, make me vnweld ;
Myn armes, my lynnmes, ar stark for eld,
And aH gray is my berv.

Myn ees are worn both marke and blynd ;
Myn and is short, I want wynd ;
Thus has age dystroed my kynd,
And reft myghtis aH ;
Bot shortly mon I weynd away ;
what tyme ne when, I can not say,
ffor it is gone fuH many a day
Syn dede began to caH.

His own time to go away will soon come.

Ther is no warke that I may wyrk,
Bot oneths craH I to the kyrk ;
Be I com home I am so irk.
That farther may I noght;
Bot settyys me downe, and grankys, and gronys,
And lygys and restys my wery bonys,
And aH nyght after grankys and goonys,
On slepe tyH I be brought.

(7)
Bot neuer the les, the sothe to say,
If I may nather, by nyght ne day,
ffor age nather styrr ne play,
Nor make no chere,
yit if I be neuer so old,
I myn fuH weH that prophetys told,
That now ar dede and layde fuH cold,
Sythen gone many a yere.

(8)
Thay sayde that god, fuH of myght,
Shuld send his son from heuen bright,
In a madyn for to light,
Commen of dauid kyn;
fflesh and bloode on hyr to take,
And becom man for ourc sake,
Our redempcyon for to make,
That* slayn were through syn.

(9)
Bot, lord, that vs thy grace has hight,
Send me thy sond, both day and nyght,
And graunt me grace of lyfys light,
And let* me neuer de,
To thou sicch grace to me send,
That* I may handyH hym in my hend,
That* shaH cum ourc mys to amend,
And se hym with myn ee.

(10)
primus angelus. Thou, symeon, drede the noght!
My lord, that thou has long besought,
ffor thou has rightwys beyn,
Thyn askyng has he grauntyd the,
with outen dede on lyfe to be
To thou thy cryst' haue seyn.
A second
angel tells
him he shall
find God's
Son in the
Temple.

(11)

Secundus angelus. Than symeon, harkyn a space!
I bryng the tythyngys of solace;
for-thy, ryse vp and gang
To the temple; thou shaH fynd thore
Godys son the before,
That thou has yernyd lang.

(12)

Symeon. Louyd be my lord in wyH and thoght,
That his servant forgettys noght,
when that\'s he seys tyme!
we\$ is me that I shaH dre
Ty\$ I haue sene hym with myn ee,
And no longer hyne.

(13)

[Fol. 61, b.]

Louv\$ be my lord in heuen,
That\$ thus has by his angeH steuen
warny\$ me of his commyng!
Therfor wiH I with intent
put\$ on me my vestment,
In worship of that kyng.

(14)

for welcome
shall that
Lord be to
him, who
shall make
men free.

he shalbe welcom vnto me:
That\$ lord shaH make vs alle fre,
kyng of aH man-kyn;
for with his blood he shaH vs boroo
Both fro catydid & from soroo,
That\$ was slayn throug syn.

Tunc pulsabunt.

(15)

The bells
ring so
solemnly he
thinks it
must be for
the coming
of the Lord.

A, dere god! what\$ may this be?
Oure bellys ryng so solemnly,
for whom soeuer it is;
Now certys, I can not vnderstand,
Bot if my lord god aH weldand
Be commen, that\$ aH shaH wyse.

(16)

This noyse lyghtyns fuH we\$ myn hart\$!
ShaH I neuer rest, and I haue quart,
Or I com ther onone;
Now we were I and it so were,  
for sich noyse hard I never ere;  
Oure bellys ryng by thare oone!  

[Joseph, with two doves, and Mary, with her baby, advance.]

(17)

Joseph. Mary, it begynnys to pas,  
fourty dayes syn that thou was  
Delyner of thy son;  
To the temple I red we draw,  
To clens the, and fulfyH the law,  
Asoure elders were won.  

(18)

Therfor, mary, madyn heynd,  
Take thi chylH and let vs weyn  
The tempynH vntyH;  
And we shaH with vs bryng  
Thise turtyls two to oure offryng,  
The law we wiH fulfyH.

(19)

Maria. Joseph, that wyH I fuH weH,  
That the law euery deyH  
Be fulfylyd in me.  
Lord, that aH myghtys may,  
Gyf vs grace to do this day  
That it be pleassyng to the!

Angeli cantant; simeon. . . . [the rest is illegible].

(20)

primus angelus. Thou, symeon, rightwys and trew,  
Thou has desyred both old and new,  
To haue a sight of cryst Ihesu  
As prophecy has told!  
Oft has thou prayd to haue a sight  
Of hym that in a madyn light;  
here is that chyl of mekyH myght,  
Now has thou that thou wold.

Secundus angelus. Thou has desyryd it most of aH.¹

¹ The end of this Play, and the beginning of the next, are wanting, two leaves of the manuscript being lost.
The Doctors talk of the prophecy of Emmanuel.

Habakkuk had foretold the rod that should spring from the root of Jesse.

Primus Magister.
Secundus Magister.
Tercius Magister.
Jesus.
Maria.
Josephus.

The Doctors

[Secundus Magister.] That a madyn a barn shuld bере;
And his name thus can thay teH,
ffro the tyme that he born were,
he shalbe callyd emanuel;

Counselloure, and god of strengthe,
And wonderfull also
ShaH he be callyd, of brede and lengthe
As far as any man may go.

[iij]xwagis?—Masteis, youre resons ar right good.
And wonderfuH to neuen,
yit fynde I more by abacuk;
Syrs, lysten a whyle vnto my steuen.

Oure bayH, he says, shaH turn to boytt,
her-afterward som day;
A wande shaH spryng fro Jesse roytt,—
The certan sothe thus can he say,—

And of that wande shaH spryng a floure,
that shaH spryng vp fuH hight:
Ther of shaH com fuH swete odowre,
And therapos shaH rest and lyght

The holy gost, fuH mych of myght;}
The goost of wysdom and of wytt,
ShaH beyld his nest, with mekyH right,
And in it brede and sytt.
(7) **primus magister.** Bot when trow ye this prophecy
    Shalbe fulfyllyd in dede,
That here is told so openly,
    As we in scryptrue rede?

(8) **iijus magister.** A grcat meueH for sothe it is,
    To vs to here of sych mastry;
A madyn to bere a chyl?; Iwys,
    without mans seyde, that? were ferly.

(9) **iijus magister.** The holy gost shaH in hyr lyght,
    And kepe hir madynhede fuH clene;
whoso may byde to se that sight?
    Thay ther not drede, I wene.

(10) **primus magister.** Of aH thise prophety? wyse of lore
    That? knew the prophecy, more and les,
was none that told the tyme before,
    when he shuld? com to by vs peasse.

(11) **Secundus magister.** wheder he be commen or not
    No knowlege haue we in certayn;
Bot he shaH com, that dowt we not?

(12) **iijus magister.** MekyH I thynk that? thise prophety?
    Ar holden to god, that? is on hight,
That haue knowyng of his behety,
    And for to teH of his mekyH myght.

* Tunc venit ihesus.1*

(13) **Ihesus.** Masters, luf be with you lent;
    And mensk be vnto this mene?e!
**primus magister.** Son, hens away I wold thou went,
    ffor othere haft in hand haue we.

---

1 MS. ihc : as it rymes with 'thus,' 'vs,' it is always expanded as ihesus.
(14) i
cus magister. Son, whosoever the hyder sent, Thay were not wyse, thus teH I the; ffor we haue othere tayllys to tent Then now with barnes bowrdand to be.

(15) Tercius magister. Son, thou lyst oght lere / To lyf by moyses lay; Com heder, and thou shaH here / The sawes that we wyH say;

ffor in som mynde it' may the bryng To here oure sawes red by rawes.

(16) Ihesus. To lere of you nedys me no thyng, ffor I knaw both youre dedys & sawes.

primus magister. hark, yonder barn with his bowrdyng! he wenys he kens more then he knawys;
Nay, certys, son, thou art' ouer ying By clergy yit to know oure lawes.

(17) Ihesus. I wote as weH as ye / how that youre lawes was wroght.

Secundus magister. Com sytt! soyn shaH we se, / ffor certys so semys it noght.

(18) Tercins magister. It' were wonder if any wyght vntiH oure resons right shuld reche; And thou says thou has in sight;
Oure lawes truly to teH and teche.

Ihesus. The holy gost has on me lyght', And anoyn' me lyke a leche,
And gyffen to me powere and myght The kyngdom of heuen to preche.

(19) Secundus magister. whens euer this barne may be That shewys thise novels new?
Ihesus. Certan, syrs, I was or ye, And shaH be after you.
primum magister. Son, of thy sawes, as we haue ceyH,
And of thy wytt is wonder thyng;
Bot neuer the les fully I feyH
That it may fayH in wyrkyng;
ffor dauid demys euerilk deyH,
And thus he says of chylder ying,

"Ex ore infancium & lactencium, perfecisti laudem."

Of thare mowthes, sayth dauid, wele,
Oure lord he has perfourmed louyng.

Neuer the les, son, yit shuld thou lett
her for to speke in large;
ffor where masters ar mett,
Chylder wordys ar not to charge.

ffor, certys, if thou wold neuer so fayn
Gyf all thi lyst to lere the law,
Thou art nawther of myght ne mayn
To know it, as a clerk may knaw.

Ihesus. Syrs, I say you in certan,
That sothfast shaH be aH my saw;
And powere hane I plene and playn,
To say and answere as me aw.

primum magister. Masters, what may this mene ?
MereueH, methynk, haue I
where euer this barne has bene
That carpys thus conandly.

Secundus magister. In warld as wyde as we haue went
ffand we neuer sich ferly fare ;
Certys, I trow the barn be sent
Sufferanly to safte our sare.

Ihesus. Syrs, I shaH preue in youre present
AH the sawes that I sayde are.
Tercius magister. which callys thou the fyrst commannde-
ment'
And the most, in moyses lare?
Jesus bids them read from their books.

Jesus. Syrs, synthen ye syt on raw,
And hafe youre bookys on brede,
let se, syrs, in youre saw
how right that ye can rede.

The first Doctor says that the first commandment is to honour God.

Primus magister. I rede that this is the fyrest bydying
That moyses tolde vs here vntyH,
honoure thi god ouer ilka thyng,
with aH thi wyt and aH thi wyH;
And aH thi hart in hym shaH hyng,
Erly and late, both lowde and styH.
Jesus. ye nede none other bookys to bryng,
Bot fownd this to fulfyH;

Jesus says that the second is to love your neighbour.

The seconde may men profe
And clergy knaw therby;
youre neyghburs shaH ye lofe
Right as youre self truly.

Illegible.

[Thise] 1 commaunded moyses tyH aH men
In his commaundes cler;
In thise two bydyingys, shaH ye ken,
hyngys aH the law we aght to lere.
who so fulfylles thise two then
with mayn and mode and good manere,
he fulfyllys truly aH ten
That after thaym folows in fere.

Then shuld we god honowre
with aH oure myght and mayn,
And luf weH ilk neigboure
Right as oure self certayn.

The Doctor asks, What are the other eight?

Primus magister. Now, son, synthen thou has tolde vs two,
which ar the aght,2 can thou oght say?
Jesus. The thyrld bydys, "where so ye go,
That ye shaH halow the holy day;
Tovmeley Plays.  XVIII. The Play of the Doctors.  191

(31)  
from bodely wark ye take youre rest;  
youre household, looke the same thay do,  
Both wyfe, chyld, servande, and beest."  
The foute is then in weyH and wo

(32)  
"Thi fader, thi moder, thou shaH honowre,  
Not only with thi reuerence,  
Bot in thare need thou thyam socoure,  
And kepe ay goood obeydence."

(33)  
The fyft bydys the "no man slo,  
Ne harme hym nouer in word ne dede,  
Ne sufere hym not to be in wo  
If thou may help hym in his neede."

(34)  
The sext bydys the "thi wyfe to take,  
Bot none other lawfully;  
lust of lechery thou fle and fast forsake,  
And drede ay god where so thou be."

(35)  
The seuen 1 bydys the "be no thefe feyr,  
Ne nothyng wyth trechery;  
Oker, ne symony, thou com not nere,  
Bot conseycence clere ay kepe truly."

(36)  
The aght 2 byddys the "be true in dede,  
And fals wytnes looke thou none bere;  
looke thou not ly for freynd ne syb,  
lest to thi saH that it do dere."

(37)  
The neyn 3 bydys the "not desyre  
Thi neyghburs wyfe ne his women,  
Bot as holy kyrk wold it were,  
Right so thi purpose sett it in."

(38)  
The ten 4 byddys the "for nothyng  
Thi neyghburs goodys yerne wrongwysly;  
his house, his rent; ne his hayfyn;  
And crysteyn fayth traw stedfastly."
The Play of the Doctors.

These are the ten commandments.

Thus in tabyls, shal ye ken,
Oure lord to moyses wrote;
Thise ar the commandmentys ten,
Who so will lely layt.

(39)

The second Doctor wonders at the knowledge of Jesus.

Secundus magister. Behald how he lege oure lawes,
And leryd neuer on booke to rede!

(40)

The third fears the people will praise Him more than themselves;

Tercius magister. yei, lett hym furth on his wayes,
Ffor if he dwele, withouten drede

(41)

but is re-buked by the first.

primus magister. Nay, nay, then wyrk we wrang!

(42)

Mary is in great trouble:

Mary. A, dere Ioseph! what is youre red?
Of oure greatt bayle no boytt may be;
My hart is heuy as any lede,
My semely son to I hym se.

(43)

Joseph. Sorow had neuer man mare!
Bot mowr[n]yng, mary, may not amend;

(44)

[Vol. 64, a.]

Joseph would fain know if He is about the Temple.

Abowtt the tempyH if he be oght,
That wold I that we wyst this nyght.

Maria. A, certys, I se that we have soght!
In warld was neuer so semely a sight;
Joseph blesses God for enabling them to find Jesus.

Mary bids Joseph fetch Jesus, but he is afraid of meddling with men of might, gay in fine furs.

Mary says they will respect his age.

Mary says what he is to say.

Mary will go with him and speak, if he won't.

Mary asks Joseph why He has done thus to them?

Mary asks Jesus why He has done thus to them?

Written as one line with central rhyme in MS., and so to end of Play.
[Fol. 64, b.] we have the sought both to and fro
His father and she have sought Him weeping.
Jesus says He must fulfil His Father's works.

His father and she have sought Him weeping. Jesus says He must fulfil His Father's works.

Wepeand sore, as wyghtis wyH. 
Oft tymes it has bene told ye tyH
My fader warkys, for wele or wo,
Thus am I sent for to fulfyH.

Wepeand sore, as wyghtis wyH. 
Oft tymes it has bene told ye tyH
My fader warkys, for wele or wo,
Thus am I sent for to fulfyH.

[50] Thise sawes, as haue I ceyH, 
I can weH understonde, 
I shaH thynk on them weyH
To fownd what is folowand.

[51] Iosep\h. Now sothly, son, the sight of the 
has comforted vs of aH oure care;
Com furth, now, with thm moder and me!
At' nazareth I wold we ware.

Iosep\h. Now sothly, son, the sight of the 
has comforted vs of aH oure care;
Com furth, now, with thm moder and me!
At' nazareth I wold we ware.

[52] Secundus magister. No wonder if thou, wife, 
Of his fyndyng be fayn;
he shaH, if he haue lyfe, 
prefe to a fuH good swayn.

[53] Secundus magister. No wonder if thou, wife, 
Of his fyndyng be fayn;
he shaH, if he haue lyfe, 
prefe to a fuH good swayn.

[54] Tercius magister. Son, looke thou layn, for good or yH, 
The noyttys that we haue nevened now; 
And if thou lyke to abyde here styH, 
And with vs won, welcom art thou.

Tercius magister. Son, looke thou layn, for good or yH, 
The noyttys that we haue nevened now; 
And if thou lyke to abyde here styH, 
And with vs won, welcom art thou.

[55] Maris. IfnH weH is me this tyde, 
Now may we make good chere.
Joseph. No longer wyH we byde; 
Sfar weH aH folk in fere.

**Explecit Pagina Doctorum.**

1 This stanza must be assigned to Mary, see Luke iii. 51.
(XIX.)

Incipit Johannes baptista.

[Dramatis Personae.


[35 eight-line stanzas ab ab ab ab, and 1 four-line ab ab.]

Johannes.

God, that mayde both more and les,
Heuen and eth, at his awne wyH,
And merkyd man to his lyknes,
As thyng that wold his lyst ffufyH,
Apon the eth he send lightnes,
Both son and moyne lymett thertyH,
He saue you all from synfulnes,
And kepe you clene, both lowd and styH.

Emang prophetys then am I oone
That God has send to teche his law,
And man to amend, that wrang has gone,
Both with exampyH and with saw.

My name, for sothe, is baptyst John,
My fader Zacary ye knaw,
That was dombe and mayde great mone,
Before my byrth, and stode in awe.

Elezabeth my moder was,
Awntt vnto mary, madyn mylde;
And as the son shynys thorow the glas,
Certys, in hir wombe so dyd hir chyld.

Yit the Iues inqueryd me has
If I be cryst; thay ar begyld,
For Ihesusshal amend mans trespas,
That with freylte of fylthe is fylyd.

I am send bot messyngere
ffrom hym that alkyn mys may mend;
I go before, bodword to here,
And as forgangere am I send,

1 MS. As.
to prepare His ways.

his wayes to wyse, his lawes to lere,
Both man and wyfe that has offende.
ffuH mekyH barett mon he bere,
Or tyme he haue broght\(\alpha\)H ty\(\alpha\)H ende,

These Jews shall crucify Christ as a traitor or thief, not for His guilt but our good.

Thise Iues shaH hyng hym on a roode,
Man's sauH to hym it\(\iota\) is so leyfe,
And therapon shaH shede his bloode,
As he were tratoure or a thefe,
Not\(\varepsilon\) for his gyl\(\iota\)t\(\iota\) bot for ooure goode,
Because that we ar in myschefe;
Thus shaH he dy, that\(\varepsilon\) frely foode,
And ryse agane ty\(\alpha\)H ooure relefe.

He baptises with water, but Christ with the Holy Ghost.

In water clere then baptyse I
The pepyH that\(\iota\) ar in this coste;
Bot he shaH do more myghtely,
And baptyse in the holy goost;
And with the bloode of his body
wesh ooure synnes both leste and moost,
Ther\(\iota\)or, me thynk, both ye and I
Agans the feynde ar weH endoost.

He is unworthy to loose Christ's sheestring.

I am not worthy for to lawse
The leste thwong that long\(\lambda\)s to his shoyne;
Bot god almyghty, that\(\varepsilon\) aH knawes,
In erth thi wi\(\alpha\)H it\(\iota\) must\(\varepsilon\) be done.

He praises God for His bounty,

I thank the, lord, that\(\varepsilon\) thi sede sawes
Emong mankynde to groyf so sone,
And euery day that on erthi dawes
ffeydys vs with foode both euen and none.

And for sending His Son to save man's soul.

we ar, lord, bondon vnto the,
To luf the here both day and nyght,
ffor thou has send thi son so fre
To saue mans sauH that\(\iota\) dede was dight
Thruh adam syn and eue foly,
That\(\varepsilon\) synnyd thruH the feyn\(\lambda\)s myght;
Bot\(\varepsilon\), lord, on man thou has pyte,
And beyld thi barnes in heuen so bright.
(9) *primus angelus.* harkyn to me, thou Iohn baptyst!
The ffader of heuen he gretys the weyH,
flor he has fon the true and tryst,
And dos thi dever euery deyH;
wyth thou weH his wiH thus ist,
Syn thou art* stabyH as any steyH,
That thou shalt baptyse ihesu cryst
In flume Jordan, mans care to beyH

(10) *Iohannes.* A, dere god! what* may this be?
I hard a steuen, bot* noght I saw.
*primus angelus.* Iohn, it* is I that* spake to the;
To do this dede haue thou none aw.
*Iohannes.* Shuld I abyde to he com to me?
That* that* shall neuer be, I traw;
I shaH go meyt that lord so fre,
As far as I may se or knaw.

(11) *Secundus angelus.* Nay, Iohn, that* is not weH syttand;
his fader wiH thou must* nedys wyrk.
*primus angelus.* Iohn, be thou here abydand,
Bot* when he commys be then not* yrk.
*Iohannes.* By this I may weH understand
That* childre shuld be broght to kyrk,
flor to be baptyseyd in euery land;
To me this law yit* is it* myrk.

(12) *Secundus angelus.* Iohn, this place it* is pleassyng,
And it* is callyd flume Jordan;
here is no kyrk, ne no bygyng,
Bot* where the fader wyH ordan,
It* is godys wyH and his bylyng.
*Iohannes.* By this, for sothe, weH thynk me than
his warke to be at his lykyng,
And ilk folk pleasse hym that* thyay can.
(13)

John yields himself to Christ's will wherever he be.

Sen I must nedy his lyst fulfyH
he shal be welcom vnto me;
I yeld me holy to his wiH,
where so euer I abyde or be.
I am his seruande, lowd and styH,
And messyngere vnto that fre;
whethere that he wiH saue or spyH
I shaH not gruch in no degre.

(14)

Jesus comes to be baptised in clear water.

Ihesus. Iohn, godys seruand and prophete,
My fader, that is vnto the dere,
has send me to the, weH thou wytt,
To be baptysyd in water clere;
ffor reprefe vnto mans rytH.
The law I wiH fulfyH right here;
My fader ordynance thus is it,
And thus my wyH is that it were.

(15)

I com to the, baptym to take,
To whome my fader has me sentH,
with oyle and creme that thoushal make
vnto that worthi sacrament.
And therfor, IohH, it not forsake,
Bot' com to me in this present,
ffor now wiH I no farther rake
Or I haue done his commaundement.

(16)

John is ready to do Christ's will.

Iohannes. A, lord! I loue the for thi commyng!
I am redy to do his wiH,
In word, in wark, in aH kyn thyng,
what soeuer he sendys me tyH;
This bewteose lord to bryng to me,
his awne seruande, this is no skyH,
A knyghtH to baptyse his lord kyng,
My pauste may it not fulfyH.
And if I were worthy
   ffor to fulfyH this sacrament,
I haue no connyng, securly,
   To do it after thyw intent;
And therfor, lord, I ask mercy;
   halde me excusyd as I haue ment;
I dar not towche thi blyssyd body,
   My hart wiH neuer to it assent.

Ihesus. Of thi conyng, John, drede the noght;
   My fader his self he wiH the teche;
he that aH this warkf has wroght,
   he send the playnly forto preche;
he knawys mans hart, his dede, his thoght;
   he wotys how far mans myght may reche,
Therfor hedir haue I soght;
   My fader lyst may none appeche.

Behold, he sendys his angels two,
   In tokyn I am both god and man;
Thou gyf me baptym or I go,
   And dyp me in this flume Iordan.
Sen he wyH thus, I wold wytt who
   Durs? hym agan stand? Iohñ, com on than,
And baptys me for freynde or fo,
   And do it, Iohñ, right as thou can.

primus angelus. Iohñ, be thou buxom and right bayn,
   And be not gruchand in no thyng;
Me thynk thou aghyt to be ful fayn
   ffor to fulfyH my lordf's bydeng
Erly and late, with moyde and mayn,
   Therfor to the this word I bryng,
My lord has gyffen the powere playn,
   And drede the noght of thi conyng.
Secundus angelus. he sendys the here his awne dere chylde,
Thou welcom hym and make hym chere,
Born of a madyn meke and mylde,
That frely foode is made thi fere ;
with syn his moder was neuer fylde,
Ther was neuer man neghyd hyr nere,
In word ne wark she was neuer wylde,
Therfor hir son thou baptysye here.

Primus angelus. And, securly, I wiH thou knaw
whi that he commys thus vnto the ;
he commys to fulsyH the law,
As pereles prynce most of pauste ;
And therfor, Iohn, do as thou awe,
And gruch thou neuer in this degre
To baptysye hym that thou here saw,
ffor wyty thou weH this same is he.

Iohannes. I am not worthy to do this dede ;
Neuer the les I wiH be godys seruande ;
Bot yt, dere lord, sen I must nede,
I wiH do as thou has commaunde.
I tremyH and I whake for drede!
I dar not towche the with my hande,
Bot, certys, I wiH not lose my mede ;
Abyde, my lord, and by me stande.

He baptysye the, Ihesu, in hy,
In the name of thi fader fre,
In nomine patris & filii,
Sen he wiH that it so be,
Et spiritus altissimi,
And of the holy goost on he ;
I aske the, lord, of thi mercy,
here after that thou wold blys me.
That men may wit, where so they go,
This is a worthy sacrament.

Ther ar sex\(^1\) othere and no mo,
The which thi self to erthe has sent,
And in true tokyn, oone of tho,
The fyrst\(^2\) on the now is it\(^*\) spent.

(26)
Thou wysli me, lord, if I do wrang;
My wil\(^\ast\) it\(^\ast\) were forto do wey\(^\ast\) \(^\ast\);
I am ful fend yit\(^\ast\) ay emang,
If I dyd right I shuld done knele.
Thou blys me, lord, hence or thou gang,
So that I may thi frenship fele;
I haue desyryd this sight ful lang,
\(^{\ast}\)\(\text{for to dy now rek I no dele.}\)

(27)
\(\text{Ihesus. This beest, Iohn, thou bere with the,}\)
\(\text{It is a beest\(^\ast\) fuH blyst;}\)
\(\text{his trudat\(^*\) et aignum dei.}\)
Iohn, it is the lamb of me,
Beest\(^\ast\) none othere ist;
It\(^\ast\) may were the from aduersyte,
And so looke that\(^\ast\) thou tryst;
By this beest\(^\ast\) knowen sha\(^\ast\) thou be,
That\(^\ast\) thou art Iohn baptyst.

(28)
\(\text{Iohannes. ffor I haue sene the lamb of god}\)
which weshys away syn of this warld;
And towchid hym, for euen or od,
My hart\(^\ast\) therto was ay ful hard.
\(\text{ffor that\(^\ast\) it shuld be better trowed,}\)
\(\text{An angeH had me merehand mard,}\)
\(\text{Bot\(^\ast\) he that\(^\ast\) rewlys aH with his rod}\)
\(\text{he blys me when I draw homward.}\)

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\(^1\) MS. vj originally, but the v has been erased.
\(^2\) Stanza 25 has been struck through, evidently after the Reformation, because Seven Sacraments are named; and in the margin is added, in a later hand, "corectyd & not playd."
(29) Jesus promises bliss to him, and to all who believe this tale and saw Him not yet glorified.

Ihesus. I graunt the, Iohn, for thi trauale,
Ay lastand ioy in blys to byde;
And to aH those that trowys this tayH,
And saw me not yit' gloryfyde.
I shalbe boytt' of aH thare bayH,
And send them socoure on every syde;
My fader and I may thaym awayH,
Man or woman that' leyffys thare pryde.

(30) He bids John go forth and preach to the people.

Bot', Iohn, weynd thou furth and preche
Agans the folk that' doth amys ;
And to the pepyH the trowthe thou teche ;
To rightwys way look thou tham avys,
And as far as thi wyt' may reche
Byd thaym be bowne to byde my blys ;
ffor at' the day of dome I shaH thaym peche
That' herys not' the nor trowys not' this.

(31) He himself must die for their sins, and He now bids John farewell and blesses Him.

Byd thaym leyfe syn, for I it' hate ;
ffor it' I mon dy on a tre,
By prophecy ffluH weH I wate ;
My moder certys that' sight' mon se,
That' sorowfuH sight' shaH make hir maytt,
ffor I was born of hir body.
ffarweH Iohn, I go my gaytt ;
I blys the with the trynyte !

(32) John thanks God for His grace.

Johannes. Almyghty god in persons thre,
A:H in oone substance ay ingroost,
I thank the, lord in mageste,
ffader and son and holy goost !
Thou send thi son from heuen so he,
To mary mylde, into this cooste,
And now thou sendys hym vnto me,
ffor to be baptysid in this oost'.
(33)

\textit{ffarweH! the frelyst that\' euer was fed!}
\textit{ffarweH! floure more fresh then floure de lyce!}
\textit{ffarweH! stersman to theym that\' ar sted}
\textit{In stormes, or in desese lyce!}
\textit{Thi moder was madyn and wed;}
\textit{ffarweH! pereles, most\' of pryce!}
\textit{ffarweH! the luflyst\' that\' euer was bred!}
\textit{Thi moder is of heH emprise.}

(34)

\textit{ffarweH! blissid both\' bloode and bone!}
\textit{ffarweH! the semelyst\' that euer was seyn!}
\textit{To the, ihesu, I make my mone;}
\textit{ffarweH! comly, of cors so cleyu!}
\textit{ffarwel! gracyouse gome! where so thou gone,}
\textit{fful mekiH grace is to the geyn;}
\textit{Thou leyne vs lyfying on thi lone,}
\textit{Thou may vs mende more then we weyn.}

(35)

\textit{I wyH go preche both to more and les,}
\textit{As I am chargyd securly;}
\textit{Syrs, forsake youre wykydnes,}
\textit{Pryde, envy, slowth, wrath, and lechery.}
\textit{here gods service, more \& lesse;}
\textit{Pleas god with\' prayng, thus red I;}
\textit{Be war when det\' comys with dystres,}
\textit{So that\' ye dy not sodanly.}

(36)

\textit{Deth sparis none that\' lyf has borne,}
\textit{Therfor thynk on what I you say;}
\textit{Beseche youre god both\' euen and morne}
\text{you for to saue from syn that day.}
\textit{Thynk how in baptym ye ar sworne}
\textit{To be god\'s seruand\'s, withouten nay;}
\textit{let neuer his luf from you be lorne,}
\textit{God bryng you to his blys for ay. Amen.}

\textit{Explicit Johannes Baptista.}

1 The words “God\'s service, more and lesse,” are in a later hand, the original words having been erased.
XX.

Incipit Conspiracio.¹

[2 thirteen-line stanzas nos. 97, 100, ab ab ab abc, dddc; 1 twelve, no. 16 ab abb ccb, abc; 7 nine-line, nos. 1-5, aaaab ccc; nos. 99, 102, ab abc dddc; 24 eight-line, most ab ab ab ab, no. 6 aaab aab, no. 107, ab abb cbc, no. 117 ab ab cb cb; 90 fours ab ab; 46 couplets.

[Dramatis Personæ.

Anna. Petrus. Thadeus.
Primus Miles. Paterfamilias. Trinitas.
Secundus Miles. Jesus. Marcus Miles.

Pilate calls for silence.

Pilate, carles, I commaunde² / vnconand I caH you;
I say styn⁴ and stande / or fouH myght befaH you.

fro this burnyshyd brande / now when I behald⁵ you,
I red ye be shunand / or els the dwiH skald you,
At⁶ onys.

I am kyd, as men knawes,
leyf leder of lawes;
Seniours, seke to my sawes,

ffor bryssyng of youre bonys.

ye wote not wel, I weyn / what wat is commen to the towne,

So comly cled and cleyn / a rewler of great renowne;
In sight⁶ if I were seyn / the granser of great mahowne,
My name pylate has beyn / was neuer kyng with crowne

More wor[thy];
My wysdom and my wytt,
In sete here as I sytt,
was neuer more lyke it,

My dedys thus to dyscry.

ffor I am he that may / make or mar a man;
My self if I it say / as men of cowrte now can;

¹ In the MS. Conspiracio is followed by the letter c.
² The bars / marking the central rymes are represented in the MS. by dots:
Supporte a man to day / to-morē agans hym than,
On both parties thus I play / And fenys me to ordan
The right;
Bot' aH fals indytars,¹
Quest' mangers and Turers,
And aH thise fals out rydlars,
Ar welcom to my sight.

More nede had I neuer / of sich seruanand now, I say you,
So can I weH consider / the trowtfi I most displeas you,
And therfor com I hedyr / of peas therfor I pray you;
Ther is a lurdan ledyr / I wold not shuld dysmay you,
A bowtt;
A prophete is he prasyd,
And great vnright has rasyd,
Bot' be my banyes her blasid,
his deth is dight no dowtt.

he prechys the pepyH here / that fature fals ihesus,
That' if he lyf a yere / dystroyoure law must vs;
And yit' I stand in fere / so wyde he wyrkys vertus,
No fawt' can on hym bere / no lyfand leyde tyH us;
Bot' sleghytys
Agans hym shaiH be soght,
that' aH this wo has wroght;
Bot on his bonys it shaiH be boght,
So shaiH I venge oure rightys.

That' fatoure says that' thre / shuld euer dweH in oone
godhede,
That' euer was and shaiH be / Sothfast in man hede;
he says of a madyn born was he / that' neuer toke mans
sede,
And that' his self shaiH dy on tre / and mans sawH out of
preson lede;
let hym alone,
If this be true in deyd,
his shech shaiH spryng and sprede,
And ouer com euer ylkone.

¹ MS. "indydytars."
Cayphas. Syr pilate, prynce of mekyH price, 
that preyd is withouten pere, 
And lordyngys that oure laws in lyse, 
on oure law now must vs lere, 
And of oure warkys we must be wyse, 
or els is aH oure welthe in were, 
Therfor say sadly youre auyse, 
of hedus harms that we haue here, 

Cayphas. Sir, I haue sayde you here beforne 
his soteltyes and greys to sare; 
he turns oure folk both even & morne, 
and ay makys mastres mare & mare. 
Anna. Sir, if he skape it were great skorne; 
to spyH hym tytt we wiH not spare, 
ffor if oure lawes were thus-gatys lorne, 
men wold say it were lake of lare.
Towneley Plays.  XX.  The Conspiracy.

(12) pilatus.  ffor certan, syrs, ye say righte weyH
  ffor to wyrk witterly;
Bot  yit som fawt must  we feyH,
  wherfor that  he shuld dy;

(13)
And therfor, sirs, let se youre saw,
  ffor what thynge we shuld hym slo.

Cayphas.  Sir, I can rekyn you on a raw
  a thowsand wonders, and weH moo,
Of crokyd men, that we weH knaw,
  how graythly that  he gars them go,
And euer he legys agans oure law,
  tempys oure folk and turnys vs fro.

(14)
Anna.  lord, dom and defe in oure present
delyuers he, by downe & dayH;
what hurty s or ha[r]mes thay hent,
  fhuH hastely he makys theym hayH.
And for sicth warkys as he is went
  of ilk weltH he may avayH,
And vnto vs he takys no tent,
  bot  ilk man troues vnto his tayH.

(15) Pilatus.  yeI, dewiH ! and dos he thus
  as ye weH bere wytnes?
  sicht fawte faH to vs,
  be oure dom, for to redres.

(16) Cayphas.  And also, sir, I haue hard say,
  an other noy that  neghys vs nere,
he wiH not  kepe oure sabate day,
  that  holy shuld be haldyn here;
Bot forbedys far and nere
  to wyrk at  oure bydyng.
Pilateus.  Now, by mahowns bloode so dere,
  he shaH aby this bowrdying !
Anna says Christ calls Himself heaven's King.

Pilate will make Christ pay dearly for this.
The knights recall the raising of Lazarus.

And says that he is so myghty all rightwytnes to rewH and red.

Anna. Nay, nay, weH more is ther;
he callys hym self heuens kyng,

(17)

And says that he is so myghty
all rightwytnes to rewH and red.

Pilate. By mahowns blood, that shaH he aby
with bytter baylls or I ett bred!

Primus Miles. lord, the lotH lazare of betany
that lay stynkand in a sted,
vp he rasyd bodely
the fourt day after he was ded.

(18)

Secundus Miles. And for that he hym rasyd,
that had lyne dede so long a space,
The people hym fulH mekyH prasyd
ouer all in every place.

(19)

Anna. Emangys the folke has he the name
that he is godys son, and none els,
And his self says the same
that his fader in heuen dwelles;
That he shaH rewH both wyldH and tame;
of all sich maters thus he mels.

Pilatus. This is the dwyHs payn!
who trowys sich talys as he tels?

(20)

Cayphas. yis, lord, haue here my hand,
and ilk man beyldys hym as his brother;
Sich whaynt cantelys he can,
lord, ye knew neuer sich an othere.

(21)

Pilate com-
mands
knight and
knaue to be
forward to
slay Him.

Pilate. why, and wotys he not that I haue
bold men to be his bayn?
I commaunde both knyght and knaue
esse not to that lad be slayn.

1 assonance with tame, &c.
(22)

primus Miles. Sir pylate, mefe you now no mare,¹
bot' mese youre hart and mend youre mode;
ffor bot if that loseH lere oure lare¹
and leyf his gaw dys, he were as goode;
ffor in oure tempyH we wiH not spare
to take that loseH, if he were woode.
Pilatus. In oure tempyH? the dwiH! what dyd he thare?
that shaH he by, by mahouns blode!

(23)

Secundus Miles. lord, we wist not' youre wyH:
with wrang ye vs wyte;
had ye so told vs tyH,
we shuld haue takyn hym tyte.
Pilatus. The dwiH, he hang you high to dry!
whi, wold ye lese oure lay?
Go bryng hym hed er hastely,
so that he weynd not' thus away.

(24)

Cayphas. Sir pilate, be not to hasty,
bot' suffer ouer oure sabote day;
In the mene tyme to spyr and spy
mo of his meruels, if men may.

(25)

Anna. yei, sir, and when this feste is went,
then shaH his craftys be kyd.
Pilatus. Certys, syrs, and I assent
ffor to abyde then, as ye byd.

Tunc venit Iudas.

(26)

Iudas. Masters, myrth be you omang,
and mensk be to this meneye!
Cayphas. Go! othere gatys thou has to gang
with sorow; who send after the?
Iudas. Syrs, if I haue done any wrang,
av' youre awne bydying wiH I be.
Pilatus. Go hence, harlot, hy mot' thou hang!
where in the dwiH hand had we the?

¹ MS. more, lore.

The first knight says they will take Jesus in the Temple.
Pilate is enraged at His being there.
If the knights had known this they would have taken Jesus before.
Pilate orders His immediate arrest.
Cayphas bids him wait till after the next Sab- bath, that they may spy on Jesus.
Pilate agrees.
Judas greets them, but is badly re- ceived.
Iudas. Goode sir, take it to no grefe;
for my menyng it may avayH.
Anna. we, lad, thou shuld ask lefe
to com in sich counsayH.

Judas. Sir, aH youre counseyH weH 1 I ken;
ye mene my master for to take.
Anna. A ha! here is oone of his men
that thus vnwynly gars vs wake.
Pilatus. la hand on hym, and hurl hym then
emangys you, for his master sake;
for we haue maters mo then ten,
that weH more myster were to make.

Cayphas. Set on hym buffettys sad,
Sen he sich mastrys mase,
And teche ye sich a lad
to profer hym in sich a place.

Iudas. Sir, my profer may both pleas and pay
to aH the lordys in this present.
Pilatus. we! go hens in twenty 2 dwiH way!
we haue no tome the for to tent.

Pilatus. A, sir, hark! what says thou?
let se, and shew thi skyH.
Iudas. Sir, a bargan bede I you,
by it! if ye wiH.

Anna. what is thi name? do teH in hy,
if we may wit if thou do wrang.
Iudas. Iudas scarioth, so hight I,
that with the profet has dwellyd lang.
Towneley Plays.  X.X.  The Conspiracy.

Pilatus.  Sir, thou art welcom witterly!
say what thou wilt vs here emang.

Iudas.  Not els but if ye wilt hym by;
do say me sadly or I gang.

(C33)

Caephias.  yis, freynd, in fathe wilt we
noght els; bot hartely say
how that bargan may be,
and we shalH make the pay.

(34)

Anna.  Judas, forto hold the hayH,
And for to felt aH fowH defame,
looke that thou may avow thi sayH;
then may thou be withouten blame.

Iudas.  Sir, of my teyn gyf ye neuer tayH,
so that ye haue hym here at hame;
his bowrdyng has me broght in bayH,
and certys his self shaH haue the same.

(C35)

Caephias.  Sir pylate, tentys here tyH,
and lightly leyf it noghti,
Then may ye do youre wyH
of hym that ye haue boghti.

(36)

Anna.  yei, and then may we be bold
fro aH the folk to hald hym fre;
And hald hym hard with vs in hold,
righti as one of youre meneye.

Pilate.  Now, Iudas, sen he shalbe sold,
how lowfes thou hym? belyfe let se.
Iudas.  for thretty 1 pennys truly told,
or els may noti that bargan be;

(37)

So mych garti he me lose,
malyeyusly and yH;
Therfor ye shaH haue chose,
to by or let be styH.

1 MS. xxx.

Judas re-
peats his
offer to sell
Jesus.

Caephias and
Anna are
willing to
buy, but
Judas must
explain
more.

Judas says
Jesus has
brought him
trouble, and
shall have
trouble
Himself.

Judas and
Anna ex-
hort Pilate
to listen.

Pilate in-
quires the
price of
Jesus;
Judas asks
thirty pence,
so much had
Jesus made
him lose.
Anna asks how Jesus made him lose it.
Judas tells how in Simon's house a woman brought precious ointment, and poured it upon Jesus.

(38)
Anna. Gart he the lose? I pray the, why? teH vs now pertly or thou pas.

Judas. I shaH you say, and that in hy, every word right as it was.
In symon house with hym sat I with othere menz he has;
A woman cam to company, callyng hym "lord"; sayng, "alas!"

(39)
ffor synnes that she had wroght she wepyd sore always;
And an oytment she broght;
that precyus was to prayse.

(40)
She weshyd hym with hir terys weytt,
and sen dryed hym with hir hare;
This fare oytment, hir bale to beytt,
apon his hede she put it thare,
That it ran all abowte his feytt;
I thoght it was a ferly fare,
The house was ful of odowre sweytt;
then to speke myght I not spare,

(41)
ffor, certys, I had not seyn none oytment half so fyne;
Ther-at my hart had teyn,
sich tresoure for to tyne.

(42)
I sayd it was worthy to selH three hundreth pens in oure present;
ffor to parte poore men emeH;
bot wiH ye se wherby I ment?
The tent parte, truly to teH,
to take to me was myne intent;
ffor of the tresure that to vs feH,
the tent parte ever with me went;
And if three hundredth be right told,  
the tent part is even thrynty;  
Right so he shalbe sold;  
say ye wil hym by.  

Pilatus. Now for certan, sir, thou says right wele,  
and for his bost be not abast.  
Anna. Sir, aH thyn askyng every dele  
here shalH thou hafe, therof be trast;  
Bot looke that we no falshefe fele.  
Iudas. sir, with a profe may ye frast;  

Pilatus. Judas, this spekyng must be spar,  
and neuen it neuer, nyght ne day;  
let no man wyt where that we war,  
for ferdnes of a fowH enfray.  
Cayphas. Sir, therof let vs moyte no mare;  
we hold vs payde, take ther thi pay.  

Iudas. This gart he me lose lang are;  
now ar we euen for onys and ay.  

Anna. This forwarde wiH not fayH,  
therof we may be glad;  
Now were the best counsayH,  
in hast that we hym haf.  

Pilatus. we shall hym haue, and that in hy,  
Hastely here in this haH.  
Sir knyghtys, that ar of dode doughty,  
In stem neuer in sted ne staffH.  

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1 MS. iii.
Pilate bids
his knights
bring the
false
"fatur"
at once.

John asks
Jesus where
He will eat
His Pass-
over.

He bids
John and
Peter go to
the city,
there they
shall meet a
man bearing
water, who
will lend
a room for
them to eat
it in.

They meet
the "pater-
familias,"
who offers
them a room
in which to
make their
"mangery."

Bot looke ye bryng hym hastely,
that fatur fals, what so befaH.
primus Miles. Sir, be not abast therby,
ffor as ye byd wyrk we shaH.

[All retire: then Jesus & his disciples advance.]

Tunc dicet sanctus Iohannes.

(49)

Iohannes apostolus. Sir, where will ye youre pask ette?
Say vs, let vs dight youre mete.

Ihesus. Go furth, Iohn and peter, to yond cyte;
when ye com ther, ye shaH then se
In the strete, as tyte, a man
beryng water in a can;
The house that he gose to grith,
ye shaH folow and go hym with;
The lord of that house ye shaH fynde,
A sympyH man of cely kynde;
To hym ye shaH speke, and say
That I com here by the way;
Say I pray hym, if his wiH be,
A lytyH whyle to ese me,
That I and my dyscypyls aH
myght rest a whyle in his haH,
That we may ete oure paske thore.

petrus. lord, we shaH hy vs before,
To that we com to that cyte;
youre paske shaH ordand be.

Tunc pergent Iohannes & petrus ad Civitatem, & obuIet
eis homo, &c.

Sir, oure master the prophett
commys behynde in the strete;
And of a chamber he you prays,
To ete and drynk ther-in with easse.

paterfamilias. Sirs, he is welcom vnto me,
and so is aH his company;
with aH my hart and aH my wiH
is he welcom me vntyH.
lo, here a chambr fast by,
Ther-in to make youre mangery,
I shall warand fare strewed;
it shulde not els to you be shewed. 345

_Tunc parent Iohannes & petrus mensam._

_Iohannes._ Sir, youre mett is redy bowne, 345
[Jesus enters.]  
wiH ye wesh and syt downe?

_Ihesus._ yei, gyf vs water tyH our hande,
take we the grace that god has send;
Commys furth, both oone and othere;
If I be master I wiH be brother.

_Tunc comedent, & Iudas porrigit manum in discum cum Ihesu._

_Iudas._ No thyng, lord, bot' ett' with you. 353

_Ihesus._ Ett on, brether, hardely,
for oone of you shaH [me] betray.1

_Petrus._ lord, who euer that be may,

lord, I shaH neuer the betray;
Dere master, is it oght I? 357

_Ihesus._ Nay thou, peter, certanly.

_Iohannes._ Master, is oght I he then? 361

_Ihesus._ Nay, for trowth, Iohn, I the ken.

_Andreas._ Master, am oght [I] that shrew? 365

_Ihesus._ Nay, for sothe, thou andrew.

_Simon._ Master, then is oght I?

_Ihesus._ Nay, thou Simon, securly.

_philippus._ Is it oght I that shuld do that deyd?

_Ihesus._ Nay, philyp, withouten drede.

_Thadeus._ was it oght I that hight thadee?

_Iacobus._ Or we two Iamys?

_Ihesus._ Nay none of you is he; 369
Bot' he that' ett with me in dysh,
he shaH my body betray, Iwys.

_Iudas._ what then, wene ye that' I it' am?

_Ihesus._ Thou says sothe, thou berys the blame;
ICH of you shaH this nyght
ffor sake me, and fayn he myght.

_Iohannes._ Nay certys, god forbeyd
that euer shuld we do that deyd! 377

1 This _betray_ is evidently meant to ryme with _hardely._
Peter says he will never flee from Jesus, and is told he shall for-sake Him thrice ere cockcrow.

Peter says he will never flee from Jesus, and is told he shall for-sake Him thrice ere cockcrow.

If aH, master, forsake thee, I neuer fro the fie.

Take vp this clothe and let vs go, for we haue othere thyngys at do.

hie lauet pedes discipulorum.

Sit aH downe, and here and sees,
ffor I shaH wesh youre feet on knees.

Ev mittens aquam in peluim venit ad petrum.

Peter at first objects,

Petru. lord, shuld thou wesh feytt myne?

thou art my lord, and I thy hyne.

Ihesus. why I do it thou wote not yit, peter, herafter shaH thou wytt.

Petru. Nay, master, I the heytt, thou shaH neuer wesh my feytt.

Ihesus. Bot I the wesh, thou mon mys parte with me in heuens blys.

but after-

wards asks that head and hands may be washed also.

Petru. Nay, lord, or I that forgo, wesh heede, handys, and feytt also.

Ihesus. ye ar clene, bot not aH;

that shaH be sene when tyme shaH faH;

who shaH be weshyn as I weyn, he thar not wesh his feytt clene;

And for sothe clene ar ye, bot not aH as ye shuldf be.

[Fol. 70, b.]

I shaH you say take good hede

whi that I haue done the dede;

ye caH me master and lord, by name;

ye say fuH weH, for so I am;

Sen I, both lord and master, to you wold knele
to wesh youre fete, so must ye welc.

(50)

Now wote ye what I haue done;

EnsampH haue I gyffen you to;

loke ye do so eft sone;

Ichon of you wesh othere fete, lo!
ffor he that servand is,  
for sothe, as I say you,  
Not more then his lord\$ he is,  
to whome he servuyce owe.  
415

Or that this nyght be gone,  
Alone wille ye leyf me;  
ffor in this nyght ilkon  
ye shal fro me fle;  
419

ffor when the hyrd is smeten,  
the shepe shal fle away,  
Be skaterd wyde and byten;  
the prophetys thus can say.  
423

Petrus. lord, if that I shuld dy,  
fforsake the shal I noght.  
Ihesus. ffor sothe, peter, I say to the,  
In so great drede shal thou be brught;  
427

That or the cok haue crowen twyse,  
thou shal deny me tymes thre.  
Petrus. That shal I neuer, lord, Iwys;  
er shal I with the de.  
431

Ihesus. Now loke youre hartyys be grefyd noght,  
nawthere in drede ne in wo;  
Bot trow in god, that you has wroght,  
and in me trow ye also;  
435

In my fader house, for sothe,  
is many a wonnyng stede,  
That men shal haue afyr thare trowthe,  
soyn after thay be dede.  
439

And here may I no longer leynd,  
bot I shal go before,  
And yit if I before you weynd,  
ffor you to ordan thore,  
443
He will come to them again.

I shall com to you agane,
and take you to me,
That where so euer I am 1,
ye shall be with me.

He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

And I am way, and sothe-fastnes,
and lyfe that euer shalbe;
And to my fader commys none, Iwys,
bot onely thorow me.

He will not leave them helpless.

I will not leyf you all helpless,
as men withouten freynd,
As faderles and moderles,
thof all I fro you weynd ;

The world shall not see Him, but they shall.

I shall com oft to you agayn :
this world shall me not se,
Bot ye shall se me weH certan,
and lyfand shall I be.

In heaven they shall know that
He is in the Father, and the Father in Him.

And ye shall lyf in heuen ;
Then shall ye knaw, Iwys,
That I am in my fader euen,
and my fader in me is.

He in them, and they in Him.

And I in you, and ye in me,
and ilka man therto,
My commaundement that kepys trule,
and after it wiH do.

Let them be glad of His going.

[Fol. 71, a.]

Now haue ye hard what I haue sayde ;
I go, and com agayn ;
Therfor loke ye be payde,
and also glad and fayn ;

1 assonance with agane.
ffor to my fader I weynd;  
ffor more then I is he;  
I let you wytt, as faythfuH freynd,  
or that' it done be,  

That' ye may trow when it' is done;  
ffor certys, I may noght now  
Many thyngys so soyn  
at' this tyme speake with you;  

ffor the prync of this warld is commyn,  
and no powere has he in me,  
Bot' as that' aH the warld within  
may both here and se,  

That' I owe luf my fader to,  
Sen he me hyder sent',  
And aH thyngys I do  
after his commaundement'.  

Ryse ye vp, ilkon,  
and weynd we onoure way,  
As fast as we may gone,  
to olynete, to pray.  

Peter, Iamys, and thou Iohn,  
ryse vp and folow me!  
My tyme it' commys anone;  
Abyde styH here, ye thre.  

Say youre prayers here by-nethi,  
that ye faH in no fowdyng;  
My sawH is heuy agans the deth  
and the sore pynyng.  

_Tune orabit, & dicet,'
Tovmeley Plays. XX. The Conspiracy.

(73)
Jesus prays. Fader, let this great payn be styH,
And pas away fro me;
Bot not, fader, at' my wyH,
bot' thyn fulfyllyd be.

& reuertet ad discipulos.

(74)
He finds the disciples sleeping, and bids them watch against the fiend.

Symon, I say, sleps thou?
awake, I red you aH!
The feynd ful fast salys you,
In wan-hope to gar you faH;

(75)
He will pray for them.

Bot' I shaH pray my fader so
that' his myght shaH not dere;
My goost is prest therto,
my flesh is seke for fere.

& iterum oravit.

(76)
He prays again.

ffader, thi son I was,
of the I aske this boyn;
If 1 This payn may not pas,
fader, thi wiH be doyn!

& reuertet ad discipulos.

(77)
Again finds them sleeping.

Ye slepe, brether, yit I see,
it' is for sorow that' ye do so;
Ye haue so long wepyd for me
that ye ar masyd and lappyd in wo.

& tercio orabit:

(78)
He prays a third time.

Dere fader, thou here my wyH!
this passyon thou put' fro me away;
And if I must' nedys go ther-tyH,
I shaH fulfiH thi wyH to-day;

(79)
Therfor this bytter passyon
if I may not' put by,
I am here redy at thi dom;
thou conforte me that am drery!

1 "If" in margin.
Trinitas. My comforte, son, I shal the teH, of thyngys that felH by reson;
As lucyfer, for syn that felH, betrayd eue with his fals treson,
Adam assent his wyfe vntyH; the wekyd goost then askyd a bone
which has hurt mankynde fuH yH; this was the wordys he askyd soyn:

AH that euer of adam com
holly to hym to take,
with hym to dwelH, withouten dome,
In payn that neuer shaH slake,

To that a chylH myght be borne of a madyn, and she wemles,
As cleyn as that she was beforene,
as puryd syluer or shynand glas;

To tyme that childe to deth were dight,
and rasyd hym self apon the thryd day,
And stenen to heuen through his awne myght. who may do that bot god veray?

Sen thou art man, and nedys must dee,
and go to heH as othere done,
Bot that were wrong, withouten lee, that godys son there shuld won

In payn with his vnder-lowte;
wytt ye weH withouten weyn,
when oone is borod, ah shaH owtt;
and borod be from teyn.

Ihesus. Slepe ye now and take youre rest!
my tyme is nere command;
Awake a whyle, for he is next'
that me shaH gyf into synners hand.

The Trinity strengthens Him.
Through Adam's sin,
all that came from Adam were doomed
be done to death, rise the third day, and ascend to heaven, as God.
As man Jesus must go to Hell, but as God He may not stay there,
and "when one is borrowed all shall out."

Jesus bids His disciples sleep on.
[Jesus returning to the disciples.]
[All retire: Pilate, etc. advance.]

1 ?assonance with wemles, or originally glas?
Pilate calls for silence. Pilatus. Peas! I commaunde you, carles vnkynde, to stand as styH as any stone!
In donyon depe he shalbe pynde,
that wiH not sesse his tong anone;

ffor I am gouernowre of the law;
my name it is pilate!
I may lightly gar hang you or draw,
I stand in sich astate,

To do what so I wiH.
and therfor peas I byd you aH!
And looke ye hold you stiH,
and with no brodels braH,

TyH we haue done oure dede;
who so makys nose or cry,
his nek I shaH gar blede,
with this I bere in hy.

To this tratoure be take,
that wold dystroy oure lawe,
Iudas, thou may it not forsake,
take hede vnto my sawe.

Thynk what thou has doyn,
that has thi master sold;
Performe thi bargan soyn;
thou has thi money takyn and told.

Iudas. Ordan ye knyghtys to weynd with me,
Richly arayd in rewyH and rowtt;
And aH my couandys holden shaH be,
So I haue felyship me abowte.

Pilate. wherby, Iudas, shuld we hym knaw,
If we shaH wyseyly wyrk, Iwys?
ffor som of vs hym neuer saw.

Iudas. lay hand on hym that I shaH kys.
Pilate haue done, sir knyghtys, and kythe youre strengthe,
And wap you wightely in youre wede;
Seke ouer aH, both brede and lengthe!
Spare ye not, spende and spede!

We haue soght hym les and more,
And falyd ther we haue farn;
Malcus, thou shal weynd before,
And bere with the a light lantarn.

Malchus Miles. Sir, this lornay I vndertake
with aH my myght and mayn.
If I shuld, for mahowns sake,
here in this place be slayn,
Crist that prophett for to take,
we may be aH fuH fayn.
Oure weppyns redy loke ye make,
to bryng hym in mekyH grame
This nyght.
Go we now on oure way,
oure mastres for to may;
Oure lantarnes take with vs alsway,
And loke that thay be light!

Secundus Miles, Sir pilate, prynce pereles in paH,
of aH men most myghty merked on mold,
we ar euer more redy to com at thi caH,
and bow to thi bydyng as bachlers shold.

Bot that prynce of the apostyls pupplyshed beforne,
Men caH hym crist; comen of dauid kyn,
his lyfe fuH sone shalbe forlorne,
If we haue hap hym forto wyn.

ffor, as euer ete I breede,
or I styre in this stede
I wold styrike of his hede;

t oard, I aske that boyne.

1 assonance with fayn, &c. 2 MS. shuld.
The first knight promises Pilate speedy vengeance.

Three such knights as they are would bind the devil!

Pilate salutes them as courteous kaisers of Cain's kind,

and bids them bring Jesus safe and sound to him.

Jesus bids Peter arise, for Judas is coming.

(100) primus miles. That' boyn, lord, thou vs bede, and on hym wreke the sone we shaft; ffro we haue lade on hym good sped; he shaft no more hym godys son caH. we shaft marke hym truly his mede; by mahowne most, god of aH, Siche thre knygghtys had lytyH drede To bynde the dwiH that we on caH, In nede; ffro if thay were a thowsand mo, that' prophete and his apostels also with thise two handys for to slo, had I lytyH drede.

(101) pilatus. Now curtes kasers of kamys kyn, most' gentyH of Iure to me that' I fynde, My comfortH from care may ye sone wyn, if ye happily may hent that vnheynde. 642

(102) Bot' go ye hens spedely and loke ye not' spare; My frenship, my fortherans, shaH euer with you be; And mahowne that' is myghfuH he menske you euermare! Bryng you safe and sownde with that brodeH to me! In place 647 where so euer ye weynd, ye knygghtys so heynde, Sir lucyfer the feynde he lede you the trace! [All retire, Jesus & his disciples advance.]

(103) Ihesus. Ryse vp, peter, and go with me, and folowe me withouten stryfe; Judas wakys, and sleys not' he; he commys to betray me here belye. 655

(104) wo be to hym that' bryngys vp slaundr! he were better his dethe to take; Bot' com furtli, peter, and tary no langere: 1 lo, where thay com that' wiH me take! 659

1 assonance with slaundr.
Towneley Plays. XX. The Conspiracy. 225

(105) Judas. Rest well, master, Iesus fre! [Fol. 72, b.]
I pray the that thou wold kys me enys;
I am commen to socoure the;
that thou art aspyed, what so it menys. 663

(106) Ihesus. Judas! whi makys thou sich a brayde? [Jesus says that He knows Judas' intent.]
trowys thou not I knowe thi will?
with kyssyng has thou me betrayd:
that shaft thou rew som tyme ful yH. 667

whome seke ye, syrs, by name? [To the Knights.] He asks the knights whom they seek.
Secundus Miles. we seke ihesu of nazarene.

Ihesus. I kepe not my name to layn;¹
lo, I am here, the same ye mene;
Bot which seke ye with wepyns kene? 661

Primus Miles. To say the sothe, and not to ly,
we seke ihesu of nazarene. "Jesus of Nazarene."

Ihesus. I told you ere that it was I. 675

(108) Malcus. Dar no man on hym lay hand? [Malchus boasts that he will catch Jesus.]
I shaH each hym, if I may;
A flateryng foyH has thou bene lang,²
bot now is commen thy endyng day. 679

(109) Petrus. I wold be dede within short space
or I shuld se this sight! [Cuts off Malchus' ear.] Peter cuts off his ear and bids him complain to Sir Cayphas.
Go, pleyn the to sir cayphas,
and byd hym do the right! 683

(110) Malcus. Alas, the tyme that I was borne,
or today com in this stede! [Malchus laments.]
My right ere I haue forlorne!
help, alas, I blede to dede! 687

(111) Ihesus. Thou man, that menys thi hurt so sare,
com heder, let me thi wounde se;
Take me thi ere that he of share:
In nomine patris hole thou be! 691

¹ assonance with name. ² assonance with hand.

T. PLAYS.
Malcus. Now am I hole as I was ere,
My hurt is neuer the wars;
Therfor, felows, drawe me nere!
the dwiH hym spede that hym spars!

Ihesus. Therfor, peter, I say the this,
my wiH it is that aH men witten:
Put vp thi swerde and do no mys,
for he that smytys, he shalbe smyten.

ye knyghtys that be commen now here,
thus assemblyd in a rowte,
As I were thefe, or thefys fere,
with wepyns com ye me abowte;

Me thynk, for sothe, ye do fuH yH
thus for to seke me in the nyght;
Bot what penance ye put me tyH,
ye let my felows go with gryth.

Secundus Miles. Lede hym furthi fast by the gate!
hangyd be he that sparis hym oght!

Primus Miles. how thynk the, sir pilate,
bi this brodeH that we haue broght?

Pilatus. Is he the same and the self, I say,
that has wroght vs this care?
It has bene tolH, sen many a day,
sayngys of hym fuH sare.

It was tyH vs greatt woghe,
ffrom dede to lyfe thou rasyd lazare;
Sen stalkyd styllly bi the see soghe;
both domb and defe thou salfyd from sare.

in which He surpasses Caesar and Herod.

Thou passys cesar bi dede,
or sir herode oure kyng.

Secundus Miles. let deme hym fast to dede,
and let for no kyn thyng.
(119)

**Primus Miles.** Sen he has forfeit agans oure lawe, let vs deme hym in this stede.

**Pilatus.** I will not assent vnto youre saw; I can ordan we have better rede.

(120)

**Malcus.** Better red? yei dwiH! how so?
them were oure sorow lastand ay;
And he thus furth shuld go,
he wold dystroy oure lay.

(121)

wold ye aH assent to me,
this bargan shuld be strykyn anone;
By nyghtertayH dede shuld he be,
and tiH oure awnter stand ikon.

(122)

**Pilatus.** Peasse, harlott^s, the dwiH you spede!
wold ye thus preualy morder a man?

**Malcus.** when euery man has red his red,
let se who better say can.

(123)

**Pilatus.** To cayphas haH loke fast ye wyrk,
And thider right ye shaH hym lede;
he has the rewH of holy kyrk,
lettH hym deme hym whyk or dede;

(124)

fior he has wroght agans oure law,
fior-thi most skyH can he ther on.

**Secundus Miles.** Sir, we assent vnto youre saw;
Com furth, bewsheire, and lett vs gone.

(125)  [To Jesus.]

**Malcus.** Step furth, in the wenyande!
wenys thou ay to stand styH?
Nay, luskand loseH, lawes of the land
ShaH faH bot we haue oure wiH;

(126)

Out of my handis shaH thou not pas
fior aH the craft thou can;
TiH thou com to sir cayphas,
Saue the shaH no man.  
**Explicit Caepeio Ihesu.**
Incipit Coliphizacio.

[Dramatis Personae.


[50 nine-line stanzas, aaaab cceeb. The aaa lines have central rymes, marked by bars.]

Primus tortor.

(1)

D

o Io furti, Io! / and trott ' on a pase!

To anna wiH we go / and sir cayphas;

wit' thou weH of thaym two / gettys thou no grace,

Bot' euerlastying wo / for trespas thou has

so mekiH.

Thi mys is more
then euer gettys thou grace fore;
Thou has beyn1 ay-whore
ffuH fals and fuH fekyH.

(2)

Secundus tortor. It ' is wonder to dre / thus to be gangyng;
we haue had for the / mekiH hart' stangyng;
Bot' at last shaH we be / out' of hart' langyng,
Be thou haue had two2 or three / hetys worth a hangyng;
No wonder!
Sich wyles can thou make,
gar the people farsake
Oure lawes, and thyne take;
thus art' thou broght in blonder.

(3)

Primus tortor. Thou can not say agaynt / If thou be trew;
Som men holdys the sant' / and that shaH thou rew;
ffeare wordys can thou paynt' / and lege lawes new.

Secundus tortor. Now be ye ataynt' / for we wiH persew
On this mater.
Many wordys has thou saide
Of which we ar not' weH payde;
As good that' thou had
halden stiH thi clater.

1 "beyn" overlined later. 2 MS. ij.
primus tortor. It is better syt still / then rise vp and faH;  
Thou has long had thi wiH / and made many braH;  
At the laste wold thou spiH / and for-do vs aH,  
If we dyd neuer yH. /  
Secundus tortor. I trow not, he shaH  
Indure it;  
ffor if other men ruse hym,  
we shaH accuse hym;  
his self shaH not excuse hym;  
To you I insirue it,  

with no legage. /  
primus tortor. fayn wold he wynk,  
Els falys his covtenance ; / I say as I thynk.  
Secundus tortor. he has done vs greuance / therfor shaH  
he drynk ;  
haue he mekiH myschaunesce / thatH has gart vs swynke  
In walkyng,  
ThatH vnneth may I more.  
primus tortor. Peas, man, we ar thore!  
I shaH walk in before,  
And teH of his talkyng. [They come to Cayphas and Anna.]  
haiH, syrs, as ye sytt / so worthi in wonys!  
whi spyrd ye not yit / how we have farne this onys?  
Secundus tortor. Sir, we wold fayn witt/ aH wery ar oure  
bonys;  
we haue had a fytt / rightH yH for the nonys,  
So tarid.  
Cayphas. Say, were ye oght adred?  
were ye oght wrang led?  
Or in anystrate sted?  
Syrs, who was myscayrld?  

(6)  
Anna. Say, were ye oght in dowte / for fawte of light?  
As ye wached ther owte? /  
Primus tortor. sir, as I am true knyght,  
Of my dame sen I sowked / had I neuer sich a nyght;  
Myn een were notH lowked / to-geder rightH  

(7)
Their trouble is well spent since they have brought in this traitor.

Sen morowe;

Bot yit I thynk it weH sett,

Sen we with this tratoure met;

Sir, this is he that forfett

And done so mekiH sorow.

(8)

He teaches a new law.

Cayphas. Can ye hym oght apeche? / had he any ferys?

Secundus tortor. he has bene for to preche / fuH many long yeris;

And the people he teche / a new law.

primus tortor.

As far as his wittreche / many oone he lerys;

when we toke hym,

we faunde hym in a yerde;

Bot when I drew out my swerde,

his dyscypyls wex ferde,

And soyn thay forsoke hym.

(9)

He said He could destroy the temple and build a new one on the third day.

Cayphas. how myght that be trew? / it toke more aray;

The masons I knewe / that hewed it, I say,

so wyse;

That hewed ilka stone.

primus tortor. A, good sir, lett hym oone;

he lyes for the quetstone,

I gyf hym the pryce.

(10)

Secundus tortor. The halt rynes, the blynd sees / through his fals wyles;

Thus he gettis many fees / of thym he begyles.

Primus tortor. he rases men that dees / thay seke hym be myles;

And euer through his socrates / oure sabate day defyles

1 MS. lyes.
Euermore, sir.

Secundus tortor. This is his vse and his custom, To heyit the defe and the dom, where so enet he com; I tell you before, sir.

(11)

Primus tortor. Men caH hym / a prophete and godis son of heuen; he wold fayn downe bryng / our lawes bi his steuen.

Secundus tortor. yit is ther anothere thyng / that I hard hym neuen, he settys not a fle wyng / bi sir cesar fuH euwen; he says thus;

Sir, this same is he that excusyd with his sotelte A woman in avowtre; 

(12)

Primus tortor. Sir lazare can he rase / that men may persaue, when he had lyne fower1 dayes / ded in his graue; A® men hym prase / both master and knaue, Such wychcraft he mase. /

Secundus tortor. If he abowte waue Any langere, his warkys may we ban; for he has turned many man Sen the tyme he began, And done vs great hangere.

(13)

Primus tortor. he wiH not leyfe yit / thof he be culpabyH; Men caH hym a prophete / a lord fuH renabyH. Sir cayphas, bi my wytt / he shuld be dampnabiH, Bot® wold ye two, as ye sytt / make it® ferme and stabyH To geder; for ye two, as I trav, May defende aH oure law; That® mayde vs to you draw, And bryng this loseH heder.

1 MS. iiiij.
Secundus tortor. Sir, I can tell you before / as might I be maryd,
If he reyne any more / our laws are myscaryd.

Primus tortor. Sir, opposed if he wore / he should be fon waryd;
That is weH seyn thore / where he has long tarid
And walkyd.
he is sowre lottyn:
Ther is somwhat forgottyn;
I shah tryng out the rottyn,
Be we haue aH talkyd.

Cayphas. Now fare myght you faH / for youre talkyng!
for, certys, I my self shah / make examynyng. [To Jesus.]

harstow, harlott, of aH? / of care may thou syng!

How durst thou the caH / aythere emperoure or kyng?

I do fy the!
what the dwiH doyst thou here?
Thi dedys wiH do the dere;
Com nar and rowne in myn eeyr,
Or I shah ascry the.

Illa-hayH was thou borne! / harke! says he ought agane?
Thou shah onys or to-morne / to speke be fuH fayne.
This is a great skorne / and a fals trane;
Now wols-hede and out-horne / on the be tane!

Vile fature!
Oone worde myght thou speke ethe,
yit myghtt it do the som letht,
Et omnis qui tacet:
hic consentire videtur.

Speke on oone word / right in the dwylls name!
where was thi syre at bord / when he met with thi dame?
what, nawder bowted ne spurd / and a lord of name!
Speke on in a torde / the dwiH gif the shame,
Sir sybre!
Perde, if thou were a k
ty g\thou be rid\ng;
ffy on the, fundlyng!
Thou ly\ys bot\ byi brybre.

(18)
Lad, I am a prelate / a lord in degre,
Syttys in my\n astate / as thou may se,
knyghtys on me to wate / in dyu\se degre;
I myght\ thole the alate / and knele on thi kne
In my present;
As euer syng I mos,
whoso kepis the lawe, I gess,
he gettis more byi purches
Then bi liis fre rent.

(19)
The dwiH gif the shame / that\ euer I knew the!
Nather bly\de ne lame / wi\ none persew the;
Ther\or I shaH the name / that\ euer sha\ rew the,
kyng copyn in our game / thus sha\ I indew the,
for a fatur.
Say, dar thou not\ speke for ferde?
I shrew hym the lerd,
weme! the dwillys du\t in thi berd,
vyle fals tratur!

(20)
Though thi ly\is be stokyn / yet myght\ thou say, mom;
Great\ word\s has thou spokyn / then was thou not dom.
Be it\ hole worde or brokyn / com, owt\ with som,
Els on the I shaH be wrokyn / or thi ded com
A\ outt.

(21)
Anna. A, sir, be not\ y\ payde / though he not an\ere;
he is inwardly flayde / not\ right\ in his gere.
Anna begs
Cayphas to
be less
violent.

Cayphas. No, bot' the words he has saide / doth my
harte great dere.
Anna. Sir, yit' may ye be dayde. /
Cayphas. may, whilst I lif nere.
Anna. Sir, amese you.
Cayphas. Now fowH myght' hym be faH!
Anna. Sir, ye ar vexed at aH,
And perauntur he shaH
here after pleas you;

(22)
we may bi oure law / examyn' hym first.
Cayphas. Bot' I gif hym a blaw / my harte wiH brist.
Anna. Abyde to ye his purpose knaw. /
Cayphas. nay, bot' I shaH out thrst
Both his een on a raw. / 189
Anna. sir, ye wiH not, I tryst,
Be so vengeabyH;
Bot' let me oppose hym.
Cayphas. I pray you, and sloes hym.
Anna. Sir, we may not' lose hym
Bot' we were dampnabiH. 198

(23)
Cayphas. he has adyl' his ded / a kynge he hym castr; 203
war! let me gyrd of his hede! /
Anna. I hope not' ye wold; 1
Bot' sir do my red / youre worship to hat.'
Cayphas. ShaH I neuer ete bred / to that' he be stald
In the stokys.
Anna. Sir, speke soft and styH,
let vs do as the law wiH.
Cayphas. Nay, I myself shaH hym kyH,
And murder with knokys. 297

(24)
Anna. Sir, thynk ye that' ye ar / a man of holy kyrk,
ye shuld be oure techer 2 / mekenes to wyrk.
Cayphas. yei, bot' aH is out of har / and that shaH he yrk.
Anna. AH soft' may men go far / oure lawes ar not' myrk,

1 The ryme needs 'wald.'
2 The ryme needs 'techar.'
I weyn;
Youre wordys ar bustus,
Et hoc nos volumus
Quod de Iure possumus:
ye wote what I meyn;

(25)
Itt is best thatt we trete hym / with farenes.
Cayphas. We, nay!
Anna. And so myghtt we gett hym / som word for to say. [Fol. 76, a. Sig. M. 4.] Cayphas. war! let me bett' hym! /
Anna. syr, do away!
for if ye thus thrett hym / he spekys not this day.

(26)
Cayphas. he has reuyd ouer lang / with his fals lyys, And done mekyH wrang / sir cesar he defyes;
Therfor shaH I hym hang / or I vp ryse.
Anna. Sir, the law wiH not he gang / on nokyn wyse

Vndemyd;
Bot' fyrst' wold I here
what' he wold answere;
Bot' he dyd any dere

why shuld he be flemyd?

(27)
And therfor examynyng / ffyrst wiH I make,
Sen that he callys hym a kyng. /
Cayphas. bot' he that' forsake
I shaH gyf hym a wryng / that his nek shaH crak.
Anna. Syr, ye may not hym dyng / no word yit he

That I wyst:
hark, felow, com nar!
wyH thou neuer be war?
I haue merueH thou dar
Thus do thyn awne lyst.
(28) Bot' I shaH do as the law wyH / if the people ruse the ;
Say, dyd thou oght this yH? / can thou oght excuse the?
why standys thou so styH / when men thus accuse the?
ffor to hyng on a hyH / hark how thay ruse the
To dam.
Say, ar' thou godys son of heuen,
As thou ar' wonte for to neuen? Ihesus. So thou says by thy steuen;
And right so I am ;

(29)
ffor after this shaH thou se / when that [I] do com downe
In brightnes on he / in clowdys from abone.
Cayphas. A, iH myght the feete be / that' broght the to
towne !
Thou ar' worthy to de ! / say, thefe, where is thi crowne?
Anna. Abyde, sir, let vs lawfully redres.
Cayphas. we nede no wytnes, hys self says expres ;
whi shuld I not' chyde, sir ?

(30) Anna. was ther neuer man so wyk / bot' he myght amende.
when it com to the pryk / right as youre self kend.
Cayphas. Nay, sir, bot' I shaH hym styk / euen with
myn awne hend ;
ffor if he reue and be whyk / we ar at' an end,
AII sam !

Therfor, whils I am in this brethe,
let' me put hym to detH.
Anna. Sed nobis non licet'
Interficere quemquam.

(31) Sir, ye wote better then I / we shuld slo no man.
Cayphas. his dedys I defy / his warkys may we ban,
Therfor shaH he by. /
Anna. nay, on oder wyse than,
And do it' lawfully. /
Cayphas. as how ?
Anna. tel you I can.
Caiphas. let se. 275

Anna. Sir take tent to my sawes;
Men of temporal lawes
Thay may deme sich cause,
And so may not we. 279

(C32)

Caiphas. My hart is ful cold / nerehand that I swelt;
for talys that ar told / I bolne at my belt,
Vnethes may it hold / my body, an ye it felt;
yt wold I gif of my gold / yond troure to pelt
for euer.

Anna. Good sir, do as ye hett me.
Caiphas. whi shaH he ouer-sett me?
Sir anna, if ye lett me
ye do not youre deuer. 288

(33)

Anna. Sir, ye ar a prelate. / Caiphas. so may I weH seme,
My self if I say it. /
Anna. be not to breme;
Sich men of astate / shuld no men deme,
bot send them to pilate / the temporal law to yeme
has he ; 293
he may best threte hym,
And aH to rehete hym;
It is shame you to bete hym
Therfor, sir, let be. 297

(34)

Caiphas. fly on hym and war ! / I am oute of my gate;
say why standys he so far. /
Anna. sir, he cam bot late.
Caiphas. No, bot I haue knyghtys that dar / rap hym
on the pate.
Anna. ye ar bot to skar / good sir abate,
And here ; 302
what nedys you to chyte?
what nedys you to flyte?
If ye yond man smyte,
ye ar irregulere. 306
Towneley Plays. XXXI. The Buffeting.

(35)

Cayphas. he that fyrist made me clerk / and taght me my lare,
On bookys for to barke / the dwiH gyf hym care!

Anna. A, good sir, hark! / sich wordys myght ye spare.

Cayphas. Els myght I haue made vp wark / of yond harlot and mare,
perde!

Bot certys, or he hens yode,
It wold do me som good
To se knyghtys knok his hoode
with knokys two or thre.

(36)

ffor sen he has trespast / and broken oure law,
let vs make hym agast / and set hym in awe.

Anna. sir, as ye haue hast / it shalbe, I traw.
Com and make redy fast / ye knyghtys on a raw,
youre arament;
And that kyng to you take,
And with knokys make hym wake.

Cayphas. yei, syrs, and for my sake
Gyf hym good payment.

(37)

ffor if I myght go with you / as I wold that I myght,
I shuld make myn avowe / that ons or mydnyghts
I shuld make his heede sow / wher that I hyt right.

Primus tortor. Sir, drede you not now / of this cursed wight
To day,

ffor we shal so rok hym,
and with buffetys knok hym.

Cayphas. And I red that ye lok hym,
That he ryn not away,

(38)

ffor I red not we mete / if that lad skap.

Secundus tortor. Sir, on vs be it / bot we clowt weH his kap.
Cayphas. wold ye do as ye heytt / it were a fayr hap.

primus tortor. Sir, see ye and sytt / how that we hym knap,
Oone ffeste;
Bot or we go to this thyng,
Sayn vs, lord, with thy ryng.
Caphas. Now he shal haue my blyssyng
That' knokys hym the best.

(39)
Secundus tortor. Go we now to oure noyte / with this
fond foyll.
primus tortor. we shaH teche hym, I wrote / a new play
of yoyll,
And hold hym full hote / fraword, a stoyll
Go fetchi vs!

ffroward. We, dote! / now els were it doyll
And vnneth;
ffor the wo that he shaH dre
let hym knele on his kne.
Secundus tortor. And so shaH he for me;
Go fetchi vs a light buffit.

(40)
ffroward. why must he syyt' soft / with a mekiH mys-
chaunce,
That' has tenyd vs thus oft? /
primus tortor. sir, we do it for a skawnce;
If he stode vp on loft / we must hop and dwns
As cokys in a croft. /

ffroward. Now a veniance
Com on hym!
Good skiH can ye shew,
As feH I the dew;
haue this, bere it, shrew!
ffor soyn shaH we fon hym.

(41)
Secundus tortor. Com, sir, and syt downe / must ye
be prayde?
lyke a lord of renowne / youre sete is arayde.
primus tortor. we shaH preue on his crowne / the wordys
he has sayde.
Secundus tortor. Ther is none in this towne / I trow, be
iH payde

They ask
him to bless
them with
his ring.
Caphas
promises
his blessing
to the one
who buffets
best.

The first
Torturer
sends Frow-
ward for a
stool. Frow-
ward and
the other
remonstrate,

but are told
they can
buffet Jesus
more easily,

if He be
seated.
Of his sorrow, 365

Bot the fader that his hym gate.

*primus tortor. Now, for oght that I wate,

ΔH his kyn commys to late

his body to borow.

Step furth thou, froward! /

*primus tortor. Thou art ener away ward. /

I may syng ylla-hayH. 374

*Secundus tortor. Thou must get vs a vayH.

*froward. ye ar ener in oone tayH.

*primus tortor. Now iH myght thou the! 378

weH had thou thi name / for thou was ener curst.

*froward. Sir, I myght say the same / to you if I durst; 383

yet my hyer may I clame / no penny I purst;

I haue had mekyH shame / hunger and thirst,

In youre servuyce.

*primus tortor. Not oone word so bold!

*froward. why, it is trew that I told!

ffayn preue it I wold.

*Secundus tortor. Thou shalbe cald to peruyce. 387

here a vayH haue I fon / I trow it will last.

*primus tortor. Bryng it hyder, good son / that is it

that I ast.

*froward. how shulke it be bon? /

*Secundus tortor. abowte his heade cast.

*primus tortor. yei, and when it is weH won / knyt a

knot fast 1

1 MS. thrust.
I red. 392 They blind-fold Jesus.

ffroward. Is it? weyH? 396
Secundus tortor. yei, knae.
ffroward. what?, weyn ye that I rafe?
Cryst curs myght he haue
That s last bond his head!
(45)

primus tortor. Now sen he is blynfold / I faH to begyn,
And thus was I counself / the mastry to wyn.
Secundus tortor. Nay, wrang has thou told / thus shuld
thou com in!

ffroward. I stode and beheld / thou towchid not the
skyn,
Bot fowH.
(46)

primus tortor. how wiH thou I do?
Secundus tortor. On this manere, lo!

ffroward. yei, that was weH gone to,
Thar start vp a cowH.

primus tortor. Thus shaH we hym refe / aH his fonde
talys.
Secundus tortor. Ther is noght in thi nefe / or els thi
hart falys.
ffroward. I can my hand vphefe / and knop out the
skalys.
primus tortor. Godys forbot ye lefe / bot set in youre nakys
On raw. 410
Sit vp and prophecy.

ffroward. Bot make vs no ly.
Secundus tortor. who smote the last? 414

primus tortor. was it? I? 414

ffroward. he wote not, I traw.

primus tortor. ffast to sir cayphas / go we togeder.1 414
Secundus tortor. Ryse vp with iH grace / so com thou
hyder.
ffroward. It semy by his pase / he groches to go thyder.

primus tortor. we haue gyfen hym a glase / ye may
consyder,

1 The ryme needs 'togyder.'
The tormentors boast that they have almost killed Jesus.

Secundus tortor. Sir, for his great boost, with knokyd he is indoost.

ffroward. In fayth, sir, we had almost knokyd hym on slepe.

(Cayphas. Now sen he is well bett / weynd on youre gate,
And tell ye the forfett / vnto sir pylate;
ffor he is a Iuge sett / emang men of state,
And looke that ye not let. /

primus tortor. Com furthi, old crate,

Be lyfe!

we shaH lede the a trott.

ijus tortor. lYft' thy feete may thou not.

ffroward. Then nedys me do nott'

Bot' com after and dryfe.

(Cayphas. Alas, now take I hede! /

Anna. why mowrne ye so?

Cayphas. ffor I am euer in drede / wandreth, and wo,
lest pylate for mede / let iesus go;
Bot' had I slayn hym indede / with thise handys two,

At onys,

A@ had bene qwyt than;

Bot' gyftys marres many man.

Bot' he deme the sothe than,

The dwiH haue his bonys!

(Sir anna, a@ I wyte you this blame / for had ye not beyn,
I had mayde hym fuH tame / yei, stykyd hym, I weyn,
To the hart fuH wan / with this dagger so keyn.

Anna. Sir, you must shame / sich wordys for to meyn

Emang men.

Cayphas. I wiH not dweH in this stede,
Bot' spy how thay hym lede,
And persew on his dede.

ffare weH! we gang, men.

Explicit Coliphizacio.

1 MS. 'knokyp.'
2 Assonant to 'fame, shame.'
(XXII.)

Incipit Flagellacio.

[Dramatis Personae.

<table>
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<td>Primus Tortor.</td>
<td>Secondus Consultus.</td>
<td>Maria Magdalene.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Secundus Tortor.</td>
<td>Jesus.</td>
<td>Maria Jacobi.</td>
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</table>

[49 stanzas; 4 of 13 lines, ab ab ab c, ddde; 1 of 12 lines, aab ccb, bb dd bb; 24 of 9 lines, aaaa cceeb; 13 of 8 lines, aab aab bb; 2 of 6 lines, aaaa bb; 4 of 4 lines, aaaa; 1 of 4 lines, aa bb.]

Pilatus.

Pilate rages, boasting himself full of subtlety and guile, and therefore called "mali actoris."

P

Pilatus at my bydyng, ye wyghtys in wold!

Looke none be so hardy to speke a word but I,

Or by mahowne most myghty, maker on mold,

With this brande that I bere ye shaH betterly aby.

Say, wote ye not that I am pylate, perles to behold?

Most doughty in dedys of dukys of the Iury;

In bradyng of batels I am the most bold,

Therfor my name to you wiH I dyscry;

No mys.

I am fuH of sotelty, ffalshed, gyll, and trechery;

Therfor am I namyd by clergy

As mali actoris.

ffor like as on both sydys the Iren the hamer makith playn,

So do I, that the law has here in my kepyng;

The right side to socoure, certys, I am fuH bayn,

If I may get therby a vantage or wynyng;

Then to the fals parte I turne me agayn,

ffor I se more VayH wiH to me be risyng;

Thus euery man to drede me shalbe fuH fayn,

And aH faynt of thare fayth to me be obeyng,

1 All the aaaa lines have central rymes, marct here by bars.
Truly.


Ah fals endytars,  
Quest-gangars, and Iurars,  
And thise out-rydars  
Ar welcom to me.

(3)

Bot this prophete, that has prechyd and pulpyshed so playn  
Cristen law, crist thay caH hym inoure cuntre;  
Bot oure prynces fuH proudly this nyght haue hym tayn,  
ffuH tytt to be damped he shaH be huryyd byfore me;  
I shaH fownde to be his freynd vntward, in certayn,  
And shew hym fare cowntenance and wordys of vanyte;  
Bot or this day at nyght on crosse shaH he be slayn,  
Thus agans hym in my hart I bere great enmyte  
ffuH sore.

ye men that vse bak-bytyngys,  
and rasars of slanderyngys,  
ye ar my dere darlyngs,  
And mahowns for euermore.

(4)

ffor no thyng in this world dos me more grefe  
Then for to here of crist and of his new lawes;  
To trow that he is godys son my hart wold ah to-clefle,  
Though he be neuer so trew both in dedys and in sawes  
Therfor shaH he suffre mekiH myschefe,  
And ah the dyscypyls that vnto hym drawes;  
ffor ouer ah solace to me it is most lefe,  
The shedyng of christen bloode, and that ah Iury knawes,  
I say you.

My knyghtys fuH swythe  
Thare strengthes wiH thay kytli,  
And bryng hym be-lyfe;  
lo, where thay com now!

(5)

The first torturer arrives bringing  
primus tortor. I haue ron that I swett / from sir herode  
oure kyng  

[Fol. 79, b.] With this man that wiH not lett / oure lawes to downe bryng;  
he has done so mych forfett / of care may he syng;  
Thurgh dom of sir pylate he setlys / an yH endyng
And sore;
The great* warkys he has wroght;
ShaH serve hym of noght,*
And bot* thay be dere boght*
lefe me no more.

(6)
Bot* make rowme in this rese / I byd you, belyfe,
And of youre noys that* ye sesse / both man and wyfe;
To sir pylate on dese / this man wiH we dryfe,
his dede for to dres / and refe hym his lyfe
This day;
Do draw hym forward !
whi stand ye so bakward ?
Com on, sir, hyderward,
As fast* as ye may !

(7)
Secundus tortor. Do puH hym a-rase / whylys we be gangyng;
I shaH spytt* in his face / though it be fare shynyng ;
Of vs thre gettys thou no grace / thi dedys ar so noyng,
Bot* more sorow thou hase / oure myrth is incresyng,
No lak.

Ifelows, aH* in hast*,
with this band that* wiH last*
Let* vs bynde fast
Bothi his handys on his bak.

(8)
Tercius tortor. I shaH lede the a dawnce / Vnsto sir pilate haH;
Thou betyd an yH chawnerce / to com emangys vs aH.
Sir pilate, with youre cheftance / to you we cry and caH
That* ye make som ordynance / withi this brodeH thrath,
By skyH ;
This man that* we leH
On crosse ye put* to ded*.

Pilatus. what ! withi outten any red ?
That* is not* my wyH ;

(9)
Bot* ye, wysest* of law / to me ye be tendand :
This man withouten awe / which ye led in a band,
Nather in dede ne in saw / can I fynd withi no wrang,
wherfor ye shuld* hym draw / or bere falsly on hand
The Scouring.

With iH.

ye say he turnes oure pepyH;
ye caH hym fals and fekyH;
warldys shame is on you mekyH

This man if ye spyH.

(10)

Herod

Of aH thise causes ilkon / which ye put' on hym,
Herode, truly as stone / coud fynd with nokyys gyn
Nothyng herapon / that' pent' to any syn;
why shuld I then so soyn / to ded here deme hym?
Therfor

This is my counseH,
I wiH not' with hym meH ;
Let Him go!

Let hym go where he wyH
fOr now and euermore.

(11)

Primus consultus. Sir, I say the oone thyng / without any

mys,
he callys his self a kyng / ther he none is ;
Thus he wold downe bryng / oure lawes, I-wys,
with his fals lesyng / and his quantys,
This tyde.

Pilatus. herk, fellow, com nere !
Thou knowes I haue powere
To excuse or to dampne here,
In bayH to abyde.

(12)

Ihesus. Sich powere has thou noght' / to wyrk thi wiH
thus withi me,
Bot' from my fader that is broght' / oone-fold god in

persons thre.

Pilatus. Certys, it is fallen weH in my thoght' / at this
tyme, as weH wote ye,
A thefe that' any felony has wroght' / to lett hym skap
or go fre

1 At the beginning of this page of the MS., is a large initial letter
D, which, however, has no connection with the ensuing text.
Away;
Therfor ye lett hym pas.

*primus tortor*. Nay, nay, bot' barabas!
And ihesus in this case

To deth ye dam) this day.

(13)

*pilatus*. Syrs, looke ye take good hede / his cloysse ye spoyH hym fro,
ye gar his body blede / and bett hym blak and bloo.

*Secundus tortor*. This man, as myght I spede / that' has wroght vs this wo,
how “Judicare” comys in crede / shaH we teche, or we go,
AH soyne.

haue bynd to this pyllar.

*Tercius tortor*. why standys thou so far?

*primus tortor*. To bett' his body bar

I haste, withoutten hoyne.

(14)

*Secundus tortor*. Now faH I the fyrst' / to flap on hys hyde.

*Tercius tortor*. My hartt wold aH to-bryst' / bot' I myght tyH hym glyde.

*primus tortor*. A swap fayn, if I durst' / wold I lene the this tyde.

*Secundus tortor*. war! lett' me rub on the rust' / that' the bloode downe glyde
As swythe.

*Tercius tortor*. haue att'!

*primus tortor*. Take thou that!

*Secundus tortor*. I shaH lene the a flap,

My strengtie for to kythe.

(15)

*Tercius tortor*. Where on seruys thi prophecy / thou teH vs in this case,

And aH thi warkys of greatt' mastry / thou shewed in dyuers place?

*primus tortor*. Thyn apostels fuH radly / ar run from the a rase,

Thou art' here inoure baly / withoutten any grace
They would scourge Jesus to death, but for Pilate.

They call to mind His miracles—His turning water into wine and walking on the sea,

Of skap.

Secundus tortor. Do, rug him.

Tercius tortor. Do, dyng hym.

Primus tortor. Nay, I myself shuld kyH hym

Bot' for sir pilate.

Syrs, at the ffeste of architreclyn / this prophete he was;

Ther turnyd he water into wyn / that day he had sich grace,

his apostels to hym can enclyn / and other that ther was;

The see he past bot' few yeres syn / it' lete hym walk theron apase

At' wyH;

The elementys aH bydeyn,

And wyndes that ar so keyn,

The firmamente, as I weyn,

Ar hym obeyng tyH.

'idus tortor. A lepir cam fuH fast / to this man that here standys,

And prayed hym, in aH hast / of bayH to lowse his bandys;

his trauH was not' wast / though he cam from far landys;

This prophete tyH hym past' / and helyd hym withi his handys,

ffuH blythe.

The son of Centuryon,

for whom his fader made greatt' mone,

Of the palsy he helyd anone,

Thay lowfyd hym oft' sythe.

(idus tortor. Sirs, as he cam from iherico / a blynde man satt by the way;

To hym walkand withi many mo / cryand to hym thus can he say,

"Thou son of dauid, or thou go / of blyndnes hele thou me this day."

Ther was he helyd of aH his wo / sich wonders can he wyrk aH way
At wyH;
he rasys men from dethi to lyfe,
And castys our devyls from thame oft sythe,
seke men cam to hym fuH ryfe,
He helys thaym of aH yH.

(19)
primus tortor. ffor aH thise dedys of great louyng / fower
thyngys I haue fond certanly,
ffor which he is worthy to hyng : / oone is our kyng that:
he wold be;
Oure sabbot day in his wyrkyng / he lettys not to hele the
seke truly;
he says oure temple he shaH downe bryng / and in thre
daies byg it in hy
AH hole agane ;
Syr pilate, as ye sytt, looke wysely in youre wytt;
Dam ihesu or ye flytt
On crosse to suffre his payne.

(20)
pilatus. Thou man that suffurs aH this yH / Why WyH
thou Vs no mercy cry ?
Slake thy hart 1 and thi greatt wyH / whyls on the we
haue mastry ;
Of thy greatt warkes shew vs som skyH ; / men caH the
kyng, thou teH vs why ;
wherfor the Iues seke the to spyH / the cause I
wold knowe wytrerly,
perdee ;
Say what 2 is thy name,
Thou lett for no shame,
Thay putt on the greatt blame,
Els myght [thou] skap for me.

(21)
Secundus Consultus. Syr pilate, prynce peerles / this is
my red,
That 3 he skap not harmeles / bot do hym to ded : he
cals hym a kyng in enery place / thus wold he ouer led
Oure people in his trace / and oure lawes downe tred

1 MS. iijj, apparently a mistake for iij.
2 MS. iij.
The knights and people are crying for His crucifixion.

By skyH;
Syr, youre knyghtes of good lose,
and the pepyH with one voce,
To hyng hym hy on a crosse
Thay cry and caH you vntyH.

Pilate asks why they will not obey their king?

Pilate, Now certys, this is a wonder thyng / that ye wold bryng to noght
hym that is youre lege lordyng / In faith this was far soght;
Bot say, why make ye none obeyng / to hym that aH has wroght?

Tercius Tortor. Sir, he is oure chefe lordyng / sir Cesar
so worthily wroght
On mold.

Pilate, do after vs,
And dam to deth ihesus
Or to sir Cesar we trus,
And make thy frenship cold. 

Pilate washes his hands, and bids them take Jesus and crucify Him.

Pilate. Now that I am sakles / of this bloode shaH ye see;
Both my handys in expres / weshen saH be;
This bloode bees dere boght I ges / that ye spiH so frele.

Primus tortor. we pray it faH endles / on vs and oure meneye,
with wrake.

Pilatus. Now youre desyre fulfyH I shaH;
Take hym emangs you aH,
On crosse ye put that thraH,
his endyng ther to take.

Primus tortor. Com on! tryp on thi tose / without any fenyng;
Thou has made many glose / with thy fals talkyng.
Secundus tortor. we ar worthy greatte lose / that thus has broght a kyng
ffrom sir pilate and othere fose / thus into oure ryng,
without any hoyne.
Sirs, a kyng he hym calis,
Therfor a crowne hym befals.
Tercius tortor. I swere by aH myn elder sauls,
I shal it ordan soyne.
232

(25)

primus tortor. Lo! here a crowne of thorne / to percli
his brane within,
putt on his hede with skorne/ and gar thyR the skyn.
Secundus tortor. hayH kyng! where was thou borne / sich
worship for to wyn? we knele aH the beforne / and the to grefe wiH we not
blyn,
That be thou bold?;
Now by mahownes bloode! Ther wiH no mete do me goode
To he be hanged on a roode,
And his bones be colH.
237

(26)

primus tortor. Syrs, we may be fayn / sfor I haue fon
a tree,
I teH you in certan / it is of greatt bewtee,
On the which he shalH suffre payn / be feste with nales
thre,
Ther shal nothyng hym gany / ther on to he dede be,
I insure it ;
Do, bryng hym hence.
Secundus tortor. Take vp ourere gere and defence.
Tercius tortor. I wold spende aH my spence
To se hym ones skeplt.
246

(27)

primus tortor. This cros vp thou take / and make the
redy bowne ;
Withoutt gruchyng thou rake / and bere it: throught the
towne ;
Mary, thi moder, I wote wiH make / great mowrynynge and
mone,
But for thy fals dedys sake / shortly thou salbe slone,1

1 This line is added by a later hand.
No nay;
The pepH of bedlem,
and gentyls of Ierusalem,
AH the comoners of this reme,
shaH wonder on the this day. 259

(28)
[John and the Holy Women appear on another part of the stage.]

Johannes apostolus. Alas! for my master moste of myght,
That yester euen with lanterne bright
before Caiphas was broght;
Both peter and I saugh that sight,
And sithen we fled away fuH wight,
when Iues so wonderly wroght;
At't morne thay toke to red, And fals witnes furth soght,
And demyd hym to be dede, That't to thaym trespaste noght, 267

(29)
He must tell
Mary and
the other
women.

Alas! for his modere and othere moo,
My moder and hir syster also,
Sat sam with syghyng sore;
Thay Wote nothyng of aH this wo,
Therfor to teH thaym wiH I go,
Sen I may mend no more.
If he shuld dy thus tyte And thay vnwarned wore,
I were Worthy to wyte; I wiH go fast therfor. 275

(30) [Goes to the women.]

He greets
Mary and
shows he
has had
news.

God saue you, systers aH in fere!
Dere lady, if thi wiH were,
I must teH tythyngys playn.
Maria. Welcom, Iohn, my cosyn dere!
how farys my son sen thou was here?
That' wold I wyt fuH fayn.

Johannes. A, dere lady with youre leyff, The trouth shuld
no man layn,
Ne with godys wiH thaym grefe.

Maria. whi, Iohn, is my son slayn? 283

1 These two lines, and the corresponding ones in the next five stanzas, are written as four in the MS.
Iohannes. Nay lady, I saide not so, Bot ye me myn he told vs two 
And thaym that with vs wore, how he witi pyne shuld pas vs fro, And eft shuld com vs to, 
To amendeoure syghyng sore; 
It may not* stand in stede To sheynd youre self therfore. 
Maria magdalene. Alas! this day for drede! Good Iohn, neven this no more! 

Speke preualy I the pray, ffor I am ferde, if we hir flay, 
That* she wih ryn and rafe. 
Iohannes. The sothe behowys me nede to say, he is damyd to dede this day, 
Ther may no sorow hym safe. 

Maria Iacobi. Good Iohn, teH vnto vs two What thou of hir wih crafe, 
And we wih gladly go And help that thou it haue. 

Iohannes. Systers, youre mowrnyng may not* amende; 
And ye wih ever, or he take ende, 
Speke with my master free, 
Then must ye ryse and with me weyn*I, And kepe hym as he shal* be kend 
Withoutt yond same cyte; 
If ye wih nygh me nere, Com fast* and felowe me. 
Maria. A, help me, systers dere! That* I my son may see. 

Maria Magdalene. Lady, we wold weynd fuH fayn, Hertely With aHoure myght* and mayn, youre comfortli to encrese. 
Maria. Good Iohn, go before and frayn. 
Iohannes. Lo, where he commes vs euen agayn with aH yond mekyH prese! 
AH youre mowrnyng in feyr / may not his sorow sese. 
Maria. Alas, for my son dere, / that* me to moder chese!
(35) Mary would bear her Son’s cross. 

Alas, dere son for care / I se thi body blede;
My self I wiH for-fare / for the in this great drede,
This cros on thi shulder bare / to help the in this nede,
I wiH it’ bere with greatt hart’ sare / wheder thay wiH the lede. 319

Ihesus. This cros is large in lengthe / and also bustus with aH;
If thou put to thi strengthe / to the ertz thou mon downe faH. 321

(36) Maria. A dere son, thou let me / help the in this case!
et inclinabii cruce ad matrem suam.

Ihesus. lo, moder, I teH it’ the / to bere no myght’ thou hase.

Maria. I pray the, dere son, it’ may so be / to man thou 
gif thi grace,
On thi self thou haue pyte / and kepe the from thi 
foye. 1 325

(37) Ihesus. ffor sothe, moder, this is no nay / on cros I must 
dede dre,
And from deth ryse on the thryd day / thus prophecy 
says by me;
Mans sauH that I luffyd ay / I shaH redeeme securly,
Into blis of heuen for ay / I shaH it’ bryng to me. 329

(38) Maria Magdalene. It is greatt sorow to any wyght / Ihesus, 
to se with Iues keyn,
How he in dyuerse payns is dight / ffor sorow I water both 
myw’ eeyn. 331

Maria Iacobii. This lord that is of myght’ / dyd neuer 
yH truly,
This Iues thay do not’ right’ / if thay deme hym to dy. 331

(39) Maria Magdalene. Alas! what’ shaH we say! / ihesus 
that is so leyfe, 334
To deth thise Iues this day / thay lede with paynes fuH 
grefe.

1 The ryme needs fayse,’ foes.
Maria Iacobi. He was full true, I say / though thay dam hym as thefe, Mankynde he lufed aHF way / for sorow my hart wiH clefe.

(40)

Ihesus. ye doghters of Ierusalem / I byd you wepe nothyng for me, Bot' for youre self and youre barn-teme / behald I tell you secure, Sore paynes ar ordand for this reme / in dayes herafter for to be ; youre myrth to baiH it? shaH downe streme / in euery place of this cyte.

(41)

Childer, certys, thay shaH blys / women baren that? neuer child bare, And pappes that? neuer gaf sowke, Iwys / thus shaH thare hartys for sorow be sare ; The montayns hy and thise greatt hylys / thay shaH byd faH apon thare, for my bloode that? sakles is / to shede and spyH thay wiH not spare.

Secundus tortor. walk on, and lefe thi vayn carpyng / it? shaH not saue the fro thy dede, wheder thise women cry or syng / for any red? that? thay can red?.

(42)

Tercius tortor. Say wherto abyde we here abowte, Thise qwenes with scrymyng and with showe ? May no man thare wordys stere? 

primus tortor. Go home, thou casbald?, with that clowte ! Or, by that? lord I leyfe and lowte, Thou shaH by it? fuH dere !

Maria Magdalene. This thyng shaH venyance caH / on you holly in fere.

Secundus tortor. Go, hy the hens with aHF / or yH hayH cam thou here !

iijus tortor. let aHF this bargan be / syn aHFoure toyles ar before ; This tratoure and this tre / I wold fuH fayn were thore.
The third torturer sees that Jesus cannot bear the cross.

_Ifus tortor._ It is nedys not hym to harH / this cros dos hym greatt dere,

Bot yonder commys a carll / shah help hym for to bere.

[Enter Simon of Cyrene.]

(43)

They bid Simon ease Him of it.

_Ifus tortor._ That shah we soyn se on assay.

herk, good* man, wheder art* thou on away?

Thou walkes as thou were wrath.

362

Simon says he is on a great journey.

_Symon._ Syrs, I haue a greatt Iornay

That* must be done this same day,

Or els it wiH me skathe.

365

[Fol. 83, b.]_Tercius tortor._ Thou may with lytyH payn / easse hym and thi self both.1

_Simon._ Good sirs, that* wold I fayn / bot* for to tary were fuH loth.1

367

(44)

The first torturer presses him for pity's sake, but Simon alleges his haste.

_primus tortor._ Nay, nay! thou shah fuH soyn be spek;

lo here a larH that* must* be led

ffor his yH dedys to dy,

And he is bressed and aH for bled,

That* makys vs here thus stratly sted;

we pray the, sir, for-thi,

That* thou wiH take this tre / bere it* to caluary.

_Symon._ Good sirs, that may not* be / ffor fuH greatt haste haue I,

375

(45)

The second torturers says that Jesus must be dead by noon, and Simon must needs help them.

_No longere may I hoyn._

_Ifus tortor._ In fayth thou shah not* go so soyn

ffor noght* that thou can say

This dede must* nedys be done,

And this carll be dede or noyn,

And now is nere myd day;

And therfor* help vs at* this nede / and make vs here no more delay.

_Symon._ I pray you do youre dede / and let* me go my way;

383

(46)

Simon still excuses himself.

And I shah com fuH soyn agane,

To help this man with aH my mayn,

1 The ryme needs "bath, lath."
At youre awne wyH.
iijus tortor. what\(\dagger\)d and wold\(\dagger\) thou trus with sich\(\dagger\) a trane\(\dagger\)?
Nay fatur, thou shaH be fuH fayn,
This forward to fulfyH ;
Or, by the myght\(\dagger\) of mahowne! / thou shaH lyke it\(\dagger\)
fuH yH.

primus tortor. Tytt\(\dagger\)t, let\(\dagger\) dyng this dastard downe / bot\(\dagger\)
he lay hand ther tyH.

(47)

Symon\(\dagger\). Certys, that\(\dagger\) were vnwysely wroght\(\dagger\),
To beytt\(\dagger\) me bot if I trespass\(\dagger\) oght\(\dagger\)
Aythere in worde or dede.
iijus tortor. Apon thi bak it shaH be broght\(\dagger\),
Thou bersys it wheder thou wiH or noght\(\dagger\)!
DewyH! whom shuld we drede?
And therfor take it\(\dagger\) here belyfe / And bere it\(\dagger\) furth, good
spede.

Symon\(\dagger\). It\(\dagger\) helpys not\(\dagger\) here to strife / bere it\(\dagger\) behouses me
nede ;

(48)
And therfor, syrs, as ye have sayde,
To help this man I am weH payde,
As ye wold that\(\dagger\) it were.
iijus tortor. A, ha! now ar we right\(\dagger\) arayde,
bot\(\dagger\) loke oure gere be redy grade,
To wyrk when we com there.
primus tortor. I warand aH redy / oure toyles both moore
and les,
And sir symon truly / gose on before with cros.

(49)
Tercius tortor. Now by mahowne, oure heuen kyng,
I wold that\(\dagger\) we were in that\(\dagger\) stede
where we myght\(\dagger\) hym on cros bryng.
Step on before, and furth hym lede
A trace.

primus tortor. Com on thou!
iijus tortor. Put on thou!
iijus tortor. I com fast\(\dagger\) after you,
And folowse on the chace.

Explicit Flagellatio.
Pilate calls for silence, with threats.

Pilate calls for silence, with threats.

Easse I byd euereich Wight!
Stand as styH as stone in WaH,
Whyls ye ar present in my sight,
That none of you clatter' ne caH;

for if ye do, youre dede is dight;
I warne it you both greatt and smaH,
With this brand burnyshyd so bright;
Therfor in peasse loke ye be aH.

What! peasse in the dwillys name!
harlottys and dustardlys aH bedene!
On galus ye be maide fuH tame,
Thefys and mychers keyn!
wiH ye not peasse when I bid you?
by mahownys bloode, if ye me teyn,
I shaH ordan sone for you,
paynes that neuer ere was seyn,
And that anone!
Be ye so boldt beggars, I warn you,
ffuH boldly shaH I bett you,
To heH the dwiH shaH draw you,
Body, bak and bone.

(XXIII.)

Sequitur Processus crucis.

[Dramatis Personae

Pilatus. | Quartus Tortor. | Longeus.
Tercius Tortor. | Johannes.

[1 thirteen-line stanza, abab cebcd ccd; 9 eleven-line, no. 38 aab ccb bd bbd, nos. 39, 40, 45, 70, 71, 72 aab aab bc bbe, nos. 53 and 54 aab cccbd bd; 1 ten-line, no. 52, aab cccb, cb; 1 nine-line, no. 57, aabcc ccb; 5 eight-line, no. 1 abab abab, no. 51 abab aab, nos. 50, 56 and 65 aab ccc; 1 seven-line, no. 3, a a bbe bc; 71 six-line, nos. 62, 63, 66, 68, 69 aab b, the rest aab ccb; 3 five-line, nos. 59, 61, 67 aab b; 6 four-line, no. 44 ab ba, 49, 55, 58, 60 and 64 aaaa; 1 three-line, no. 90, and 7 couplets.]
I am a lord that meketh is of myght;
prynce of aH Iury, sir pilate I hight,
Next' kyng herode grettyst of aH;
Bowys to my byddying both greatt and smaH,
Or els be ye shent';
Therfor stere youre tonges, I warn you aH,
And vnto vs take tent.

The 1st torturer bids the people listen to what shall befall Jesus, "this false chuffer,"

he calis hym self a prophett,
And says that he can bales bete,
And make aH thyngys amende;
Bot or oght lang wytt we shaH wheder he can bete his awne bale,
Or skapp out of oure hende.

He called Himself a king, and shall not be forgiven His pride till He be hanged for it.

Was not this a wonder thyng,
That he durst caH hym self a kyng
And make so greatt' a lee?
Bot, by mahowne! whils I may lyf,
Those prowde wordes shaH I neuer forgyf,
TyH he be hanged on he.

The 2nd torturer will make Christ's heart pant this day.

Secundus tortor. hys pride, fy, we sette at noght;
Bot ich man now kest in his thought,
And looke that we noght wante;
flor I shaH fownde, if that I may,
By the order of knyghtede, to day
To cause his hart pante.
Toivney Plays. XVIII. The Crucifixion.

The 3rd torturer says that Jesus can do a foul deed when He will.

And rekyn hym a crede; 55
Lo, he letys he cowde none yH, 58
Bot' he can ay, when he wyH,
Do a fuH fowH dede.

Quartus tortor. yei felows, ye, as haue I rest! 61
Emangys vs aH I red we kest
To bryng this thefe to dede;
Loke that we haue that we shuld nate,
ffor to hald this shrew strate.
primus tortor. That was a nobyH red! 64

iiijus tortor. lo, here I haue a bande, 67
If nede be to bynd his hande;
This thowng, I trow, wiH last.
Secundus tortor. And here oone to the othere syde,
That shaH abate his pride,
Be it be drawen fast.

hammer and nails.

iiijus tortor. lo, here a hamere and nales also,
ffor to festen fast oure foo
To this tre, fuH soyn.

iiijus tortor. ye ar wise, withouten drede,
That so can help youre self at nede,
Of thyng that' shuld be done.

primus tortor. Now dar I say hardely,
he shaH with aH his mawmmentry
No longere vs be teH.

ijus tortor. Syn pilate hase hym tyH vs geyn,
haue done, belyfe! let it be seyn
how we can with hym meH.

iiijus tortor. Now ar we at the monte of caluarye; 85
haue done, folows, and let now se
how we can with hym lake.
iiijus tortor. yee, for as modee as he can loke,
he wold haue turnyd an othere croke
Myght' he haue had the rake.
(14)

primus tortor. In fayth, syr, sen ye callyd you a kyng, you must prufe a worthy thynge
That falles vnto the were;
ye must Iust in tormalmente;
Bot ye sytt fast els be ye shentt,
Els downe I shaH you bere.

(15)

Secundus tortor. If thou be godys son, as thou tellys, Thou can the kepe; how shuld thou ellys?
Els were it merueH greatt;
And bot if thou can, we wiH not trow That thou hase saide, bot make the mow when thou syttys in yond sett.

(16)

iijus tortor. If thou be kyng we shaH thank adyH, ffor we shaH sett the in thy sadyH, ffor faHyng be thou bold.
I hethe the weH thou bydys a shaft;
Bot if thou sytt weH thou had better laft The tales that thou has told.

(17)

iijus tortor. Stand nere, felows, and let se how we can hors oure kyng so fre, By any craft;
Stand thou yonder on yond syde, And we shaH se how he can ryde, And how to weld a shaft.

(18)

primus tortor. Sir, commys heder and haue done, And wyn apon youre palfray sone, ffor he [is] redy bowne.
If ye be bond tiH hym, be not wrothe, ffor he ye secure we were fuH lothe On any wyse that ye feH downe.

(19)

Secundus tortor. knyt thou a knott, with aH thi strenght, ffor to draw this arme on lengthe,
They draw out Christ's arms,

TyH it com to the bore.

Tercius tortor. Thou mad dys, man, bi this light!
It' wantys, tyH ich mans sight;
Othere half span and more.

Quartus tortor. yit' drawe owt this arme and fest it fast',
with this rope that weH wiH last,
And ilk man lay hand to.

primus tortor. yee, and bynd thou fast' that band;
we shaH go to that' othere hand
And loke what' we can do.

and nail them:

ijus tortor. Do dryfe a nayH ther through outt,
And then thar vs nothyng doutt,
ffor it wiH not brest.

ijus tortor. That shaH I do, as myght I thryfe!
ffor to clynke and for to dryfe,
Therto I am fuH prest';

So lett it styk, for it is wele.

ijjus tortor. Thou says sothe, as haue I cele!
Ther can no man it mende.

hold down His knees,

primus tortor. hald downe his knees.
Secundus tortor. that shaH I do.

his norysh yede neuer better to;
Lay on aH your hende.

draw down the legs hard,

Tercius tortor. Draw out hys lymmes, let se, haue at!

ijjus tortor. That was weH drawen that that;
ffare faH hym that so pulH!

ffor to haue getten it to the marke,
I trow lewde man ne clerk
Nothyng better shuld.

pierce them, and nail them.

primus tortor. hald' it' now fast thor,
And oone of you take the bore,
And then may it' not fayH.

ijus tortor. That shaH I do withouten drede,
As euer myght I weH spede,
hym to mekyH bayH.
(25) *Tercius tortor.* So, that is *weH, it wiH not brest*;
Bot let now se who dos the best
with any sleethe of hande.

*iiijus tortor.* Go we now vnto the othere ende;
ffelowse, fest* on fast youre hende,
And puH weH at this band.

(26) *primus tortor.* I red, ffelowse, by this wedyr,
That* we draw aH ons togedir,
And loke how it wyH fare.

*iiijus tortor.* let now se and lefe youre dyn!
And draw we ilka syn from syn;
flor nothyng let vs spare.

(27) *iiijus tortor.* Nay, ffelowse, this is no gam!
we wiH no longere draw aH sam,
So mekiH haue I asspyed.

(28) *primus tortor.* It* is better, as I hope,
On by his self to draw this rope,
And then may we se
who it is that* ere while
AHE his felows can begyle,
Of this companye.

(29) *Secundus tortor.* Sen thou wiH so haue, here for me!
how draw I, as myght thou the?
*Tercius tortor.* Thou drew right wele.

*quartus tortor.* wema, man! I trow thou doyte!
Thou flyt it neuer a dele ;

(30) Bot haue for me here that I may!
*primus tortor.* WeH drawen, son, bi this day!
Thou gose wē to thi warke!

Secundus tortor. yit ete, whils thi hande is in,
puH therat' with som kyn gyn.

iiijus tortor. yee, & bryng it to the marke.

quartus tortor. puH, puH!
primus tortor. haue now!
iiijus tortor. let se!

iiijus tortor. yit a draght!
primus tortor. Therto with all my maght.

iiijus tortor. A, ha! hold stiH thore!
iiijus tortor. So felowe! looke now belyfe,
which of you can best dryfe,
And I shalH take the bore.

Quartus tortor. let me go therto, if I shalH;
I hope that' I be the best mershalH
ffor [to] clynke it right.
do rase hym vp now when we may,
ffor I hope he & his palfray
Shal not twyn this nyght.

primus tortor. Com hedir, felowe, & haue done!
And help that this tre sone
To lyft with all youre sleght.
iiijus tortor. yit let vs wyrke a whyle,
And noman now othere begyle
To it' be broght on heght.

iiijus tortor. ffelowe, fest on all youre hende,
ffor to rase this tre on ende,
And let se who is last.

iiijus tortor. I red we do as that he says;
Set we the tre in the mortase,
And ther wiH it stand fast.

primus tortor. Vp with the tymbre.
Secundus tortor.

ffor hym that aH this warld weldys
Toivneley Plays. XXIII. The Crucifixion. 265

put fro the with thi hande!

_iiijus tortor._ hald euen emangys vs aH.
_iiijus tortor._ yee, and let it into the mortase fah, ffor then wiH it best stande.

(36)

_ primus tortor._ Go we to it and be we strong, And rase it, be it neuer so long, Sen that it is fast bon.
_iiijus tortor._ Vp with the tymbre fast on ende!
_iiijus tortor._ A felowse, fayr fah youre hende!
_iiijus tortor._ so sir, gape agans the son!

(37)

_ primus tortor._ A felow, war thi crowne!
_iiijus tortor._ Trowes thou this tymbre wiH oght downe?
_iiijus tortor._ yit help that it were fast.
_iiijus tortor._ Shog hym weH & let vs lyfte.
_ primus tortor._ ffuH shorte shalbe his thryfte.
_iiijus tortor._ A, it standys vp lyke a mast.

(38)

_Iesus._ I pray you pepyH that passe me by,
That lede youre lyfe so lykandly, heyfe vp youre hartys on hight!
Behold if euer ye saH body Buffet & bett thus blody,
Or yit thus dulfully dight';
In warld was neuer no wight That suffred half so sare.
My mayn, my mode, my myght, Is noght bot sorow to sight', And comfortH none, bot' care.

(39)

My folk, what haue I done to the, That thou aH thus shaH tormente me?
Thy syn by I fuH sore.
what haue I greuyd the? answere me, That thou thus naylys me to a tre, And aH for thyn erroure;
How shalt thou atone for this dishonour thou doest Me?

Beasts and birds have their resting places, but God's Son has only His shoulder to lay His head on.

I have made thee in My likeness, and thou repayest Me thus.

By this guiltless suffering I buy Adam's blood.

where shalt thou seek socoure?
This mys how shalt thou amende?
when that thou thy saveoure
Dryfes to this dishonour,
And nalis through feete and hende!

Beestys, byrdys, aH haue thay rest,
when thay ar wo begun;
Bot' godys son, that' shuld' be best,
hase not where apon his hede to rest,
Bot on his shudder bone.
To whome now may I make my mone?
when thay thus martyr me,
And sakles will me sone,
And beete me blode and bone,
That my brethere shuld' be!

what kyndnes shuld' I kyte theym to?
haue I not done that I aght to do,
Maidie the to my lyknes?
And thou thus refys me rest & ro,
And letties thus lightly on me, lo!
Sich is thi catyfnes.

I haue the kyld kyndnes, / Vnkyndly thou me quytyts;
Se thus thi wekydnes! / loke how thou me dyspytyts!

Gyltles thus am I put to pyne,
Not' for [my] mys, man, bot for thyne,
Thus am I rent on rode;
ifor I that tresoure wold' not tyne,
That I markyd' & made for myne,
Thus by I adam blode,

That sonkyn was in syn,
with none erthly good;
Bot' with my flesh and blode
That' lothe was for to wyn.
My brethere that I com forto by,
has hanged me here thus hedusly,  
And freyndys fynde I foyn;
Thus haue thay dighte me drerely,
And aH by-spytt me spytusly,
As helples man in won.
Bot, fader, that syttys in trone,
By-spytt me sprytusly,
As helples man in won.

I pray to the this boyyn,
Thay wote not what thay doyn,
Nor whom thay haue thus spylt.

(Fol. 57, b.)

The torturers say they know well enough what they are about.

Mary advances.

Maria. Alas ! the doyH I dre / I drowpe, I dare in drede !
Whi hyngys thou, son, so hee? / my bayH begynnes to brede.
Aft blemyslyd is thi ble / I se thi body blede !
In warld, son, were neuer we / so wo as I in wede.

My foode that I haue fed,
In lyf longyng the led,
Straty art thou sted
Emanges thi foo-men fes;
No tongue can tell her grief at her child's suffering.

Sick sorow forto se,
My dere barn, on the,
Is more mowrnyng to me
Then any tong may teH.

How may she look on
His face and body thus disfigured!

Alas! thi holy hede
hase not wheron to helde;
Thi face with blode is red,
Was fare as flore in feylde;
how shuld I stand in sted
To se my barne thus blede?
Bett as blo as lede,
And has no lym to weylde!

His hands ffestynd both handys and feete
[Fol. 68, a.]
and feete are
His skin
His sides
stream with blood,

With nalyss fuH vmnete,
his woundes wrynyng wete,
Alas, my childe, for care!
ffor an rent is thi hyde;
I se on aythere syde
Trer of blode downe glide
Ouer all thi body bare.
Alas! that euer I shuld byde
And se my fyer thus fare!

John shares in her grief for her Son, who was a good Master to him and many more.

Alas, for doyH, my lady dere!
AH for-changid is thi chere,
To see this prynce withouten pere
Thus lappyd aH in wo;
he was thi fode, thi faryst foine,
Thi luf, thi lake, thi lufson son,
That high on tre thus hyngys alone
with body blak and blo;
Alas!
To me and many mo
A good master he was.
Bot, lady, sen it is his wiH
The prophecy to fulfyH,
That mankynde in sy[n] not spiH
ffor theym to thole this payn ;
And with his dede raunson to make,
As prophehtys befor of hym spake,
ffor-thi I red thi sorowe thou slake,
Thi Wepyng may not gayn ;
In sorowe
Oure boytt he byes fuH bayn,¹
Vs aH from bale to borowe.¹

Maria. Alas! thyen een as cristalH clere / that shoyn as son in sight,
That lufty were in lyere / lost thay haue thare light,
And wax aH faed in fere / aH dym then ar thay dight !
In payn has thou no pere / that is withouten pight. 364

Swete son, say me thi thoghtg, what wonders has thou wroght
To be in payn thus broght;
Thi blissed blode to blende ?
A son, thyenk on my wo !
whi wiH thou fare me fro ? /
On mold is no man mo
That may my myrthes amende.

Iohannes. Comly lady, good and couth, / ffayn wold I comforth the ;
Me mynys my master with mowth, / told vnto his menyee
That he shulde thole fuH mekiH payn / and dy apon a tre,
And to the lyfe ryse vp agayn, / apon the thryd day shuld
it be
ffuH right !
ffor-thi, my lady swete,
Stynt a while of grete !
Oure bale then wiH he bete
As he befor has hight.

¹ These two lines are written as one in the MS.
Mary is mad with her grief;

Maria. Mi sorow it is so sad / no solace may me safe;
Mowrnyng makys me mad / none hope of help I hafe;
I am redles and rad / ffor ferd that I mon rafe;
Noght may make me glad / to I be in my grafe. 385

she sees the robe she gave Jesus all rent.

To deth my dere is dryffen,
his robe is aH to-ryffen,
That of me was hym gyffen,
And shapen with my sydys;
Thise Iues and he has stryffen / That aH the bale he bydys. 389

She laments for her comely child,

Alas, my lam so mylde / whi wiH thou fare me fro /
Emang thise wulfes wyيدة / that wyrke on the this wo?
ffor shame who may the shelde / ffor freyndys has thou fo!
Alas, my comly childe / whi wiH thou fare me fro? 394

and calls on maids and wives to weep with her.

Madyms, make youre mone!
And wepe ye, wyfes, euerichon,
with me, most wrich, in wone,
The childe that borne was best!
My harte is styf as stone / That for no bayH witt brest. 399

John says it is His love which makes Jesus suffer thus for us.

Johnannes. A, lady, weH wote I / thi hart is full of care
when thou thus openly / sees thi childe thus fare;
luf gars hym rathly / hym-self witt he not spare,
Vs aH fro baH to by / of blis that ar fuH bare 403
ffor syn.
My lefe lady, for-thy / Of mowrnyng loke thou blyn. 405

Maria. Alas! may euer be my sang / Whyls I may lyf
in leyd;
Me thynk now that I lyf to lang / to se my barne thus blede;
Iuès wyrke with hym aH warg / wherfor do thay this dede?
lo, so by thay haue hym hang / thay let for no drede: 409
Whi so
his fomen is he emang? / No freynde he has, bot' fo. 411

These stanzas, as well as No. 67, are really six-line stanzas, aaab ab.
(64) My frely foode now farys me fro / what shalH worthi on me? Thou art warpyd aH in wo / and spred here on a tre
fluff hee / I mowrne, and so may mo / ThatH sees this payn on the.

(65) Iohannes. Dere lady, weH were me
If that I myght comfortH the;
for the sorow thatI see
Sherys myn harte in sondere;
when that I se my master hang
With byter paynes and strang,
Was neuer wight with wrang
WroghtH so mekiH wonder.

(66) Maria. Alas, deH, thou dwellys to lang! / whi art thou
hid fro me?
Who kendH the to my childe to gang? / aH blak thou
makys his ble;
Now witterly thou wyrkys wrang / the more I wiH wyte the,
BotH if thou wiH my hartè stang / that I myght with
hym dee
And byde;
Sore syghyng is my sang, / ffor thyrlydH is his hyde!

(67) A, deH, what has thou done? / with the wiH I moytt sone,
Sen I had childer none bot oone / bestH vnder son or moyn;
ffreyndys I had fuH foyn / that gars me grete and grone
flufH sore.
Good lord, graunte me my boyn / and let me lyf no more!

(68) GabrielH, that good / som tyme thou can me grete,
And then I vnderstud / thi wordys that were so swete;
Bot now thay meng my moodle / ffor grace thou can me hete,
To bere aH of my blode / a childe oure baiH shuldH bete
with rightH;
Now hyngys he here on rude / Where is that thou me hight?

(69) AH that thou of blys / hightH me in that stedle,
ffrom myrthH is faren omys / and yit I trow thi red;
Mary cries
[Fol. 89, b.]
to Jesus for mercy.

Thi counson now of this / my lyfe how shal I lede
When fro me gone is / he that was my hede

In hy?
My dede now comen it is / My dere son, haue mercy!

(70)

Jesus bids her cease from the sorrow that pains Him more than His own.
He suffers to save mankind.

Ihesus. My moder mylde, thou chaunghe thi chere!
Sease of thi sorow and sighyng sere,

It sytys vnto my hart fuH sare;
The sorow is sharp I suffre here,
Bot doyH thou drees, my moder dere,

Me marters mekiH mare.1
Thus wiH my fader I fare,
To lowse mankynde of bandys;
his son WiH he not' spare,
To lowse that bon was are

fuH fast in feyndys handys.

(71)
The fyrst cause, moder, of my commyng
Was for mankynde myscarying,

To sal thare sore I soght';
Therfor, moder, make none mowrnyng,
Sen mankynde throught my dyyng

May thus to blis be boght';
Woman, wepe thou right noght!
Take ther Iohn vnto thi chylde!
Mankynede must nedys be boght,
And thou kest, cosyn, in thi thoght;

Iohn, lo ther thi moder mylde!

(72)

He calls on mankind to repay His suffering with steadfastness.

Blo and blody thus am I bett,
Swongen with sweypys & aH to-swett,

Mankynede, for thi mysdede!

ffor my luf lust when Wold thou lett,
And thi harte sadly sett,

Sen I thus for the haue blede?

1 MS. sore, more.
Sich lyf, for sothe, I le\(\dagger\),
That vnothes may I more;
This suffre I for thi nedeye,
To marke the, man, thi medey:
   Now thryst I, wonder sore.

   (73)

\textit{primus tortor}. Noght bot hold\(\dagger\) thi peasse!
Thou sha\(\dagger\) haue drynke within a resse,
   My self shalbe thy knaue;
haue here the draught that I the hete,
And I sha\(\dagger\) warand it is not swete,
   On a\(\dagger\) the good I haue.

   (74)

\textit{Secundus tortor}. So syr, say now a\(\dagger\) youre wi\(\dagger\)!
ffor if ye couth\(\dagger\) haue holden you sty\(\dagger\)
   ye had not had this brade.
\textit{Tercius tortor}. Thou wold a\(\dagger\) gayt\(\dagger\) be kynge of Iues,
Bot by this I trow thou rues
   A\(\dagger\) that\(\dagger\) thou has sayde.

   (75)

\textit{iiijus tortor}. he has hym rused\(\dagger\) of great prophes,
That\(\dagger\) he shuld make vs tempyll\(\dagger\)es,
   And gar it cleyn downe f\(\dagger\);
And yit\(\dagger\) he sayde he shuld\(\dagger\) it\(\dagger\) rase
As wel\(\dagger\) as it was, within thre dayes!
   he liyes, that wote we a\(\dagger\);

   (76)

And for his liyes, in great dispyte
we wi\(\dagger\) departe his clothyny tyte,
   Bot he can more of arte.
\textit{primus tortor}. yee, as euer myght I thryfe,
Soyn wi\(\dagger\) we this mant\(\dagger\) ryfe,
   And ich man take his parte.

   (77)

\textit{ijus tortor}. how wold\(\dagger\) thou we share this clothe?
\textit{ijus tortor}. Nay forsothie, that were I lothe,
   Then were it a\(\dagger\) gate spylt;
Bot assent thou to my saw,
   And then is none begylt\(\dagger\).
The 4th torturer wins the garment, and the 1st offers to buy it of him.

They see an inscription newly written on the Cross, and guess it is by Pilate.

They go to look at it.

It is in Hebrew, Latin, and Greek, and hard to expound.

The 3rd torturer is the best "Latin wright," and explains it as

Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

yonder is wretyn) "Ihesu of nazareyn

he is kyng of Iues," I weyn.

ustainability.
primus tortor. A! that is written) wrang.

Secundus tortor. he callys hym so, bot he is none.

iijus tortor. Go we to pilate and make oure mone;

haue done, and dwelH not lang.

(84) [They approach Pilate.]

pilate, yonder is a fals tabyH;
Theron is wryten noght bot fabyH;

Of Iues he is not kyng!

he callys hym so, bot he not is:
It is falsly written, lwys,

This is a wrangwys thyng.

(85)
Pilatus. Boys, I say, what meH ye you?
As it is written shaH it be now,

I say certane;
Quod scriptum scripsi,

That same wrote I,

What gadlyng gruches ther agane?

(86)
quartus tortor. Sen that he is man of law / he must nedys

haue his wH;

I trow he had not written that saw / without som propre
skyH.

(87)
primus tortor. yee, let it hyng aboue his hede,

It shaH not saue hym fro the dede,

Noght that he can write.

iijus tortor. Now yHa hale was he borne.

iijus tortor. Ma-fay, I teH his lyfe is lorne,

he shalbe slayn as tyte.

(88)
If thou be crist, as men the caH,
Com downe emangys vs aH,

And thole not thies myssaes.

iijus tortor. yee, and help thi self that we may se,
And we shaH aH trow in the,

what socuer thou says.

(89)
primus tortor. he cals hym self good of myght,
Bot I wolH se hym be so wight
To do such a deed

he raise Lazarus, but cannot help himself,

Bot he can not help hym self,

Now in his great need.

(90)

Jesus cries to God.

Ihesu. hely, hely, lamazabatany!

My god, my god, wherfor and why

has thou forsakyn me?

(91)

The torturers misunderstand Him.

ijus tortor. how! here ye not, as weH as I,

how he can now on hely cry

Apon his wyse?

[Tol. 91, a., Sig. O. 3.]

Terces tortor. yee, ther is none hely in this countre

Shal deleyuer hym from this mene\3e,

On nokyns wyse.

(92)

Jesus commends His soul to the Father.

iiiijus tortor. I warand you now at the last

That he shal soyn yelde the gast,

for brestyn is his ga\.

Ihesu. Now is my passyon broght tyH ende!

ffader of heuen, in to thyn hende

I betake my sauH!

(93)

The torturers make Longeus, a blind knight, pierce his side with a spear.

primus tortor. let one pryk hym with a spere,

And if that it do hym no dere

Then is his lyfe nere past.

ijus tortor. This blynde knyght may best do that.

longeus. Gar me not do bot I wote what.

iiijus tortor. Not bot put vp fast.

(94)

Longeus receives his sight, and craves forgiveness for wounding the body of Jesus.

longeus. A, lord, what may this be?

Ere was I blynde, now may I se;

Godys son, here me, ihesu!

for this trespas on me thou rew.

for, lord, othere men megart,

that I the stroke vnto the hart:

I se thou hyngys here on hy,

And dyse to fulfyH the prophecy.
Tivius tortor. Go we hence and leyse hym here,
ffor I shal be his borghe to-yere
he felys no more payn ;
ffor hely ne for none othere man
AHH the good tha euer he wan
Gettyes not his lyfe agayn.

[Exeunt Tortores. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus advance.]

(95)

Iosephi. Alas, alas, and walaway !
That euer shuld I abyde this day,
To se my master dede ;
Thus wykydly as he is shent,
with so bytter tornamente,
Thurgh fals Iues red. 618

(96)

Nychodeme, I wold we yede
To sir pilate, if we myght spede,
his body for to craue ;
I wiH fownde with aH my myght,
ffor my seruyce to aske that knyght
his body for to graue.

(97)

Nicodemus. Ioseph, I wiH weynde with the
ffor to do that is in me,
ffor that body to pray ;
fforoure good wiH and ourre trauale
I hope that it mon vs avayH
here afterward som day.

(98)

Iosephi. Syr pylate, god the saue !
Graunte me that I craue,
If that it be thi wiH.

Pilate. Welcom, Iosephi, myght thou be !
what so thou askys I graunte it the,
So that it be skyH.

(99)

Iosephi. ffor my long seruyce I the pray
Graunte me the body—say me not nay—
Towneley Plays. \textit{X.VIII. The Crucifixion.}

Of ihesu, dede on rud. \hfill 639

\textit{Pilatus.} I graunte we\$\ if he ded be,
Good leyfe sha\$\ thou haue of me,
Do with hym what thou thynk gud. \hfill 642

\hfill (101)

\textit{Joseph.} Gramercy, syr, of youre good grace,
That ye haue graunte me in this place;
Go weoure way: [\textit{They return to Calvary.}] \hfill 645

Nychodeme, com me furth with,
for I my self sha\$\ be the smyth
The nales out for to dray. \hfill 648

\hfill (102)

\textit{Nichodemus.} Ioseph, I am redy here
To go with the with fu\$\ good chere,
To help the at my myght ; \hfill 651
pu\$\ furth the nales on aythere syde,
And I sha\$\ hald hym vp this tyde ;
A, lord, so thou is dight\$! \hfill 654

\hfill (103)

\textit{Joseph.} help now, felow, with a\$\ thi myght,
That he were wonden and we\$\ dight,
And lay hym on this bere ; \hfill 657
Bere we hym furth vnto the kyrke,
To the tombe that I gart wyrk,
Sen fu\$\ many a yere. \hfill 660

\hfill (104)

\textit{Nichodemus.} It sha\$\ be so with cutten nay.
he that dyed on gud fryday
And crownyd was with thorne, \hfill 663
Saue you a\$\ that now here be !
That lord that thus wold\$\ dee
And rose on pasche morne. \hfill 666

\textit{Explicit crucifixio Christi.}^1

^1 MS. xpi.
(XXIV.)

Incipit Processus talentorum.

[Dramatis Personae.

Pilatus. | Secundus Tortor, (Spyll-payn) | Tercius Tortor, Consultus.

[2 ten-line stanzas, no. 5 aaaaab ccccb, no. 54 ab ab cdbcb; 8 nine-line, aaaaab ccccb; 13 right-line, no. 6 abab cced, no. 47 abca bdcd, no. 53 abc acd cd, the rest aab ccccb; 15 seven-line, no. 29 abacd bd, no. 55 aab cdb, the rest ababc bc; 1 six-line, no. 46 ab cede; 5 five-line, no. 17, 18 abbbba, nos. 22-3, 32 ababc; 11 four-line, no. 26 abba, nos. 27, 33, 44 abcb, no. 38 abca, nos. 51-2 abod, the rest abab.]

Pilate calls in Latin for silence.

(1)

Ernite qui statis /\ quod mire sim probitatis,
Hec cognosceatis / vos cedam ni taceatis,
Cuncti discatis / quasi sistam vir deitatis
Et maiestatis / michi fando ne neceatis,
hoc modo mando;

Neue loquaces,
Siue dicaces,
possite paces,
Dum fero fando.

In Latin and English he bids the people make room,

(2)

Stynt, I say! gyf men place / quia sum dominus dominorum!
he that agans me says / rapietur lux oculorum;
Therfor gyf ye me space / ne tendam vim brachiorum,
And then get ye no grace / contestor Iura polorum,
Caeveatis;
Rewle I the Iure,
Maxime pure,
Towne quoque rure,
Me paueatis.

boasting of his lineage and power.

(3)

Stemate regali / kyng atus gate me of pila;
Tramite legali / Am I ordand to reyn apon Iuda,
Nomine wigari / pownce pilate, that may ye weH say,
Qui bene wit fari / shuld caH me fownder of ah lay.

1 The metrical bars (/) are not in the MS., but the lines are divided by dots, thus: The rymes in this play are very irregular: see st. 30, 46, 53, 54, etc.

"Kyng Atus gate me of Pila"; hence "Pilatus."
Iudeorum

He is ruler of the Jews.

Iura guberno,
pleasse me and say so,
Omnia firmo
Sorte deorum.

He is armipotent,
quasi-cunctipotent, and
his laws must be kept.

Cesar has exalted him,
and all men must be obedient.

Myghty lord of aH / me Cesar magnificauit;
Downe on knees ye faH / greatt god me sanctificauit,
Me to obey ouer aH / regi reliquo quasi dauid,
hanged by that he saH / hoc iussum qui reprobauit,
I swere now;
Bot ye youre hedis
Bare in thies stedis
Redy my swerde is
Of thaym to shere now.

Atrox armipotens / I graunt men girthi by my good grace,
Atrox armipotens / most myghty callyd in ylk place,
vir quasi cunctipotens / I graunt men girthi by my good grace,
Tota refter huic gens / that none is worthier in face,
Quin eciam bona mens / doith trowth and right bi my trew lays,
Silete!
In generali,
Sic speciali,
yit agane byd I
Iura tenete.

loke that no boy be to bustus, blast here for to blaw,
Bot truly to my talkyng loke that ye be intendyng;
If here be any boy that wiH not lott tiH oure law,
By myghty mahowne, hygh shaH he hyng;
Southi, north, eest, west,
In aH this warld in lengthe and brede,
Is none so doughty as I, the best,
doughtely dyntand on mule and on stede.
Therfor I say, loke that ye lowte to my lykance, ffor dowte of dynt in greuaunce; dilygently ply to my plesance, As pynce most myghty me pay, And talke not a worde; ffor who so styrrres or any dyn makys, deply in my daunger he rakys, That as soferan me not takys And as his awne lorde.

he has myster of nyghtys rest' that nappys not in noynyng! boy, lay me downe softly and hap me well from cold'; loke that no laddys noy me nawder with cryynge nor with crynyng, Nor in my sight' ones greue me so bold'.
If ther be any boyes that make any cry, Or els that wiH not obey me, he were better be hanged hy, Then in my sight ones mefe me.

primus tortor. war, war! for now com I, The most shrew in this cuntry; I haue ro[n] fuH fast in hy, hedir to this towne;
To this towne now comen am I from the mownt of caluery; Ther crist hang, and that fuH hy,
I swe[re] you, bi my crowne.

At caluery when he hanged was, I spuyd and spyt right in his face, when that it shoyn as any glas, so semely to my sight'; Bot yit for aH that fayr thyng, I loghe hym unto hethyng, And rofe of his clethyng;
To me it was fuH light.
And when his clothes were of in fere, 
and so we logie and maide good chere, 
And cownyd that carle with a brere,

As he had bene a kyng;

And yit I did fuH propuly,
I clappyd his cors by and by,
I thoght I did fuH curiously
In fayth hym for to hyng.

Bot to mahowne I make avowe,
hedir haue I broght his clethyng now,
To try the trowthe before you,
Euen this same nyght;

Of me and of my felowe two
with whom this garmente shaH go;
bot sir pilate must go therto,
I swere you by this light.

ffor whosoeuer may get thise close,
he ther nener rek where he gose,
ffor he semys nothyng to lose,
If so be he theym were.

bot now, now, felose, stand on rowme,
ffor he commes, shrewes, vnto this towne,
And we wiH aH togeder rowne,
so semely inoure gere.

Secundus tortor. war, war! and make rowme,
ffor I wiH with my felose rowne,
And I shaH knap hym on the crowne
That standys in my gate;
I wiH lepe and I wiH skyp
As I were now out of my wytt;
Almost my breke thay ar beshyt
ffor drede I cam to late.
Spyll-payn in fayth I hight.
I was at caluerie this same day,
where the kyng of Iues lay,
And ther I taught hym a newe play,
Truly, me thoght it right.

(17)
The play, in fayth, it was to rowne,
That he shuld lay his hede downe,
And sone I bobyd hym on the crowne,
That gam me thoght was good.
when we had played with hym ourie fyH,
Then led we him vnto an hyH,
And ther we wroght with hym ourie wiH,
And hang hym on a rud.

(18)
Nomore now of this talkyng,
Bot' the cause of my commyng ;
BotH on ernest and on hethyng
This cote I wold' I had ;
ffor if I myght this cote gett,
Then wold I both skyp and lepe,
And therto fast both drynke and ete,
In fayth, as I were mad.

(19)
Tercius tortor. war, war! within thise wones,
ffor I com rynyng aH at ones !
I haue brysten both my balok stones,
So fast hyed I hedyr ;
And ther is nothyng me so lefe
As murder a mycher' and hang a thefe :
If here be any that doth me grefe
I shaH them thresh togedir.

(20)
ffor I may swere with mekiH wyn
I am the most' shrew in aH myn kyn,
That is from this towne vnto lyn,
lo, here my fellowe two!

Now ar we thre commen in
A new gam forto begin,
This same cote forto twyn,
Or that we farther go.

(21)
Bot to sir pilate prynce I red that we go hy,
And present hym the playnt how that we ar stad;
Bot this gowne that is here, I say you for-thy,
By myghty mahowne I wold not he had.

(22)
primus tortor. I assent to that sagi, by myghty mahowne!
Let vs Weynde to sir pilate withouten any fabyH;
Bot syrs, bi my lewte, he gettys not this gowne;
Vnto vs thre it were right prophetabyH;
SpiH-payn what says thou?

(23)
Secundus tortor. youre saves craftely assent I vnto.
primus tortor. Then wiH I streght furth in this place,
And speke with sir pilate wordys oone or two,
ffor I am right semely and fare in the face;
And now shaH we se or we hence go.

(24)
Tercius tortor. Sir, I say the, by my lewte,
where is sir pilate of pryce?
Consultus. Sir, I say the, as myght I the,
he lygys here in the dewyH seruyce.

(25)
but shall be waked.
primus tortor. with that prynce—fowH myght he faH—
Must we have at do.
Consultus. I shaH go to hym and caH,
And loke what ye wiH say hym to.

(26)
My lord, my lorde!

pilatus. what, boy, art thou nyse?
caH nomore, thou has callid twyse.
Consultus. my lord!
pilatus. what mytyng is that that mevys me in my mynde?
Consultus. I, lord, youre counselloure, pight in youre saw.
pilatus. Say ar ther any catyffys combred that ar vnkynde?
Consultus. Nay, lord, none that I knawe.

(27)

Pilate asks if there be any disafec-tion, and is told "no."
Pilate asks if there be any disafec-tion, and is told "no."

(28)

He is angry at being dis-turbed, but takes his seat in his hall.
He is angry at being dis-turbed, but takes his seat in his hall.

(29)

[Fol. 94, b.]

(30)

The Coun-seller tells him that Je-sus is dead.

(31)

Pilate bids the Coun-seller not to meddle in these mat-ters.

pilatus. ffare and softly, sir, and say not to far;
Sett the with sorow, then semys thou the les,
And of the law that thou leggys be wytty and war,
lest I greue the greatly with dyntys expres:
ffals fatur, in fayth I shaft slay the!
Thy reso vnrad I red the redres,
Or els of thise maters loke thou nomore meH the.
The Councilor upbraids Pilate, and exalts the value of his own advice.

Consultus. Why shuld I not meH of those maters that I haue you taught? Thoug ye be prynce peerles without any pere, were not my wyse wysdom youre wyttys were in waght; And that is seen expresse and playnly right here, And done in dede.

Pilate laughs at him for not knowing the way of kings.

Pilate. Why, boy, bot has thou sayde? Consultus. yee, lorde.

Pilatus. Therfor the devyH the spede, thou carle vnkynde Sich felowse myght weH be on rowme! ye knaw not the comon cowrs that longys to a kyng.

primus tortor. Mahowne most myghtfuH, he mensk you with mayn,
Sir pilate pereles, prynce of this prese! And saue you, sir, syttand semely suffrayn!
we haue soght to thy sayH no sayng to sesse,
Bot certyfie sone;
ye wote that ye demyd this day apon desse,
we dowte not his doyng, for now is he done.

Pilate is glad of it, but bids them keep it secret.

Pilate. ye ar welcom, Iwys, ye ar worthy ay war;
Be it fon so of that fatur, in fayth then am I fayne.

Secundus tortor. we haue markyd that mytyng, nomore shaH he mar;
we prayed you, sir pilate, to put hym to payn,
And we thoght it weH wroght.

Pilatus. lefe syrs, let be youre laytt and loke that ye layn; ffor nothyng that may be nevyn ye it noght.

Tercius tortor. Make myrth of that mytyng fuH mekyH we may,
And haue lykyng of oure lyfe for los of that lad;
Bot, syr pilate peerles, a poynyt I the pray;
hope ye with hethyng that harness he had

1 ? assonance to "vnkynde."
To hold that was his?

Pilate. That appentys vnto me, mafa! art thou mad?
I ment that no mytyng shuld meH hym of this.

(37)

Primus tortor. Mefe the not, master, more if he meH, for thou shall parte from that pelfe, that thou not pleyte.
Pilatus. Yit styrt not farer for noght that ye feH;
I aske this gowne of youre gyfte, it is not so greatt, And yit may it agayn you.
Secundus tortor. how, aH in fageyng? in fayth I know of youre featte, for it fallys to vs four fyrst whiH I frayn you.

(38)
Pilatus. And I myster to no maner of mans bot myn.

Tercius tortor. yee, lord, let shere it in shredys.
Pilatus. Now that hald I good skyH! take thou this, & thou that, & this shall be thyne,

(39)

And by lefe and by law this may leyfe styH.

Primus tortor. O lordyng! I weyn it is wrang,
To tymely I toke it, to take it the vntyH
The farest, and the fowlllest thy felowe to fang.

(40)
Pilatus. And thou art payed of thi parte huH truly I trowe.

Primus tortor. It is shame forto se, I am shapyn bot a shrede.
Secundus tortor. The hole of this harnes is holdyn to you,
And I am leuerd a lap is lyke to no lede,
for-tatyrd and torne.

Tercius tortor. By myghty mahowne that mylde is of mode,1
If he skap with this cote it were a great skorne.

(41)
Pilatus. Now sen ye teyn so at this, take it to you with aH the mawgre of myn and myght of mahowne!

Primus tortor. Drede you not doutles, for so WiH we dow; Grefe you not greatly ye gett not this gowne,

1 The ryme needs "mede."

Pilate at once claines them.
The 1st torturer objects, and Pilate then asks the gown as a gift.
The 3rd torturer proposes to cut it into pieces.
The torturers are discontented with their shares.

[Vol. 95, b.] Pilate gives the gown to them to divide.
The 2nd torturer asks for a falchion.

He cannot find a seam along which to cut it. Pilate bids them leave it whole.

The 1st torturer objects, and Pilate threatens him.

They make it up, and agree to draw lots.

bot in fower as it fallys. 273

Secundus tortor. had I a fawchon, then craftely to cutt it were I bowne. 275

Tercius tortor. lo it here that thou callys!

(42)

It is sharp with to shere, shere if thou may.

Secundus tortor. Euen in the mydward to marke were mastre to me. 277

primus tortor. Most semely is in certan the seym to assay.

Secundus tortor. I haue soght aH this syde and none can I se, 279

of greatt nor of smaH.

pilatus. Bewshers, abyd you, I byd you let be!

I commaunde not to cutt it, bot hol(J it hole aH. 282

(43)

primus tortor. Now ar we bon, for ye bad, withhald on youre hud.

pilatus. we! harlottys! go hang you, for hole saH it be.

Tercius tortor. Grefe you not greatly, he saide it for gud.

pilatus. wyst I that he spake it in spytyng of me 286

Tyt shuld I spede forto spyH hym.

Secundus tortor. That were hym loth, lord, by my lewte, for-thi grauntt hym youre grace.

pilatus. No greuans I wiH hym. 290

(44)

primus tortor. Gramercy thi gudnes!

pilatus. yee, bot greue me nomo; 294

shuld dere beys it boght

In fayth, if ye do.

(45)

primus tortor. ShaH I then saue it?

pilatus. yee, so saide I, or to draw cutt is the lelyst, and long cut, lo, this wede shaH wyn.

Tercius tortor. Sir, to youre sayng yit assent we vnto;

Bot oone assay, let se who shaH begun. 299

1 MS. iiiij.  2 MS. there were I bowne craftely to cut it.

3 MS. nomore.
pilatus. we! me falles aH the fyrst, and forther shaH ye.

Secundus tortor. Nay, drede you not doultles, for that
do ye not;
O, he sekys as he wold dyssaue vs now we se.

Tercius tortor. Bewshers, abyde you, heder haue I broght
thre dyse vs emang.

primus tortor. That is a gam aH the best, bi hym that me
boght,
ffor at the dysyng he dos vs no wrang.

pilatus. And I am glad of that gam; On assay, Who
shaH begun?

primus tortor. fyrst shaH ye, and sen after we aH.

and lefe aH youre dyn,

ffor who so has most^* this frog shaH he faH,
And best of the bonys.

pilatus. I assent to youre sayng; assay now I shaH,
As I wold at a wap wyn aH at ones.

Secundus tortor. A, ha! how now! here ar a hepe.

pilatus. haue mynde then emang you how many ther ar.

Tercius tortor. threeteen1 ar on thre, thar ye not threpe.

pilatus. Then shaH I wyn or aH men be war.

primus tortor. Truly lord, right so ye shaH;

Bot grefe you not greatly, the next shaH be nar
If I haue hap to my hand, haue here for aH!

pilatus. And I haue sene as greatt a freke of his forward
falyd.

here ar bot Aght2 turnyd vp at ones.

primus tortor. Aght? a, his armes, that is yH! what so
me alyd,

I was falsly begylyd with thise byched bones;

Ther cursyd thay be!

Secundus tortor. WeH I wote this wede bees won in thise
wones,

I wold be fayn of this frog myght it faH vnto me.

The third torturer has brought three dice.

Pilate and the first torturer are ready to de-
cide by them.

Pilate throws thirteen, and
thinks he will win. The
first torturer tries his
hand

and throws only eight, at which he
curses the dice.

1 MS. xiiij. 2 MS. viij.
The second torturer throws seven.

The third prepares to cast and throws fifteen. Pilate is furious.

Secundus tortor. We, fy! that is shortt. Tercius tortor. Do shott at thi hud! now fallys me the fyrst, And I haue hap to this gowne, go now on gud; The byched bones that ye be I byd you go bett; 336

(51)

Tercius tortor. here ar men vs emang, lele in oure lay, wiH ly for no leyd, And I wytues at thaym if I wroght any wrang. 343

(53)

pilatus. Sir, sen thou has won this weyd, say wiH thou vowche safe Of thi great gudnes this garment on me? Tercius tortor. Sir, I say you certan this shaH ye not haue. 355

1 MS. vij. 2 MS. xv. 3 ? assonance to 'have.'
The third torturer gives up the coat and is thanked.

The first would not have given it up so lightly, but Pilate promises to make amends for it.

The first torturer forswears the use of dice, and bids all men beware of dicers.

The second commits the dice to the devil. Fortune delights to set men up and cast them down.

She makes dicers sell corn and cattle.

vnbychid, vnbayn!

_Tercius tortor._ For ye thrett me so throle,

were it sichi thre

here I gif you this gud.

_pilatus._ Now, gramercy agayn!

(55)

MekihH thank and myn and this sallbe ment.

_primus tortor._ Bot I had not left it so lightly, had play

me it lent.

_pilatus._ No, bot he is faythful and fre, and that shall be

ment;

And more if I may,

If he myster to me,

amend hym I mon.

_Tercius tortor._ I vowche safe it be so, the sothe forto say.

(56)

_primus tortor._ Now thise dyse that ar vnnduhty / for los

of this good,

here I forswere hertely / by mahownes blood;

for was I neuer so happy / by myn nor by mode,

To wyn with sichi sotelty / to my lyfys-fode,

As ye ken;

Thise dysars and thise hullars,

Thise cokkers and thise bollars,

And aH purs-cutters,

Bese weH war of thise men.

(57)

_Secundus tortor._ ffy, fy, on thise dyse / the deviH I them

take!

vnwytty, vnwyse / With thaym that Wold lake;

As fortune assyse / men wyH she make;

hir maners ar nyse / she can downe and vptake;

And rych

She turns vp-so-downe,

And vnder abone,

Most chefe of renowne

She castys in the dyche.

(58)

By hir meanes she makys / dysers to seH,

As thay sytt and lakys / thare corre and thare cateH;
Then cry they and crakkys / bowne vnto bateH,
his hyppys then bakys / no symneH
for hote.
Bot fare weH, thryfte!
Is ther none other skyfte
Bot syfte, lady, syfte?
Thise dysars thay dote.

Tercius tortor. what commys of dysyng / I pray you hark
after,
Bot los of good in lakyng / and oft tymes mens slagher!
Thus sorrow is at partyng / at metyng if ther be laghter;
I red leyf sich vayn thyng / and serve god heraftcr,
for heuens blys;
That lord is most myghty,
And gentyllyst of Iury,
we helde to hym holy;
how thynk ye by this?

Pilate
praises the
torturers
and dis-
misses them
with a
French
blessing.

Pilatus. weH worth you aH thre, most doughty in dede!
Of aH the clerkys that I knaw, most conyng ye be,
By soteltes of youre sawes, youre lawes forto lede;
I graunt you playn powere and frenship frele,
I say;

1 Dew vows [garde], mon senyours!
Mahowne most myghty in castels and towres
he kepe you, lordyngys, and aH youres,
And hauys aH gud day.

Explicit processus talentorum.

1 i.e. Dieu vous [garde], moussigneurs!
Incipit extraccio animarum, &c.

[29 eight-line stanzas abababab; 1 six-line (no 18) aab aba; 40
four-line abab; 4 couplets.]

[29][eight-line stanzas abababab; 1 six-line (no 18) aab aba; 40
four-line abab; 4 couplets.]

**Dramatis Personae.**

|--------|---------|---------|-----------|

**Ihesus.**

My fader me from blys has send
Tih erth for mankynde sake,
Adam myys forto amend,
My deth nede must I take.

I dwellyd ther thrty yeres and two,
And somdele more, the sothe to say;
In anger, pyne, and mekyH wo,
I dyde on cros this day.

Therfor tih heH now WiH I go,
To chalange that is myne;
Adam, eue, and othere mo,
Thay shaH no longer dweH in pyne.

The feynde theym wan With trayn,
Through fraude of earthly fode,
I haue theym boght agan
With shedyng of my blode.

And now I wiH that stede restore,
which the feynde feH fro for syn;
Som tokyn wiH I send before,
with myrth to gar thare gammes begun.

A lightt I wiH thay haue
To know I wiH com sone;
My body shaH abyde in graue
Tih aH this dede be done.
Adam calls his brethren to listen: he sees tokens of solace.

Adam. My brother, herkyn vnto me here!
More hope of helth neuer we had;
Fower thousands¹ and sex hundreth² yere haue we bene here in darknes stad;
Now se I tokyns of solace sere,
A gloryous gleme to make vs glad,
Wher throug I hope that help is nere,
That sone shaH slake oure sorowes sad.

Eve, too, takes the light as a good sign.

Eua. Adam, my husband heynd,
This menys solace certan;
SicH light can on vs leynd
In paradyse fuH playn.

Isaiah recalls Adam’s first sin.

Isaias. Adam, throug thi syn
here were we put to dweH,
This wykyd place within;
The name of it is heH;
here paynes shaH neuer blyn,
That wykyd ar and feH.
Iowe that lord withi wyn,
his lyfe for vs wold seH.

Et cantent omnes “saluator mundi,” primum versum.

Adam, thou weH vnderstand
I am Isaias, so crist me kende.
I spake of folke in darknes walkand,
I saide a light shuld on theym lende;
This light is aH from crist commande
That he tiH vs has hedir sende,
Thus is my poynt proved in handk,
as I before to foldk it kende.

Simeon’. So may I teH of farlys feyH,
fior in the tempyH his freyndys me fande,
Me thought daynteth with hym to deyH,
I halisid hym homely with my hand;
Towneley Plays. XXV. The Deliverance of Souls. 295

I saide, lord, let thi seruandys leyH
pas in peasse to lyf lastande;
Now that myn eyn has sene thyn hele
no longer lyst I lyf in lande.

(12)
This light thou has purvayde
ffor theym that lyf in lede;
That is before of the haue saide
I se it is fullylyd in dede.

(13)
Iohannes baptista. As a voce cryand I kend
The ways of crist, as I weH can;
I baptisid hym with both myn hende
in the water of flume Iordan;
The holy gost from heuen discende
As a white dowfe downe on me than;
The fader voyce, oure myrthes to amende,
Was made to me lyke as a man;

(14)
"yond is my son," he saide,
"and which me pleasses fuH weH,"
his light is on vs layde,
and commys oure karys to kele.

(15)
Moyses. Now this same nyght lernyng haue I,
to me, moyses, he shewid his myght,
And also to anothere oone, hely,
where we stud on a hill on hyght;
As whyte as swaw was his body,
his face was like the son for bright,:
Noman on mold was so myghty
grathly durst loke agans that light;

(16)
And that same light here se I now
shynyng on vs, certayn,
where thrugh truly I trow
that we shalH sone pas fro this payn.

Simeon re-
members
Christ's pre-
sentation in
the Temple
and his own
"Nunc
dimittis."

He now sees
the light
which he
then fore-
told.

John the
Baptist re-
calls the
Baptism of
Christ and
the voice
from
Heaven.

Christ's
light comes
to assuage
their cares.

Moses re-
calls the
Transfigura-
tion and the
wondrous
light there
shown.

That same
light he sees
now.
Rybold is full of foreboding that the souls will escape.

He bids Beelzebub bind them.

Belzabub. Out, rybold! thou rores, / what is betyd? can thou oght teH?

Ryboald. whi, herys thou not this vgly noyse? thise lurdsans that in lymbo dweH

Thay make mynyng of many Ioyse, and Muster myrthes thym emeH.

Belzabub. Myrth? nay, nay! that poynt is past, more hope of helth shaH thay neuer haue.

Ryboald. They cry on crist fuH fast, And says he shaH thym saue.

Beelzabub. yee, though he do not, I shaH, ffor they ar sparyd in specyaH space; whilst I am prynce and pryncepah they shaH neuer pas out of this place.

CaH vp astarot and anabah
To gyf vs counseH in this case; BeH, berith, and bellyah,
To mar thaym that sich mastry mase.

Say to sir satanoure syre, and byd hym bryng also
Sir lucyfer, luflly of lyre. 

Ryboald. AH redy lord I go.

Ihesus. Atollite portas, principes, vestras & eleuamini porte eternales, & introbit rex glorie.

1 Originally "oure bowys" (and probably "bende").
2 & 3 These and following lines are single lines with central rymes.
Rybald. Out, harro, out! what deviH is he
That callys hym kyng ouer vs aH?
hark belzabub, com ne,
ffor hedusly I hard hym caH.
Belzabub. Go, spar the yates, yH mot thou the!
And set the wachies on the waH;
If that brodeH com ne
With vs ay won he shaH;

And if he more caH or cry,
To make vs more debate,
lay on hym hardly,
And make hym go his gate.

Daudit. Nay, with hym may ye not fyght,
ffor he is king and conqueroure,
And of so mekiH myght,
And styf in euery stoure;
Of hym commys aH this light
that shynys in this bowre;
his is fuH fers in fight,
worthi to wyn honoure.

Belzabub. honowre! harsto, harlot, for what dede?
Alle erthly men to me ar thraH;
That lad that thou callys lord? in lede
he had neuer harbor, house, ne haH.

how, sir sathanas! com nar
And hark this cursid rowte!
Sathanas. The deviH you aH to-har!
What?ales the so to showte?
And me, if I com nar,
thy brayn bot I bryst owte!
Belzabub. Thou must com help to spar,
we ar besieged abowte.
Satan bids them see that Jesus does not escape. 

\textit{Sathanas.} Besegyd aboute! whi, who durst be so bold for drede to make on vs a fray?

\textit{Belsabube.} It is the few that Iudas sold for to be dede this other day.

\textit{Sathanas.} how! in tyme that tale was told, that tature trauesses vs all-way; he shalbe here full hard in hold, bot loke he pas not, I the pray.

\textit{Beelzebub} says Jesus has far other thoughts.

\textit{Belsabube.} Pas! nay, nay, he will not weynde from hens or it be war; he shapys hym for to sheynde

\textit{AH} he\footnote{59}H or he go far.

\textit{Sathanas.} fy, fatures! therof shal he say, for all his fare I hym defy;

\textit{I} know his trantes fro top to tay\footnote{151}H, he lyffys by gawdys and glory.

Therby he broght furth of oure bay\footnote{155}H

The lathe lazare of betany, Bot to the Iues I gaf counsay\footnote{157}H That thay shuld cause hym dy;

\textit{I} enterd\footnote{159} ther into Iudas, that forward to fulfy\footnote{161}H, Therfor his hyere he has, \textit{AH} wayes to won here sty\footnote{163}H.

\textit{Rybalde.} Sir sathan, sen we here the say thou and the Iues were at assent, And wote he wan the lazare away that vnto vs was taken to tent, hopys thou that thou mar hym may to \textit{Muster} the malyce that he has ment? ffor and he refe vs now oure pray we wi\footnote{167}H ye witt or he is went.
Towneley Plays. XXV. The Deliverance of Souls.

(32) Satan. Byd the noght abaste, Sathanas. bot boldly make you bowne, With toyles that ye intraste, And dyng that dastard downe.

(33) Jesus calls by name. outt, harro! what harlot is he that sayes his kyngdom shalbe cryde? david. that may thou in sawter se, for of this prynce thus ere I saide;

(34) I saide that he shulde breke your barres and bandys by name, And of your warkys take wreke; now shalt thou se the same.

(35) Christ's triumph. Ihesus. ye prynces of heH open youre yate, And let my folk furthi gone; A prynce of peasse shalH enter therat wheder ye wiH or none.

(36) Rybald. What art thou that spekys so? Ihesus. A kyng of blys that hight ihesus. Rybald. yee, hens fast I red thou go, And meH the not wiH vs.

(37) Beelzebub. Oure yates I trow wiH last, thay ar so strong I weyn; Bot ifoure barres brast, ff or the they shalH not twyn.

(38) Jesus bursteth the bars to the dismay of Rybald. Ihesus. This stede shalH stand no longer stokyn; open vp, and let my pepH pas. Rybald. Out, harro! our bayH is brokyn, and brusten ar aH our bandeys of bras!
Beelzebub laments.

Belzabub. harro! our yates begyn to crak!
In sonder, I trow, they go,
And heH, I trow, wiH aH to-shak;
Alas, what I am wo!

Ryбалд. lymbo is lorne, alas!
sir sathanas com vp;
This wark is wars then it was.
Sathanas. yee, hangyd be thou on a cruke!  

Satan reproaches the devils for not overthrowing Christ,

Thefys, I bad ye shuld be bowne,
If he maide mastres more,
To dyng that dastard downe,
sett hym bothi sad and sore.

Belzabub. To sett hym sore, that is sone saide!
com thou thy self and serv hym so;
we may not abyde his bytter brayde,
he wold vs mar and we were mo.

Sathanas. ffy, fature! wherfor were ye flayd?
haue ye no force to flyt hym fro?
loke in haste my gere be grayd,
my self shaH to that gadlyng go.

Ihesus. I make no mastry bot for myne;
I wiH theym saue, that' shaH the sow;
Thou has no powere theym to pyne,
bot in my pryson for thare prow
here haue they soriornyd, noght as thynye,
bot in thI wayrd, thou wote as how.
Sathanas. why, where has thou bene ay syn,
that neuer wold negH theym nere or now?

1 assonance with 'up.'
(45)

Iesus. Now is the tyme certan
    My fader ordand her for,
That thay shuld pas fro payn,
    In blys to dwel for euermore.

(46)

Sathanas. Thy fader knew I weH by syght,
    he was a wright, his meett to wyn;
Mary, me mynys, thi moder hight,
    the vtmast ende of aH thy kyn;
Say who made the so mekiH of myght?
    Ihesus. Thou wykyd faynde, lett be thi dy[n]!
my fader wonnes in heuen on hight,
    In blys that neuer more shaH blyn;

(47)

I am his oonly son, / his forward' to fulfyH,
Togeder wiH we won, / In sonder when we wyH.

(48)

Sathanl. Goddys son! nay, then myght thou be glad,
    for no cateH thurt the craue;
Bot thou has lyffyd ay lyke a lad,
    In sorow, and as a sympiH knaue.

(49)

Ihesus. That' was for the hartly luf I had
    Unto mans sauH, it forto saue,
And forto make the masyd and mad,
    And for that reson rufully to rafe.

(50)

My godhede here I hyd
    In mary, moder myne,
where it shaH neuer be kyd
    to the ne none of thyne.

(51)

Sathanl. how now? this wold I were tolk in towne;
    thou says god is thi syre;
I shaH the prove by good reson
    thou moyttys as man dos into myre.
Satan claims the souls as God's enemies.

To breke thi byddyng they were ful bowne,
And soyn they wroght at my desyre;
From paradise thou putt theym downe,
In heH here to haue theare hyre; 274
(52)

And thou thy self, by day and nyght,
Taght euer aH men enang,
Euer to do reson and right,
And here thou wyrkys aH wrang. 278
(53)

Jesus reminds him of the prophecies of His coming.

Ihesus. I wyrk no wrang, that shaH thou wytt,
if I my men fro wo wiH wyn;
My prophethys playnly prechyd it,
AH the noytys that I begyn; 282
They saide that I shuld be that ilke 1
In heH where I shuld intre in,
To saue my seruandys fro that pytth
where dampnyd saulls ys shaH syt for syn. 286
(54)

And ilke true prophete tayH
shalbe fulfyllid in me;
I haue thaym boght fro bayH,
in blis now shaH they be. 290
(55)

Sathanas. Now sen thou lyst to legge the lawes,
 thou shalbe tenyd or we twyn,
for those that thou to witnes drawes
ffuH euen agans the shaH begyn; 294
As salamon saide in his sawes,
who that ones commys heH within
he shaH neuer owte, as clerksys knawes,
therfor, belamy, let be thy dyn. 298
(56)

Iob thy seruande also
In his tyme can teH
That nawder freynde nor fo
shaH fynde relese in heH. 302

1 assonance with 'it.'
(57)

Ihesus. he sayde fuH soyth, that shaH thou se,
In heH shalbe no relesse,
Bot of that place then ment he
where synfuH care shaH euer encresc.
In that bayH ay shaH thou be,
where sorowes seyr shaH neuer sesse,
And my folke that were most fre
shaH pas vnto the place of peasse ;

(58)

ffor they were here with my wiH;
And so thy saH furth weynde ;
Thou shaH thiself fulfyH
euer wo withouten ende.

(59)

Sathanl. Whi, and wiH thou take theym aH me fro?
then thyng me thou art vnkynde ;
Nay, I pray the do not so ;
Vmthynke the better in thy mynde ;
Or els let me with the go,
I pray the leyffe me not behynde !
Ihesus. Nay, tratur, thou shaH won in wo,
and tiH a stake I shaH the bynde.

(60)

Sathanl. Now here I how thou mens emang,
with mesure and malyce forto meH ;
Bot sen thou says it shalbe lang,
yit som let aH-wayes with vs dweH.
Ihesus. Yis, wytt' thou weH, els were greatt' wrang ;
thou shaH haue caym that slo abeH,
And aH that hastys theym self to hang,
As dyd Judas and architopheH ;

(61)

And daton and abaron / and aH of thare assent,
Cursyd tyranttys euer ilkyn / that me and myn tormente.

(62)

And aH that wiH not lere my law,
That I haue left in land for new,
That makys my commynyng knaw,
And aH my sacramentys persew ;
My deth, my rysyng, red by raw, 
Who trow thaym not thay ar vntrewe; 
Vnto my dome I shaH thaym draw, 
And Iuge thaym wars then any Iew. 340

And thay that lyst to lere / my law, and lyf therby, 
ShaH neuer haue harmes here, / bot welth as is worthy. 342

Sathanas. Now here my hand, I hold me payde, 
Thiese poynys ar playnly for my prow; 
If this be trew that thou has saide, 
we shaH haue mo then we haue now; 346

Thies lawes that thou has late here laide, 
I shaH thaym lere not to alow; 
If thay myn take thay ar betraide, 
and I shaH turne thaym tytt I trow. 350

I shaH walk eest, I shaH walk west, 
and gar thaym wyrk weH war. 354

Ihesus. Nay feynde, thou shalbe feste, 
that thou shaH flyt no far. 
Sathan1. Alas, for doyH and care! 
I synk into heH pyt! 358

Sathan1. Ihesus, DeviH, I comnaunde the to go downe 
into thi sete where thou shaH syt. 
Sir sathanas, so saide I are, 
now shaH thou haue a fytt. 362

Ihesus. Com now furthi, my childer aH, 
I forgyf you youre mys; 
With me now go ye shaH 
to Ioy and endles blys. 366

Adam, lord, thou art fuH mekyH of myght, 
that mekys thesself on this manere, 
To help vs aH as thou had vs hight, 
when both forfett I and my fere; 370
here haue we dwelt withouten light
   Fower thousand 1 and sex 2 hundreth yere;
Now se we by this solemne sight
   how that thi mercy makys vs dere.  374

_Eua._ lord, we were worthy / more tornamentys to tast;
Thou help vs lord with thy mercy / as thou of myght is mast.  (70)

_Iohannes._ lord, I love the inwardly,
   that me wold make thi messyngere,
Thi commyng in erth to cry,
   and tecli thi fayth to folk in fere;  380
Sythen before the forto dy,
   to bryng theym bodword that be here,
how thay shuld haue thi help in hy,
   now se I aH those poyntryss appere.  384

_Moyses._ Dauid, thi prophete trew,
   oft tymes toldt vnto vs,
Of thi commyng he knew,
   and saide it shuld be thus.  388

_Dauid._ As I saide ere yit say I so,
   "ne derelinquas, domine,
Animam meam in inferno;"
   "leyfe neuer my saH, lord, after the,
In depe heH wheder dampned shalH go;
   suffre thou neuer thi sayntys to se
The sorow of thaym that won in wo,
   ay fuH of fylthi, and may not fle."  396

_Moyses._ Make myrth both more and les,
   and loueoure lord we may,
That has broght vs fro bytternes
   In blys to abyde for ay.  400

_ysaias._ Therfor now let vs synge
   to loueoure lord ihesus;
Vnto his blys he wiH vs bryng,
   Te deum laudamus.  404

Explicit extraccio animarum ab inferno.

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1 MS. iiiij M.
2 MS. vj.

This sight comes to them after 4000 years of darkness.

Eve confesses they deserved more punishment.

The Baptist gives thanks to Christ for having made him His messenger.

Moses recalls the prophecies of David, who repeats his prayer that his soul be not left in hell.

Moses and Isaiah unite in exhortation to love God.
XXVI. The Resurrection of the Lord.

Dramatis Personae.

Pilate. 
Caiaphas. 
Centurio. 
Anna. 
Primus Miles. 
Secundus Miles. 
Tercius Miles. 
Quartus Miles. 
Angeli, Primus & Secundus. 
Maria Magdalene. 
Maria Jacobi. 
Maria Salomea.

[1 eleven-line stanza, no. 11, aaab ab aeb cb ; 1 nine-line, no. 101 ab abbbc be ; 4 eight-line, no. 7 aaab ccc, nos. 95, 99, 100 aab aab cc ; 93 six-line stanzas, nos. 51-3 aab cb, no. 73 ababc, no. 96 aab aab, the rest aaab ab ; 1 three-line, no. 97 aab ; 1 couplet, no. 24.]

Pilate calls for silence

Easse, I warne you, woldys in wytt! 
And standys on syde or els go sytt; 
for here ar men that go not ytt,

And lordys of me[kiH] myght; 
We thynk to abyde, and not to flytt;

I teH you evey wyght.

[2]

on pain of hanging.

Spare youre spech, ye brodels bold,
And sesse youre cry tiH I haue tolH

What that my worship wold,
here in thise wonys ;
whoso that wyghtly nold
ffuH hy bese hanged his bonys.

[3]

He is Pilate, who has punished Jesus.

wote ye not that I am pilate,
That saH apon the Justyce late,
At caluarie where I was att
This day at morne?
I am he, that great state,
That lad has aH to-torne.

[4]

Let watch be kept if any follow His words.

Now sen that lothly loseH is thus ded,
I haue great joy in my manhede,
Therfor wold I in ilk sted?
It were tayn hede,
If any felowe felow his red,
Or more his law wold lede.
tor and I knew it, cruelly
his lyfe bees lost, and that shortly,
that he were better hyng ful by
On galow tre;
Therfor ye prelatys shuld aspy
If any sich be.

As I am man of myghtys most,
If ther be any that blow sich bost,
with tormentys keyn bese he indost
fior euermore;
The deviH to heft shaH harry hys goost,
Bot I say nomore.

Caiphas. Sir, ye thar nothyng be dredand,
fior centurio, I vnderstand,
youre knyght is left abydand
Right' ther behynule;
We left hym ther, for man most wyse,
If any rybaldys wold oght ryse,
To sesse theyn to the next assyse,
And then fortto make ende.

Tunc veniet centurio velut miles equitans.

Centurio. A, blyssyd lord adonay,¹
what may this merueH sygnyfy
That here was shewyd so openly
vntooure sight,
When the rightwys man can dy
that' ihesus hight?

heuen it shoke abone,
Of shynyng blan both son and moyne,
And dede men also rose vp sone,
Outt of thare grafe;
And stones in waH anone
In sonder brast and clafe.

¹ This stanza is written as three lines in the MS, with central rhymes.
The princes were wrong, and Jesus was indeed the Son of God.

Ther was seen many a full sodan sight,
Oure prynces, for sothe, dyd nothlyng right,
And so I saide to theym on hight,
As it is trew,
That he was most of myght,
The son of god, ihesu.

Birds in the air and fish in the sea knew that their Lord was being put to death.

ffowlys in the ayer and fish in floode,
That day changid thare mode,
when that he was rent on rode,
That lord veray;
ffuH weH thay vnderstode
That he was slayn thaf day.
Therfor right as I meyn / to theym fast wiH I ryde,
To wyt withoutten weyn / what they will say this tyde
Of this enfray;
I wiH no longer abyde
bot fast ride on my way.

God saue you, syrs, on every syde!
Worship and welth in warld so wyde!

pilatus. Centurio, welcom this tyde,
Oure comly knyght!
Centurio. God grant you grace weH forto gyde,
And rewH you right.

pilatus. Centurio, welcom, draw nere hand!
TeH vs som tythyngys here emang,
flor ye haue gone throughoutt our land,
ye know ilk dele.
Centurio. Sir, I drede me ye haue done wrang
And wonder yH.

Cayphas. wonder yH? I pray the why?
declare that to this company.
Centurio. So shaH I, sir, fuH securly,
with aH my mayn;
The rightwys man, I meyn, hym by
that ye haue slayn.
(15)

*pilatus.* Centurio, sese of sich saw;
ye ar a greatt man of oure law,
And if we shuld any wytnes draw,
    To vs excuse,
To mayntene vs euermore ye aw,
    And noght refuse.

(16)

*Centurio.* To mayntene trowth is well worthy;
I saide when I saigh hym dy,
That it was godys son almyghty,
    That hang thore;
So say I yit and abydygs therby,
    for euermore.

(17)

*Anna.* yee, sir, siche resons may ye rew,
Thou shuld not neuen siche notes new,
Bot thou couth any tokyns trew,
    vntil vs teff.
*Centurio.* Sich wonderfuH case neuer ere ye knew
    As then beff.

(18)

*Cayphas.* we pray the teff vs, of what thyng?
*Centurio.* Of elymentys, both old and ying,
In thare manere maide greatt mowrnyng,
    In ilka stede;
Thay knew by contenaunce that thare kyng
    was done to dede.

(19)

The son for wo it waxed aH wan,
The moyn and starnes of shynyng blan,
And erth it tremlyd as a man
    Began to speke;
The stone, that neuer was styrryd or than,
    In sonder brast and breke;

(20)

And dede men rose vp bodely, both greatt and smaal.
*pilatus,* Centurio, bewar with aH!
ye wote the clerkys the clyppys it caH
Pilate says
That clerks
call such a
sight an
eclipse.

Sich sodan sight;
That son and moyne a seson shal
lak of thare light.

(21)

Cayphas. Sir, and if that dede men ryse vp bodely,
That may be done through socery,
Therfor nothynge we sett therby,
that be thou bast.

Centurio. Sir, that I saw truly,
That shal I euermore trast.

(22)

The Centurion trusts
his eyes, and
asks an explanation of
the rending
of the veil of
the Temple.

Not for that ilk warke that ye dyd wyrke,
Not onely for the son wex myrke,
Bot how the vayH rose in the kyrke,
flayn wyt I wold.

pilatus. A, sach tayles full sone wold make vs yrke,
if thay were told.

(23)

Pilate bids
him begone.

harlot! wherto commys thou vs emang
with sach lesyngys vs to fang?
Weynd furth! hy myght thou hang,
Vyle fatur!

Cayphas. Weynd furth in the Wenyannde,
And hold styH thy clattur.

(24)

He takes his
leave.

Centurio. Sirs, sen ye set not by my saw, / haues now
good day!
God lene you grace to knaw / the sothe aH way.

(25)

Anna. with draw the fast, sen thou the dredys,
ifor we shalH weH maynteneoure dedyS.

pilatus. Sich wonderfuH resons as now redys
were neuer beforene,

Cayphas. To neuen this note nomore vs nedys,
nawder euen nor morne,

(26)

Bot forto be war of more were
That afterward myght do vs dere,
Therfor, sir, whils ye ar here
vs aH enang,
Avyse you of this sawes sere
how thay wiH stand.

(27)
ffor ihesus saide fuH openly
Vnto the men that yode hym by,
A thyng that greys aH Iury,
And right so may,
That he shuld ryse vp bodely
within the thryde day.

(28)
If it be so, as myght I spede,
The latter dede is more to drede
Then was the fyrst, if we take hede
And tend therto;
Avyse you, sir, for it is nede,
the best to do.

(29)
Anna. Sir, neuer the les if he saide so,
he hase no myght to ryse and go,
Bot his dysclyplys steyH his cors vs fro
And bere away;
That were tiH vs, and othere mo,
A fowH enfray.

(30)
Then wold the pepyH say euereilkon
That he were rysen hym self alon,
Therfor ordan to kepe that stone
with knyghtys heynd,
To thishe thre 1 dayes be commen and gone
And broght tiH ende.

(31)
pilatus, Now, certys, sir, fuH weH ye say,
And for this ilk poynt to puruay
I shaH, if that I may ;
he shaH not ryse,
Nor none shaH wyn hym thens away
of nokyns wyse.

1 MS. iiij.
Pilate bids his knights guard the body of Jesus.

Sir knyghtys, that ar of dedys doughty,
And chosen for chefe of cheualry,
As I may me in you affy,

By day and nyght,

ye go and kepe ihesu body
with all youre myght ;

And for thyng that be may,
kepe hym weH vnto the thryd day,
That no traitur steyH his cors you fray,
Out of that sted ;
ffor if ther do, truly I say,

cy shalH be deede.

primus Miles. yis, sir pilate, in certan,
we shalH hym kepe with all our mayn ;
Ther shalH no traitur with no trayn
SteyH hym vs fro ;
Sir knyghtys, take gere that best may gayn,
And let vs go.

Secundus Miles. yis, certys, we are all redy bowne,
we shalH hym kepe tiH youre renowne ;
On euery syde lett vs sytt downe,
we all in fere ;
And I shalH fownde to crak his crowne
whoso commys here.

primus Miles. who shuld be where, fayn wold I wytt.
Secundus Miles. Euen on this syde wyH I sytt.
Terceus Miles. And I shalH fownde his feete to flytt.

iijus miles. we ther shrew ther !
Now by mahowne, fayn wold I wytt
who durst com here

This cors with treson forto take,
ffor if it were the burnand drake
Of me styfly he gatt a strake,
Towneley Plays. XXVI. The Resurrection of the Lord.

haue here my hand;
To thise thre days be past, This cors I dar warand.
[The soldiers sleep: Jesus rises.] They will warrant the safety of the body for these three days.

Tunc cantabunt angelic Christus resurgens," & postea dicet iesus.

(38)

Iesus. Erthly man, that I haue wroght, wightly wake, and slepe thou noght!
with bytter bayh I haue the boght,
To make the fre;
Into this dongeon depe I soght
And aH for luf of the.

(39)

Behold how dere I wold the by!
My woundys ar weytt and aH blody;
The, synfuH man, fuH dere boght I
With tray and teyn;
Thou fyle the noght eft for-thy,
Now art thou cleyn.

(40)

Clene haue I mayde the, synfutt man,
With wo and wandreth I the wan,
from harte and syde the blood out ran,
Sich was my pyne;
Thou must me luf that thus gaf than
My lyfe for thyne.

(41)

Thou synfuH man that by me gase,
Tytt vnto me thou turne thi face;
Behold my body, in ilka place
how it was dight;
AH to-rent and aH to-shentt,
Man, for thy plight.

(42)

With cordes enewe and ropy sucgh
The Iues feH my lymmes out-drogh,
ffor that I was not mete enoghe
vnto the bore;
with hard stowndys thise depe woundys
Tholyd I thefore.

1 MS. iij. 2 MS. x̄ps.
A crowne of thorne, that is so kene,
Thay set apon my hede for tene,
Two thefys hang thai me betwene,
\textit{AH} for dyspyte;
This payn ilk dele thou shal\textit{H} wyt wele,
May I the wyte.

Behald my shankes and my knees,
Myn armes and my thees;
Behold me we\textit{H}, looke what thou sees,
Bot sorow and pyne;
Thus was I spylt, man, for thi gylt,
And not for myne.

And yit more vnderstand thou shal\textit{H};
In stede of drynk thay gaf me ga\textit{H},
As\textit{H} thay menged it witha\textit{H},
The Iues fe\textit{H};
The payn I haue, tholyd I to saue
Mans sau\textit{H} from he\textit{H}.

Behold\textit{H} my body how Iues it dang
with knott\textit{y}s of whyppys and scorges strang;
As stremes of we\textit{H} the bloode out sprang
On euery syde;
knottes where thay hyt, we\textit{H} may thou wytt,
Maide wound\textit{y}s wyde.

And therfor thou shal\textit{H} vnderstand
In body, heed, feete, and hand,
ffour hundreth wound\textit{y}s and fyue\textsuperscript{1} thousands
here may thou se;
And therto neyn\textsuperscript{2} were delt fu\textit{H} even
ffor luf of the.

Behold\textit{H} on me noght els is lefte,
And or that thou were fro me refte,
\textit{AH} thise paynes wold I thole efte

\textsuperscript{1} MS. v.
\textsuperscript{2} MS. ix.
And for the dy;
here may thou se that I luf the,
Man, faythfully.

(49)
Sen I for luf, man, boght the dere,
As thou thi self the sothe sees here,
I pray the hartely, with good chere,
luf me agane;
That it lyked me that I for the
tholyd aH this payn.

(50)
If thou thy lyfe in syn haue led,
Mercy to ask be not adred;
The leste drope I for the bled
Myght clens the soyn,
A\H the syn the warld with in
If thou had done.

(51)
I was weH wrother with Judas
for that he wold not ask me no grace,
Then I was for his trespas
That he me sold;
I was redy to shew mercy,
Aske none he wold.

(52)
lo how I hold myn armes on brede,
The to saue ay redy mayde;
That I great luf ay to the had,
\H may thou knaw!
Som luf agane I wold fuH fayn
Thou wold me shaw.\textsuperscript{1}

(53)
Bot luf noght els aske I of the,
And that thou fownde fast syn to fle;
pyne the to lyf in charyte
Both nyght and day;
Then in my blys that neuer shaH mys
Thou shaH dweH ay.

\textsuperscript{1} MS. show.
For I am veray prync of peasse,
And synnes seyr I may releasse,
And whoso will of synnes seasse
And mercy cry,
I graunte them here a measse
In brede, myn awne body.

[That ilk veray brede of lyfe
Becommys my fleshe in wordys fyfe;
who so it resaues in syn or stryfe
Bese dede for euer;
And whoso it takys in rightwys lyfe
Dy shall he neuer.]

Maria Magdalene. Alas! to dy with doyH am I dyght!
In warld was neuer a wofuller wight,
I drope, I dare, for seyng of sight
That I can se;
My lord, that mekiH was of myght,
Is dede fro me.

Alas! that I shuld se hys pyne,
Or that I shuld his lyfe tyne,
ffor to ichi sore he was medecyne
And boytte of aH;
help and hold to euer ilk hyne
To hym wold caH.

Maria Iacobi. Alas! how stand I on my feete
when I thynk on his woundys wete!
Ihesus, that was on luf so swete,
And neuer dyd yH,
Is dede and grafen vnder the grete,
withouten skyH.

Maria solomee. withouten skyH thise Iues ilkon
That lufty lord thay haue hym slone,
And trespas dyd he neuer none,

1 Crossed out with red ink (after the Reformation?).
In nokyn sted;
To whom shaH we now make oure mone?
Oure lord is ded.

(60)

*Maria Magdalene.* Sen he is ded, my systers dere,
weynd we wili with fulH good chere.
with oure anoynmentys fare and clere
That we haue broght,
for to anoynth his woundys sere,
That Iues hym wroght.

(61)

*Maria Iacobii.* Go we then, my systers fre,
ffor sore me longis his cors to see,
Bot I wote neuer how best' may be;
help haue we none,
And which shaH of vs systers thre
remehe the stone?

(62)

*Maria salomene.* That do we not bot we were mo,
ffor it is hogH and heuy also.

*Maria Magdalene.* Systers, we thar no farther go
Ne make mowrnyng;
I se two syt where we weynd to,
In whyte clothyng.

(63)

*Maria Iacobii.* Certys, the sothe is not to hyde,
The graue stone is put besyde.

*Maria salomene.* Certys, for thyng that may betyde,
Now wili we weynde
To late the luf, and with hym byde,
that was oure freynde.

(64)

*primus angelus.* ye mowrnyng women in youre thoght;
here in this place whome haue ye soght?

*Maria Magdalene.* Ihesu that vnto ded was broght,
Oure lord so fre.

*Secundus angelus.* Certys, women, here is he noght;
Com nere and se.
Jesus is risen,  

*primus angelus.* he is not here, the sothe to say,  
The place is voyde ther in he lay;  
The sudary here se ye may  
was on hym layde;  
he is rysen and gone his way,  
As he you sayde.  

(65)

and shall be found in Galilee.  

*Secundus angelus.* Euen as he saide so done has he,  
he is rysen through his pauste;  
he shalbe fon in galale,  
In fleshe and feH;  
To his dyscypyls now weynd ye,  
And thus thaym teH.  

(66)

The Magdalene bids the others preach what they have heard.  

*Maria Magdalene.* My systers fre, sen it is so,  
That he is resyn the deth thus fro,  
As saide tiH vs thise angels two,  
Oure lord and leche,  
As ye haue hard where that ye go  
Loke that ye preche.  

(67)

*Maria Iacobi.* As we haue hard so shaH we say;  
Mare, oure systyr, haue good day!  
*Maria Magdalene.* Now veray god, as he weH may,  
Man most of myght,  
he wysli you, systers, weH in youre way,  
And rewle you right.  

(68)

[Fol. 105, b.]  
She again laments Christ's sufferings.  

Alas, what shaH now worth on me?  
My catyf hart wyH breke in thre  
when that I thynk on that ilk bodye  
how it was spylt;  
Thruh feete and handys nalyd was he  
Withouten gylt.  

(69)

withouten gylt then was he tayn,  
That lufly lord, thay haue hym slayn,  
And tryspas dyd he neuer nane,  

(70)
Ne yit no mys;
It was my gyilt he was fortayn,
And nothing his.  

(71)
how myght I, bot I lufyd that swete
That for me suffred woundys wete,
Sythen to be grafen vnder the grete,
Sich kyndnes kythe;
Ther is nothyng thi that we mete
may make me blythe.  

[The women retire, and the soldiers then wake.]

Tercius miles. Outt, alas! what shaH I say?
where is the cors that here in lay?
Secundus miles. what alys the man? he is away
That we shuld tent!

(72)
primus Miles. Ryse vp and se.
Secundus miles. harrow! thefe! for ay
I cownte vs shent!

(73)
primus Miles. what devyH alys you two
sich nose and cry thus forto may?
Secundus Miles. for he is gone.1
Tercius Miles. Alas, wha?
Secundus Miles. he that here lay.
Tercius Miles. harrow! deviH! how swa gat he away?

(74)
Quartus miles. what, is he thus-gatys from vs went,
The fals tratur that here was lentt,
That we truly to tent
had vndertane?
Certanly I teH vs shent
holly ilkane.

(75)
primus Miles. Alas, what shaH I do this day
Sen this tratur is won away?
And safely, syrs, I dar weH say
he rose alon.
Secundus miles. wytt sir pilate of this enfray
we mon be slone.

1 "go" is needed to ryme with "two."
Towneley Plays. XXVI. The Resurrection of the Lord.

(76)

Quartus Miles. wote ye wel he rose in dede?
Secundus Miles. I saugh myself when that he yede.
primus Miles. when that he styrryd out of the steed
None couth it ken.
Quartus Miles. Alas, hard hap was on my hede
emang alH men.

(77)

Tercius Miles. ye, bot wyt sir pilate of this dede,
That we were slepand when he yede,
we mon forfett, withoutten drede,
Ah that we haue.
Quartus Miles. we must make lees, for that is nede,
Oure self to saue.

(78)

primus Miles. That red I weH, so myght I go.
Secundus Miles. And I assent therto also.
Tercius Miles. A thousand shalH I assay, and mo,
weH armed ilkon,
Com and toke his cors vs fro,
had vs nere slone.

(79)

Quartus miles. Nay, certys, I hold ther none so good
As say the sothe right as it stude,
how that he rose with mayn and mode,
And went his way;
To sir pilate, if he be wode,
Thus dar I say.

(80)

primus Miles. why, and dar thou to sir pilate go
with thise tythyngys, and telH hym so?
Secundus Miles. So red I that we do also,
we dy bot oones.
Tercius Miles & omnes. Now he that wroght vs alH this wo
wo worth his bones!

(81)

Quartus Miles. Go we sam, sir knyghtys heynfd,
Sen we shalH to sir pilate weynfd,
I trow that we shalH parte no freynfd,
Or that we pas.  
[They come to Pilate.]  

primus Miles. Now and I shal teH ilka word tiH ende,  
right as it was.  

(82)  
Sir pilate, prynce withouten peyr,  
Sir Cayphas and Anna both in fere,  
And aH the lordys aboute you there,  
To neuen by name;  
Mahowne you saue on sydys sere  
ffro syn and shame.  

(83)  
pilatus. ye ar welcom, oure knyghtys so keyn,  
A mekiH myrth now may we meyn,  
Bot teH vs som talkyng vs betwene,  
How ye haue wroght.  
primus Miles. Oure walkyng, lord, withouten wene,  
Is worthi to noght.  

(84)  
Cayphas. To noght? alas, seasse of sich saw.  
Secundus Miles. The prophete ihesu, that ye weH knaw,  
Is rysen, and went fro vs on raw,  
with mayn and myght.  
pilatus. Therfor the deviH the aH to-draw,  
vyle recrayd knyght!  

(85)  
what! combred cowardys I you caH!  
leett ye hym pas fro you aH?  
Tercius Miles. Sir, ther was none that durst do bot smaH  
when that he yede.  
Quartus Miles. we were so ferde we can downe faH,  
Aud qwoke for drede.  

(86)  
primus miles. we were so rad, euerilkon,  
when that he put besyde the stone,  
we qwoke for ferd, and durst styrr none,  
And sore we were abast.  
pilatus. whi, bot rose he bi hym self alone?  
Secundus miles. ye, lord, that be ye trast,  
T. PLAYS.
There was a wondrous melody when He rose.

Pilate asks the advice of Caiaphas.

Pilate bids them say 10,000 men in good array stole the body from them.
To youre rewarde;
And my frenship, I vnderstande,  553
ShaH not be sparde;
(93)
Bot loke ye say as we haue kende,

primus miles. yis, sir, as mahowne me mende,
In ilk contree where so we lende  559
By nyght or day,
where so we go, where so we weynd,
Thus shaH we say.  561
(94)
pilatus. The blyssyng of mahowne be with you nyght
and day!

[Pilate and the soldiers retire. Mary and Jesus advance.]  
Maria magdalene. Say me, garthynere, I the pray,
If thou bare oght my lord away;
TeH me the sothe, say me not nay,
where that he lyys,
And I shaH remeue hym if I may,  566
On any kyn wyse.

(95)
Ihesus. woman, why wepys thou? be styH!
whome sekys thou? say me thy wyH,
And nyk me not withi nay.  571
Maria Magdalene. ffor my lord I lyke fuH yH;
The stede thou bare his body tyH
TeH me I the pray;
And I shaH if I may / his body bere withi me,
Vnto myn endyng day / the better shuld I be.  576
(96)
Ihesus. woman, woman, turn thi thoght!
wyt thou weH I hyd hym noght,
Then bare hym nawre withi me;  579
Go seke, loke if thou fynde hym oght,
Maria Magdalene. In fayth I haue hym soght,
Bot nawre he wiH fond be.  582
(97)
Ihesus. why, what was he to the / In sothfastnes to say?
Maria Magdalene. A! he was to me / no longer dweH I may.  585
Ihesus. Mary, thou sekys thy god, and that am I.
Mary worships Jesus.  

**Maria Magdalene.** Rabon, my lord so dere!  
Now am I hole that thou art here,  
Suffer me to negh the nere,  
And kys thi feete;  
Myght I do so, so weH me were,  
ffor thou art swete.

(98)

He bides her not to touch Him, but to bear His commands to His disciples.

**Ihesus.** Nay, mary, neghe thou not me,  
ffor to my fader, teH I the,  
yit steyndy I noght;  
TeH my brethere I shaH be  
Before theym aH in trunnyte  
whose wiH that I haue wroght.  
To peasse now ar thay boght / that prysond were in pyne,  
wherfor thou thank in thoglit / god, thi lord and myne  

(99)

Mary thou shaH weynde me fro,  
Myn erand shaH thou grathly go,  
In no fowndyng thou faH;  
To my dyseccylys say thou so,  
That wilsom ar and lappyd in wo,  
That I thaym socoure shaH.  
By name peter thou caH / and say that I shaH be  
Before hym and theym aH / my self in galyle.

(100)

Maria Magdalene. lord, I shaH make my vyage  
to teH theym hastely ;  
ffro thay here that message  
thay wiH be aH mery.  
This lord was slayn, alas for-thy,  
ffalsly spylt, noman wyst why,  
whore he dyd mys;  
Bot with hym spake I bodely,  
ffor-thi commen is my blys.

(101)

Mi blys is commen, my care is gone,  
That luflu haue I mett alone ;  
I am as blyth in bloode and bone
As euer was wight;
Now is he resyn that ere was slone,
Mi hart is light.

(103)
I am as light as leyfe on tre,
ffor ioyful sight that I can se,
ffor weH I wote that it was he
My lord ihesu ;
he that betrayde that fre
sore may he rew.

(104)
To galyle now wiH I fare,
And his dyscyples cada from care ;
I wote that thay wiH mowrne no mare,
Commyn is thare blys ;
That worthi childe that mary bare
he amende youre mys.

Explic e resurreccio domini.

XXVII.
Perergrini.¹

[Dramatis Personae:
Cleophas    Lucas    Jesus.]

Cleophas.

A

Imyghty god, ihesu! ihesu
That borne was of a madyn fre,
Thou was a lord and prophete trew,
whyls thou had lyfe on lyfe to be
Emangys thise men ;
yH was thou ded, so wo is me
that I it ken !

¹ "fysher pagent" is written underneath the title in a later hand.
Why was man so blind as to slay his Lord?

Tovyreley

XXVII. The Pilgrims.

I ken it weH that thou was slayn
Oonly for me and aH mankynde;
Therto thise Iues were fuH bayn.
Alas! why was thou, man, so blynde
Thi lord to slo?
On hym why wold thou haue no mynde,
bot bett hym blo?

[fol. 108, a. sig. Q. 4.]

Blo thou bett hym bare / his brest thou maide aH blak,
his woundes aH wete thay ware / Alas, withouten lak!

Lucas. That lord, alas, that leche / that was so meke and mylde,
So weH that couthi vs preche / withi syn was neuer fylde;
he was fuH bayn to preche / vs aH from warkes wylde,
his ded it wiH me drech, / ffor thay hym so begylde
This day;
Alas, why dyd thay so
To tug hym to and fro?
ffrom hym wold thay not go
To his lyfe was away.

Cleophas. Thise cursyd Iues, euer worthi thaym wo!
Oure lord, oure master, to ded gart go,
AH sakles thay gart hym slo
Apon the rode,
And forto bete his body blo
Thay thoght fuH good.

Lucas. Thou says fuH sothe, thay dyd hym payn,
And therto were thay euer fayn.
Thay wold no leyf or he was slayn
And done to ded;
ffor-thi we mowrne with mode and mayn,
withi rufuH red.

Cleophas. yee, rufully may we it rew,
ffor hym that was so good and trew,
That thrugh the falshele of a Iew
was thus betrayd;
Their own
sorrow is
ever fresh.

Therfor our sorrow is ever new,

Oure joy is layd.

(8)

Lucas, Certys, it was a wonder thyng
They marvel
at the un-
belief of the

That thay wold for no tokynyng,

Ne yit for his techyng,

Trast in that trew;

Thay myght haue sene in his doyng

fluH great vertu.

(9)

Cleophas. ffor aH that thay to hym can say
and the
meekness of
Jesus,

he answard neuer with yee, ne nay,

Bot as a lam meke was he ay,

ffor aH thare threte;

he spake neuer, by nyght ne day,

No wordes greatte.

(10)

Lucas. Afl if he wor withouten plught,

He stood
still as stone
in wall.

Vnto the ded yit thay hym dight;

If he had neuer so mekiH myght

he suffred aH;

he stud as stiH, that bright,

As stone in waH.

(11)

Cleophas. Alas, for doyH! what was thare skyH

How could
the Jews
slay Him?

That precyous lord so forto spiH?

And he servyd neuer none yH

In worde, ne dede;

Bot prayd for themy his fader tH

To ded when that he yede.

(12)

Lucas. When I thynk on his passyon,

The remem-
brance of
His mother's
sorrow

And on his moder how she can swoyn,

makes them
ready to die.

To dy nere am I bowne,

ffor sorow I sagli hir make;

Vnder the crosse when she feH downe,

ffor hir son sake.
The blows of the Jews made His body blue.

Cleophas. Me thynk my hart is fuH of wo when I sagh hym to ded go;
Th[e] wekyd Iues thay were so thro
To wyrk hym woghe,
his fare body thay maide fuH blo
with strokes enoghe.

Lucas. Me thynk my hart droppys aH in bloode when I sagh hym hyng on the roode,
And askyd a drynk, with fuH mylde mode,
Right than in hy;
AscH and gaH, that was not* good,
Thay broght hym then truly.

No man ever suffered half as much.

Cleophas. was neuer man in no-kyns steede
That suffred half so greatt' mysdede
As he, to ded or that he yede,
Ne yit the care;
ffor-thi fuH carefuH is my red
where soeuer I fare.

Lucas. where so I fare he is my mynde,
Bot when I thynk on hym so kynde,
how sore gyltles that he was pyynde
Apon a tre,
Vnethes may I hold* my mynde,
So sore myslykys me.

hic venit iesus in apparatu peregrini.

Jesus asks why they walk so sor-rowfully?

Ihesus. Pylgrymes, whi make ye this mone,
And walk so rufullly by the way?
haue ye youre gates vngrathly gone?
Or what you alys to me ye say.

what wordes ar you two emange,
That ye here so sadly gang?
To here theym eft* fuH sore I lang,
here of yow two;
It semys ye ar in sorow strang,
here as ye go.

(19)

Cleophas. what way, for shame, man, has thou tayn
That thou wote not of this affray?
Thow art a man by the alone,
Thow may not please me to my pay.

(20)

Jesus. I pray you, if it be youre wiH,
Those Wordys ye wold rehearse me tyH;
ye ar aH heuy and lykys yH
here in this way;
If ye wiH now shew me youre [wyll]
I wold you pray.

(21)

Lucas. Art thou a pilgreme thi self alone,
walkand in contry bi thyn oone,
And wote not what is commen and gone
within few dayes?
Me thynk thou shuld make mone,
And wepe here in thi wayes.

(22)

Jesus. whi, what is done can ye me say
In this land this ylk day?
Is ther fallen any affray
In land awre whare?
If ye can, me teH I you pray,
Or that I farthere fare.

(23)

Cleophas. why, knowys thou not what thyng is done
here at Ierusalem thus sone,
Through wykyd Iues, withouten hone,
And noght lang syn?
for the trewe prophete make we thi mone,
And for his pyne.

(24)

Lucas. yee for ihesu of nazarene,
That was a prophete true and clene,
In word, in wark, fuH meke, I wone,
They found Him ever true.
And that fonde we;
And so has he ful long bene,
As mot I the,
(25)
To god and to the people bath;
Therfor thise daies he has takyn skatli,
Vnto the ded, withoutten hagh,
Thise Iues hym dight;
sfor-thi for hym thus walk we wrathi
By day and nyght.
(26)
Cleophas. Thise wykyd Iues trayed hym with gyle
To thare highi preestys within a whyle,
And to thare prynces thay can hym fyle,
withoutten drede;
Apon a crosse, noght hens a myle,
To ded he yede.
(27)
Lucas. we trowyd that it was he truly
his awne lyfe agane shuld by,
As it is told in prophecy
Of Cristys doyng;
And, certys, thay wil neuer ly
sfor nokyns thyng.
(28)
sfor he was of the crosse tayn
he was layde ful sone agane
In a graue, vnder a stane,
And that we saw;
wheder he be rysen and gane
yit we ne knaw.
(29)
Ihesus. Pilgremes, in speche ye ar fuH awthi,
That shaH I weH declare you why,
ye haue it hart, and that is rawth,
ye can no better stand therby,
Thyng that ye here;
And prophetyes told it openly
On good manere.
Thay said a childe there should be borne
To by mankyde combryd in care;
Thus said dawid here before
And othere prophetys wyse of lare,
And daniel;
Som said he ded shuld be,
And ly in erth by dayes thre,
And sithen, throug his pauste,
Ryse vp in flesh and fett.

Cleophas. Now, sir, for sothe, as god me sane,
Women has flayed vs in oure thoght;
Thay said that thay were at his graue,
And in that sted thay faunde hym noght,
Bot said a light
Com downe with angels, and vp hym broght
Ther in thare sight.

we wold not trow theym for nothyng,
If thay were ther in the mornynge,
we said thay knew not his rysyng
when it shuld be;
Bot som of vs, without dwellyng,
went to theder to se.

Lucas. yee, som of vs, sir, haue beyn thare,
And faunde it as the women said,1
Out of that sted that cors was fare,
And also the graue stone put besyde,
we se with ee;
The teres outt of myn ees can glyde,
ffor doyH I dre.

Ihesus. ye foyles, ye ar not stabyH!
where is youre witt, I say?
wilsom of hart ye ar vnabYH
And outt of the right way,

1 assonance to "besyde," "glyde."
Jesus knew that Judas should betray Him.

Did not the prophets foretell His death and resurrection?

Did not the prophets foretell His death and resurrection?

ffor to trow it is no fabyH
that at is fallen this same day.

he wyst, when he sat at his tabiH,
that Judas shuld hym sone betray.

Me thynk you aH vnitrist to trow,
both in mode and mayn,

AH that the prophety\s told to you before, it is no trane.

Told not thay what\ wyse and how
That crys\ shuld suffre payn ?
And so to his paske bow
To entre tiH his icy agane.

Take tent to moyses and othere mo,
that were prophety\s trew and good ;
Thay saide ihesus to de\s shuld go,
And pynde be on roode ;
Throuh the Iues be maide fuH blo,
his wound\ys rynyng on red blode ;
Sithen shuld he ryse and furth go before, right as he yode.

Crist\ behovid to suffre this,
fforsothe, right as I say,
And sithen enter into his blys
vnto his fader for ay,
Euer to won with hym and his,
where euer is gam and play ;
Of that myrth shaH he neuer mys
ffro he weynde hens away.

Cleophas. Now, sir, we thank it fuH ofth sythes,
the commyng of you heder ;
To vs so kyndly kythes
the prophecy aH to geder.

ffor I have far of my iornay.
lucas. Now, sir, we pray you, as oure freynde,
AH nyght to abyde for charite,
And take youre r[est];
At morne more prest then may ye be
to go fuH prest.

(40)

Cleophas. Sir, we you pray, for godys sake,
This nyght penance with vs to take,
With sich chere as we can make,
And that we pray;
we may no farthere walk ne wake,
Gone is the day.

(41)

Lucas. DweH with vs, sir, if ye myght,
for now it1 waxes to the nyght,
The day is gone that was so bright,
No far thou shalt;
Mete and drynk, sir, we you hight
ffor thi good tale.

(42)

Ihesus. I thank you both, for sothe, in fere,
At this tyme I ne may dweH here,
I haue to walk in wayes sere,
where I haue hight;
I may not be, withouten were,
With you aH nyght.

(43)

Cleophas. Now, as myght I lyf in qwarte,
At this tyme wiH we not parte,
Bot if that thou can more of arte
Or yit of lare;
Vnto this cyte, withi good harte,
Now let vs fare.

(44)

Lucas. Thou art a pilgrême, as we ar,
This nyght shalH thou fare as we fare,
Be it les or be it mare
Thou shalH assay;
Then to-morne thou make the yare
To weynde thi Way.

\(^1\) MS. is.
Jesus consents to abide awhile.

Ihesus. freyndys, forto fulfiH youre wiH
I wiH abyde with you awhyle.

Cleophas. Sir, ye ar welcom, as is skyH,
To sich as we haue, bi sant gyle.

Lucas. Now ar we here at this towne,
I red that we go syft vs downe,
And forto sowpe we make vs bowne,
Now of oure fode;
we haue enogh, sir, bi my crowne,
Of godys goode.

Tunc parent mensam).

Cleophas. lo, here a borde and clothe laide,
And breed theron, all redy graide;
Sit we downe, we shalbe paide,
And make good chere;
It is bot penaunce, as we saide,
That we haue here.

Tunc recumbent & sedebit ihesus in medio eorum, tunc
benedicet ihesus panem & franget in tribus partibus,
& postea euanebit ab oculis eorum; & dicet lucas,

Lucas. wemmow! where is this man becom,
Right here that sat betwix vs two?
he brake the breed and laide vs som;
how myght he hens now fro vs go
At his awne lyst?
It wasoure lorde, I trow right so,
And we not wyst.

Cleophas. When went he hens, whedir, and how,
What I ne wote in warld so wyde,
ffor had I wyten, I make a vowe,
he shuld haue byden, what so betyde;

Bot it were ihesus that withi vs was,
Selcowth me thynke, the sothe to say,
Thus preuely from vs to pas,
I wiste neuer when he went away.
we were full blynde, euer alas!
I telle vs now begylde for ay,
for speche and bewte that he has
Man myght hym knaw this day.

Thus soone is gone.
They hold themselves beguiled for not having recognised Him.

Lucas. A, dere god, what may this be?
Right now was he here by me;
Now is this greatt vanyte,
he is away;
We ar begylde, by my lewte,
So may we say.

Cleophas. where was our e hart, where was our thought,
So far on gate as he vs broght,
knewle of hym that we had noght
In aH that tyme?
So was he lyke, bi hym me wroght,
ThiH oon pylgryme.

Lucas. Dere god, why couthi we hym not knawe?
so openly aH on a raw
The tayles that he can thiH vs shaw,
By oone and oon;
And now from vs within a throw
Thus soone is gone.

Cleophas. I had no knewleig it was he,
Bot for he brake this brede in thre,
And delt it here to the and me
With his awne hande;
When he passyde hence we myght not se,
here syttande.

Lucas. Wee ar to blame, yee, veramente,
That we toke no better tente
whils we bi the way wente

They blame themselves for not taking more heed.
With hym that stownd, 337
knowledge of hym we myght haue hent, 339
Syttyng on grownd. 339

They knew Him as soon as He took the bread and brake it. 338

Cleophas. ffro he toke breede fuH weH I wyst, 343
And brake it here with his awne fyste, 343
And laide it vs at his awne lyst, 343
As we it hent;
I knew hym then, and sone it kyst
with good' intente. 345

Lucas. That' we hym knew wist he weH enogh, 348
Therfor aH sone he hym with-drogfi, 349
ffro he saw that we hym knogfi,
with in this sted;
I haue ferly what way and how
Away that he shuld glyde. 351

Cleophas. Alas, we war fuH myrk in thoght, 355
but we were both fuH wiH of red'; 356
Man, for shame whi held' thou noght
when he on borde brake vs this breede?

he soght the prophecy more and les 359
And told it vs right in this sted,
how that he hym self was
With wykid Iues broght to ded.
And more;
we wiH go seke that kyng
That suffred woundes sore. 362

Lucas. Ryse, go we hence fro this place, 366
To Jerusalem take we the pace,
And teH our brethere aH the case,
I red right thus;
ffrom ded' to lyfe when that he raise
he apperyd tiH vs. 368
1 assonance to "‘sted.”
Cleophas. At Jerusalem I understande,
Ther hope I that they be dwelland,
In that countre and in that land
We shaft theym mete.
Weynd we furth, I dar warand,
Right in the strete.

lucus. let vs not tary les ne mare,
Bot on oure feete fast lett vs fare;
I hope we shaft be cachid fro care
IfH sone, Iwys;
That blyssid childe that marie bare
Grauntt you his blys.

Expliciunt peregrini.

XXVIII.

Thomas Indie.¹

[Dramatis Personae.

Maria Magdalene. | Quartus Apostolus. | Octavus Apostolus.

[10 six-line stanzas, aab aab ; 72 four-line no. 5, abab, the rest (with central rymes), aaaa ; and 1 triplet, with central rymes, no. 14.]

Maria Magdalene.  (1)

AyH brether ! and god be here !
I bryng to amende youre chere,
Trisf ye itf and knawe ;
h he is rysen, the soth to say,
I met hym goyng bi the way,
he bad me teH it you.

petrus. Do way, woman, thou carpys wast!
It is som spirite, or els som gast ;
Othere was it noght ;

¹ This Play was originally entitled "Resurreccio domini," the title being written in large letters with red ink as usual ; the alteration to "Thomas Indie" is in small letters and black ink.

T. PLAYS.
we may trow on nokyns wyse
That ded man may to lyfe ryse;
This then is oure thought.

Paul recalls Jesus' sufferings.

Paulus. It may be sothe for mans mede,
The Iues maide hym grymly blede
Throughe feete, handys, and syde;
With nayles on rode that dyd hym hang;
wherfor, woman, thou says wrang,
As myght I blys abide.

Mary must be wrong.

Maria Magdalene. Do way youre therapyng! ar ye wode?
I saugh hym that dyed on roode,
And with hym spake with mowth;
Therfor you both, red I,
putt away your heresy,
Tryst it stedfast and cowthli.

Peter reproves her.

Petrus. Do way, woman! let be thi fare,
ffor shame and also syn!
If we make neuer sicht care
his lyfe may we not wyn.

Paul tells her 'there is no trust in woman's saw.'

Paulus. And it is wretyn in oure law
'Ther is no trust in womans saw,
No trust faithi to belefe;
ffor with thare quayntyse and thare gyle
Can thay laghe and wepe som while,
And yit nothyng theym grefe.'

Women are like apples in hoard,
fair to look on, rotten at the core.

In oure bookes thus fynde we wretyn,
AH manere of men weH it wyttyn,
Of women on this wyse;
TiH an appyll she is lyke—
Withouten faith ther is none slyke—
In horde ther it lyse,

Bot if a man assay it wittely,
It is fuH rotten inwardly
At the colke within;
Wherfor in woman is no laghe,
ffor she is withouten agie,
        As crist me lowse of syn. 46

(9)

Therfor trast we not trystely,
Bot if we sagh it witterly
        Then wold we trastly trow;
In womans saw affy wo noght,
ffor thay ar fekiH in word and thoght,
        This make I myne avowe. 52

(10)

Maria magdalene. As be I lowsid of my care,
It is as trew as ye stand thare,
        By hym that is my brothere.
petrus. I dar lay my heede to wed,
Or that we go vntilH oure bed
        That we shaH here another.

(11)
paulus. If it be sothe that we here say,
Or this be the thrid day 1
        The sothe then mon we se.
Maria magdalene. Bot it be sothe to trow,
As ye mon here, els pray I you
        ffor fals that ye hold me. 64

(12)
petrus. Waloway! my lefe deres / 2 there I stand in this sted,
sich sorow my hart sheres / for rewth I can no re? ;
sen that mawdleyn witnes beres / that ihesus rose from ded,
Myn ees has letten salt teres / on erthe to se ym trede. 68

(13)

Bot alas! that euer I woke / that carefuH catyf nyght,
When I for care and cold? qwoke / by a fyre burnyng fuH bright,
When I my lord ihesu forsoke / ffor drede of womans myght ; [Fol. 112, b.]
A rightwys dome I wiH me loke / that I tyne not that semely sight,

1 The words "be the" have been inserted in the MS. at a later date.
2 The bars at all the central rymes are not in the MS.
He had vowed faithfulness, and yet denied knowledge of his Master.

Bot euer alas! what was I wode! / myght noman be abarstir;
I saide if he nede be-stode / to hym shuld none be trastir;
I saide I knew not that good / creature my master.

Alas that they all forsook Him.

Alas! that we fro the fled / that we ne had with the gane;
When thou with Iues was sted / withi the was dwelland nane,
Bot forsoke the that vs fed / for we wold not be tayn;
we were as prysoners sore adred / withi Iues forto be slayn.

Paul prays that they may see Him.

Paulus. Now ihesu, for thi lyfe swete / who hath thus mastryd the?
That in the breede that we eytt / thi self gyten wold be;
And sythen through handys and feytt / be nalyd on a tre;
Graunt vs grace that we may yit / thi light in manhede se.

Tunc venit ihesus et cantat "pax vobis et non tardabit, hec est dies quam fecit dominus."

The third and fourth apostles give thanks for the appearance of Jesus.

Tercius apostolus. This is the day that god maide / aH be we glad and blythe,
The holy gost before vs glad / ffuH softly on his sithe;
Red clothynge apon he had / and blys to vs can kitli;
softly on the erthe he trade / ffulle myldly [he did] lythe.

Quartus apostolus. This dede through god is done / thus in aH oure sighte.
Mighty god, true kyng in trone / Whose son in marye light,
send vs, lord, thi blissid bone / As thou art god of myght,
Sothly to se hym sone / and haue of hym a sight.

Iterum venit ihesus, & cantat, "pax vobis & non tardabit."

1 MS. gone, none.  2 Originally "vs."
(19)

Quintus apostolus. Who so commys in goddis name / ay blissid mot he be!

Mightful god sheld vs fro shame / In thi moder name marie;

Thise wykid Ines wiH vs blame / Thou grauntt vs for to se
The self body and the same / the which that died on tre.

(20)

Ihesus. peasse emangys you ener ichon! / it is I, drede you noght,
That was wonte wiH you to gone / and dere wiH ded you boght.
Grope and fele flesh and bone / and fourme of man weH wroght;
Sich thyng has goost none / loke wether ye knawe me oght.

(21)

My rysyng fro dede to lyfe / shaH no man agane moytt;
Behold my woundes fyfe / throug handys, syde, and foytt;
To ded can luf me dryfe / and styrryd my hart roytt.
Of syn who wiH hym shryfe / thyes woundys shalbe his boytt.

(22)

ffor oon so swete a thyng / my self so lefe had wroght,
Man sawH, my dere derlyng / to bateH was I broght;
ffor it thay can me dyng / to bryng out of my thoght,
On roode can thay me hyng / yit luf forgate I noght.

(23)

luf makys me, as ye may se / strenkyllid with blood so red;
luf gars me haue hart so fre / it opyns every sted;
luf so fre so dampnyd me / it drofe me to the ded;
luf rasid me thrug his pauste / it is sweter then med.

(24)

wyttety, man, to the I cry / thou yeme my fader fere,
Thyn awne sawH kepe cleynly / whyls thou art wardan here;
slo it not with thi body / synnyng in synnes sere,
On me and it thou haue mercy / for I haue boght it dere.
Jesus asks the apostles for some meat.  

Mi dere freyndys, now may ye se / for sothi that [it] is I  
That dyed apon the roode tre / and sythen rose bodely;  
That it aH-gatys sothfast be / ye shaH se hastely;  
Of youre mett gif ye me / sicfi as ye haue redy.  

paratur mensa, & offerat vius apostolus sauum mellis & piscem, dicendo.  

(25) 

The sixth apostle gives Him roasted fish and honeycomb.  

sex tus apostolus. lord, lo here a rostid fish / and a comb  
lai de fuH fare in a dish / and fuH honestly;  
here is none othere mett bot this / in aH oure company,  
Bot weH is vs that we haue this / to thi lykyng only.  

(26)  

Jesus asks His Father to bless the meat.  

Ihesus. Mi dere fader of heuen / that maide me borne to be  
Of a madyn withouten steven / and sithen to die on tre,  
from ded to lif at set steyvn / rasid me through thi  
auste,  
with the wordys that I shaH neven / this mette thou blis  
through me.  

(27) 

He blesses it in the fader name and the son / and the holy gast,  
[fol. 113, b.] Thre persons to knaw and com / in oone godhede stedfast;  
i gif this mett my benyson / through wordys of myghtys  
mast;  
Now wiH I ette, as I was won / my manhede cft to tast  

(28)  

and bids the apostles eat also.  

My dere freyndys lay hand tiH / eyttyys for charite ;  
I ette at my fader wiH / at my wiH ette now ye.  
That I ette is to fulfiH / that writen is of me  
In moyses law, for it is skyH / ffulfilyd that it be.  

(29) 

He reminds them how He had fore-told His own death and resurrection.  

Myn ye noght that I you toldk / in certan tyme and steck,  
When I gaf myself to wolck / to you in fourme of breck,  
That my body shuld be solck / my bloode be spylt so red;  
This [co]rs gravyn dead & coldk / the thrid day ryse fro  
ded?  

(30)
(31) youre hartes was fullfillyd with drede / whyls I haue fro you bene;
The rysyng of my manhede / vnethes wold\ifie weyn;
Of trouth now may ye spede / thorow stedfast wordys and cleyn.
leyf freyndys, trow now the dede / that ye with ees haue sene.

(32) ye haue forthynkyng and shame / for youre dysseferance, I forgif you the blame / in me now haue affyance;
The folk that ar with syn lame / preche theym to repent-
ance, forgif syn in my name / enioyne theym to penance.

(33) The grace of the holy gost to wyn / resaue here at me;
hic respirat in eos.
The which shaH neuer blyn. / I gif you here pauste;
whom in erth ye lowse of syn / in heuen lowsyd shaH be,
And whom in erth ye bynd ther-in / In heuen bonden be he.

hic discedet ab eis.

(34) Septimus apostolus. Ithesu crist in trynyte / Ithesu to cry and caH,
That borne was of a madyn fre / thou saue vs synfuH aH !
ffor vs hanged apon a tre / drank aseH and gaH,
Thi servandys saue fro vanyte / In wanhope that we not faH.

(35) Octauus apostolus. Brethere, be we stabyH of thoght\ifie wanhope put we away,
Of mysbelefe that we be noght\ifie for we may safly say
he that mankynde on rood boght / fro dede rose the thyd day;
we se the woundys in hym was wroght / aH blody yit
were they.
The ninth apostle recalls Christ's prophecies and their fulfilment.

[36] Nouenus apostolus. he told vs fyrest he shuldf be tayn / And for mans syn shuld dy,
Be ded and beryd vnder a stayn / and after ryse vp bodely;
Now is he quyk fro grafe gan 1 / he cam and stode vs by,
And lete vs se ilkan 1 / the Woundys of his body. 163

The tenth, exults in Christ's triumph over death. Only Thomas has not seen Him.

Decimus apostolus. Deth that is so kene / ihesu ouer
comen has,
As he vs told, yit may we mene / fro ded how he shuld
pas;
Ihesu stode witnes betwene / that wi with hym dwelland
was,
AH his dysceyple has hym seen / safe oonly thomas. 167

Thomas comes on lamenting the sufferings and death of Christ.

Thomas. If that I prowde as pacok go, / my hart is fuH of
care;
If any sorow myght a man slo / my hart in sonder it
share;
Mi life wyryks me aH this wo / of blys I am fuH bare,
yit wold I nawthere freynle ne fo / wyst how wo me
ware. 171

Ihesu, my lyfe so good / ther none myght better be,
None wyser man then better food / nor none kyndere
then he;
The Iues haue nalyd his cors on rood / nalyd with nales
thre,
And with a spere thay spylt his blood / great sorow it
was to se. 175

To se the strems of blood ryn / weH more then doyH it
was,
sich great payn for mans syn / sich doyHfuH ded he has ;
I haue lyfid withouten wyn / sen he to ded can pas,
for he was fare of cheke and chyn / for doyH of ded alas!

hie pergit ad discipulos.

1 MS. gon, ilkon.
Myghty god for to dyscryfe / that neuer dyed, ne shaH, 
wo and wandretli from you dryfe / that ye not therin faH. 

petrus. he the saue with woundys fyfe / his son ihesu to 
caH, That rose from deth to lyfe / and shewyd hym tiH vs aH.

(42)

Thomas, whannow, peter! art thou maI? I / on lyfe who 
was hym lyke!
ffor his deth I am not glad / for sorow my hart wiH breke, 
That with the Iues he was so stad / to ded they can hym 
wereke;
Thou hym forsoke, so was thou rad / when they to the 
can speke. 187

(43)
paulus. let be, leyf brothere thomas / and turne thi thought 
belyfe,
ffor the thryd day ihesus rase / fleshly fro ded to lyfe;
TiH vs aH he cam a pase / and shewyd his woundys fyfe, 
And lyfyng man, and etten base / hony takyn of a hyfe.

(44)

Thomas. Let be for shame! apartly / ffantom dyssauys 
the!
ye sagH hym not bodely / his gost it myght weH be, 
fforto glad youre hartes sory / in youre aduersyte; 194
he luffyd vs weH and faythfully / therfor sloes sorow me.

(45)

Tercius apostolus. Thou wote, thomas / and sothe it was, 
and olt has thou hard say,
how a fysh swalod ionas / thre dayes therin he lay ; 
yit gaf god hym myght to pas / whyk man to wyn away; 
Myght not god that sIch myght has / rase his son apon 
the thryd day? 199

(46)

Thomas. Man, if thou can vnderstand / cryst saide his self, 
myunys me, 
That aH lokyn was in his hande / aH oone was god and 
he!
The son wax marke, aH men seand / when he diek on the tre,
Therfor am I fulH sore dredand / that who myght his boote be.

(47)
Quartus apostolus. The holy gost in marye light / and in hir madynhede
Goddís son she held and dight / and cled hym in manhede; 
ffor luf he wentt as he had hight / to fight withouten drede;
when he had termynd that fight / he skypht outt of his wede.

(48)
Thomas. If he skypht outt of his clethyng / yit thou grauntys his cors was dedk;
It was his cors that maide shewynge / vnfo you in his sted;
fforto trow in youre carpyng / my hart is hevy as led;
his dede me bryngys in great mowrneyng / and I with-outten red.

(49)
Quintus apostolus. The gost went to heH a pase / whils the cors lay slayn,
And broght the sawles from sathanas / for which he suffred payn;
The thr Hudson right he gasë / right vnfo the cors agayn,
Mighty god and man he rase ¹ / and therfor ar we fayn.

(50)
Thomas. AHH sam to me ye flyte / yourse resons fast ye shawe,
Bot teH me a skyH perfyte / any of you on raw;
when cryst cam you to vysyte / as ye teH me withi saw,
A whyk man from a spyryte / wherby couth ye hym knaw?

(51)
Sextus apostolus. Thomas, vnfo the anone / herto anwserew
I wiH;
Man has both flesh and bone / hu, hyde, and hore thertiH;
sich thyng has goost none / thomas, lo, here thi skyH;
Goddís son toke of mary flesh and bone / what nede were els thertiH?

¹ MS. rose.
Thomas. Thou hast answerd me ffuH Wele / and fuH skylfully,
Bot my hart is harde as stele / to trow in sichi mastry;
Say, bad he any of you fele / the woundys of his body,
flesh or bone or ilka dele / to assay his body? 227

*septimus apostolus.* yis, thomas, he bad vs se / and handiH hym with hande,
To loke wheder it were he / ihesu, man lyfand,
That dyed apoon a tre / flesh and bone we fand, 230
his woundes had bene pyte / to towlfi that were bledand.

*Thomas.* Waloway! ye can no good / youre resons ar defaced,
ye ar as women rad for bloodf / and lightly oft solaced;
It was a goost before you stod / lyke hym in blood betraced, 234
his cors that dyed on rood / for euer hath detfi embraced.

*Octaues apostolus.* Certys, thomas, gretter care / myght no synfuH wight haue
Then she had, that wepyd so sare / the mawdleyn at his graue;
ffor sorow and doyH hir awne hare / of hir hede she rent
and rafe, 238
Ihesu shewid hym tiff hir thare / hir sorow of syn to safe.

*Thomas.* lo, sici foly with you is / wysemen that shuld be,
That thus a womans witnes trowys / better than that ye se!
In aH youre skylles more and les / for mysfowndyng fayH ye; 242
Might I se ihesu gost and flesh / gropynge shuld not gab me.

*Nouenus apostolus.* lefe thomas, flyte no more / bot trow
and turne thi red,
Or els say vs when and whore / crist gabbyd in any sted;
ffor he saide vs when thou was thore / when he hym gaf
in breck, 246
That he shuldf salfe aH ourc soc / quyk rysand fro dekt.
Thomas. he was full sothfast in his sawes / that dar I hertly say,
And rightwys in all his lawes / whils that he lyfyd ay ;
Bot sen he shuld thole hard thrawes / on tre whils that he lay,
Dede has determyd his dayes / his lyfge noght trow I may.

Decimus apostolus. Thyne hard hart thi sauH wiH dwyrd / Thomas, bot if thou blyn ;
he has ded conquerd / and weshen vs all fro syn.
May nawder knyfe ne swerde / hym eft to ded wyn ;
Goddys myght in hym apperdt / that neuer more shalH blyn.

Thomas. That god I trow fuH Wele / goostly to you light,
Bot bodely neuer a dele / ihesu that woundid wyght.
My hart is harde as stele / to trow in sİch a myght,
Bot if I that wounde myght fele / that hym gaf longeus the knyght.

petrus. That wounde haue we sene, thomas / and so has mo then we ;
With lucas and withi cleophas / he welke a day Iurnee ;
Thare hartes that for hym sory was / with prophecy com-
forted he,
To Emaus casteH can thai pas / ther hostyld thai all thre.

Ihesu, goddis son of heuen / at sopere satt betweyn ;
Ther bred he brake as euen / as it cutt had byyn.
Thomas. Nothyng that ye may neuen / his rysyng gars
me weyn,
If ye me told sicli neuen / the more ye myght me teyn.

paules. Thomas, brothere, turne thi thoght / and trust
that I say the ;
Ihesu so dere has boght / oure synnes apon a tree,
which rysyng hathi broght / adam and his meneyee.
Thomas. lett be youre fayr! shew it noght / that he efte
quyk shuld be.
(64)
Tercius apostolus. That must thou nedelyngys trew / if thou thi sauH wiH saue, ffor that we sa we dar avowe / ihesu rose quyk from graue. Thomas. I hane you saide, and yit dos now / thise wordes to wast ye hane;
he shewid hym not to you / for mysfoundsyng ye rafe. 275

Thomas still thinks the other apostles mistaken.

(65)
Quartus apostolus. ffor we say that we haue sene / thou holdys vs wars then woode;
Ihesu lyfynge stod vs betwene / oure lord that withi vs yode.
Thomas. I say ye wote neuer what ye mene / a goost before you stode;
ye wenyd that it had bene / the cors that died on roode. 278*

(66)
Quintus apostolus. The cors that dyed on tre / was berid in a stone, The thurgh beside fande we / and in that grauc cors was none;
his sudary ther myght we se / and he thens whik was gone.
Thomas. Noght, bot stolne is he / with Iues that hym hane slone. 283

They tell him of the empty grave.

(67)
Sextus apostolus. Certys, thomas, thou sais not right / thay wold hym not stele, ffor thay gart kepe hym day and nyght / with knyghtys that they held lele;
he rose has we haue sene in sight / fro aH the Iues fele.
Thomas. I lefe not bot if I myght / myself withi hym dele. 285

The Jews would not have stolen the body, for they guarded the tomb.

(68)
septimus apostolus. He told vs tythyngeys, thomas / yit mynnys me,
That as Ionas thre dayes was / In a fysh in the see, so shuld he be, and bene has / in erth by dayes thre,
pas fro ded, ryse, and rase / as he saide done has he. 291

[Fol. 116, a.
Sig. R. 4.] Christ had prophesied His rising, using Jonah as a type.

1 The rymes of this stanza should be in *ane*: stane, nane, gane, slane.
Thomas asks who could raise Christ from the dead.

The Father that sent Him raised Him.

But Thomas still disbelieves a bodily rising.

Thomas. Certys, that worde I harde hym say / and so harde ye hym aH, Bot for nothyng trow I may / that it so shuld befaH, That he shuld ryse the thrid day / that dranke aseH and gaH: sen he was god and ded lay / from ded who myght hym caH?

Octavius apostolus. The fader that hym sent / rasid hym that was ded, he comforteth vs in mowrnyng lent / and counself vs in red; he bad vs trow with good intent / his rysyng in euery sted; Thyne absens gars thi sauH be shent / and makys the heuy as led.

But Thomas thou says solly, harde and heuy / am I to trow that ye me say; Mi hardnes I trow skilfully / for he told vs thus ay, That his fader was euer hym by / for aH bot oon were thay; That he rose bodely / for nothyng trow I may.

Nouenus apostolus. May thou not trow withouten mo / for sothe, that it was he? Thomas wherto shuld we say so? / then wenys thou fals we be.

Thomas. I wote youre hartes was fuH wo / and fownd with vanyte; If ye swere aH and ye were mo / I trow it not or that I se.

Decimus apostolus. Thomas, of errore thou blyn / and thiH vs turne thi mode; Trow his rysyng by dayes threyn / sen he died on the rode. Thomas. Nought bot I myght my fynger wyn / in sted as nayle stode, And his syde my hande put in / ther he shed his hart bloode.
(74)
Ihesus. Brethere aH, be with you peasse! / leaffe stryfe that now is here!
Thomas, of thyn errowre seasse / of sothe Witnes thou bere;
putt thi hande in my syde, no fres / ther longeas put his spere;
loke my rysyng be no les / let no wan-hope the dere. 315

(75)
Thomas. Mercy, ihesu, rew on me / my hande is blody of thi blode!
Mercy, ihesu, for I se / thi myght that I not vnderstode!
Mercy, ihesu, I pray the / that for aH synfuH died on roode!
Mercy, ihesu, of mercy fre / for thi goodnes that is so goode! 319

(76)
kest away my staf wiH I / and with no wepyng gang;
Mercy wiH I caH and cry / ihesu that on roode hang;
Rew on me, kyng of mercy / let me not cry thus lang!
Mercy, for the velany / thou tholyd on Ines with wrang.

(77)
Mi hat wiH I kest away / my mantiH sone onone,
vnto the poore help it may / for richere knawe I none.
Mercy wiH I abyde, and pray / to the ihesu, alone;
My synfuH dede I rew ay / to the make I my mone. 327

(78)
Mercy, ihesu, lorde swete / for thi fyfe woundys so sare,¹
Thou suffred through handys and feete / thi semely side
a spere it share;
Mercy, ihesu, lord, yit / for thi moder that the bare! 330
Mercy, for the teres thou grett / when thou rasid lazare!

(79)
Mi gyrdiH gay and purs of sylk / and cote away thou shaH;
whils I am werere of swylke / the longere mercy may I caH.
Ihesu, that soke the madyns mylk / ware noght bot clothes
of paH,
Thi close so can thai fro the pyke / on roode they left the smaH. 335

¹ MS. sore.
Thomas cries for forgiveness.

Mercy, ihesu, honoure of man / mercy, ihesu, mans socoure!
Mercy, ihesu, row thi leman / mans sauH, thou bught fuH soure!
Mercy, ihesu, that may and can / forgif syn and be socoure!
Mercy, ihesu, as thou vs wan / forgif and gif thi man honoure.

Jesus foretells the general resurrection.

Ihesus. None myght bryng the in that wytt / for oght that thay myght say,
To trow that I myght flytt / fro ded to lyfe to wyn away;
My sauH and my cors haue knytt / a knott that last shaH ay;
Thus shaH I rase, weH thou wytt / ilk man on domesday.

When the faithless shall be damned, and the faithful and almsgivers have heaven as their reward.

Who so hath not trowid right / to heH I shaH theym lede,
Ther euere more is dark as nyght / and greatt paynes to drede;
Those that trow in my myght / and luf weH almus dede,
Thai shaH shyne as son bright / and heuen haue to thare mede.

He promises Thomas heaven for his tears and repentance.

That blys, thomas, I the hete / that is in heuen cytee,
ffor I se the sore grete / of the I haue pytee;
Thomas, for thi teres wete / thi syn forgiffen be,
Thus shaH synfuH thare synnes bete / that sore haue grefyd me.

But blessed are they who have not seen and yet believe.

Thomas, for thou felys me / and my woundes bare,
Mi risyng is trowed in the / and so was it not are;
AH that it troues and not se / and dos after my lare,
Euer blissid mot thay be / and heuen be thym yare!

Explicit Thomas Indie.
XXIX.

Ascencio Domini, et cetera.

[1 thirteen-line stanza, no. 57, abab, cbcd, eed: 6 twelve-line, no. 1 abab cebd dcd, nos. 6-10 abab, cebd, dcd; 1 nine-line, no. 58, aaab, cccbb; 16 eight-line, nos. 17-20, aaab cccbb, 45-48 aaab aab, no. 49, abab caca, nos. 50 and 64 abab, acac, nos. 61, 65-8 abab abab; 1 seven-line, no. 16 aab cccbb; 5 six-line, nos. 11-13, 15, aa, bb, cc, no. 14, aaaa, bb; 37 four-line, no. 32 aa bb, the rest ab ab.]

[Dramatis Personae:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Thomas.</th>
<th>Ihesus.</th>
<th>Maria.</th>
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<td>Symon.</td>
<td>Jacobus.</td>
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Thomas.

(1)

Rethere aH, that now here bene,
fforgett my lorde yit may I noght;
I wote not what it may mene,
Bot more I Weyn ther wiH be wroght. 4

Iohannes apostolus. My lord ihesus wiH wyrk his wiH,
pleatt we neuer agans his thoght,
ffor vs ne wyrkes, as it is skyH,
his hand-warke that he has wroght. 8

symon. Apon his wordes wiH I ryst
that he his self saide vs vntilH,
As stedfastly on hym to tryst,
Mytrust we neuer for goode ne iH. 12

(2)

petrus. In heuen and erthe his myght may be,
his wytt and his wiH also;
The holy gost, brethere, ment he,
thus wiH he neuer fro vs go. 16

(3)

fourty dayes now drawes nere
sen his resurreceyon complete;
Afore that wiH he appere,
thus sodanly not lefe vs yet. 20

T. PLAYS.
They will abide in Bethany to await what may befall.

In Bethany here let us abide,
We know not yet what may befall;
Peraventure it may betide,
He shall full well comfort us all.

In Jesu appear now, my dear freindys!
Peasse be with you euer and ay!
Ffor it shall wrangys amendys;
Peassee brethere, sam I say!

Brethere, in hertes be nothyng heuy
What tyme that I from you am gone,
I must go from you sone, in hy,
Bot never the les make ye no mone;
Ffor I shall send to you anone
The holy gost, to comfort you,
You to wysh in euery wonne
I shall you tell what-wyse and how.
It shalbe for youre prow
That I thus-gatys shall do;
It has been saide or now
My fader must I to.

With hym must I abide and dwell,
Ffor so it is his will;
Ffor youre comfort thus I you tell,
Be ye stedfast for good or ill.
Abide me here right on this hill
To that I com to you agane,
This forwarde must I nedys fullill,
I will no longer fro you lane;
And therfor loke that ye be bain,
And also trew and stedfast,
Ffor who soeuer you oght frayn
When that I am past.

hic recedit.
petrus. ffuH heuy in hart now may we be
that we oure master saH forgo,
Bot neuer the les yit saide he
he wold not dweH fuH lang vs fro.
What wonder is if we wo,
thus sodanly shaH oure master mys,
And masters'on lyfe haue we no mo
that in this warld shuld vs wys.
he wiH pas furth to blys,
and leyfe vs here behynde,
No merueH now it is
if we mowrne now in oure mynde.

Andreas. In oure mynde mowrne we may,
as men that masyd ar and mad,
And yit also, it is no nay,
we may be blythe and glad,
Because of tythyngys that we hadde,
that his self can vs say;
he bad be blythe and nought adrad,
ffor he wold not be long away.
Bot yit both nyght and day
oure hartes may be fuH sore,
As me thynk, by my fay,
ffor wordes he saide lang ore.

Thomas. lang ore he saide, fuH openly,
that he must nedys fro vs twyn,
And to his fader go in hy,
to Ioy of heuen that neuer shaH blyn;
Therfor we mowrne, both more and myn,
And mery also yit may we be;
he bad vs aH, both outt and in,
be glad and blythe in ichi degre,
And saide that com shuld he
to conforthe vs kyndly;
Bot yit heuy ar we
to we hym se truly.
Iacobs. With ee wold we hym se / oure saveoure crist, 
goddy\'s son, 
That dyed apon a tre / yit trewe I that we mon:\nNow god graun\'t vs that boyn / that with his bloode \nTo se hym in his throne / as he maide aH of noght;\nhis wi\H now has he wroght / and gone from vs away, 
As he noght of vs roght / and therfor mowrne we may. \n(11)

philippus. We may mowrne, no merue\H why / for we 
oure master thus shat\# mys, 
That shat\# go fro vs sodanly / and we ne wote what 
Neuer the les the sothe is this / he saide that he shuld 
com agane 
To bryng vs a\H to blys / therof may we be fane.\nThat commyng wi\H vs mych gane / and oure saules aH saue, 
And put vs fro that payn / that we were lyke to haue. 
(12)

Ihesus. herkyns to me now, euer ichow / and here what I 
wi\H say, 
ffor I must nedys fro you gone / for thus my fader wi\H 
allway,\nAnd therfor peasse be with\# you ay / where so ye dwe\H in 
wone, 
And to saue you fro a\H fray / my peasse be with\# you blood 
and bone.\nI lefe it you bi oon and oone / noght as the warld\# here dos, 
It shalbe true as any stone / to defende you fro youre foos. 
(13)

If they love 
Him, they 
will be glad 
that He is 
going to His 
Father.

If ye luf me, for-thi / ye shul\# be glad of this doyng, 
ffor I go fu\H securly / to my fader, heuy\hs kyng ;\nThe which, without lesyng / is meki\H more then I, 
Therfor be ye thus trowyng / when aH is endid fully. \n(14)

1 The end-ryme of this couplet is the centre-ryme of the next 
couplet.
(15)

ye haue bene of mysbilefe / hard of harte and also of wiH;  
To theym that my rysyng can prefe / no credence wol\(\text{H}\) ye  
gif theym tiH;  
Mary mawdlayn saide you tiH / that I was rysyn, bot ye  
ne wold
hir trow for good or iH / the trou\(\text{H}\) aH if she told.  
sich harmons in harte ye hold / and vnstedfast ye ar,  
ye trowid no man of mold\(\text{H}\) / witnes of my rysyng that bare;

(16)

Therfor ye shal go tecli / in aH this warld so wyde,  
And to aH the people preche / Who baptym wiH abyde,  
And trowe truly  
Mi dethe and rysyng,  
and also myn vpstevynyng,  
And also myn agane-commynyg,  
thay shalbe saue suerly.

(17)

And Who trowys not this  
That now rehersyd is,  
he shalbe dampned, Iwys,  
ffor veniance and for wreke.  
Tokyns, for sothe, shaH bene  
Of those that trow, withoutten weyn;  
Devyls shaH thay kest out cleyn,  
And with new tongys speke.

(18)

Serpentes shaH thay put away,  
And venynus drynk, bi nyght and day,  
ShaH not noy theym, as I say ;  
And where thay lay on handys
Of seke men far and nere,  
Thay shalbe hole, withoutten dere,  
Of aH sekenes and sorowes sere,  
Euer in alkyn landys.

1 The end-ryme of this quartlet or couplet is the centre-ryme of the next couplet.
And therfor now I byd that ye
Go not from ierosolyme,
Bot abide the behest of my fader fre
In land ay whore,
That ye haue hard here of me;
ffor Io[h]n baptist, dere in degre,
In water forsoth baptysid me
Now here before;

They are to baptize men in every land, in the Holy Spirit.

And ye certan in euery coste
shaH baptise in the holy goost,
Thrug vertue of hym that is the moost
lord god of myght,
within few dayes now folowyng;
And herof merueH ye nothyng,
ffor this shalbe his awne wyrkyng,
shewyd in youre sight.

& receUit ab eis.

petrus. ffarlee may we fownde and fare
for myssyng of oure master ihesus;
Oure hartys may sygh and be fuH sare,
thise Iues with wreke thay waten vs.

Vs to tray and teyn
ar thay abowte bi nyght and day;
ffor ihesu that is so seldom sene,
as masid men mowrne we may.

Peter, Andrew, and James renew their mourning. They are in fear of the Jews.

Vs to tray and teyn
ar thay abowte bi nyght and day;
ffor ihesu that is so seldom sene,
as masid men mowrne we may.

[ Fol. 119, a. ] Andreas. Mowrnyng makys vs masid and mad,
as men that lyff in drede;
ffuH comforthles ar we stack
for myssyng of hym that vs shuld lead.

[ Fol. 119, a. ] Andreas. Mowrnyng makys vs masid and mad,
as men that lyff in drede;
ffuH comforthles ar we stack
for myssyng of hym that vs shuld lead.

Iacobus. Thise Iues that folow thare faythles wiH,
and demed oure master to be ded,
With mayn and mode they wold hym spiH,
if thay wist how, in towne or sted.
(25)

**Johannes.** let keep vs fro thare carpyng kene,
and com bot lytyH in thare sight;
Oure master wiH com when we leest weyn,
he wiH vs rewle and red fuH right.

(26)

**Thomas.** Of this carpyng now no more,
It drawes nygh the tyme of day;
At oure mette I wold we wore,
he sende vs socowre that best may.

(27)

**Maria.** socowre sone he wiH you sende,
If ye truly in hym wiH traw;
youre mone mekely wiH he amende,
My brethere dere, this may ye knawe.

(28)

The hestys hyghly that he me hight
he has fullillid in worde and dede;
he gabbyd neuer bi day nor nyght,
ffor-thi, dere brethere, haue no drede.

(29)

**Matheus.** Certys, lady, thou says fuH wele;
he wiH vs amende, for so he may;
we haue fon sothe enerilka dele
Ah that euer we hard hym say.

(30)

**Ihesus.** peter, and ye my derlyngys dere,
As masid men me thynk ye ar;
holly to you I haue shewyd here
To bryng youre hartyes from care;

(31)

In care youre hartyes ar cast,
And in youre trowth not trew;
In hardnes youre hartyes ar fast,
As men that no wytt knew.

(32)

sende was I for youre sake / fro my fader dere,
fflesH and blode to take / of a madyn so clere;
sythen to me ye soght / and holly fellowid me,
Of wonders that I haue wroght / som haue I letten you se.

---

John has faith in Jesus' coming.

Mary speaks of the faithfulness of her Son.

Jesus appears and exhorts them again.
He recalls His mighty works,
The dombe, the blynde as any stone,
I helyd ther I cam by,
The dede I rasid anone,
Thruh my myght truly;

And othere warkys, that wonderfuH wore,
I wroght wisely befor you aH;
My payn, my passion, I told before,
holly thrug outt as it shuld faH;

Mi rysyng on the thryd day,
As ye bi tokyns many oone hane sene;
youre trouth truly had bene away
had not my blissid moder bene.

In hir it restyd aH this tyde,
youre dedys ye ow greatly to shame;
here may ye se my woundys wyde,
how that I boght you out of blame.

Bot, Iohn, thynk when I hang on rud
That I betoke the mary mylde;
kepe hir yit with stabuH mode,
she is thi moder and thou hir childe.

loke thou hir luf, and be hir freynde,
and abide with hir in weH and wo,
ffor to my fader now wiH I weynde,
thar none of you ask wheder I go.

philippus. lord, if it be thi wiH,
shew vs thi fader we the pray ;
we have bene with the in good and iH,
and rugh hym neuer nyght ne day.

Ihesus. philipp, that man that may se me
he seys my fader fuH of myght ;
Trowys thou not he dwellys in me
and I in hym if thou trow right?
In his howse ar dyuere place,
I go to ordan for you now;
ye shaH aH be fulfilyd with grace,
the holy goost I shaH sende you.

he shaH you in youre harty wysse
In worde and dede, as I you say;
With aH my hart I you blys—
My moder, my brethere, haue aH good day!

Tunc vudit ad ascendendum.

ffader of heuen, with good intent,
I pray the here me specyally;
ffrom heuen tiH erth thou me sent
Thi name to preche and claryfy.

thi wiH haue I done, aH and som,
In erthe wiH I no longere be;
Opyn the clowdes, for now I com
In ioy and blys to dweH with the.

& sic ascendit, cantantibus angelis "Ascendo ad patrem meum."

primus angelus. ye men of galylee,
wherfor merueH ye?
hevyn behold and se
how iHesus vp can weynde
vnto his fader fre,
where he syttys in maieste,
Withi hym ay for to be
In blys withouten ende.

And as ye sagH hym sty
Into heuen on hy,
In flesHI and fett in his body
ffrom erthe now here,
Right so sha\(H\) he, securly,  
Com downe agane truly,  
with his woundys blody,  
To deme you a\(H\) in fere.

(47)  
secundus angelus, Merue\(H\) haue no wight,  
No wonder of this sight,  
ffor it is thru\(h\) his myght,  
That a\(H\) thyng may.

What so he wi\(H\) by day or nyght,  
In he\(H\), medy\(H\)-erth\(i\), and on hight,  
Or yit in derknes or in light,  
withoutten any nay;

(48)  
ffor he is god a\(H\)-weldand\(f\),  
heuen and he\(H\), both se and sand,  
wod and water, fow\(H\), fys\(h\) and land\(f\),  
A\(H\) is at his wi\(H\) ;
he hald\(y\)s a\(H\) thyng in his hand  
that in this world\(f\) is lyfand,  
Then ned\(y\)s ye noght be meruelland.  
primus angelus. And for this sky\(H\),

(49)  
[Rol. 120, b.]  
and shall come again in judgment.  
Ryght as he from you dyd weynde  
so com agane he sha\(H\),  
In the same manere at last ende,  
To deme both greatt and sma\(H\).
secundus angelus. Who so his byddyng wi\(H\) obey,  
And thare mys amende,  
With hym sha\(H\) haue blys on hy,  
And won ther withoutten ende.

(50)  
And who that wyrk amys,  
And them amende wi\(H\) neuer,  
sha\(H\) neuer com in heuen blys,  
Bot to he\(H\) banyshed for euer.
Maria. A selfsight yonder now is,
   Behold now, I you pray!
A clowde has borne my chylde to blys,
   Mi blyssyng here he euer and ay!
   (51)
Bot, son, thynk on thi moder dere,
   That thou hast laft emangys thi foes!
swete son, lett me not dweH here,
   let me go withi the where thou goes.
   (52)
Bot, I0fin, on the is aH my trast,
   I pray the forsake me noght.
Iohannes. lefe marye, be noght abast,
   ffor thi wiH shaH ay be wroght.
   (53)
here may we se and fuH weH knaw
   That he is god most of myght;
In hym is good, we brawe,
   holly to serve hym day and nyght.
   (54)
petrus. A meruellous sight is yone,
   That he thus sone is taken vs fro;
   fro his fomen is he gone
    with outten help of othere mo.
   (55)
Matheus. Where is iHesus,oure master dere,
   that here withi vs spake right now?
Iacobus. A wonderfuH sight, men may se here,
   my brethere dere, how thynk you?
   (56)
Thomas. we thynk it wonder aH,
   thatoure master shuld thus go;
   After his help I red we caH,
    That we may haue som tokyn hym fro.
   (57)
Bartholomeus. A more merueH men neuer saw
   then now is sene vs here emang;
    ffrom erth tiH heuen a man be draw
    With myrth of angeH sang.
ffrom vs, me thynk, he is fuH lang,¹
and yit longere I trow he wiH;
Alas! my hart it is so strang¹
that I ne may now wepe my tiH
Anone.

A wonder sight it was to se
When he stevyd vp so sodanly
To his fader in maieste,
By his self alone.

(58)
Matheus. Alon, for soth, vp he went / into heuen tiH his fader,
And noman wyst what he ment / nor how he dyd of no manere,
so sodanly he was vp hent / in fleshi and feH fro erthi vp here;
he saide his fader for hym sent / that maide vs aH to be in dwere
This nyght;
Neuer the les fuH weH wote we
As that he wiH so must it be,
ffor aH thyng is in his pauste,
And that is right.

(59)
Maria. AH myghty god, how may this be? 
a clowde has borne my childe to blys;
Now bot that I wote wheder is he,
my hart wold breke, weH wote I this.

(60)
his stevynyng vp to blys in hy,
it is the source of aH my Ioyes;
Mi blyssyng, barne, light on thi body!
let neuer thi moder be spylt with Iues.

(61)
Take me to the, my son so heynd,
and let me neuer with Iues be lorne;
help, for my son luf, Iohn, son kynde,
for ferde that I with Iues be torne.

¹ MS. long, strong.
Mi iles hit quakys as lefe on lynde,
  to shontt the showres sharper then thorne;
help me, Iohn, if thou be kynde,
  my son myssyng makys me to mowrne.

(62)
Iohannes. youre seruande, lady, he me maide,
  and bad me kepe you ay to qweme;
Blythe were I, lady, myght I the glad,
  and with my myght I shaH the yeme.

(63)
Therfor be ferd for nokyn thyng
  for oght that Iues wold do you to;
I shaH be bayn at youre byddyng,
  as my lorde bad, your seruande lo!

(64)
Maria. Glad am I, Iohn, Whils I haue the;
  more comfort bot my son can I none craue;
so covers thou my care, and carpyt vnto me,
  whiles I the se, euer am I safe.
Was none, safe my son, more trusty to me,
  therfor his grace saH neuer fro the go;
he shaH the qwyte, that died on a tre,
  weH mendys thou my mode, when I am in wo.

(65)
Simon. let hy vs fro this hiH, and to the towne weynde,
  for fere of the Iues, that spitus ar & prowde;
Withi oure dere lady, I red that we weynd,
  and pray tiH hir dere son, here apon lowde.
To hir buxumly I red that we bende,
  syn hir dere son fro vs is gone in a clowde,
And hertely in hast haylse we that heynde,
  To oure master is she moder, semely in shrowde.

(66)
A, marie so mylde, the myssid we haue;
  Was neuer madyn so menskfuH here apon molde
As thou art, and moder cleyne, bot this wold we craue,
  If this were ihesu, thi son, that Iudas has solt,
He asks if
He who ascended was
Jesus, whom
Judas sold.

Shew vs the sothe, vs aH may it saue;
we pray the, dere lady, layn that thou nolde;
Bot speH vs oure spyryng, or els mon we rafe,
Bot thou wittyly vs wysh, so fayn wyt we wold. 395

Maria. peter, andrew, Iohan, and Iamys the gent,
Symon, Iude, and bartilmew the bold,
And aH my brethere dere, that ar on this bent,
Take tent to my tayH, tih that I haue told
Of my dere son, what I haue mentt,
That hens is hevyd to his awne hold;
he taught you the trouthe, or he to heuen went;
he was borne of my bosom as his self wold. 403

he is god and man that steynd into heuen;
preche thus to the pepyH that most ar in price.
Sekys to thare savyng, ye apostilles eleven,
To the Iues of Jerusalem as youre way lyse,
say to the cyte as I can here neuen,
teh the warkys of my son warly and wyse;
Byd theym be stedfast & lysten your steuen,
or els be thay dampned as men fuH of vyce. 411

Here is a gap of 12 leaves, in the MS., from Sig. s. 1. to sig. t. 6.
XXX.

[Iudicium.]

[42 nine-line stanzas; aaaaab, ccccb; 23 eight-line, ab, ab, ab, ab; 2 six-line, no. 63, ababab, no. 2 aab, ccb; 9 four-line, aaaa, i no. 65, ab ab; 5 couplets and 2 lines of Latin.]

[Incomplete.]

[Dramatis Personae.

| Tercius Malus. | Titiuillus. | Tercius Bonus. |
| Quartus Malus. | Jesus. | Quartus Bonus. |
| Primus Angelus. | |

[Secundus Malus.] (1)

ffuH darfe has bene oure deede / for thi commen is oure care;

This day to take oure mede / for nothyng may we spare.

Alas, I harde that borne / that callys vs to the dome,

AH that euer were borne / thider behofys theym com. 4

May nathere lande ne se / vs fro this dome hide,

ffor ferde fayn wold I fle / bot I must nedys abide;

Alas, I stande great aghe / to loke on that Iustyce,

Ther may no man of lagh / help with no quantyce.

vokettys ten or twelfe / may none help at this nede,

Botilk man for his self / shahH answere for his dede. 10

(2)

Alas, that I was borne!

I se now me beforne,

That lord with Woundys fyfe;

how may I on hym loke,

That falsly hym forsoke,

When I led synfuH lyfe? 13

(3)

Tercius malus. Alas, carefuH catyfys may we ryse,

sore may we wryng oure handys and wepe;

ffor cursid and sore covytyse

dampnyd be we in heH fuH depe. 20

1 The aaaa lines have central rymes markt here by bars / not in the MS.
Roght we never of godys seruyce,
his commaundementys wold we not kepe,
Bot oft tymes maide we sacrifice
to sathanas when othere can slepe.  

(4)
Alas! now wakyns aH oure were,
oure wykyd Warkys can we not hide,
Bot on oure bakys we must themy bere,
that wiH vs soro on ilka syde.
Oure dedys this day wiH do vs dere,
Oure domysman here we must abide,
And feyndys, that wiH vs felly fere,
there pray to haue vs for thare pride.

(5)
Brymly before vs be thai broght,
oure dedys that shaH dam vs bidene;
That eyre has harde, or harte thoght,
that mowthe has spokyν, or ee sene,
That foote has gone, or hande wroght,
in any tyme that we may mene;
smouth dere this day now bees it boght.
alas! vnborne then had I bene!

(6)
Quartus malus. Alas, I am forlorne! / a spytus blast here
blawes!
I harde weH bi yonde horne / I wote whereto it drawes;
I wold I were vnborne / alas! that this day dawes!
Now mou be dampnyd this morne / my warkys, my dedys,
my sawes.

(7)
His wicked-
ness is
known, and
may not be
hid.
Now bees my curstnes kyd / alas! I may not layn
AH that euer I dyν / it bees put vp fuH playn.
That I wold fayn were kyν / my synfuν wordys and vayn,
ffuH new now mon be reknyν / vp to me agayn.

(8)
He would
fain flee.
Alas! fayn wold I fle / for dedys that I haue done,
Bot that may now not be / I must abyde my boyn;
I trowed neuer to have sene this dredfuH day thus soyn;
Alas! what shaH I say When he sittys in his trone?
(9)
To se his Woundys bledande / this is a dulful case;
Alas! how shall I stand / or loke hym in the face?
So curtes I hym fand / that gaf me life so long a space;
Mi care is aft command / alas! where was my grace? 56

(10)
Alas! catyfys vnkynde / where on was oure thought?
Alas! where on was oure mynde / so wykyd Warkys we Wroglit?

(11)
Alas! my couetyse / myn yH wiH, and myn Ire!
Mi neghbur to dispise / most was my desyre;
I demyd euer at my deuyse / me thougte I had no peyre,
With my self sore may I grise / now am quyte my hyre.

(12)
Where I was wonte to go / and haue my Wordys at wiH,
Now am I set fuH thro / and fayn to hold me still;
I went both to and fro / me thougte I did newer iiH,
Mi neghburs for to slo / or hurt withouten shiH.

(13)
Wo worthi euer the fader / that gate me to be borne!
That euer he lete me stir / bot that I had bene forlorne;
Warid be my moder / and warid be the morne
That I was borne of hir / alas, for shame and skorne! 72

(14)
*primus angelus, cum gladio.*

stand not togeder, parte in two!
aft sam shaH ye not be in blys;
Oure lorde of heuen wiH it be so,
for many of you has done amys;
On his right hand ye good shaH go,
the way tilH heuen he shaH you wys;
ye wykide saules ye weynd hym fro,
on his left hande as none of his.

(15)
*T. PLAYS.*

*Thesus. The tyme is commen, I wiH make ende,*

my fader of heuen wiH it so be,
Therfor tilH ertilthe now wiH I weynde,
my self to sytt in maieste.
He comes, in His body, to deal judgment.

To dele my dome I will discende,
this body will I bere with me,
how it was eight mans mys to amende
aH mans kynde ther shal it se.

(16) primus demon. Oute, haro, out, out! / harkyn to this horne,
I was neuer in dowte / or now at this mornie;
So sturdy a showte / sen that I was borne
hard I neuer here abowte / in ernyst ne in skorne,
A wonder!
I was bonde fuH fast
In yrens for to last,
Bot my bandys thai brast
And shoke aH in sonder.

(17) secundus demon. I shoterd and shoke / I herd sikh a rerd,
When I harde it I qwote / for aH that I lenl,
Bot to swere on a boke / I durst not aperd;
I durst not loke / for aH mediH-erl,
ffuH payH;
Bot gyrned and gnast,
my force diH I frast,
Bot I wroght aH wast,
It myght not awayH.

(18) primus demon. It was like to a trumpe / it had sikh a sownde;
I feH on a lumpe / for ferd that I swonde.
secundus demon. There I stode on my stumpe / I stakerd
that stownde,
There chachid I the crumpe / yit held\# I my grounde
halfe nome.

primus demon. Make redy oure gere,
we ar like to haue were,
ffor now dar I swere
That domysday is comme;

(19) ffor aH oure saules ar wente / and none ar in heH.
secundus demon. Bot we go we ar shente / let vs not dweH,
It sittys you to tente / in this mater to meH,
As a pere in a parlamente / what case so befeH;
It is nedefuH
That ye tente to youre awne,
What draught so be drawne,
If the courte be knawen
the Iuge is right drefduH.

(20)
primus demon. ffor to stand / thou gars me grete,
secundus demon. let vs go to this dome / vp watlyn strete.
primus demon. I had leuer go to rome / yei thrysy, on my fete,
Then forto grefe yonde grome / or with hym forto mete;
ffor wysely
he spekys on trete,
his paustee is grete,
bot begun he to threte
he lokys fuH grisly.

(21)
Bot fast take oure rentals / hy, let vs go hence!
ffor as this fals / the great sentence.
secundus demon. Thai ar here in my dals / fast stand We to fence,
Agans thise dampnyd sauls / Without repentence,
And Just.
primus demon. how so the gam croksy,
Examyn oure bokys.
secundus demon. here is a bag fuH, lokys,
of pride and of lust,

(22)
Of Wraggers and wrears / a bag fuH of brefes,
Of carpars and cryars / of mychers and thefes,
Of lurdans and lyars / that no man lefys,
Of flytars, of flyars / and renderars of reffys;
This can I,
Of alkyn astate
that go bi the gatys,
Of poore pride, that god hatys,
Twenty so many.
The first demon asks if there is anger in their bill; if so, his fellow shall have a drink.

There is anger and treachery too.

Is there anything recorded against the feminine gender?

More rolls full than he can carry.

The second demon is praised as a good servant, and bids his master hurry.

Had Doomsday been delayed, they must have built hell bigger.

---

(23)

primus demon'. peasse, I pray the, be stiH / I laghe that I kynke,
Is oght Ire in thi biH / and then shaH thou drynke.

secundus demon. sir, so mekiH iH wiH / that thai wold synke
Thare foes in a fyere stiH / bot not aH that I thynke dar I say,
Bot before hym he prase hym,
behynde he mys-sase hym,
Thus dowbiH he mase hym,
thus do thai today.

(24)

primus demon'. has thou oght Writen there / of the femynyngendere?

secundus demon. yei, mo then I may bere / of rolles forto render;
Thai ar sharp as a spere / if thai seme bot slender;
Thai ar euer in were / if thai be tender,
yH fetyld;
she that is most mcke,
When she semys fuH seke,
she can rase vp a reke
if she be weH nettyld.

(25)

primus demon. Thou art the best hyne / that euer cam beside vs.
secundus demon. yei, bot go we, master myne / yit wold I we hyde vs;
Thai haue blowen lang syne / thai wiH not abide vs;
We may lightly tyne / and then wiH ye chide vs
Togeder.

primus demon. Make redyoure tolys.
ffor we dele with no folys.
secundus demon. sir, aH clerkys of oure socolys / ar bowne furth theder;

(26)

Bot, sir, I teH you before / had domysday oght tarid
We must haue biggid heH more / the warld is so warid.
rnimus demon. Now gett we dowbiH store / of bodys
myscarid. To the soules where thai were / bothi sam to be harried.
secundus demon. Thise rolles
Ar of bakbytars,
And fals quest-dytars,
I had no help of writars
bot thise two dalles.1

(27)

ffaithe and trowth, maffay / has no fet to stonde ;
The poore pepyH must pay / if oght be in hande,
The drede of god is away / and lawe out of lande.
prinus demonl. By that wist I that domysday / was nere hande
In seson.
secundus demonl. Sir, it is saide in old sawes—
the longere that day dawes—
‘Wars pepiH wars lawes.’
primus demonl. I laghi at thi reson ;

(28)

Alle this was token / domysday to drede ;
fuH oft was it spokyn / fuH few take hede ;
Bot now shaH we be wrokyn / of thare falshede,
ffor now bese vnlokyn / many dern dede
In Ire ;
AH thare synnes shaH be knawen,2
Othere mens, then thare awne.
Secundus demon. Bot if this draught be well drawn
don is in the myre.

(29)

Tutivillus. Whi spir ye not, sir / no questyons?
I am oone of youre ordir / and oone of youre sons;
I stande at my tristur / when othere men shones.
primus demonl. Now thou art myn awne querestur / I wote
where thou wonnes ;

1 The ryme needs “ dolles.”
2 MS. knownen.
do tell me.

*Tutivillus.* I was your chief tollare,
And sithen courte rollar,
Now am I master lollar,
And of such men I tell me.

(30)
I have brought to your hand / of souls, dar I say,
More than ten thousand / in an hour of a day;
Some at a horse I fande / and some of ferray,
Some cursed, some band / some yei, some nay;
So many
Thus brought I on blure,
Thus did I my cure.
*primus demon.* Thou art the best sawgeoure
That ever had I any.

(31)
*Tutivillus.* Here a robe of ragman / of the round tabi,
Of brestes in my bag, man / of synnes dampnaberi;
Venthes may I wag, man / for wery in your stable
While I set my stag, man. /
*secundus demon.* abide, ye are abe
To take wage;

[Fol. 124, b.]
Thou can of cowte thow,
Bot lay downe the dewe
For thou wilt be a shrew,
Be thou com at age.

(32)
*Tutivillus.* Here I be gesse / of many nyce hoket,
Of care and of curstnes / byethying and hoket,
Gey gere and witles / his hode set on koket,
As prowde as pennyles / his slefe has no poket,
Fuff redles;

With thare hemmyd shoyne,
Ah this must be don,
Bot syre is out at hye noyn,
And his barnes bredeles.

(33)
A horne and a duch ax / his slefe must be flekyt,
A syde hede and a fare fax / his gowne must be spekytt,

1 MS. XMII.
Thus toke I youre tax / thus ar my bookys blekyt.

Primus demon. Thou art best on thi wax / that euer was clekyt,
or knawen;\(^1\)

with wordes wiH thou fiH vs,
bot teH thi name tiH vs.

Tutiuillus. Mi name is tutiuillus,
my horne is blawen;

Fragmenta verborum / tutiuillus colligit horum,
Belzabub algorum / belial belium doliorum.

(34)

Secundus demon. What, I se thou can of gramory / and som what of arte;
had I bot a penny / on the world I warte.

Tutiuillus. Of femellys a quantite / here fynde I parte.

Primus demon'. Tutiuillus, let se/goddys forbot thou parte!

Tutiuillus. so Ioly
Ilka las in a lande
like a lady nerehande,
So fresh and so plesande,

makys men to foly;\(^1\)

(35)

If she be neuer so fowH a dowde / with hir keHes and hir

pynnes,
The shrew hir self can shrowde / both hir checkys and hir

chynnes;
she can make it fuH prowde / with iapes and with gynnes,
hir hede as hy as a clowde / bot no shame of hir synnes

Thai fele;

When she is thus paynt,
she makys it so quaynte,
She lookys like a saynt,

And wars then the dayle.

(36)

she is hormyd like a kowe / . . . . . fon syn,
The cuker hyngys so side now / furrid with a cat skyn,
A\(\text{H}\) thise ar for you / thai ar commen of youre kyn.

Secundus demon'. Now, the best body art thou / that euer cam here in.

\(^1\) MS. knownen.
Toivneley Plays. XXX. The Judgment.

It is fashion-able for them to break their wedlock. 273

Tutuillus. An vsage, swilk dar I vndertake, makys theym breke thare wedlake, And lif in syn for hir sake, And breke thare awne spowsage. 277

More than a thousand false swerars shall come to hell, yit a poynt haue I fon / I teH you before, That fals swerars shalH hider com / mo then a thowsand skore; In sweryng thai grefe godys son / and pyne hym more and more, Therfor mon thai with vs won / in heH for euer more. I say thus, 282

raisers of false taxes and gathe-286 ers of green wax. That rasers of the fals tax, And gederars of greyn wax, Diabolus est mendax

He must not forget the new fashion of padding the shoulders with moss and flock. yit a poynte of the new gett / to teH wiH I not blyn, Of prankyd gowynes & shulders vp set / mos & flokkyys sewyd wyth in; To vse sich gise thai wiH not let / thai say it is no syn, Bot on sich pilus I me set / and clap thaym cheke and chyn, no nay. 291
dauid in his sawtere says thus, That to heH shalH thai trus, Cum suis adimuencionibus, for onys and for ay. 295

"Kirk-chaters" and lovers of simony he drag to hell out of the churches. yit of thise kyrkchaters / here ar a menee, Of barganars and okerars / and lufars of symonee, Of runkers and rowners / god castys thaym out, truee, from his temple aH sich mysdoers / I cach thaym then to me

ffuH soyn ; fior writen I wote it is In the gospeH, withouten mys, Et eam fecistis Speluncam latronum. 304

1 MS. M'. 
(40)
yit of the synnes seven\(^1\) / som thyng special\(\) now nately to neven / that renys ouer aH;
Thise laddys thai leven / as lordys riaH,
At ee to be even / picturde in paH
As kyngys;
May he dug hym a doket,
A kordese like a pokett,
hym thynke it no hoket
   his tayH when he Wryngys.

(41)
his luddokkys thai lowke / like walk-myln e cloggys,
his hede is like a stowke / hurlyd as hoggys,
A woH blawen bowke / thise fryggys as froggys,
This Ielian Iowke / dryfys he no doggys
To felter;
Bot with youre yolow lokkys,
ffor aH youre many mokkys,
ye shaH clym on heH crokkyys
   With a halpeny heltere.

(42)
And neH With hir nyfyls / of crisp and of sylke, [Fol. 125, b.]
Tent weH youre twyfyls / youre nek abowte as mylke;
With youre bendys and youre bridyls / of sathan, the
   whilke
sir sathanas Idyls / you for tha ilke
   This giH knaue;
It is open behynde,
before is it pynde,
Bewar of the West wynde
   youre smok lest it wafe.

(43)
Of Ire and of enuy / fynde I herto,
Of couetyse and glotony / and many other mo;
Thai caH and thai cry / go we now, go!
I dy nere for dry / and ther syt thai so

\(^1\) MS. vij.
Sloth that makes the sluggard wish the clerk hanged when the bells ring to church.

In slewthe then thai syn / goddys warkys thai not Wyrke;
To belke thai begun / and spew that is irke;
his hede must be holdyn / ther in the myrke,
Then defys hym with dyn / the bellys of the kyrke,
   When thai clatter;
he wishys the clerke hanged?
for that he rang it,
Bot thar hym not lang it,
What commys ther after.

(44)

And ye Ianettys of the stewys / and lychoures on loft, youre baiH now brewys / avowtrees fuH ofte, youre gam now grewys / I shaH you set softe, youre sorow enewes / com to my crofte
   AH ye;
AH harlottys and horres,
And bawdys that procures,
To bryng thaym to lures,
Welcom to my see!

(45)

ye lurdans and lyars / mychers and thefes, fllytars and flyars / that aH men reprefes, Spolars, extorcyonars / Welcom, my lefes! ffals Iurars and vsurars / to symony that clevys,
   To teH;
hasardars and dysars, ffals dedys forgars, Slanderars, bakbytars,
AH vnto hell.

(46)

The increase of the wicked made the first demon think the end was nigh.
primus demon. When I harde many swilke / many spytus and feH, And few good of ilke / I had merueH, I trowd it drew nere the prik. /

(47)

1 The ryme needs "hangit."
Secundus demon. sir, a worde of counsell;  
saules cam so thyk / now late vnto heH  
As euer;  
Oure porter at heH yate  
Is haldyn so strate,  
vp erly and downe late,  
he rystys neuer.  

primus demon. Thou art pereles of tho / that euer yit  
know I,  
when I WiH may I go / if thou be by;  
Go we now, We two. /  
Secundus demon. syr, I am redy.  
primus demon. Take oure rolles also, / ye knawe the  
cause Why;  
do com  
And tent weH this day.  
Secundus demon. sir, as weH as I may.  
Primus Demon. Qui vero mala  
In ignem eternum.  

Ihesus. Ilka creatoure take tente  
What bodworde I shaH you bryng,  
This wykyd warH away is wente,  
and I am commyn as crownyd kyng ;  
Mi fader of heuen has me downe sente,  
to deme youre dedys and make endyng ;  
Commen is the day of Iugemente,  
of sorrow may euery synfulH syng.  

The day is commen of catyfnes,  
aH those to care that ar vncleyn,  
The day of bateH and bitternes,  
ffuH long abiden has it beyn ;  
The day of drede to more and les,  
of Ioy, of tremlyng, and of teyn,  
Ilka wight that wykyd is  
may say, alas this day is seyn !  

Tunc expandit manus suas & ostendit eis Wlnera sua.
here may ye se my Woundys wide
that I suffred for youre mysdede,
Throug harte, hede, fote, hande and syde,
not for my gilte bot for youre nede.
Behald both bak, body, and syde,
how dere I boght youre broder-hede,
Thise bitter paynes I wold abide,
to by you blys thus wold I blede.

Mi body was skowrgid withoutten skiþ,
also ther fulþ throlþ was I thrett;
On crosse thai hang me on a hiþ,
blo and blody thus was I bett;
With crowne of thorne thrastyn fuþ iþ,
A spere vnto my harte thai sett;
Mi harte blode sparid thai not to spiþ.
man, for thi luf wold I not lett.

The Iues spytt on me spitusly,
thai sparid me no more then a thefe;
When thai me smote I stud stilly,
agans thaym did I nokyns grefe.
Beholde, mankynde, this ilk am I,
that for the suffred sich myschefe,
Thus was I dight for thi foly,
man, loke thi luf was me fuþ lefe.

Thus was I dight thi sorow to slake;
man, thus behovid the borud to be;
In aþ my wo toke I no wake,
my wiþ it was for luf of the.
Man, for sorow aght the to qwake,
this dredfuþ day this sight to se;
AH this suffred I for thi sake.
say, man, What suffred thou for me?

Tunc vertens se ad bonos, dicit illis.
(55) Mi blissid barnes on my right hande, youre dome this day thar ye not drede, ffors all youre ioy is now commande, youre life in likyng shal ye lede. Commes to the kyngdom ay lastand, That you is dight for youre good dede, ifiui blithe may ye be there yo stand, ffor mekiH in heuen bees youre mede. 441

(56) When I was hungre ye me fed', To slek my thrist ye war fuH fre; When I was clothles ye me cle'd, ye Wolk no sorowe on me se; In hard prison When I was ste'd, On my penance ye had pyte; ffuH seke when I was broght in bed, kyndly ye cam to comforth me. 449

(57) When I was wiH and weriest, ye harberd me fuH esely, ffuH glad then were ye of youre gest, Ye plenyd my pouerte fuH pitusly; Belife ye broght me of the best, And maide my bed there I shuld ly, Therfor in heuen shalH be youre rest, In ioy and blys to haldH me by. 457

(58) primus bonus. lord. When had thou so mekiH nede? hungre or thrusty, how myght it be? Secundus bonus. When was oure harte fre the to feede? In prison When myght We the se? Tercius bonus. When was thou seke, or wantyd wede? To harbowre the when helpid we? Quartus bonus. When had thou nede of oure fordode? when did we alH this dede to the?
Jesus tells them they succoured Him in helping the needy.

*Thesus. Mi blissid barnes, I shaH you say what tyme this dede was to me done; When any that nede had nyght or day, Askyd you help and had it sone; youre fre harte saide theym neuer nay, Erly ne late, myd-day ne noyn, As ofte-sithes as thai wol H pray, Thai thurte bot aske and haue thare boyn.

*Tunc dicet malis.

(60)

ye cursd catyfs of kames kyn, 
That neuer me comforted in my care,  
Now I and ye for euer shaH twyn, 
In doyH to dweH for euer mare;  
youre bitter bayles shaH neuer blyn 
That ye shaH thole when ye com thare, 
Thus haue ye seruyd for youre syn, 
tfor derfe dedys ye haue doyn are.

(61)

When I had myster of mete and drynke, 
Catyfs, ye chaste me from youre yate; when ye were set as syres on bynke 
I stode ther oute wery and Wate, 
yit none of you Wold on me thynke, 
To haue pite on my poore astate; 
Therfor to heH I shaH you synke, 
WeH ar ye worthy to go that gate.

(62)

When I was seke and soryest 
ye viset me noght, for I was poore;  
In prison fast when I was fest 
wold none of you loke how I foore;  
When I wist neuer where to rest 
With dyntys ye drofe me from youre doore.  
Bot euer to pride then were ye prest,  
Mi flesh, my bloode, ye oft for-swores.
Clothles, When that I was cold,
That nerehande for you yode I nakyd,
Mi myschefe sagh ye many folde,
Was none of you my sorowe slakyd;
Bot euer forsoke me, yong and olde,
Thorfor shaH ye now be forsakyd.

When that I was cold',
That nerehande for you yode I nakyd,
Mi myschefe sagh ye many folde,
Was none of you my sorowe slakyd;
Bot euer forsoke me, yong and olde,
Thorfor shaH ye now be forsakyd.

When was that thou in prison was?
When was thou nakyd or harberles?

Secundus malus. When myght we se the seke, alas!
and kyd the aH this vnkyndnes?
iijus malus. When was we let the helples pas?
When dyd ye the this wiskyndes?

(iijus malus. Alas, for doyH this day!
alas, that euer I it abode!
Now am I dampned for ay,
this dome may I not avoyde.

Ihesus. Catyfs, alas, ofte as it betyde
that nedefull eght askyd in my name,
ye harde thaym noght, youre eeres was hik, 
youre help to thaym was not at hame;
To me was that vnkyndnes kyd,
therfor ye bere this bitter blame,
To the lest of myne when ye oght dyd,
to me ye dyd the self and same.

Tunc dicet bonis.

(67)
Mi chosyn childer, commes to me!
With me to dweH now shaH ye weynde,
Ther ioy and blys euer shaH be,
youre life in lykyng for to leynde.

Tunc dicet malis.

(63)

[Originally 'es,' no doubt.]
The wicked are doomed to hell.

The devil begins to drive them.

(68) *primus demon*. Do now furthe go, / trus, go we hyne!

vyto endles wo / ay-lastand pyne;
Nay, tary not so / we get ado syne.

(69) *secundus demon*. hyte hyder warde, ho / harry ruskyne!

War oute!

The meyn shal ye nebyth,
And I shal syng the trebih,
A revant the deviH

ThiH aH this hole rowte.

They may curse the day they were born.

(70) *Tutuillus*. youre lyfes ar lorne / and commen is youre care;

ye may ban ye were borne / the bodes you bare,
And youre faders beforne / so cursid ye ar.

*primus demon*. ye may wary the morne / and day that ye ware

Of youre moder

first borne forto be,
flor the wo ye mon dre.

*secundus demon*. Ilkone of you mon se sorow of oder.

Where is the gold and the good / that ye gederd togedir?
The mery menee that yode / hider and thedir?

*Tutuillus*. Gay gyrdyls, iaggid hode / prankyd gownes, whedir?

haue ye wit or ye wode / ye broght not hidir

Bot sorowe,

And youre synnes in youre nekkys.

*primus demon*. I beshrew thaym that rekkys!
he comes to late that beklys

youre bodyes to borow.

1 MS. go furthe.
Towneley Plays. XXX. The Judgment. 385

(71)

Secundus *demon*. Sir, I wolde cut thaym a skawte / and make thaym be knawne;
Thay were sturdy and hawte / great boste hane thai blawne;
youre pride and youre pransawte / What will it gawne?
ye tolde ilk mans defawte / and forgate youre awne.

*Tutivillus*. moreover

Thare negeburs thai demyd,
Thaym self as it semyd,
Bot now ar thi flemyd
ffrom sayntys to recouer.

(72)

Primus *demon*. Thar negeburs thai towchid / With wordys fuH ih,
The warst ay thai sowchid / and had no skih.

Secundus *demon*. The pennys thai powchid / and held thaym stiH;
The negons thai mowchid / and had no wiH ffor hart fare;
Bot riche and ih-dedy,
Gederand and gredy,
sore napand and nedy
youre godys forto spare.

(73)

*Tutivillus*. ffor all that ye spard / and dyd extorcyon,
ffor youre childer ye card / youre heyre and youre son,
Now is all in oureward / youre yeres ar ron,
It is common in vowgard / youre dame malison,
To bynde it;
ye set bi no cursyng,
Ne no sikh smaH thyng.

Primus *demon*. No, bot prase at the partyng,
ffor now mon ye fynde it.

(74)

Youre leyfys and youre females / ye brake youre wedlake;
Tell me now what it vales / all that mery lake?
Se so falsly it falsys. /

Secundus *demon*. syr, I dar undertake
Thai will tell no tales / bot se so thai quake

T. PLAYS.
Now they are quaking and dumb. ffor moton;

he that to that gam gose,
Now namely on old' tose.

*Tutiuillus.* Thou held vp the lose,
That had I forgotten.

(75)

*primus demon.* sir, I trow thai be dom / somtyme were fuH melland;

WiH ye se how thai glom. /

*secundus demon.* thou art ay telland;

Now shaH thai haue rom / in pyk aud tar euerc dwelland,

Of thare sorow no some / bot ay to be yelland

In oure fostre.

*Tutiuillus.* By youre lefe may We mefe you?

*primus demon.* showe furth, I shrew you!

*Secundus demon.* yit to-nyght shaH I shew you

A mese of iH ostre.

(76)

*Tutiuillus.* Of thise cursid forsworne / and aH that here leyndys,

Blaw, wolfs-hede and oute-horne / now namely my freyndys.

*primus demon.* Illa haiH were ye borne / youre awne shame you sheyndys,

That shaH ye fynde or to morne. /

*secundus demon.* com now with feyndys

To youre angre;

youre dedys you dam;

Com, go we now sam,

It is commen youre gam,

Com, tary no langer.

(77)

*primus bonus.* We loue the, lorde, in alkyn thyng,

That for thyne awne has ordand thus,

That we may haue now oure dwelllyng

In heuen blis giffen vnto vs.
Therefore boldly may we syng
On oure way as we trus;
Make we aH myrth and louyng
With te deum laudamus.

Explicit Judicium.

XXXI.

Incipit Lazarus.

[47 couplets; 4 ten-line stanzas, aaaa bbbc bc; 1 nine-line (no. 11), aaaa bbbc bc; 7 eight-line, four ab ab ab ab, two abab bbcb, one ab ab ba ba; 3 six-line, aaab ab; 1 five-line, aab ab.]

[Dramatis Personae.

|--------|-----------|---------|-----------|

(1)

*Jesus.* Commes now, brethere, and go Withi me;
We Will pas furth vntil Iude,
To betany wiff we Weynde,
To vyset lazare that is oure freynde.
Gladly I wold we with hym speke,
I tell you sothely he is seke.

*Petrus.* I red not that ye thider go,
The Ines halden you for thare fo;
I red ye com not in that stede,
flor if ye do then be ye dede.

*Iohannes.* Master, trist thou [not] on the Iue,
flor many day sen thou thaym knewe,
And last tyme that we were thare
We wenyd tilH haue bene deck therfor.

*Thomas.* When we were last in that contre,
This outhere day, both thou and we,

1 The aaaa lines have central rymes markt here with bars (not in the MS).
2 These lines are transposed in the MS., and the letters a and b are placed opposite them in the margin to indicate their proper order.
We wenyd that thou ther shuld haue bene slayn;
Wil thou now go thider agane?

Ihesus. herkyn, breder, and takys kepe;
lazare our freynde is fellyn on slepe;

The way thi hym now wiH we take,
To styr that knyght and gar hym wake.

Peter. Sir, me thinke it were the best
To let hym slepe and take his rest;
And kepe that no man com hym hend,
for if he slepe then mon he mend.

Ihesus. I say to you, With outten fayH,
No kepyng may thi hym avaiH,
Ne slepe may stand hym in no stede,
I say you sekerly he is dede;
Therfor I say you now at last
lefte this speche and go we fast.

Thomas. Sir, What so euer ye bid vs do
We assent vs welf ther to;
I hope to god ye shaH not fynde
None of vs shaH lefe behynde:
for any pareH that may befaH
Weynde we Withoure master ah.

Martha. help me, lorde, and gif me red!
lazare my broder now is dede,
That was to the both lefe and dere;
he had not dyed had thou bene here.

Ihesus. Martha, martha, thou may be fayn,
Thi brothere shaH rise and lif agayn.

Martha. lorde, I wote that he shaH ryse
And com before the good iustyce;
for at the dreffull day of dome
There mon ye kepe hym at his come,
To loke What dome ye WiH hym gif;
Then mon he rise, then mon he lyf.

Ihesus. I Warne you, both man and wyfe,
That I am rysyng, and I am life;
And Whoso truly trowys in me,
That I was euer ay shaH be,
Oone thyng I shaH hym gif,
Though he be dede yit shaH he lif.
say thou, Woman, trowys thou this?

Martha. yee, for sothe, my lorde of blys, Ellys were I greatly to mysprase, 
ffor aH is sothe-fast that thou says. Ihesus. Go teH thi sister mawdlayn That I com, ye may be fayn. [Martha goes to Mary.]

Martha. Sister, lefe this sorrowful bande, Oure lorde commys here at hand, And his apostyls with hym also. Maria. A, for godys luf let me go! Blissid be he that sende me grace, That I may se the in this place. lorde, mekiH sorow may men se Of my sister here and me ; We ar heuY as any lede, ffor our broder that thus is dede. had thou bene here and on hym sene, dede for sothe had he not bene. Ihesus. hider to you commen we ar To make you comforth of youre care, Bot loke no fayntyse ne no slawthi Bryng you oute of stedfast' trawthe, Then shaH I hold' you that I saide. lo, where haue ye his body laide? Maria. lorde, if it be thi WiH, I hope be this he sauers iH, ffor it is now the ferth 1 day gone sen he Was laide vnder yonde stone. Ihesus. I told' the right now ther thou stode that thi trawth shuld' ay be goode, And if thou may that fulsiH AH bees done right at thi wiH. 88

Et lacrimatus est ihesus, dicens.

(2) ffather, I pray the that thou rase lazare that was thi hyne, And bryng hym oute of his mysese And oute of heH pyne. 92

1 MS. iiiij.
Let his days be increased.
When I the pray thou says aH wayse
Mi wiH is sich as thyne,
Therfor WiH we now eke his dayse,
To me thou wiH inclyne.

He bids Lazarm.
Lazarus come forth,
and be stripped of his grave-clothes.
Com furth, lazare, and stand vs by,
In erth shaH thou no langere ly;
Take and lawse hym foote and hande,
And from his throte take the bande,
And the sudary take hym fro,
And aH that gere, and let hym go.

Lazarus gives thanks to Jesus, for raising him from hell.
lazarus. lorde, that aH thyng maide of noght,
louyng be to thee,
That sich Wonder here has Wroght,
Gretter may none be.
When I was dede to heH I soght,
And thou, thruH thi pauste,
Rasid me vp and thens me broght,
Behold and ye may se.

Not the mightiest on earth, king or knight, can escape death.
Ther is none so styf on stede,
Ne none so prowde in prese,
Ne none so doughty in his dede,
Ne none so dere on deese,
No kying, no knyght, no Wight in wede,
ffrom dede haue maide hym seese,
Ne flesh he was wonte to fede,
It shaH be Wormes mese.

youre dede is Wormes coke,
youre myrroure here ye loke,
And let me be youre boke,
youre sampiH take by me;
ffro dede you cleke in cloke,
sich shaH ye aH be.

Ilkon in sich aray / With dede thai shaH be dignit,
And closid colde in clay / Wheder he be kynge or knyght.
ffor aH his garmentes gay / that semely were in sight,
his flesh shaH frete away / With many a wofuH wight. 128
Then wofully sich wightys
ShaH gnawe thise gay kuyghtys,
Thare lunges and thare lightys,
Thare harte shaH frete in sonder ; 132
Thise masters most of myghtys
Thus shaH thai be broght vnder. 134

(8)
Vnder the eortie ye shaH / thus carefully then cowche ;
The royfe of youre haH / youre nakyd nose shaH towche ;
Nawther great ne smaH / To you wiH knele ne crowche ;
A shete shaH be youre paH / sich todys shaH be youre
nowche ; 138
Todys shaH you dere,
ffeyndys wiH you fere,
youre flesh that fare was here
Thus rufully shaH rote ;
In stede of fare colore
sich bandys shaH bynde youre throte. 144

(9)
youre rud that was so red / youre lyre the lylly lyke,
Then shaH be wan as led / and stynke as dog in dyke ;
Wormes shaH in you brede / as bees dos in the byke,
And ees out of youre hede / Thus-gate shaH paddokys
pyke ; 148
To pike you ar preste
Many vncomly beest,
Thus thai shaH make a feste
Of youre flesh and of youre blode.
ffor you then sorows leste
The moste has of youre goode. 154

(10)
youre goodys ye shaH forsake / If ye be neuer so lothe,
And nothing With you take / Bot sich a wyndying clothe ;
youre Wife sorow shaH slake / youre chykler also both,
vnnes youre mynnynge make / If ye be neuer so wrothe ; 158
Thai myn you with nothyng
That may be youre helpyng,
Nawther in mes syngyng,
   Ne yit with almus dede;
Therfor in youre leuyng
   Be wise and take good hede.

Take hede for you to dele / Whils ye ar on life,
Trust neuer freyndys frele / Nawthere of childe then wife;
   for sectures ar not lele / Then for youre good WiH stryfe;
To by youre saules hele / There may no man thaym shrife.

To shrife no man thaym may,
After youre endyng day,
   youre sauH for to glad;
youre sectures wiH swere nay,
   And say ye aght more then ye had.

Amende the, man, Whils thou may,
   let neuer no myrthie fordo thi mynde;
Thynke thou on the dredeful day
   When god shalH deme aH mankynde.
Thynke thou farys as dothe the wynde;
This warlde is wast & wiH away;
    Man, haue this in thi mynde,
   And amende the Whils that thou may.

Amende the, man, whiles thou art here,
    Agane thou go an othere gate;
When thou art dede and laide on bere,
    Wyt thou weH thou bees to late;
   ffor if aH the goode that euer thou gate
Were delt for the after thi day,
In heuen it wolde not mende thi state,
   fforthi amende the Whils thou may.

If thou be right ryaH in rente,
   As is the stede standyng in stah,
In thi harte knowe and thynke
   That thai ar god dys goodys aH.

1 These words, “Trust neuer freyndys frele,” are hardly legible.
2 The assonance wants “thenke.”
he myght haue maide the poore and smaH
As he that beggys fro day to day;
   Wit thou weH acountys gif thou shalt,
Therfore amende the whils thou may.
   (15)
And if I myght with you dweH
   To teH you aH my tyne,
   As he that hegg^/s fro day to day;
   Wit thou weH acountys gif thou shalt,
   That I haue harde and sene,
Of many a great merueH,
   sikh as ye wolde not wene,
In the paynes of heH
   There as I haue bene.
   (16)
Bene I haue in wo,
Therfor kepe you ther fro;
Whilst ye lif do so
   If ye wiH dweH with hym
That can gar you thus go,
   And hele you lHth and lym.
   (17)
he is a lorde of grace,
Vmthynke you in this case,
   And pray hym, fuH of myght,
he kepe you in this place
   And haue you in his sight.
Amen.

Explicit Lazarus.

(XXXII.)

Suspenocio Iude.¹

[Incomplete; 16 six-line stanzas, aaab ab.]

(1)

[Judas.] Alas, alas, & walaway! 
waryd & cursyd I have beyn ay;

¹ This poem is added in a more modern hand than the others, apparently about the commencement of the sixteenth century.
I slew my father, & syn by-lay
   My moder der;
And falsly, aftur, I can betray
   Myn awn mayster.

(2)
My fathers name was ruben, right;
Sibaria my moder hight;
Als he her knew apon a nyght
   Aft fleshle,
In her sleyp she se a sighte,
   A great ferle.

(3)
her thoght ther lay her syd with-in
A lothly lumpe of fleshly syn,
Of the which distruccion schuld begyn
   Of aH Iury;
That Cursyd Clott of Camys kyn,
   fforsoth, was I.

(4)
Dreyd of that sight mad her awake,
   & aH hir body did tremyH & qwake;
her thoght hir hert did all to-brake—
   No wonder was—
the first[e] word my moder spake
   was alas, alas!

(5)
She told his father her dream,
Alas, alas! sche cryed faste,
   with that, on weeping owt sche braste:
My father wakyd at the laste,
   & her afranyd;
Sche told hym how she was agaste,
   & nothyng laynys.

(6)
and he resolvd that if a child
were born he should be destroyed.
my father bad, “let be thy woo!
my Cowncel is, if hit be soo,
A child be gettyn betwixt hus too,
   Doghter or son,
leth hit neuer on erth[e] go,
   Bot be fordon.
bettur hit is fordon to be
then hit fordo both the & me;
ffor in a while then schaH we se,
& fuH welH knaw,
wheder that swevyns be vanite
or onl to traw.”

The tyme was comyn that I was borne,
os my moder sayd befor;
Alas, that I had beyn forlorn
With-In hir syd!
for ther then spronge a schrewid thorn
That spred fuH wyd.

for I was born with owtyn grace,
Thay me namyd & Callyd Judas;
The father of the child ay hays
Great petye;
He myght not thoyle afor his face
My deth to se.

My ded to se then myght he noght;
A lytyH lep he gart be wroght,
& ther I was in bed [i-]brought
& bondon faste;
To the salt se then thay soght,
& In me Caste.

The wawes rosse, the wynd[e] blew;
That I was Cursyd fuH well thai knew;
The storme vnto the yle me threw,
That lytill botte;
And of that land my to-name drew,
Iudas skariott.

Thor os wrekke in sand I lay,
The qweyn Com passyng ther away,
With hir madyns to sport & play;
And prevally
A child she fond in slyk aray,
& had ferly.

Neuer-the-lesse sche was weH payd,
And on hir lap[pe] sche me layd;
Sche me kissid & with me playd,
ffor I was fayre;
" A child god hays me send," sche sayd,
" to be myn ayre."

Sche mad me be to norice done,
And fosterd as her awn[e] sone,
And told the kyng that sche had gone
Ah the yer with child;
And with fayr wordys, as wemen Con,
sche hym begild.

Then the kyng gart mak a fest
To aH the land [right] of the best,
ffor that he had gettyw a gest,
A swetly thyngr;
When he wer ded & broght to rest,
that myght be kyng.

Sone aftur with in yer[e]s too,
In the land hit befeH soo,
The qweyn hir selff with child Can goo;
A son sche bayr;
A fayrer childk from tope to too
. Man neuer se ayre.
GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

Abarstir, 340/73, more abashed, ashamed: for Abarstir.
Abast, 43/90, abashed, frightened, ashamed.
Abate, 233/i57, humble (oneself).
Abite, 18/323, pay for, expiate.
Abone, 27/146, above.
Aby, 125/272, pay for: see Abite.
Adyil, 261/101, earn; Adyld, 234/199, earned.
Affy, 312/192, trust.
Afranyd, 394/28, questioned.
Alast, 3/184, terrified.
Aghe, 339/45, "'•'
Ag-ht, 13/150, possessions; 15/210, eight (also eighth); 18/314, owed.
Algatis, 14/166, by all ways; at all events.
Alod, 24/56, requited.
Alowed, 17/296, allotted, requited.
Als, 17/296, as, also.
Amell, 66/69, among: see Emell.
Amese, 234/185, quiet, appease.
Apartly, 349/192, Apertly, openly, manifestly.
Aperd, 370/ioo, appear.
Appeoh, 12/15, accuse.
Appentys, 287/245, appoints.
Arayde, 146/207, afflicted, slain.
Architreclyn, 248/152, ruler of the feast (mistaken for a proper name).
Are, 150/320, 158/569, before.
Ars, kis myne, 11/59.
Arday, 16/207, afflicted, slain.
Aren, 314/270, vinegar.
Askaunce, 20/401, 239/353, a joke, a make-believe: see Skauonce.
Assay, 100/13, trial, test.
Asse, 68/139, ask.
Assyse, 291/379, appoints.

Ast, 240/389, asked: see Hast.
At-lowe, 158/372, below, on earth.
Avaylys, 179/452; Avayll, 178/403, benefits, vails, incomings.
Avowtre, 231/98, adultery.
Awe, 28/171, owest, ought.
Aw-where, 282/123, anywhere.
Awner, 227/735, adventure.
Awre, 127/304; Awro, 119/111, anywhere. The sense seems to require a\te=aught, anything.
Awth, 330/166. Can it be O.N. au\r, idle, empty.

Babyleshe, 94/292, scoffed at.
Bail, 270/403; Bale, 51/52, destruction, misfortune.
Balk, 118/49, ridge in a field.
Baly, 247/146, jurisdiction.
Ban, 11/59, curse.
Bane, 99/53, ready, obedient servant.
Bard, 32/328, barred, shut up.
Baret, 196/31, strife, debate, trouble.
Barne, 63/166, bosom.
Barne, 32/308, children.
Barne-tene, 54/74, brood of children.
Bast, 310/131, baist, abashed (?)
Bayle, 23/26, hell-fire; Bayll, 32/311, destruction, misfortune: see Baill.
Bayles, 20/405, bailiffs.
Bayn, 20/397, quickly; 32/308, ready, obedient.
Be, 182/43, by the time that.
Bedeyn, 15/222, at once, at the same time.
Beete, 67/23, amend, heal.
Behete, 30/430, promised.
Belamy, 84/188, fair friend.
Belife, 10/37; Belyf, 83/156, quickly.
Belke, 378/342, belch.
Bemys, 62/199, trumpets.
Benste, 118/55, benedicite.
Bent, 120/142, field.
Benyon, 49/6, blessing.
Bere, 66/79, bear, carry; 129/405, noise.
Beshers, 78/1, fair sirs; Bewshore, 174/273, fair sir.

Be-stode nedde, 340/74, was in need, danger.

Bet, 46/186, beaten.

Betagh, 15/211, given up to, assigned to.

Betake, 21/440, assign, commit.

Bete, 259/36, mend, remedy.

Be-tell, 260/79, conquer, deceive (?)

Beyde, 66/78, command, proclaim.

Beyld, 158/576, seek protection; 158/581, protection, shield, comfort.

Beyldyng, 143/93, comfort, encouragement; 167/35, shelter, dwelling.

Beyll, 197/72, relieve, remove: see Beyld.

Beyr, 300/230, noise: see Bere.

Beys, 168/62, is.

Beytter, 32/511, mender, healer.

Biggill, 372/89, built.

Bike, 49/4, nest, hive.

Blan, 307/52, ceased: see Blyn.

Ble, 163/109, colour, complexion.

Blekly, 375/244, blacked.

Blo, 35/413, blue-black, vivid.

Blome, 60/130, bloom, flower.

Blowre, 74/307, blisters (?)

Browke, 197/61, talk, proclaim, publish.

Blure, 374/220, destruction (?), damnation.

Blyn, 18/324, stop, cease: see Blan.

Bob, 139/718, bunch.

Bodworde, 69/145, 195/27, message.

Bollars, 291/374, drunkards.

Bolne, 237/281, swell.

Bon, 240/390, bound.

Bondon, 59/102, disposition, discretion.

Bone, 72/240, petition, boon: see Boyne.

Boote, 346/203, remedy, redress: see Boyte.

Borghe, 277/608, pledge, surety: see Borow.

Borod, 221/554, ransomed, saved.

Boro, 14/183, petition, prayer: see Bone.

Boyte, 19/376; 108/247, remedy, redress, use.

Brade, 25/91, swell; 23/21, moment of time, jiffey; 168/76, boasted; 273/488, trouble.

Bradyng, 243/7, onset.

Bragance, 117/34, bragging, boasting.

Brall, 167/31, brawl, cry out.

Brand, 78/5, sword.

Brast, 31/264, burst.

Brayde, 225/664, stratagem, deceit; Brayde, of, 105/153, are like, resemble.

Brede, 2/20, breadth.


Breme, 237/299, fierce, furious.

Bren, 14/180, burn.

Brend, 11/73, Brent; burnt.

Brere, 282/91; Breyrs, 15/202, briars, thorns.

Bressed, 256/371, bruised.


Brith, 166/3, birth.

Brode, 168/315, wretch.

Browes, 21/417, broth, stew.

Browke, 11/186, use.

Brude, 124/237, offspring, children (?)

Bruet, 50/24, broth.

Brymly, 368/23, fiercely.

Bryssyng, 204/9, bruising, breaking: see Bressed, Bursyd.

Bryst, 136/629, burst.

Bum, 4/66, bound.

Bursyd, 161/34, bruised.

Busk, 167/31, prepare; 167/35, set out, depart.

Bustus, 235/213, rough, boisterous, clumsy.

Buxom, 96/336, obedient.

By, 126/330, pay for: see Aby, Abite.

Byched, 289/325, cursed.

Bydeyn, 22/157, at once: see Bedeyr.

Byg, 22/182, build.

Bygyng, 19/91, building.

Byke, 31/147, hive.

Byll-hagers, 102/57, men who back with bills.

Bynke, 30/484, bench.

Byr, 3/371, rush.

Byrdyng, 96/345, playing, jesting (see 95/302, supposed adultery: or is it 'little bird,' child (?).
Glossarial Index.

Couth, 269/373, known, familiar.
Couth, 66/65; Couth, 37/473, could.
Cowche, 115/478, lie down.
Cowll, 241/405, swelling, weal.
Cowards, 286/225, course, way.
Coyle, 21/425; Coyll, 34/389, pottage (should be cayll); 5/136 coal.
Crane, 242/427, decrepit man (?)
Craw, 18/311, crow.
Croft, 239/355, field.
Cronynge, 281/67, crooning, moaning.
Crop, 115/470, top, head.
Crumpe, 370/110, cramp.
Cryb, 107/208, put in a crib (?)
Cuker, 375/270, coker, kind of half-boot or gaiter.
Cutt, 273/508, lot (draw lots).

Dall, 130/733, hand; Dalles, 373/187; Dals, 371/136, hands.
Dam, 249/136; 236/248, condemn.
Damfambl, 234/198, deserving of condemnation.
Dang, 314/274, beat.
Dangere, 71/225, control, dominion.
Dare, 163/83, lie hid.
Darfe, 367/1, hard, heavy.
Dase, 32/314, am dazed, stupefied, bewildered.
Daunche, 181/509, fastidious (?)
Daw, 30/247, (?) melancholy, sluggard.
Dawes, 196/55; Dayes, 55/108, dawns.
Dayde, 234/185, brought to trial (at an appointed day) (?)
Dayneth, 294/55, dignity, importance.
Dede, 7/203, death.
Deditar, 32/314 (Yorkshire 'dither'), shiver, tremble.
Dees, 390/114, daís.
Des, 5/121; Desse, 286/231; Deese, 390/114; Dese, 245/64; daís, throne.
Defend, 86/6, forbid.
Defly, 119/109, deadily.
Decil, 16/247, bit, morsel.
Dele, 13/137, share, divide.
Delf, 66/79, delve, dig.
Delfe, 276/575, grave.
Deme, 4/113, judge.
Dere, 32/317, harm, injury.
Derfe, 382/481, hard, cruel.
Derly, 117/389, grievously.
Dern, 373/200, secret, hidden.
Dernly, 168/69, secretly, quietly.
Determiny, 348/251, ended.
Devere, 32/319, duty.
Dewe, 374/230, list (of fools).
Deyle, 66/80, deeds, work.
Deyle, 15/213; Deyll, 15/205, share, give: see Dele and Deill.
Deyle, 375/268, devil.
Distance, 24/57, disagreement, dispute.
Dit, 17/280; Dytt, 233/178, shut, stopped.
Ditizance douteance, 171/171.
Doket, 377/310, (?) rag, clout, or (?) little tail.
Dold, 31/266, dulled, grown dull.
Dom, 207/109, doom, sentence.
Done, 92/228, place, put.
Donnyng, 10/32, dun mare(?), cp. 'Dun is in the myre.'
Dos, 19/360, dost, puttest.
Dote, 31/265, foolish person, dotard.
Dotty-pols, 173/231, crazy-heads.
Dowde, 375/260, shut.
Dowse, 124/246, harlot.
Doyll, 34/390, dole, portion; 74/302, grief, mourning.
Doyse, 382/481, done.
Doyse, 4/110, dost.
Dreal, 312/221, dragon.
Dreal, 5/14, draw, withdraw.
Dre, 118/65, endure.
Drech, 326/20, harass, afflict.
Drely, 108/245, long, deeply.
Dres, 30/238, direct one's course, go; 245/65, prepare, order, direct.
Drogh, 6/155, drew, betook himself.
Duch ax, 374/242, Dutch axe.
Dug, 377/310 cut (?)
Dughtyesl, 173/231, doughtiest.
Dull, 7/203, dolefull.
Dustardys, 285/10, dastards, stupid persons.
Dwere, 364/342, perplexity.
Dwill, 12/89, devil.
Dwillis, 11/63, devil's.
Dwyrd, 348/252, destroy (?)
Dyght, 39/543, prepared, disposed.
Dyke, 66/79, ditch.
Dyll, 163/80, render dull, assuage.
Dyldydowne, 135/609, pet, darling.
Dyng, 77/410, beat, strike.
Dyndants, 268/54, riding.
Dysars, 291/373, dicers.
Dyscry, 243/8; Dyscryfe, 345/180, describe.

Dysseferance, 343/144, separation, dissension.
Dytt, 233/178, stopt.
Edder, 86/25, serpent.
Eft, 30/241, afterwards, again.
Eld, 62/189, age.
Eme, 51/59, uncle.
Emell, 65/34, among.
Encense, v.t. 172/198, incense.
Encheson, 44/133, occasion, cause.
Endoost, 196/48, protected.
Endorde, 107/234, glazed, gilded.
Enfray, 308/71, affray.
Enys, 225/601, once.
Ernes, 150/303, earnest.
Eschele, 55/115, troop.
Ette, 232/141, easily.
Everychon, 41/43, each or every one.
Examynyng, sb. 235/235, examination.
Excusyng, sb. 94/294.

Faed, 269/363, withered.
Fageyng, 287/252, flattery.
Fames, 92/213, makes known.
Fand, 69/164, found.
Fang, 30/245, take hold of, take.
Fare, 1/32, on, pull.
Farencs, 235/217, fairness, justice.
Farly, 56/3, wonderfully.
Farlys, 294/53, wonders.
Farne, 149/271, fared, got on: see Fowre.
Farne, 133/533, laboured, borne a child.
Fature, 71/226, traitor, deceiver, impostor.
Fauand, 47/219, found.
Fawchon, 288/274, falchion.
Fawte, 229/55, default, want.
Fax, 374/243, hair.
Fayn, 45/175, joyful.
Fayntyse, 389/77, cowardice, languor.
Fayre, 18/308, go, fare.
Featte, 287/252, doings.
Fee, 11/76, property, 'corn or cattle'; 66/62, cattle.
Feere, 7/209, companion.
Feft, 136/620, endowed.
Feld, 13/122, field.
Felle, Felle, 65/43, many; 141/24, knock down; 156/515, mountain; 170/142, cruel, fierce.
Fell, 331/181, skin.
Felly, 368/31, terribly.
Felter, 377/318, join together (?)
Fend, 10/38, forbid.
Fenying, 250/224, feigning.
Fens, 205/22, feign.
Ferd, 13/145, afraid; 18/338, fear.
Fere (in), 20/383, in company, together.
Fere, 368/31, terrify.
Fery, 14/156, wonder, marvel.
Ferray, 374/217, plundering.
Fersly, 77/405, fiercely (?)
Ferys, 230/64, companions: see Fere.
Fest, 109/280, settle, fix.
Feste, 251/444, fastened.
Fetyld, 372/165, made ready.
Feyll, 294/53, many.
Feyr, 191/196, companion: see Fere.
Ff.irlee, 358/158, wonderfully: see Early.
Ffelterd, 102/65, joined together, interwoven.
Ffemkes, 101/30, rents due to landlord.
Fill (half my fill), 21/427.
Flay, 34/380, put to flight, frighten.
Flekty, 374/242, spotted.
Flene, 84/188, banish, put to flight.
Flemyd, 235/234, banished, condemned: see Flene.
Flett, 29/223, flat, floor; 36/436, floated.
Flone, 110/324, dart: see Thoner-flone, lightning.
Flo, 26/115, flow.
Flume, 197/2, river.
Flyt, 17/323; 29/223, flee, shift; 73/284, flee from, avoid.
Flyte, 17/293, quarrel.
Flyx, 182/30, flux, diarrhoea.
Fochye, 71/221, fetch.
Fo, 96/365; 268/343, offspring: see Foode.
Foile, 268/343, product, treasure.
Fon, 274/526, am bewildered.
Fon, 47/218, found; 96/353, fool.
Fon, 239/360, seize, take.
Fone, 26/99, few.
Foode, 91/178, offspring, child; 196/39, young man.
Foire, 122/196, fares.
For, 19/354, because.
Forbot, 102/38, forbidding.
Force, 19/374, power, strength; 'no force,' no matter.
Forso, 26/114, ruin, destroy.

T. PLAYS.

For-fare, 231/317, destroy.
Forfett, 230/62, transgressed; 242/425, offence, penalty (?)
Forfargere, 195/28, forgoer.
Forfeyn, 49/285, forgiven.
For-rakyd, 124/256, overdone with walking.
Fors, 65/32, might, power.
Forshapyn, 136/619, transformed.
Forsporkyn, 136/613, enchanted.
Forth, 52/24, carry out, execute.
For-thi, 10/45, For-thy, 270/405, therefore.
Forthynkyng, 343/144, repentance.
Forwakyd, 124/253, exhausted with watching.
Forward, 289/322, agreement, promise.
Forvyldys, 121/171, requires.
Fostre, 386/599, care, protection.
Fott, 20/392, fetch.
Found, 41/53; Founde, 358/158, prove, try, seek.
Fow[n]dyng, 219/497, temptation.
Fowre, 74/305, fared.
Foyde, 139/720, child, offspring: see Foode.
Foyll, 225/678, fool; 5/137, foal.
Foyun, 177/381, thrust.
Foyne, 120/281, few: see Fone.
Foyte, 265/182, foot, 12 inches.
Frast, 28/183; 41/53, inquired of, try.
Fray, 175/317, attack, alarm, fright; 312/198, from.
Fraves, 65/42, affrays, rows.
Frayn, 91/185, question, ask.
Fre, sb. 32/310, free, noble, liberal being; God.
Freke, 289/322, warrior, man.
Frele, 392/166, frail.
Frely, 49/277; 139/720; 196/39, noble.
Fres, 351/314; Frese, 34/391, fear.
Fresh: as fresh as an elk, 127/356.
Frog, 289/311, frock, Christ's gown.
Froskis, 73/284, frogs.
Fry, 25/66, children, descendants.
Frygges, 377/316, animals, beings (?)
Fuu, 65/43, found.
Fylyd, 90/159, deified, copulated with.
Fynd, 94/272, put, clothe.
Fyth, 156/515, forest.
Fytt, 59/104, song, stanza.
Gab, 347/243, deceive.
Gad, 13/149, go quickly to and fro.
Gadlyng, 80/84, fellow.
Gam, 8/34, pleasure, sport.
Ganstand, 44/128, withstand, oppose.
Garn, 32/298, yarn.
Garray, 76/377, armed force; 134/564, commotion, row.
Gars, 10/44, causes.
Gart, 43/104, made.
Garthynere, 323/563, gardener.
Gate, 52/29, going, path.
Gawdis, 65/41, tricks, habits.
Gaytt-door, 126/328, street door.
Gedlyngis, 10/14, fellows: see Gadlyng.
Geld, 89/134, barren.
Gent, 36/396, gentle, well-born.
Gere, 30/245, gear, tools.
Ges, sb. 15/231, guess.
Gessen, 74/315, Goshen.
Gett, 376/287, mode, fashion.
Geyn, 183/45, keenly.
Gedlyngis, 10/14, cruelly, terribly.
Gyse, 48/254, feel horror, shudder.
Gryssed, 106/189, grassed, covered with grass.
Gyth, 226/707, peace, security: see Gyth.
Gyll, 243/11, guile.
Gyn, 26/128, contrivance, engine.
Gyrd, 156/622, strike, cut.
Gyrth, 80/54, peace, security: see Gyth.
Gyse, 127/341, plan (?)
Had I wyst, 119/93, had I known, before I played the fool.
Hafles, 180/484, unhurt (?)
Haft, 187/52, affairs, business.
Hafyng, 191/175, possessions, property.
Hagh, 330/144, consideration.
Hak, 131/476, go on, behave, make uproar (?)
Halsid, 294/56, embraced, fondled.
Hamyd, 117/15, crippled, lambed.
Handband, 50/33, covenanted portion.
Hap, 130/434, wrap up.
Har (to-har), 297/142, harry, drag.
Har, 234/210, hinge.
Harbar, 124/245; Harbor, 297/139, lodging, dwelling.
Hardely, 19/463, boldly, certainly.
Harll, 256/358, drag.
Harlotti, 10/22, rascals.
Harnes, 128/392, brains.
Harnes, 43/118, equipment.
Harlo 17/275, help!
Harrer, 11/55, quicker.
Harsto, 297/136; Harstow, 20/386, hearest thou.
Hast, 238/318, asked, ordered: see Ast.
Hat, 10/15, is called.
Hathennes, 79/26, heathendom.
Hatters, 133/543, confound it!
Hawwell, 378/337, noise, jabber (?).
Apparently mere gibberish, like the rime-word lawvell.
Haylse, 365/386, salute.
Haytt, 123/227, hot.
He, 37/469, high.
Hek, 126/305, hatch, wicket-gate.
Hekis, 10/47, hay-racks (?)
Held, 181/6, old, old age.
Helme, 35/420, rudder.
Hend, 388/25, near.
Hend, 9/262, hand.
Hent, 35/420, take, seize.
Here, 12/100, here is.
Heris, 7/108, hear thou.
Het, 46/190, promised; Hetis, 51/52, promises; Hete, 352/348, promise.
Hething, 281/86, scorn, contempt.
Heyvd, 366/401, lifted.
Heyle, 87/45, healing, salvation.
Heynd, 63/174, gracious.
Heytt, 73/298, promised: see Het.
Hien, 193/216, hence.
Hight, 3/71, (be) called; 24/46, promised.
Ho, 35/411, cry ho! stop.
Hogh, 317/371, high, (?) read 'hegh.'
Hoill, 9/7, hole.
Hoket, 374/233, 234; 377/312, ridicule (?), or (?) difficulty, obstacle.
Holard, 177/358, debauchee.
Holghi, 18/310, empty, hollow.
Homely, 294/56, familiarly.
Hone, 13/133, delay.
Hore, 104/132, hair (?), sheep.
Hostylde, 348/263, lodged.
Hote, 53/46, promise, vow.
Houver, 75/363, tarry.
Hoylle, 34/388, whole, contented.
Hoyne, 92/80, delay: see Hone.
Hoyse, 21/436, hoes.
Hu, 346/221, hue (?)
Hud, 28/283, hood.
Hufe, 37/461, delay.
Hullars, 291/373, lechers.
Hurlyd, 244/39, driven forcibly; 377/316, covered with bristles.
Hy, 10/43, hasten; in hy, in haste.
Hyght, 81/107, promise.
Hyghtynd, 90/68, set high, lifted up, exalted.
Hyne, 58/54, servant; 184/90, hence (?)
Hyrdis, 66/62, shepherds.
Hyte! 11/55, gee up I, go on!

Ich, Icha, 4/106, each, every.
Ich, I, who be, 122/207.
Ichon, 26/112, each one.
Ilk, 62/183, same.
Ilka, 63/211, each, every.
Indoost, 242/421, flogged, loaded on the back.
Indytars, 205/24, inditers, writers.
Infude, 100/89, pour into, endow.
Ingroost, 202/250, engrossed, included, comprehended.
Innocent, sb. 177/388.
Inqueryd, 195/21, inquired of, asked.
Intraste (in traste), 299/182, trust in.
Irk, 182/43, weary, disinclined for exertion.
Irregulere, 237/306, out of rule, unjust.
1st, 201/212, is it.

Janglis, 9/6; chatters; Jangyls, 13/134, chatterer.
Jape, 123/221, jest.
Jawvell, 378/337, wrangling = javel, chavel, jaw.
Jelian Jowke, 377/317, Gillian Clown (?)
Journmontyng, 166/11, governor (?)
Jues, 65/35, Jews.

Keill, 32/300; Keyle, 26/118, cool, allay.
Kelles, 375/260, cauls, nets.
Kend, 11/72, taught: 62/193, known.
Kepe, 253/304, await, meet (?); 388/19, heed.
Kest, 266/255, cast, reckon up.
Knafe, 20/382; Knaue, 134/554, boy, servant.
Knakt, 137/659, hit it off, sang.
Knap, 238/337, knock, strike.
Knop, 241/408, stud with knobs.
Knyst, 36/451, knit, closed.
Koket, 37/235, cock, aside.
Kon, 4/91, know.

Kum thank, 65/30, give thanks.
Kyd, 2/45; 266/272, made known, shown.
Kynl, 50/42, kindred, family.
Kynke, 372/152, double up, tie myself in a knot.
Kypypys, 134/557, seizes, snatchers.
Kyth, 54/67, kith, kindred, native country.
Kythe, 54/95; 266/266, show.
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Laft, 261/105, have left, relinquished.
Laghe, 339/44, law.
Lak, 68/118; Lake, 115/465; 385/587, play, game.
Lakan, 124/242, plaything.
Lake, sb. 200/85, lack.
Lane, 334/48, hide; see Layn.
Langett, 29/224, strap, thong.
Langett, 117/42, longed, wished.
Lap, 287/265, rag.
Lappyd, 116/4; Lapt, 128/368, wrapped up, involved.
Lare, 70/104, lore, learning.
Large, in, 189/90, at large, fully.
Late, 90/137, seek, inquire.
Lath, 298/165, hateful, hideous; see Layth.
Law, 67/81, low.
Lawl, 61/143, lay, unlearned.
Lawdys, 121/180, praises, part of the Matins Service.
Lawvell, 378/338, blasphemy (?)
Lay, Layse, 63/48, law, laws.
Layn, 45/169, hide, deny.
Layt, 192/180, seek, look for.
Layth, 87/63, hateful, hideous.
Laytt, 286/238, search (?)
Leasce, 6/158, falsehood.
Leche, 12/83, physician.
Lede, 287/265, man.
Leder, 31/289; Ledyr, 121/147, evil, bad.
Lefe, 11/65: Leif, 11/68, dear.
Lege, 192/181, alleges, quotes.
Leghe, 33/38, lie, falsehood.
Leif, 15/195, remain.
Leke, 5/129, leek.
Lele, 36/446, loyal.
Lely, 192/180, loyally.
Lelyst, 288/296, most loyal, fairest.
Lenman, 87/65, dear one (V. Mary).
Lemdy, 110/316, shone.
Lent, 86/352, remained.
Lenys, 13/118, lends.
Lep, 395/56, basket.
Lerd, 233/169, taught.
Lere, 45/159, teach.
Leryd, 72/239, learnt.
Les, 5/120: Lese, 7/194, falsehood: see Leasce.
Lese, 209/163, lose.
Lesyns, 206/67, lyings, falsehoods.
Letherly, 121/171, badly (cheap and nasty).
Lethl, 232/142; lithe, mitigation.
Lowfyd, 248/169, praised.
Lowked, 229/58, locked, closed.
Lowlit, 21/434, bow the head.
Luddokey, 377/314, buttocks.
Luf, 21/434, love.
Lufe, 37/462, hand, palm.
Luflly, 3/72, lovely.
Lullay, syng, 130/442.
Lurland, 72/239, lowt, lazy person.
Luskand, 227/750, hiding, sneaking.
Lyere, 269/362; face, countenance: see Lyre.
Lyght, 60/115, descend; 127/337, delivered (in childbirth); chepe, 16/236, 121/170, light, cheap bargain.
Lykance, 281/56, liking, pleasure.
Lykandly, 260/234, pleasantly.
Lykynge, 74/316, pleasure.
Lynage, 69/143, lineage.
Lynde, 97/368, lime-tree.
Lyre, 65/24, face, countenance: see Lyre.
Lyst, 65/24, pleasure, liking.
Lyte, 85/225; Lytt, 152/394, flaw, error.
Lythe, 340/87, go, travel.
Lyttar, 158/590, bed.
Ma-fay! 275/564, my faith!
Make, 7/187, mate, wife; 21/442, match, equal.
Malison, 19/355, maldeiction, curse.
Malys, 179/453, bags, wallets.
Mangery, 214/343, feast.
Mangynge, 107/232, eating, meal.
Mar, 27/129, hinder.
Mare, 238/310, nightmare, goblin.
Marke, 182/33, dark, dim.
Maroo, 130/436, companion, mate.
Mase, 68/135, makes, does.
Masid, 358/165, 166; 359/195, mazed, dazed.
Mastre, 3/81; 65/34; 223/610, lordship, superiority.
Masyd, 220/510, dizzy, stupid.
Mawgre, 287/270, ill-will, displeasure.
Mawmentry, 260/78, idolatry.
May, 80/70, maiden; 223/610, make.
Mayn, 163/101; 265/241, power, strength.
Maytt, 202/245, dejected, sorrowful.
Measse, 34/389, mess, dish.
Med, 341/111, mead, honey-drink.
Mede, 17/294, reward.
Medill-erd, 26/100, earth, world.
Medys, 2/31, midst.
Mekill, 16/237, much.
Mell, 24/44, speaks (of); 260/82, meddle.
Melland, 386/595, speaking, talking.
Mente, 141/37, indicate, point out.
Menee, Menye, 23/22, household, company.
Meng, 166/1, mingle; 271/437, disturb, trouble.
Menged, 41/31, disturbed, troubled; 314/270, mixed.
Menske, 82/140, dignify, honour.
Menskfull, 365/389, honourable.
Ment, 40/15, aimed at, aspired to; 45/174, signified, intended.
Mensys, 225/688, bemoans.
Merely, 77/419, merrily.
Merryed, 195/3, marked.
Mershall, 264/198, farrier.
Mes, 172/206, Mass.
Mese, 209/151, soothe.
Mesele, 16/264, leprosus.
Mett, 115/484, measured.
Mevi, 39/542, moved.
Meyne, 12/111, mean, middling.
Meyne, Mene 12/113, complain, moan.
Mo, 6/163; Moe, 8/237, more.
Mode, 180/472, mind, mood.
Modee, 260/86, proud, courageous.
Mold, 243/3, earth, ground.
Mome, 70/188, mutter.
Mompyns, 107/210, teeth: 'mone-pynnes,' Lydgate.
Mon, 16/265, must.
Mop, 115/467; 139/724, bundle, baby.
Moren, 101/39, morning.
Mortase, 264/213; 267/304, mortice, notch for the Cross to rest in.
Mos, 376/288, moss, for padding folk's shoulders.
Mot, 16/254, must.
Mow, 261/99, grimace.
Mowchid, 385/571, preyed, pilfered (?)
Moyne, 195/6, moan.
Moyte, 213/298, discuss, moot.
Moytt, 271/439, plead.
Moytys, 301/270, slippest, goest astray.
Muf, 70/188, speak indistinctly.
Muster, 298/177, punish (?)
Mychers, 259/12, pilferers.
Mydyng, 34/376, dunghill.
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Myld, sb. 94/281, gentle maiden, Mary.

Myn, 26/112, less: 39/551, remember.

Myn, 291/361, Myning, 391/158, memory, remembrance.

Myr, 157/557, myrrh.

Myr, 197/88, dark.

Mys, 39/551, suffering; 195/26, evil.

Mysfoundyng, 347/242, mistaken endeavour, mistake.

Mysprase, 389/59, blame.

Myst, 107/231, need, require.

Mytyng-, 241/407, mytyng.

Myster, 327/569, (? ) deavour, memory.

Mysfoundyng, 347/242, mistaken endeavour, mistake.

Mys, 39/551, suffering.

Myn, 323/571, the night-time.

Myn, 323/579, things of.

Myn, 32/504, use.

Mynnyi.g, 282/139, hue and cry.

Myn, 391/158, brooch.

Myn, 94/281, gentle maiden, Mary.

Myn, 391/158, remember.

Myn, 391/158, remember.

Myn, 323/571, the night-time.

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Myn, 391/158, brooch.

Myn, 94/281, gentle maiden, Mary.

Myn, 391/158, remember.

Myn, 391/158, remember.

Myn, 323/571, the night-time.
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Poee, 172/204, poet's (not Boee, as in margin).
Pose, 113/423, catarrh, cold.
Powder, 107/216, salted.
Poynt, 83/161, condition, danger.
Prankyd, 376/288, embroidered, be-decked.
Pransawte, 385/561, prancing, showing off.
Praty, 115/477, pretty.
Prayse, 65/19, crowd, throng: see Prese.
Prece, 72/255, prove.
Prese, 253/313, crowd, throng.
Prest, 220/510, ready, prompt.
Preuny, 253/292, privately.
Preue, 151/338, private.
Preuaté, 80/125, privity, secret.
Propyce, 54/100, propitious.
Proutand, 10/45, provender, food.
Prow, 14/163, profit.
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Purst, 107/209, put away.
Purwayne, 39/553, provide.
Purveance, 117/33, provision, equipment.
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Pynde, 47/220, pinned, punished.
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Ryffen, 13/141, torn.
Ryke, 103/92, realm.
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Sew, 77/403, pursue.
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Seymland, 29/211, semblance, appearance.
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Sithen, 12/103, afterwards, since.
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Skawde, 135/596, scold.
Skawte, 385/559, blow, thrust.
Skayll, 108/249, bowl, drinking-vessel.
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Skete, 63/221, quickly.
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Skraw, 27/416, scroll.
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Skyllys, 44/133, reasons: see Skill.
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Stanys, 10/47, stones.
Stard, 175/427, stared (?)
Stark, 31/268, stiff.
Starnes, 2/50, stars.
Sted, 7/206, stand, stop; 29/199, placed, situated.
Stede, 2/38, place.
Steig, 53/37, ladder.
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Ster, 235/350, move; 259/27, govern, control.
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Stott, 133/518, bullock.
Stoure, 297/131, tumult, battle.
Stowke, 377/315, stook, pile of sheaves.
Stownd, 336/337, moment, time.
Stowndys, 313/254, fits of pain.
Stowre, 155/497, trouble, vexation.
Strayd, 180/481, strewed.
Strenyld, 341/108, sprinkled.
Strete, 52/7, road, way.
Strewyd, 62/194, scattered, destroyed.
Strut, 57/15, swelling, contention (?)
Sry, 176/348, hag.
Sty, 19/365, path, way; 361/262, ascend.
Styn, 6/161, cease.
Stynung, 156/525, rising, ascension.
Stythe, 54/66, strong.
Sudary, 318/390, napkin.
Sufferan, 6/173; Sufferane, 80/81, sovereign.
Swa, 155/486, so.
Swalchon, 155/473, scamp.
Swap, 247/136, stroke, unt.
Swayn, 60/124, countryman, labourer.
Swedyff, 130/432; 135/598, swaddle, wrap up.
Swelt, 183/523, become faint.
Sweepys, 272/470, whips, scourges.
Sweyvyn, 128/384, dream, vision.
Swogli, 162/68, snoon; 226/718, soughing, sound.
Swongen, 272/470, beaten.
Swylke, 351/333, such.
Swyne, 10/27, dizziness.
Swynk, 29/195, labour, toil.
Swythe, 77/404, quickly.
Syb, 101/167, relative.
Sybre, 233/149, a term of abuse.1
Symnell, 292/389, sort of fine bread.
Syne, 30/228, afterwards.
Synthen, 190/113, since.
Sythes, 332/234, times.

Tabard, 177/357, short sleeveless coat.
Talent, 83/157, service, disposal.

1 The surname Sybry, Sibree is common in Yorkshire. Perhaps some malefactor of the name may have rendered it celebrated, so that it may have been half-jocularly put in here.—H. B.
Tarid, 229/50, delayed (?)
Tase, 146/185, takes.
Tayll, 58/64, number.
Temporal (law), 237/292, secular.
Ten, 10/21, teeth.
Tend, 11/73, tenth, tithe.
Tendand, 243/89, attending.
Tent, 3/291; 371/221, attend; take tent, 1/211; 146/185, give attention; 3/478, tenth.
Tenys, 139/736, tennis.
Tethee, 28/186, tetchy, touchy, testy.
Teynd, 29/210, be vexed, injured; 123/218, vex, injure; 30/533, vexation, injury.
Teynd, 5/144, tenth : see Tend.
Teynfully, 167/56, cruelly.
Thame, 21/420, them.
Thar, 17/293; 43/117, is necessary.
Tharne, 128/391, bowels, bellies, children.
Tharnys, 149/272; Tharnys, 22/191, lack.
Thaym, 20/412, them: see Thame.
The, 32/328, prosper.
Thee, 54/90, thigh.
Ther, 282/106, must : see Thar.
Thew, 14/185; 374/229, morals, manners, service.
Tho, 30/228, them.
Thoile, 126/306, bear, suffer.
Thoner-fone, 110/324, thunder-dart, lightning.
Thoyle, 339/53, suffer: see Thole.
Thrafe, 15/197, bundle, sheaf.
Throll, 22/464, slave.
Thrang, 101/47, throng, company.
Thraw, 10/30, short space of time.
Thrawes, 348/250, throes.
Threpe, 121/168, contradict, argue.
Thro, 162/69, strongly, deeply; 328/76, bold, eager.
Throle, 291/357, boldly, severely.
Throng, 112/416, pressed together.
Thrug, 341/111, through.
Thryng, 173/240, throng, press.
Thurgh, 349/281, coffin.
Thurt, 301/256, needed [=fallait]: see Thar.
Thwang, 123/211, be flogged.
Thyell, 251/234, pierce; Thylyd, 271/429, pierced.
Till, 61/151, to, unto.
To, 266/268, according to, in, after.
To, 60/152; 119/108; 270/385, till.

To-draw, 321/506, pull to pieces.
Tollare, 374/211, tax-gatherer.
Tome, 133/547, empty; 210/201, leisure.
Ton, 146/177, taken.
To-name, 306/65, surname.
To-tyre, 170/144, tear in pieces.
Toute, 3/63, fundament; 11/63, arse.
Toyles, 257/406, tools.
Trace, 249/200, track.
Trade, 340/87, trod.
Trane, 95/330; Trayn, 163/93, trick, deceit, stratagem.
Trant, 173/235, trick.
Trast, 41/54, trusty.
Trattyis, 178/394, trots, old women.
Trauell, 18/152, labour.
Trauesses, 298/153, traverses, thwarts.
Traw, 12/115, trow, believe (see Trow); 58/77, true.
Tray, 39/533, affliction, grief; 358/162, betray.
Trew as steele, 26/120.
Tristur, 373/208, tryst, station.
Trone, 1/9, throne.
Trow, 18/320, believe.
Trowage, 84/198, fealty, allegiance.
Trewth, 14/159, faith, belief.
Trus, 31/316, pack up; 61/152, go away, be off.
Trussell, 14/170, bundle.
Tup, 104/117, ram.
Twysy, 377/324, twirls, curls (?)?
Twyk, 263/171, twitch.
Tyn, 18/325, 158/625, divide, separate.
Tyde, 22/470, time, season.
Tydely, 31/291, quickly.
Tyme, 10/26, befall, happen.
Tymely, adv. 133/524, early.
Tynde, 101/39, lost: see Tynt.
Tyne, 115/467, tiny.
Tyne, 36/441; 339/72, lose.
Tynt, 5/149, lost.
Tyre, 149/285, tear, fight: see Tyo-tyre.
Tyte, 11/53; Tytt, 313/245, quickly.
Tythand, 55/113, 128, tidings.
Tythings, 61/163; 320/479, tidings.
Tytter, 73/293, quicker, sooner: see Tyte.

Umbithynke, 5/123, bethink, meditate on.
Umshade, 89/128, shade around, overshadow.
Umthynke, 303/318, meditate: see Umbithynke.

Unbayn, 291/356, unready, disobedient.

Unburnyd, 111/362.

Unbyclid, 291/356, disorderly (?)

Uncelyl, 100/3, unhappiness.

Uncoand, 204/1, ignorant.

Undemyd, 235/230, unjudged.

Under-lowte, 221/552, inferiors, subjects.

Undoughty, 291/368, unprofitable.

Unethes, 181/7; Unethes, 273/476, scarcely, hardly.

Unfylyd, 111/366, undecked.

Ungayn (at), 20/379, inconveniently.

Ungrathly, 96/341, unsuitably.

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Unnes, 391/158, scarcely: see Unethes.

Unquart, 99/72, render unsafe, harass.

Unrad, 285/214, imprudent.

Unrid, 21/40; Unryde, 100/11, cruel, enormous.

Unsoglit, 99/72, unatoned, render incurable.

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Unweld, 182/5; Unwelde, 91/171, impatient.

Unynth, 164/135, scarcely: see Unethes.

Unst, 357/123, ascension.

Utward, 244/31, outwardly.

Vales, 285/587, avails, is worth.

Vantege, 243/17, advantage.

Vanyes, 4/111, vain, empty.

Vayll, 243/19, avail, gain.

Veray, 144/119, truly.

Veryose, 107/236, verjuice.

Voketys, 397/9, advocates.

Vowgard, 385/580, (?) place of security.

Wafe, 21/430, wander (?)

Waght, 286/218; 290/329, a bad way.

Walk-mylnbe, 377/314, fulling mill.

Walteryng, 124/236, rolling about.

Wan, 13/139, won, acquired; 21/444, faint.

Wandresth, 24/40, misfortune.

Wane, 102/62, waggon.

Wanhope, 220/507, despair.

Wap, 223/593, wrap; 289/314, blow; 'at a wap,' in a moment.

War, 43/113, aware; 10/25, 29, an exclamation, a hunter's cry.

Wardan, 341/113, keeper, guardian.

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Warkand, 52/8, aching.

Warlos, 13/150, world's, worldly.

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Waryl, 366/409, warily (or wary) (?)

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Weft, 21/435, weft, woven stuff: "Ill-spun weft ay comes foul out."

Weld, 44/126, weld, rule; Weldand, 38/494, wielding, ruling.

Welke, 348/261, walked.

Welland, 75/344, boiling, bubbling.

Welner, 128/387, well-near, almost.

Welthly, 6/185, happy, delightful.

Wen, 87/37, spot, stain.

Wemayl, 13/148, an exclamation, Oh! by God! see We!

Wemles, 221/541, spotless.

Wemo! 15/198; Wemow! 334/291, Oh! by God! see We! Wemey!

Wend, 8/250, thought, supposed.

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Wens, 13/149, thinkest.
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Weyn, vb. 20/387, believe, suppose; sb. 67/108: 221/553, doubt.
Weynd, 13/132, go.
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Wit, 43/96, know.
Wite, vb. 18/322, blame.
Wittely, 338/41, wisely.
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Wogh, 39/533, evil, harm.
Wold, 57/32, wielding, dominion, power.
Wols-hede, 232/139, wolf's-head, outlawry.
Wone, 4/93, dwell; 46/196, wont, accustomed to do.
Won, 240/391, wound.
Wonden, 278/656, wrapped.
Wone, 13/116, custom, habit; 'in wone,' habitually; 6/184, habituation.
Wommen, a. 6/180, dwelling.
Wood, 14/173; Woode, 14/159, mad.
Worth. 225/404, become, be to; 'well worth,' farewell!
Worthy, 6/184, worthy, stately.
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OMISSIONS FROM GLOSSARY.

Agane, a debit with ellipsis of go.—He shall be sent to where he came from, 80/34, 150/318.—B.
And, sb. breath, 182/34.
Bat, sb. blow, 180/490.
Bekkys, begs; or bows (?), 384/557.
Befon, be found (?), 38/503.—B.
Berl, beard, played them a trick, 171/189.—B.
Bere, “draw,” played of ship (water), 36/434.
Beyd, offer, 77/409.
Bore, sb. bore, holes bored in the Cross, 313/253.—B.
Chace, sb. privilege of hunting, 174/270.—B.
Crisp, sb. fine linen, 377/323.
Croyne, vb. croon, sing (punctuation wrong), 131/472.—B.
Euer amang, continually, 20/391.
Fed, bred, 52/63.
Fele, conceale, 79/42.—B.
Ffor, against, 204/9.

Hede, head-dress, 374/243.—B.
Hose, hoarse, 129/416.
Idyls, renders vain, 377/326.
Lede, people, 295/62.—B.
Lendyng, residing, 102/80.
Loke, ordain, provide, 331/72.
Nykv, add—with nay, 323/571.
Ragyd, the devil, 75/337.
Sleghit, adj. tricky, 173/235.
Sloes, pr. s. slays, 345/195.—B.
Somkyns, of some kind, 139/708.
Sowchid, suspected, 383/569.
Stevyn, set—, appointed time, 342/126.
Stry, vb. strive (?), 177/380.
Syde, long, 374/243; Side, 375/270.
Take, give, 291/377.
To-har, drag to pieces, 297/142.—B.
Trete, on—, in order (?), 371/130.
Unthankys, myn—, unwillingly, 14/187.
Wheeder, neuer the—, nevertheless, 93/265.
Wyt, wit, 79/42.

SUGGESTED EMENDATIONS IN GLOSSARY.

Crate, 242/427, an error for Trate; Trot, old woman. It was in connection with this word that Halliwell in his Dict. (s v. Crate) erred in correcting Kitson for reading (Anc. Pop. Poetry, p. 77), “my wyfe that olde trete.”—See Sir Ferumbras, E.E.T.S., 50/1370, “that olde trate”; also ibid., note, p. 205, last line.
Hafles, destitute (have less), 180/484.
Hak, stammer, 131/476.
Kynke, pant, 372/152.
Lak, fault, blame, 68/118.
Lote, 129/409, bow, inclination of head. Merkyd with that measse, 70/175.

T. PLAYS.

See Messe in Stratmann, and quotation from York Plays, xi. 162.
Muster, shew, carry into effect, 298/177.—B.
Quarrell, quarry, 19/367, Jamieson.—The Glossary rendering is no sense.
Reyll, stray abroad, 125/274.
Sathan, satin, 377/325 (a play upon the word Satan).
Skar, to, in mockery (?), 237/301.
Sowys sore, 73/283, afflicts: a not uncommon allit. collocation; vid. Barbour, xvi. 628; Wars Alex. (Skeat), 2313, 5348: L. Minot, v. 12.
Wenyand, in the, 15/226, etc. (as much as), curse it, or, curse thee.
Wone, in, 13/116, in abundance.
Wyll of reede, at a loss for advice, 80/75.
Richard Clay & Sons, Limited,
Bread Street Hill, E.C., and
Bungay, Suffolk.
March 1907. A gratifying gift is to be made to the Society. The American owner of the unique MS. of the Works of John Metham—whose Romance of Amoryus and Cleopet was sketched by Dr. Furnivall last year in his new edition of Political, Religious and Love Poems. No. 15 in the Society’s Original Series—has promised to give the Society an edition of his MS. prepared by Dr. Hardin Craig of Princeton, and it will be issued this year as No. 132 of the Original Series. The giver hopes that his example may be followed by other folk, as the support hitherto given to the Society is so far below that which it deserves.

The Original-Series Texts for 1906 were No. 130, Part II of the English Register of Osney Abbey, by Oxford, edited by the Rev. Andrew Clark, LL.D.; No. 131, The Brut, or The Chronicles of England, edited from the best MSS. by Dr. F. Brie, Part I.; No. 132, John Metham’s Works mentioned above will probably be issued in 1907 for 1906.

The Original-Series Texts for 1907 will be, No. 133, Part I of the English Register of Osney Abbey, by Oxford, edited by the Rev. Andrew Clark, LL.D., already issued, and No. 134, Part I of the Coventry Lecet Book, copied and edited for the Society by Miss M. Dormer Harris—helped by a contribution from the Common Council of the City:—it will be publish by the Society as our knowledge of the provincial city life of the 15th century.

Among the Texts for 1908 and 1909 will be Part II of The Brut; Part III of the Alphabet of Tales, edited by Mrs. M. M. Banks; Part III of the English Register of Godstow Nunnery: Part II of the English Register of Osney Abbey, edited by the Rev. Dr. Andrew Clark, and Part II of the Coventry Lecet Book, copied and edited by Miss M. Dormer Harris. Future Texts will be Part III of Robert of Brunne’s Handlyng Smyne, edited by Dr. Furnivall, with a Glossary of Wm. of Wadington’s French words in his Manuel des Pechez, and comments on them, by Mr. Dickson-Brown; Part II of the Exeter Book—Anglo-Saxon Poems from the unique MS. in Exeter Cathedral—re-edited by Israel Gollancz, M.A.; Part II of Prof. Dr. Holthansen’s Vices and Virtues; Part II of Jacob’s Well, edited by Dr. Brandeis; the Alliterative Siege of Jerusalem, edited by the late Prof. Dr. E. Kölibing and Prof. Dr. Kaluza; an Introduction and Glossary to the Minor Poems of the Vernon MS., by H. Hartley, M.A.; Alain Chartier’s Quadrilogue, edited from the unique MS., Univ. Coll. Oxford MS. No. 85, by Prof. J. W. H. Atkins. Canon Wordsworth of Marlborough has given the Society a copy of the Leofric Canonical Rule, Latin and Anglo-Saxon, Parker MS. 191, C. C. C. Cambridge, and Prof. Napier will edit it, with a fragment of the English Capitula of Bp. Theodulf: it is now at press.

The Extra-Series Texts for 1906 are to be No.XCVII, Lydgate’s Troy Book, edited from the best MSS. by Dr. Hy. Bergen, Part I.; No. XCVIII, Skelton’s Magnificence, edited by Dr. R. L. Ramsay, with a special Introduction; No. XCIX, The Romance of Eumere, re-edited by Miss Edith Rickert, Ph.D.

Further Extra-Series Texts for 1907, &c., will be The Harrowing of Hell, four parallel Texts, re-edited by Prof. Hulme, with an Introduction tracing the history of the Legend from the East; Lydgate’s Troy Book, Parts II and III, edited by Dr. Hy. Bergen; Ballads and Carols from Jn. Hyde’s Balliol MS., edited by Dr. R. Dyboski; The Owl and Nightingale, two parallel Texts, edited by Mr. G. F. H. Sykes; Dr. Erbe’s re-edition of Milk’s Festial, Part II; Dr. M. Konrath’s re-edition of William of Shoreham’s Poems, Part II; Prof. Erdmann’s re-edition of two Alliterative Poems, Winner and Waiters, &c., ab. 1360; Dr. Norman Moore’s re-edition of The Book of the Foundation of St. Bartholomew’s Hospital, London, from the unique MS. ab. 1425, which gives an account of the Founder, Rahere, and the miraculous cures wrought at the Hospital; The Craft of Nowabryngge, with other of the earliest English Treatises on Arithmetic, edited by R. Steele, B.A.; and Miss Warren’s two-text edition of The Divine of Death from the Ellesmere and other MSS.

These Extra-Series Texts ought to be completed by their Editors: the Second Part of the prose Romance of Melisinte—Introduction, with ten facsimiles of the best woodblocks of the old foreign black-letter editions, Glossary, &c., by A. K. Donald, B.A. (now in India); and a new edition of the famous Early-English Dictionary (English and Latin), Promptoryan Parentalors, from the Winchester MS., ab. 1440 a.d.: in this, the Editor, the Rev. A. L. Mayhew, M.A., will follow and print his MS. not only in its arrangement of nouns first, and verbs second, under every letter of the Alphabet, but also in its giving of the flexions of the words. The Society’s edition will thus be the first modern one that really represents its

Later Texts for the Extra Series will include The Three Kings' Sons, Part II, the Introduction, &c., by Prof. Dr. Leon Kellner; Part II of The Chester Plays, re-edited from the MSS., with a full collation of the formerly missing Devonshire MS., by Mr. G. England and Dr. Matthews; Prof. Jespersen's editions of John Hart's Orthographie (MS. 1551 A.D.; blackletter 1669), and Method to teach Reading, 1570; Deguilleville's Pilgrimage of the Soule, in English prose, edited by Prof. Dr. L. Kellner. (For the three prose versions of The Pilgrimage of the Life of Man—two English, one French—an Editor is wanted.) Members are asked to realise the fact that the Society has now 50 years' work on its Lists,—at its present rate of production,—and that there is from 100 to 200 more years' work to come after that. The year 2000 will not see finish all the Texts that the Society ought to print. The need of more Members and money is pressing. Offers of help from willing Editors have continually to be declined because the Society has no funds to print their Texts.

An urgent appeal is hereby made to Members to increase the list of Subscribers to the E. E. Text Society. It is nothing less than a scandal that the Hellenic Society should have nearly 1000 members, while the Early English Text Society has not 300!

Before his death in 1895, Mr. G. N. Currie was preparing an edition of the 15th and 16th century Prose Versions of Guillaume de Deguilleville's Pilgrimage of the Life of Man, with the French prose version by Jean Gallopes, from Lord Aldenham's MS., he having generously promised to pay the extra cost of printing the French text, and engraving one or two of the illuminations in his MS. But Mr. Currie, when on his deathbed, charged a friend to burn all his MSS. which lay in a corner of his room, and unluckily all the E. E. T. S.'s copies of the Deguilleville prose versions were with them, and were burnt with them, so that the Society will be put to the cost of fresh copies, Mr. Currie having died in debt.

Guillaume de Deguilleville, monk of the Cistercian abbey of Chatlis, in the diocese of Senlis, wrote his first verse Pelerinaige de l'Homme in 1330-1 when he was 36. 1 Twenty-five (or six) years after, in 1355, he revised his poem, and issued a second version of it, 2 a revision of which was printed ab. 1500. Of the prose representative of the first version, 1330 1, a prose Englishing, about 1430 A.D., was edited by Mr. Aldis Wright for the Roxburgh Club in 1869, from MS. Ff. 5. 30 in the Cambridge University Library. Other copies of this prose English are in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, Q. 2. 25; Sion College, London; and the Land Collection in the Bodleian, no. 740. 3 A copy in the Northern dialect is MS. G. 21, in St. John's Coll., Cambridge, and this is the MS. which will be edited for the E. E. Text Society. The Land MS. 740 was somewhat condens'd and modernised, in the 17th century, into MS. Ff. 6. 30, in the Cambridge University Library; 4 "The Pilgrim or the Pilgrimage of Man in this World," copied by Will. Basjoole, whose copy "was verbatim written by Walter Parker, 1645, and from thence transcribed by G. G. 1649; and from thence by W. A. 1655." This last copy may have been read by, or its story reported to, Bunyan, and may have been the groundwork of his Pilgrim's Progress. 5 It will be edited for the E. E. T. Soc., its text running under the earlier English, as in Mr. Horratt's edition of the Gesta Romanorum for the Society. In February 1646, 6 Jean Gallopes—a clerk of Angers, afterwards chaplain to John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France—turned Deguilleville's first verse Pelerinaige into a prose Peleriaige de la vie humaine. 7 By the kindness of Lord Aldenham, as above mentioned, Gallopes's French text will be printed opposite the early prose northern Englishing in the Society's edition.

The Second Version of Deguilleville's Pelerinaige de l'Homme, a.d. 1355 or 6, was englised in verse by Lydgate in 1426. Of Lydgate's poem, the larger part is in the Cotton MS. Vitelliius C. xiii (leaves 2-308). This MS. leaves out Chancer's englising of Deguilleville's A B C or Prayer to the Virgin, of which the successive stanzas start with A, B, C, and run all thro' the alphabet; and it has 2 main gaps, besides many small ones from the tops of leaves being burnt in the Cotton fire. All these gaps (save the A B C) have been filled up from the Stowe MS. 952 (which old John Stowe completed) and from the end of the other imperfect MS. Cotton, Titius A vii. Thanks to the diligence of the old Elizabethan tailor and manuscript-lover, a complete text of Lydgate's poem has been given. The British Museum French MSS., (Harleian 4399, and Additional 22,337 8 and 25,594) 9 are all of the First Version.

Besides his first Pelerinaige de l'Homme in its two versions, Deguilleville wrote a second, "de l'ame separe du corps," and a third, "de nostre seigneur Jesus." Of the second, a prose

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1 He was born about 1295. See Abbé Goujet's Bibliothèque française. Vol. IX. p. 73-4.—P. M. The Roxburgh Club printed the 1st version in 1923.
2 The Roxburgh Club's copy of this 2nd version was lent to Mr. Currie, and unluckily burnt too with his other MSS.
3 These 3 MSS. have not yet been collated, but are believed to be all of the same version.
4 Another MS. is in the Pepys Library.
5 According to Lord Aldenham's MS.
6 These were printed in France, late in the 15th or early in the 16th century.
7 15th cent., containing only the Vie humaine.
8 15th cent., containing all the 3 Pilgrimages, the 3rd being Jesus Christ's.
9 14th cent., containing the Vie humaine and the 2nd Pilgrimage, de l'Ame: both incomplete.
Englishing of 1413, *The Pilgrimage of theSoule* (with poems by Hocevle, already printed for the Society with that author’s *Regement of Princes*), exists in the Egerton MS. 615, at Hatfield, Cambridge (Univ. KK. 1. 7, and Caius), Oxford (Univ. Coll. and Corpus), and in Caxton’s edition of 1483. This version has ‘somewhat of addicions’ as Caxton says, and some shortcomings too, as the maker of both, the first translator, tells us in the MSS. Caxton leaves out the earlier Englisher’s interesting Epilog in the Egerton MS. This prose englishing of the *Soule* will be edited for the Society by Prof. Dr. Leon Kellner after that of the *Mai* is finisht, and will have Gallopes’s French opposite it, from Lord Aldenham’s MS., as his gift to the Society. Of the Pilgrimage of Jesus, no englishing is known.

As to the MS. Anglo-Saxon Psalters, Dr. Hy. Sweet has edited the oldest MS., the Vespasian, in his *Oldest English Texts* for the Society, and Mr. Harsley has edited the latest, c. 1150, Edwine’s Canterbury Psalter. The other MSS., except the Paris one, being interlinear versions,—some of the Roman-Latin redaction, and some of the Gallican,—Prof. Logeman has prepared for press, a Parallel-Text edition of the first twelve Psalms, to start the complete work. He will do his best to get the Paris Psalter—tho’ it is not an interlinear one—into this collective edition; but the additional matter, especially in the Verse-Psalms, is very difficult to manage. If the Paris text cannot be parallelised, it will form a separate volume. The Early English Psalters are all independent versions, and will follow separately in due course.

Through the good offices of the Examiners, some of the books for the Early-English Examinations of the University of London will be chosen from the Society’s publications, the Committee having undertaken to supply such books to students at a large reduction in price. The net profits from these sales will be applied to the Society’s Reprints.

Members are reminded that *fresh Subscribers are always wanted*, and that the Committee can at any time, on short notice, send to press an additional Thousand Pounds’ worth of work.

The Subscribers to the Original Series must be prepared for the issue of the whole of the Early English *Lives of Saints*, sooner or later. The Society cannot leave out any of them, even though some are dull. The Sinners would doubtless be much more interesting. But in many Saints’ Lives will be found valuable incidental details of our forefathers’ social state, and all are worthful for the history of our language. The Lives may be lookt on as the religious romances or story-books of their period.

The Standard Collection of Saints’ Lives in the Corpus and Ashmole MSS., the Harleian MS. 2277, &c. will repeat the Laud set, our No. 87, with additions, and in right order. (The foundation MS. (Laud 108) had to be printed first, to prevent quite unwieldy collations.) The Supplementary works from the Vernon and other MSS. will form one or two separate volumes.

Besides the Saints’ Lives, Trevisa’s engaging Englishing of *Bartholomaeus de Proprietatibus Rerum*, the medieval Cyclopedia of Science, &c., will be the Society’s next big undertaking. Dr. R. von Fleischhammer will edit it. Prof. Napier of Oxford, wishing to have the whole of our MS. Anglo-Saxon in type, and accessible to students, will edit for the Society all the unprinted and other Anglo-Saxon Homilies which are not included in Thorpe’s edition of *Ælfric’s prose*, 2 Dr. Morris’s of the Blickling Homilies, and Prof. Skeat’s of *Ælfric’s Metrical Homilies*. The late Prof. Kölbíng left complete his text, for the Society, of the *Aneren Rüel*, from the best MS., with collations of the other four, and this will be edited for the Society by Dr. Thümmler. Mr. Harvey means to prepare an edition of the three MSS. of the *Earliest English Metrical Psalter*, one of which was edited by the late Mr. Stevenson for the Surtees Society.

Members of the Society will learn with pleasure that its example has been followed, not only by the Old French Text Society which has done such admirable work under its founders Prof. Paul Meyer and Gaston Paris, but also by the Early Russian Text Society, which was set on foot in 1877, and has since issued many excellent editions of old MS. Chronicles, &c.

Members will also note with pleasure the annexation of large tracts of our Early English territory by the important German contingent, the late Professors Zupitza and Kölbíng, the living Hansknecht; Einenkel, Haenisch, Kaluza, Hupe, Adam, Holthausen, Schick, Herzfeld, Brandeis, Sieper, Konrath, Willing, &c. Scandinavia has also sent us Prof. Erdmann and Dr. E. A. Kock; Holland, Prof. H. Logeman, who is now working in Belgium; France, Prof. Paul Meyer—with Gaston Paris as adviser (asas, now dead)—Italy, Prof. Lattanzi; Austria, Dr. von Fleischhammer; while America is represented by the late Prof. Child, by Dr. Mary Noyes Colvin, Miss Rickert, Profs. Mead, McKnight, Triggs, Perrin, Craig, &c. The sympathy, the ready help, which the Society’s work has call forth from the Continent and the United States, have been among the pleasantest experiences of the Society’s life, a real aid and cheer amid all troubles and discouragements. All our members are grateful for it, and recognise that the bond their work has woven between them and the lovers of language and antiquity across the seas is one of the most welcome results of the Society’s efforts.

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